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FOREWORD

The history of human progress in any country whether social, political or religious, may be summed up in the biographies of its greatest men. And if the measure of one's greatness, alike from the subjective and objective sides, be the depth and extent of his influence on contemporary thought, then surely Mahātmā Gāndhī is the greatest man now living on earth—the brightest star at present shining in her firmament, temporal as well as spiritual. There can therefore be nothing more interesting, more instructive, more inspiring, than a study of the life and character of this august personage—a careful survey of the various impressions made by him on different persons and parties.

This compilation, offering as it does an excellent opportunity for such elevating study, should be most welcome to the public, and in gathering up and appropriately enshrining in it many gems hitherto scattered in the desert of newspapers, the compiler has rendered inestimable service to that public and deserves its warmest thanks. In fact, he has presented us with a lovely bouquet, rich in colour and perfume, and composed of the prettiest and sweetest flowers reverently offered as joyous tributes by adoring hearts from remote corners of the globe. What human soul is

there that would fail to be refreshed and elevated by its fragrance ?

The most remarkable feature in this collection—one that stands out pre-eminently above others—is that leaders of numerous shades of opinion, belonging to many races and lands, even while widely disagreeing with Mahātmā Gandhi's views and vehemently opposing his methods, are unanimous in their recognition of his saintly character, their homage to his godly life. Few men in their life-time have aroused such a widespread admiration or received such enthusiastic eulogies.

It is not the province of a foreword to embody even a brief analysis of the work, or comment on its excellence. Many distinguished writers figure in it and have made most valuable contributions. If then I single out only one of them for special mention, it is not because I am lacking in my appreciation of their real worth, but because the very strangeness of a messenger of Christ from the antipodes shewing a comprehensive insight into Hindu thought, and boldly giving a compact and yet fairly exhaustive exposition of that thought, has captivated my fancy in a peculiar fashion. It may be said of him that he has only perceived the proverbial charm lent by distance. In answer, while admitting on the one hand the syren power of space, I should urge on the other that proximity to a colossal figure robs it of the major part of its beauty, and throws an illusive mantle over its real merits. Thus it is that, while Mahātmā Gandhi's

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high mission to the world at large is so little understood in India even by his devoted followers, it remained for an American prelate to prove it to the heart, and to unveil the deepest mystery to a people, bewildered by the dazzling splendour of its austere simplicity, its audacious candour, its macrocosmic benevolence. So wonderful is Rev. Mr. Holmes's penetration into the very soul of Mahātmāji's aims and aspirations which are spiritual to the core—and which are only partially touched upon by other writers—and so admirably set with precious jewels 'is his appreciation of the sublime life and message of that incarnation of sympathy and sacrifice, that it would have been the height of inanity to let his superb sermons, of all others, rot in the dustbin of ephemeral literature. As the reverend gentleman with a breadth and liberality of mind, rare in ecclesiastic circles, lays stress mainly on the spiritual aspect of Mahātmā Gandhi's work, as we are concerned with that aspect alone—regarding it as the chief, and by far the most important, element of life and being—we accord specially hearty welcome to the book which, among various other admirable articles, chronicles wise words for the enlightenment of future generations.

By character and temperament indeed Mahātmā Gandhi is far more a spiritual teacher than political leader. The atmosphere of present-day politics, with its self-seeking, its intrigues and diplomacy, is quite alien to his purity of nature, his love of truth, and his yearning for peace and brotherhood among all mankind.

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If then he still descended to the mundane area of politics, that is because politics holds the sceptre of the age ; and even philosophy, whether mental, moral or natural, is in our days made to subserve political ends. The redemption of the modern civilized world is therefore unthinkable without a thorough purgation—nay, one might say sacramental anointment—of that Sovereign Science of the epoch. And what but the alchemic touch of a holy magician's wand could effect this ?

The present is an age of materialism, when people in general are so engrossed in the pursuit of political power and fame and of material prosperity, that one who confined himself to purely spiritual teaching would find but a very limited audience, and could exert but little influence for the uplifting of humanity. Moreover, as politics now furnishes the outlet for the energy of all the nations, it has become of paramount importance that it should be purified and raised to a higher level ; that it should be rescued from that alienation from religion and divorce from ethics that have lain at the root of its present degeneracy. Mahātmā Gāndhī has, therefore, naturally put forth all his efforts to extricate politics from the iron grip of Macchiavellian traditions, to eliminate from its core the canker of diplomacy and expediency, and to transplant it into the open sunshine of universal love and the pure atmosphere of Eternal Truth.

To him, therefore, the immediate results of any line of political activity are of but little account as compared with the principles that have guided it ; ; what he is

working for is that these last may be rectified and elevated. The stock, therefore, that has been and is still being made by his opponents, of his apparent failure in attaining objects, which some of his followers are no doubt yearning for, affects him not; for he knows that the process of purification has begun and is progressing steadily, though slowly, in the hearts of those who are able to respond to his ideals; and only when people accept and try to live up to a higher ideal can the political system be uplifted. In this lies the real answer to those men of light and leading, both Indian and European, who think that his course is mistaken and has considerably retarded the attainment of the political liberty of India. Besides, in his view, probably, political enfranchisement worthy of the name cannot depend on the gift of the Government, especially on the suffrage of a foreign one, but can only be won by the internal development of sterling manly qualities by the people themselves. Truth, righteousness, love of God and man, fear of nothing save sin or shame, must be cultivated in full measure, ere true freedom can be attained or permanently enjoyed. The *swaraj* that he promised to India within a year did not contemplate extirpation of the British from the country, but the release of the Indian mind from the thralldom of the illusion regarding British power, the bugbear of British supremacy and the ultimate re-enthronement in the Indian heart of *Rām-rāj*, which means implicit faith in the mighty sovereignty of God alone everywhere in the Universe—the firm but

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soothing conviction that in proportion as a nation realizes this Sovereignty, it achieves true liberty both inside and out.

Others ridicule him as a mere dreamer and visionary. They forget that it is to dreamers and visionaries of his type and order that the world owes its best reforms, its most priceless treasures.

Here is the text of a resolution which was unanimously adopted at the Annual Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in New Zealand some eight months ago, and has since been confirmed by about 300 individual Branches there. I am told that it is to be brought forward at the forthcoming World Convention of the W. C. T. U. :

"This Convention of the W. C. T. U. declares its firm and unalterable conviction that some better method should be found of settling international disputes—one more in keeping with the principles of Christianity, and especially with its central teaching of the universal brotherhood of mankind. With deep gratitude we note that by the calling of a Conference the leading statesmen of the great nations have declared their belief that world disarmament is within the region of practical politics, and that by pledging themselves to the reduction of armaments, the leading nations have already taken the first step in that direction. We, members of the Convention, therefore pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to strive unceasingly for the removal of all causes of war, and to work for the establishment of a new social order, based on love and co-operation for the common good. And we urge our members, by using

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their influence, and by the training of their children in Christian love and goodwill to all, to help to create such a public sentiment as will lead to the setting up of an International Court of Arbitration, and thus hasten the coming of the time when 'the nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and there shall be no more war.'

And here is another resolution which expresses the feeling of a still larger section of humanity ; for it was adopted by a very large number of mass meetings, held July 1922, simultaneously throughout Europe and America, in which the Trade Union Movement, Women's International League, Brotherhood Movement, League of Nations Union, National Free Church Council, World Alliance of Churches, Society of Friends, and various other organisations co-operated:

"This mass meeting sends fraternal greetings to the similar gatherings now being held throughout Europe and America, joins with them in declaring its hatred of war, and pledges itself to co-operate with them in working for conditions which will guarantee that there shall be no more war—(a) by perfecting international organisation for the removal of the cause of war, the settlement of disputes and the promotion of international co-operation, and (b) by developing an international sense of solidarity which will make war impossible."

Is not the dynamic force of Mahātmā Gandhi's potent dream traceable in the above ? And nearer home, under our very eyes, as it were, do we not observe happy signs of the fulfilment of his noble vision in the

stoic indifference and almost angelic fortitude with which the Âkâlis are undergoing the most appalling torture and humiliation that any civilized state can inflict in cold blood on a peaceful congregation ?

The process that is going on in India to-day, under the influence of Mahâtmâ Gândhi, is indeed a veritable "churning of the ocean." And in the churning of the heterogeneous mass of the 300 millions and more of India's mixed population, the generation of some poison was inevitable. But as soon as this poison appeared on the surface, did not Mahâtmâ Gândhi, with almost the divine compassion of Siva, forthwith drink it off himself, and thus prevent its spreading ? Had he not, with characteristic magnanimity voluntarily and before the remotest suggestion had been made by anyone, taken upon himself the whole responsibility for the Bombay riots and the Chauri-Chaura tragedy, and proceeded at once to vicariously expiate the crime by fasting and suspending his long-contemplated and fondly-cherished programme of civil disobedience, would there not have been hundreds of Bombay scenes and Chauri-Chaura conflagrations all over the country ?

And is it fair to the Mahâtmâ to overlook the gems which the churning brought forth from the surging waves ? The awakening of a sense of manhood in the teeming millions that for centuries had been grovelling in abject servitude—is there any price too high to pay for such a mighty consummation ? The eradication of slave-mentality, the replacement of gunpowder and cunning by soul-force and philanthropy, the extirpation

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of drunkenness and indolence from thousands of homes, the glad renunciation of wealth and luxury by some of the flowers of the country for the service of high ideals—is not any one of these worth all the mischief against which a hue and cry is raised ?

Nor must we forget his majestic—nay almost super-human bearing at the memorable trial. Modern history furnishes no parallel to it. It reminds one of the trial of Socrates and St. Peter, and aptly illustrates even the heroic patience and forbearance of JESUS of NAZARETH Himself. Happy the earth that nourishes on her bosom so noble a child, and blest the people who have the privilege to breathe the air sanctified by his contact. Well may the faithful hail him as the veritable MESSIAH or CHAITANYA ?

BENARES CITY

December, 1922

Upendra Kumar

Gandhi-Mahatmya

THE MARTYRED MAN *

*I woke this morn with a song in my heart;
Like the breeze in yon tree;
It said:—"The Dream will yet come true;
For God's Dreams are Deeds;
And India's Dream of Liberty is His."
"Where is the way to victory?" I asked;
And my life answered:—
"They who suffer win."*

*Walled and sentinelled to-day
Is the Great-Souled Gandhi;
But when did walls and prison-bars
Sunder soul from soul?
The Saint in suffering has to-day,
His mystic throne in million hearts;
And round the world the rumour runs:—
"Might battles with Right once more."*

* Prof. T. L. Vaswani wrote these lines in *Desert Voices*, one of his recent works published by Ganesh & Co., Madras, on June 18, 1922, and reprinted in *Young India* in the issue of June 19, 1922.

*Imprisoned,—they say ;
I say ;—his soul goes marching on ;
And even in the dark,
His Faith, springing up as the light,
Speeds from heart to heart ;
And still his meek spirit leads
The Struggle which has one only end ;—
For Freedom cannot die.*

*Homage to him :—
The Apostle of Unity and Love !
I see his vision pass
Into the Nation's life.
Over us the ancient skies ;
Upon us still the blessings of heroes
And the Gods and rishis of old ;
And still our Gandhi leads us on !*

*Comrades ! at this dark hour of our Destiny,
I yet believe in this belief ;
I yet have faith that something Beautiful
Will be the final end of India's ills ;
And every morning Sun
I worship with a wounded heart,
Brings the healing message of the Martyred Man :—
A suffering Nation still shall win.*

T. L. VASWANI.

THE SECRET OF BÂPU

[This article appeared in *Young India* for April 13, 1922, over the pen-name "A Lover of Bâpu." The Editor in a short introduction wrote 'A lover of Bâpu' draws a living pen picture of Mahâtmâ Gândhi under the heading 'The Secret of Bâpu.' Bâpu means father and is the name by which Mahâtmâ Gândhi is known amongst his devoted admirers. We draw special attention of our readers to the *faithful and excellent* pen-picture which we publish below.' We put some words in italics.—Ed.]

The secret of Bapu's hold upon the Indian masses is that Bapu loves them from the very bottom of his soul as perhaps no man living has done. That love is also the secret of his incessant interminable labours on their behalf. That love also explains Bapu's strange hankering for a peaceful renunciation of the body through the process of a prolonged fasting and prayer, when he conceives himself unworthy of the great trust that had been reposed on him. That explains again the internal agony which Bapu felt at the Chauri-chaura and the Bombay tragedies and his longing to be sent to jail to suffer the severest punishment in some small expiation of the sins and crimes of those for whom he had laboured, but whom he had not been able to redeem. He would put on his khaddar loin-cloth in sheer love and devotion to a poverty-stricken, helpless people towards whom his heart went out in an endless prayer and an endless ecstasy of suffering.

Bapu cannot bear the sight of evil and suffering wherever they may be found. But he is no patriot in the

technical sense of the term. He would not lift his little finger against anybody, even against the oppressor and the tyrant. For Bapu cannot forget that he is his brother, only misled, mistreated, vicious,—aye, wicked. Bapu is a patriot, humanitarian and lover of God, all in one. For he has no sense of hatred against any individuals or individual, because he considers himself as one of them. Bapu is a lover of India, for the Indian people at the present moment are the most long-suffering of peoples, poverty-stricken, emasculated, downcast and helpless; and because, also, India to him when she has once been set on her feet, would represent a civilization which shall be a beacon of light to humanity.

Bapu's sufferings and agonies on behalf of India are almost divine, because they have not the least tinge of hatred in them; and on that account are proving and shall prove to be paramount factors in saving India's soul. Therefore the Lord is crucifying the lover for the sake of the beloved. His passionate devotion to Hindu-Moslim unity and his passionate repudiation of untouchability are, to those who have looked into Bapu's character, born of his innate love for man as man, whether friend or foe, high or low. There is nothing of the artificiality of civilized politics about Bapu's politics; although the latter has promoted, and shall always promote, a political cause. In truth, in Bapu's view, lofty ethics—that spirit of love and humanity which manifests itself in endless suffering and sacrifice for others, if applied to the solution of our present day social, economic and political problems—are capable of setting the world, on its feet. The attainment of his political Swaraj for India is to

Bapu a new and loftier method of saving a down-trodden world, wallowing in the mire of selfish greed and earth-hunger.

If these fundamental qualities of character do not entitle Bapu in his own estimation, to be called Mahatma, or a great soul, it is because, like the greatest of all true souls Bapu has no consciousness of his own greatness. Bapu is all love and pity and tenderness, and is lost in the ocean of the divine life even in the midst of his harrowing labours amongst us. Such greatness of soul is truly transcendent, and lesser souls like ourselves can only look at his virtues from our own angle of vision. Nevertheless, Bapu's soul draws us from afar as would a star of transcendent brilliance draw the most recalcitrant amongst us towards him even against our own selves, and we are helplessly carried along. Bapu is a force, a moral and spiritual force that will live for all time, and will affect the destiny of peoples and nations, even though he may not have succeeded in lifting within the short space at his disposal the weight of a wearied world. For Bapu has behind him the **Shakti** of the Lord to reinforce him and his labours, and may be, he may even be, His chosen instrument.

A. LOVER OF BAPU.

THE NEXT WAR OF THE WORLD

[This article from the pen of Pandit VIDHUSEKHARA (BHATTACHARYA) SASTRI, Principal of VISVABHARATI, the International University founded by the Post-Seer Dr. RABINDRANATH TAGORE at Santiniketan Bengal, first appeared in *the Modern Review* for February 1921, from which we quote.—Ed.]

From the Indian as well as the Iranian point of view the people of this world are divided in accordance with their qualities and actions (गुण and कर्म), into four main classes, viz., Brahmanas, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas and Sudras (spiritual preceptors, warriors, traders and agriculturists, and slaves, and those who serve for wages). The above order is also the order of their excellence. They have each their own angles of vision, and they attempt to get success in life by divergent means and ways. As long as a man remains a Sudra in his qualities and actions he can never achieve the highest bliss and peace of life. To achieve this he has to elevate himself to the level of a true Brahmana. Of course every one, irrespective of his birth and caste has a right to do so; for Brahmanahood is not confined to any particular class of mankind.

Now, from times immemorial, a series of wars, big or small, have been carried on by the last three classes of people, viz., the Kshatriyas, the Vaisyas and the Sudras, according to their own ideas and means. The biggest of the ancient wars of the Kshatriyas was the *Kurukshetra-Yuddha*, 'the War of Kurukshetra' of the Mahabharata. It took place only among Kshatriyas. Though a few Brahmanas, as for instance, Drona, the preceptor of the princes, in

archery, took part in it, they were truly speaking Kshatriyas, or nominal Brahmanas. How a Kshatriya should fight in war has been described in detail by Lord Srikrishna in the Bhagavadgita. The greatest war among Vaisyas and Sudras combined (i.e., the commercial peoples and their subjects and hired soldiers) was the last war of Europe, wherein they were guided by the ideals of men like Nietzsche and others. But the world has not yet witnessed a big war of the highest class of people, i.e., the Brahmanas. It has never been dreamt of before in any country of the world, even in India. But things that could not be thought of have actually come into being. And it clearly appears to me that a very great war is going to be fought not only in India, but gradually in every part of the world,—a war which will purely be of the Brahmanas and in which none but a Brahmana is entitled to take part.

There is no evidence whatever of such a war in the pages of history as has already been stated, but its ideal has very clearly been placed before the world by those who were the highest Brahmanas among Brahmanas, no matter whether they lived within India or without. The central idea of such a war is not the principle of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but the precept of Buddha, given to the world more than two thousand years ago and preserved in the Dhammapada :—

अक्रोधेन जिने क्रोधं असार्धं साधुना जिने ।

जिने कदरियं दानेन सन्नेहालीकवादिनं ॥ २२३ ॥

Which has been translated by Max Muller as follows : "Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good, let him overcome the greedy by liberality ; the liar by

truth." The modern "civilisers, of the world" are also exploiters and conquerors, that is to say, they are instinct with the Vaisya and Kshatriya spirits at their worst. But the Buddhist missionaries who travelled outside the limits of India successfully fought the animal and savage instincts of man in the greater part of Asia and its adjoining Islands simply with the spiritual weapon of the message of Buddha.

In the Mahabharata, too, we find a parallel to the teaching of the Buddha in the following verse :—

“अक्रोधेन जयेत् क्रोधम् असाधुं साधुना जयेत्
जयेत् कदर्यं दानेन जयेत् सत्येन चाश्वत्थम् ॥”

—Mahabh. (Pratap Roy ed.) Udyoga, 38—73.

Which may be translated thus : “Anger should be overcome by its opposite,” &c.

In a later age we have the Commandment of Christ, “Whoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn him the other also.” Again, it is not “thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thy enemy,” but “love your enemies, bless them that curse you ; do good to them that hate you ; and pray for them that reproach you and persecute you.” This is what an ideal Brahmana of the highest order preached to mankind nearly two thousand years ago in a country other than India. He acted accordingly to what he said, waged war against his enemies, and was crowned with success. He conquered them completely not by shedding their blood but by giving his own. He did his duty boldly facing and embracing the sorrows of the world and in consequence not only his enemies but the world came at his feet.

The Brahmanas thought, as was but right that they should have, that the doctrine of “an eye for an eye, and a

tooth for a tooth" was a false doctrine ; that an evil could not be remedied by another evil, that the truth could not be attained by untruth, and good could not be realised by evil. They further hold that the spirit is far greater than the flesh, and that one's soul is far superior to one's body, that the freedom of the body is nothing when compared with that of the soul, and that physical force is no force at all when weighed against spiritual force.

Taking all these as basic principles, as axiomatic, they proceeded to say that it is not anger, but absence of anger by which anger is to be conquered ; that it is not evil but good by which evil is to be redressed ; that it is not wickedness but honesty by which wickedness is to be overcome ; and that it is not falsehood but truth by which falsehood is to be avoided. So laying great stress on the importance of sacrifice (त्याग) * the author of the Mahabharata tells us : "Let a man not be bewildered in a critical juncture ; nor should he give up his duties then. He must think well what is really good and employ himself in doing it. He must not do any evil in return for an evildoer, but be always good and kind to him, for a wicked person willing to do any evil to any one is killed by himself." †

* "त्यागान् नान्यव मर्त्तानां गुणान्निष्ठानि पुरुषे ।"

† "There are no good qualities in a man if there were no sacrifice."—
Mahabharata, Vana, 206, 41.

† "न सुखे दयकच्छेदु न च धर्मं परित्यजेत् ।
यत् कलाशममिध्यायेत् तवात्मानं नियोजयेत् ॥
न पापे प्रतिपापः स्यात् साधुरेव सदा भवेत् ।
आत्मनैव हतः पापो यः पापं कर्तुमिच्छति ॥"

Ibid, Vana, 206, 42—13.

This is what a true Brahmana thinks and acts upon. Its value ought not to be minimised by taking it merely as a platitude. It is not to be confined only to spiritual and religious purposes, but to be equally applied to every work in every sphere of one's life.

• Politics which is neither religious nor spiritual brings about nothing but destruction. Freedom, peace, and happiness can never come from it. So it must be made spiritual and religious. Truth is truth and falsehood is falsehood; and truth is good and falsehood is evil. They can never be interchanged, and they cannot be restricted to a particular case or time, or place.

This is the only weapon, the Brahmanic weapon; which can be safely employed in combating all sorts of evil in the world. There is going on a constant struggle between good and evil, and if we believe in our Iranian saints, they give us a definite assurance that good will prevail at last, exterminating evil from the world — only if one persists in following the right path.

Hitherto no Brahmanic war on a gigantic scale has taken place, but clear signs are visible in every nook and corner of India that in the very near future it will be started here. Sooner or later, every country of the civilized world will take part in it in order to make it a full and complete success. For such are the indications as discernible in the minds of all great men in the West as in the East.

Indeed, the starting of this holy Brahmanic war has already been made under the wise leadership of Mahatma Gandhi. It is naturally bloodless and non-violent, yet it does not cease for a moment to overthrow every kind of

evil, not only political but economic, social and moral. It destroys evil, but creates good at the same time. It is true that it is destructive but it is equally true that it is constructive. Undoubtedly it destroys much, but the amount of what it creates is much more. It takes out a man from the depth of his immense darkness of illusion. It reveals to him the bright light of truth. It gives him the lesson that truth is truth and cannot be compromised with untruth for a moment even, and that it must be revered and accepted at any cost. It roots out all imaginary fears, annihilates timidity and cowardice, and sets one free from any bondage or enslavement hindering one's soul. And what does it not do, when it teaches the people never to associate with sin, falsehood, and injustice, nor to conquer an enemy by fighting him or by entertaining any hatred towards him, but only by dissociating themselves from him? They may say, "Well, we cannot, and will not keep any connection with you. Do what you like. Take our heads if you will; but it is beyond your power, however mighty you may be, to lay your hand on our soul!"

It thus vividly appears to me, that by preaching and following in action this truth sealed up for generations in our ancient sacred writings, as has already been shown above, Mahatma Gandhi is merely Brahmanizing the whole Indian nation. As I see him at the helm of this present movement, he is waging a pure Brahmanic war which is very peaceful if carried on along right channels. His call has been very satisfactorily responded to by the people, and I have not the least doubt in saying that there will be no want of soldiers for this holy war. At the same time, it must be pointed out that

only those persons are eligible to be enrolled as soldiers of this new war, who are fully qualified as stated below—

1. They must abstain from any sort of injury or malice towards another man, regardless of his country, or nation, or race, or caste. It is also absolutely desirable that they should refrain from causing injury towards other living creatures.

2. Under no circumstances should they speak untruth and keep any connection with it.

3. They must not take anything belonging to another which is not given to them in the right manner.

4. They must not have anything more than what is absolutely required for keeping their body and soul together.

5. And finally, they must be strict Brahmacharins.

Such are the soldiers required for a Brahmanic war, and if India can produce them—and I am sure that she will, if only she moves under the guidance of Mahatma Gandhi—sooner or later, victory will undoubtedly be realized by her people. When the bondage that enfetters our soul is once broken, the bondage of our body will also no longer exist. And consequently both kinds of evil, internal, and external,—that is, the evil of untouchability and other such monstrous social customs with us, and the evil of this unjust and arrogant bureaucracy—will disappear simultaneously for ever. People will then live in a free and peaceful atmosphere which would make them feel and realize that no longer are they for a particular place limited by some imaginary geographical boundaries, but for the universe, or the whole of humanity. No longer will there be then heard such childish talk that India is only for Indians. Certainly India

is for Indians but also for the whole of humanity, as every other country is.

That is the supreme truth, and it must be realized, the sooner the better. And this Brahmanic war has been started by the Mahatmaji for preparing the way, the only way leading to this truth. Destruction is not followed by creation, but they both are simultaneous—such is the law of the universe. So we have no grounds for any sort of fear. Let the war go on vigorously without any consideration of its consequences, for if it is our duty or our *dharma* to do it, it must be done. I can assure you of its success, and I have strong reason for doing so. I can tell you with a slight modification in the last words of Sanjaya in the 'Lord's Song' (Bhagavadgita, XVIII. 78) uttered in the beginning of the Kurukshetra War :—

‘यत्र योगीश्वरः गन्धी

यत्र चेते धनुर्धराः ।

तत्र श्रीर्धियो भूति-

ध्रुवा नीतिर्मतिर्मम ॥”

Wherever there is Gandhi glowing with his *yoga*, and wherever are these archers referred to, it is my opinion, assured are there fortune, victory, prosperity and justice !

THE GREATEST MAN OF THE WORLD TO-DAY

[The following is the sermon in which the Reverend *John Haynes Holmes*, Minister of the Communist Church, New York, and Editor of *Unity*, Chicago, claimed Mahatma Gandhi as the greatest man of the world to-day.]

I am going to speak to you this morning upon what I hope will be the interesting question as to who is the greatest man of the world to-day. In seeking answer to this enquiry, I imagine that all of our minds instinctively go back to the days of the great war, and run over the names of the men who held positions of vast responsibility, and power in that stupendous conflict. Especially do we think of the great gathering of the war-leaders in Paris in the opening months of the year 1919. Two years ago, at this time we would all of us have agreed that if the greatest man in the world was anywhere to be found, it was in this council of the premiers and statesmen of the Allied Governments. There were the men who had been tested by the most awful peril which had ever threatened the civilization of the world, and who have brought out of the peril a victory which was as complete as it was sudden. Now they were being tested by the challenge of peace—by the great problem as to how to use a victory after it has been won. And it is just here, in this most rigorous of all tests, that these leaders of the nations failed.

I turn away, therefore, from the storm of the great war, and from the men who rode that storm to power and place ;

and I look elsewhere for that man who impresses me as the greatest man who is living in the world to-day. And immediately I hit upon three men very different from one another in origin and character, who I believe may not unworthily qualify for this position.

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

Before the war, Rolland was one of the few men in Europe who saw the coming of the great catastrophe, and did his utmost to prevent it. He sent out his call to poets, musicians and artists of the continent; gathered about him, as a master his students, the young and ardent souls of all countries: and strove to lead them to those heights of pure idealism in the atmosphere of which he knew it would be impossible for the prejudices and hostilities of contemporary nationalism to survive. '*Jean Christophe*' was

written in answer not so much to artistic passion as to a desire to interpret Germany to France, and France to Germany, and thus make clear the essential kinship between the two. With the outbreak of the War, he conceived it his unique privilege and duty to keep alive those higher instincts of the soul, which are the first to suffer in the strife of arms. Never for a moment did he deceive himself into believing that the war would purge the heart of man, or quicken it permanently to nobler impulses of emotion; on the contrary, he knew that this war, like every war, was a dirty and ugly thing, subversive of all that is pure and good in human life. Therefore did he deliberately set himself, as a priest at the altar of humanity, to guard from extinction the spirit's flame, that when the conflict was at an end, the race might not wander as one lost for ever in impenetrable dark. And now, with the close of the disastrous struggle, Rolland is building anew his international fraternity, to the end of persuading men to sheath their swords to cleanse their hearts of the poison of patriotism and to toil for the coming of that great kingdom of the living God which shall mean wars and rumours of wars no more.

If there is any civilization in Europe to-day, any light shining through the gross darkness of the present chaos, hope for the ultimate realization of the dreams and visions which beset us of a better world, I believe this is due more truly to Romain Rolland than to Foch or Clemenceau, Lloyd George or Woodrow Wilson, or any other of the men who struggled vainly to bring good out of the evil of the war. Rolland remained true to his ideal, served it with a flawless courage and there-with did a work which marks him as a

spiritual genius of the first order. If he falls short, as I think he does, it is in what we may term the realm of practical affairs. In this he does not fail; he simply does not enter at all. For Rolland is an artist, an intellectual man of the utmost sensitiveness and delicacy. It is difficult to conceive of him as dwelling among the trodden ways of men. He could never be the leader of a revolution, the moulder of great masses of the common people to a world-upheaval, the builder of the structure or the writer of the constitution of a new political and social state. Rolland, by the very necessities of his nature, as Tolstoy by the deliberate plan of his life, must move "above the battle," and not in the midst of its bloodshed and affright. For Rolland is an idealist and not a realist. I think of him as a silver star shining resplendant above the murk and mist of earth, a light to steer by and to worship. Others must serve as the smoky touches which shew terribly the pathways of man's climbing.

The mention of the contract between the idealist and the realist, brings me to the second name which I desire to present this morning in this discussion. I refer to the Russian, Nicolai Lenin, Premier of the Soviet republic, a man who wields a greater degree of personal power than any other man in the world to-day. In making an estimate of the position of Lenin among the great men of his time it is necessary for us to disregard entirely such unfavourable ideas as we may chance to have of the work that he is attempting to do among his people. We may think that his principles are bad, his policies dangerous, his whole influence destructive of the best interests of civilization; but these opinions should not, and indeed cannot, affect in

any way the facts as to his ability. Many people, for example, regard Napoleon Bonaparte as one of the most immoral personages that ever lived, and describe his achievements as among the most disastrous in the whole range of human history, but I have never met any-body, except Mr. H. G. Wells in his "The Outline of History," who carried his consummate greatness as a man. So also with Nicolai Lenin! We may think him the vilest monster alive upon the earth to-day, if we so choose, but there stands the fact of his greatness all the same. This man moves among his contemporaries as a giant among pygmies. He is at the moment the centre of the world's life. The affairs of race move round his central figure like the rim and spokes of a wheel about its axle. I am not at all sure, but what in future ages, this present period, which has followed upon the close of the Great War is destined to be described by historians as the age of Lenin, just as we speak to-day of the age of Elizabeth or of Louis XIV.

If we would seek for evidence of the surpassing greatness of Lenin, we have only to cite the testimony of those who have seen him and studied him at close range. At first he seems to make little impression upon those who meet him, for his personal presence is evidently one of utter insignificance. He does not look like a hero. Mr. Wells, who was as little impressed as anybody, speaks of him simply as a little man sitting behind a big desk. Bertrand Russell describes him as "very friendly and apparently simple, entirely without a trace of hauteur. If one met him without knowing who he was, he would not guess that he was possessed of great power, and never that he was in any way eminent. I have never met a personage so destitute of self-importance."

The only thing impressive about Lenin's appearance, so far as I can judge, is his head which is that of a stupendous intellectual genius. To see the great dome of his brow, as depicted, for example, in Mrs. Clare Sheridan's bust is to think at once of the head of Shakespeare. Aside from this single feature, however, Lenin's presence is apparently as unimpressive as his bearing is modest.

That Lenin is a great man, however, is admitted by every body who has seen him. Arthur Ransome, who is favourably inclined towards the Bolshevik regime, declares that he is "one of the greatest personalities of his time." Bertrand Russell, who is now opposed to Bolshevism, refers to Lenin without qualification as "a great man." Raymond Robbins, who stands midway between the position of friend and foe, asserts his belief that the Bolshevik premier is "the greatest living statesman in Europe." Even those who view him at a distance, cannot disguise their admiration. Mr. Frank Vanderlip, for example, has said that Lenin impresses him as "a man of most extraordinary ability." Nor can I refrain from quoting the opinion, of the "New York Times," which can hardly be described as friendly to the Bolsheviks. Speaking at an unguarded moment, on one of the numerous occasions of Lenin's reported death, the "Times" referred to him as "the most remarkable personality brought by the world war into prominence."

What moves all these persons who have seen or studied Nicholai Lenin, to speak of him in these laudatory terms, is undoubtedly the consciousness of the stupendous things which this man has accomplished during the last three years. His deeds are almost unparalleled in history. In the first place, he has beaten back upon every front, the attacks

brought against him by the enemies of Russia at home and abroad. Army after army has been organized and led against Moscow, only to be destroyed by the "red" armies fighting without resources, in a distracted country, and amid a starving population. It is the fashion these days to compare Lenin with Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, the leaders of France in the bloody days of the "Reign of Terror." The true comparison, however, is with Carnot, the great war minister, who raised the levies of the Revolution, and hurled back triumphantly the invading armies of autocratic Europe.

Secondly, Lenin and his commissares have saved the civilisation of Russia from the utter collapse which was threatened, and is still being threatened, as a result of the catastrophe of the Great War. This is just the opposite of what is ordinarily assumed, for most people believe that it is the advent of Bolshevism which has caused the human misery and social disintegration which are everywhere prevailing in Russia at the present time. Nothing, however, could be farther from the truth ! The empire of the Czar collapsed of its own rottenness and decay nine months before the Bolsheviks found their way into the seat of power. This collapse was the immediate result of the impact of the Great War, which in its end, if not in its conscious purpose, was a struggle for the destruction, and not at all for the preservation of civilization. What happened in Russia in 1917, was only what would have happened in France had the War continued another year and in Great Britain had it continued another four or five years. Russia simply went to pieces, because she was the least developed and most corrupt of modern capitalistic countries, and

therefore the least able to bear the strain. The first revolutionary government which succeeded the Czar, tried to control the situation, but ignominiously failed. Then came Kerensky, who likewise failed. Then came Lenin, who put his mighty shoulders beneath the toppling fabric of the state, and has thus far prevented it from falling. That Russia is not to-day a realm of utter chaos—that its cities are not empty, its railroads streaks of rust running across vast wastes of desert country, its peoples swarming hordes of wanderers trooping madly to the west in search of food—all this is due more to Nicolai Lenin than to any other single force in the world to-day. If H.G. Wells is right in his surmise that the fate of Europe is identical with the fate of Russia, I venture to prophesy that the time will come when this man will be remembered not as a destroyer, but as the saviour of the social structure of civilization.

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

These are the deeds of a man of the first order of practical genius. If Lenin falls short anywhere, and I am certain that he does, it is in the field of moral idealism. He seems to be absolutely devoid, not in character but in thought, of every thing that we mean by ethical or spiritual principle. He boasts of the fact that he has no

religion but lives contentedly in the realm of materialism. He denies that there is any such reality as a moral law to which it is proper or necessary for him to give acknowledgment. What we ordinarily describe and recognize as a system of ethics, calling for the allegiance of all right-minded people, he regards as an artificial code created by the strong, and imposed by them upon the weak for the better protection of their property and privileges. To Lenin's way of thinking anything is right that serves the class interest of the workers; by the same token, anything is wrong that delays or hinders the emancipation of the workers. In his activities as leader of the proletariat and chief executive of the Soviet Republic, Lenin acts upon exactly the same law of necessity which holds sway upon the field of battle. Like the soldier, in other words, he does anything which it is necessary to do in order to defeat the enemy and thus clinch victory for his cause. "The end justifies the means!" Lenin is seeking a great end of human redemption and social liberation; any means which are necessary for the attainment of this end, are justifiable in the period which must intervene before men are ready and able to reach the goal. It is this realist point of view of life which explains the extraordinary contradictions in Lenin's career. Thus Lenin is a democrat; but he sustains one of the most absolute tyrannies that mankind has ever known. He is not a terrorist, and yet he carried through the six weeks of the "red terror" with ruthless severity. He is not a militarist, and yet he has built on the foundation of universal conscription, the most powerful and successful military machine in the world to-day. What we have in Lenin is a phenomenon which has never before

appeared in history, so far as I know—a reformer of unquestioned personal integrity, rigorously pure in private character, simple and unpretentious in his ways of life, devoted to the ideal of a better world, seeking nothing for himself and everything for his fellow-men, and yet a man arrogant, autocratic, stern, hard in outline, untouched by any softness save a love for children. At bottom, there is nothing gentle or lovely about this man; he suggests only the strength of granite, and the coldness of steel. This is the reason, I take it why Mr. Wells, when he thinks of Lenin, finds himself recalling the figure of Mohammed. Bertrand Russell, when he saw Lenin and his regime, was put in mind of Cromwell and the Puritans. I have to confess that I always think, in this connection, of Napoleon Bonaparte. All these parallels are defective—the last outrageously so; but they serve at least to reveal the realistic patterns of the man, and the stupendous order of his genius.

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

I believe that there is—unquestionably the greatest man living in the world to-day, and one of the greatest men who have ever lived. I heard of him first in 1917 through an article by Professor Gilbert Murray in the “Hibbert Journal.” I did not learn anything of him again until a few

months ago when there came to my desk a little paper-covered pamphlet containing extracts from his speeches and writing. This is meagre information; but when I read it, I felt as did John Keats when he first read Chapman's translation of "Iliad."

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

The man whom I have in mind is **Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi**, the Indian leader of the present great revolutionary movement against British rule in India, known and revered by his countrymen as *Mahatma*, "the Saint." I wonder how many of you have ever heard of him, or know the story of his life. Listen while I tell this story, and see if I am not right in calling its hero the greatest man in the world to-day!

Gandhi was born some fifty odd years ago in India, of a rich, clever and cultivated family. He was reared as the sons of such families are always reared, possessed of every thing that money can buy and the imagination of devoted parents can conceive. In 1889, he came to England to study law. He took his degree in regular course, returned to India, and became a successful lawyer in Bombay. Already, however, he had found that religion was coming to have a dominant place within his life. Even before his journey to England, he had taken the Jain vow to abstain from wine, flesh, and sexual intercourse. On his return to India, his asceticism increased. Finding that money was inconsistent

with his ideal of spirituality, he gave away his fortune to good causes, keeping only the barest pittance for himself. Later on, he took the vow of poverty, and thus became, what he is still to-day, a beggar. Later still he became converted to the doctrine of non-resistance, which he calls "the root of Hinduism," and therefore abandoned the practice of the law as "a system which tried to do right by violence." When Gilbert Murray saw him in England in 1914, he ate only rice, drank only water, and slept on the bare boards of a wooden floor. "His Conversation," says Professor Murray, "was that of a cultivated and well-read man, with a certain indefinable suggestion of saintliness." Gandhi was indeed a saint. He had deliberately swept out of his life every last vestige of self-indulgence, that no slightest desire of the flesh might stand in the way of devotion to his ideals. From early in his life, he was a man apart, with every last energy of soul and body dedicated to the service of human-kind.

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

In South Africa, in the early nineties of the last century, there were located some 1,50,000 Indians, chiefly in the province of Natal. The presence of these aliens had led to a situation very similar to that now prevailing in California as a result of the influx of the Japanese. The color question, in other words, had become acute, and the South African government determined to meet it, first by forbidding the immigration of any more natives from India, and secondly by expelling the Indians who were already there. This last it was found, could not legally be done—it violated

a treaty, was opposed by Natal where industry depended upon cheap "coolie" labour, and was objected to by the Indian Government. The first proposal of course could easily be met by the passage of an exclusion act. At once began a long and bitter struggle. The whites of South Africa baffled in their desires, did what the whites in all parts of the world have always done under such circumstances—namely, persecuted and outraged those whom they detested as so called inferiors. Systematically they undertook to make life in South Africa as miserable an affair for all Indians, especially those above the labour class as malice and cruelty could provide. Thus these Indians were burdened with special taxes; they were forced to register in degrading ways; their thumb-prints were taken as though they were criminals; they were publicly insulted and discriminated against. In cases where the law could not be conveniently utilized, the South African Whites did what we do so proudly here in America—organized patriotic mobs to loot, burn and lynch. Nothing was left undone to harry these unhappy Indians, and drive them into wretchedness and horror from the land.

It was in 1893, that the Indians in South Africa, appealed to Gandhi, and asked him to come and help them. At once he responded to their call, for it was his conviction that, if his countrymen were anywhere suffering, it was his duty and privilege alike to suffer with them. He came, therefore, to Natal in 1893, and there he remained, with the exception of one short interval of time, until 1913. As he was still a lawyer at this time, he began his fight against the Asiatic Exclusion Act, and won it, in the face of the most bitter and unfair opposition on grounds

of constitutionality. Then came the terrific battle for equitable political and social recognition—a struggle fought from beginning to end with the weapon of passive or non-resistance. Not once in all the years of the protracted struggle, was there resort to violence or yielding to the temptation of retaliation and revenge.

Acting as the leader and counsellor of his people, Gandhi founded a settlement in the open country, just outside the city of Durban. Here he gathered the Indians, placed them on the land for self-support, and bound them by the solemn vow of poverty. Here, for years these organized thousands of resisters, suffering constant deprivation and frequent outrage, carried on their struggle against the Government. It was in essence, I suppose, a strike—a withdrawal of the Indians from labour in the towns and villages, and a paralysis therefore, of the industrial and social life of the republic. It was such a strike as Moses declared in ancient Egypt, when he led the Israelites out of the land of Pharaoh into the vast reaches of the wilderness. But this strike, if it may so be called, was in one thing different from any previous strike in human history! Universal in movements of this kind, the resisters make it their business to take quick and sharp advantage of any difficulty into which their opponents may fall, and press their claim the harder for this advantage. Gandhi, however, took the opposite course. Whenever, in these years of struggle, the Government became embarrassed by unexpected troubles, Gandhi, instead of pushing the fight ruthlessly to victory, would call a truce and come to the succour of his enemy. In 1899, for instance, the Boer war broke out. Gandhi immediately called off his strike, and organized an Indian Red Cross.

unit which served throughout the war, was twice mentioned in Despatches, and was publicly thanked for bravery under fire. In 1904, there came a visitation of the plague in Johannesburg. Instantly, the strike was off, and Gandhi was busying himself in organizing a hospital in the pest-ridden city. In 1906, there was a native rebellion in Natal. Again the strike was suspended; while Gandhi raised and personally led a corps of stretcher-bearers, whose work was dangerous and painful. On this occasion he was publicly thanked by the Governor of Natal and shortly afterwards, on the resumption of the resistant movement, was thrown into a common jail in Johannesburg. It would be impossible for me to tell this morning the indignities and cruelties which were visited upon Gandhi during these years of intermittent resistance and forgiveness. He was thrown into prison countless times, placed in solitary confinement, lashed hand and foot to the bars of his cage. He was again and again set upon by raging mobs, beaten into insensibility and left for dead by the side of the road. When not outraged in this fashion, he was insulted in public, mortified and humiliated with the most exquisite pains. But nothing shook his courage, disturbed his equanimity, exhausted his patience, or poisoned his love and forgiveness of his foes. And at last, after twenty years of trial and suffering, he won the victory. In 1913 the Indian case was taken up by Lord Hardinge, an Imperial Commission reported in Gandhi's favour on nearly all the points at issue, and an act was passed giving official recognition to his claims. I know of no more astonishing illustration of a battle won by doing no wrong, committing no violence, but simply enduring without resentment all the punishment

the enemy can inflict, until at last he becomes weary and ashamed of punishment.

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

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

In the first place, it is a movement directed straight and hard against England's rule in India. There is no concealment of Gandhi's determination to free his people from the injustice and cruelty implicit in alien domination. "So long," he says, "as the Government spells injustice, it may regard me as its enemy—implacable enemy." Again, he declares,

"I seek to paralyze this Government, until we have wrung justice from unwilling hands,—that is what I stand for." Still again he asserts, "I deliberately oppose the Government to the extent of trying to put its very existence in jeopardy." That this is sedition, Gandhi sees as clearly as any one. If he were charged under the sedition section of the Indian Penal Code, he says that he could not plead 'not guilty' ... "For my speeches are intended to create disaffection such that the people might consider it shameful to assist or co-operate with a Government that had forfeited all title to confidence, respect or support."

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

Secondly, Gandhi's movement is a revolution which has no place for force or violence of any kind. "Non-violence" is his most conspicuous motto and slogan. For Gandhi, as we have seen, is a non-resistant; and in India, as in South Africa, will win his victory by peaceful means, or not at all! "Violence," he says, "whatever end it may serve in Europe, will never serve us in India." We must fight our battles with cleaner weapons, on a nobler plan of combat. Thus we (must) meet their ungodliness, by godliness, we (must) meet their untruth by truth; we (must) meet their cunning and their craft by openness and simpli-

city ; we (must) meet their terrorism and frightfulness by bravery and patient suffering." Further he says, "We must bring no violence against those who do not join our ranks"—how well were it, if Lenin practised this rule of conduct ! And he abjures his followers to hold "every English life, and the life of every officer serving the Government as sacred as those of our own dear ones"—think of what it would mean to Ireland if Sinn Fein observes this precept "As soon as India," says Gandhi, "accepts the doctrine of the sword, my life as an Indian is finished, Then India will cease to be the pride of my heart."

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

At bottom, of course, Gandhi advocates and practises non-resistance because he thinks it right. "The true thing," he declares, "for any human being on earth, is not justice based on violence but justice based on sacrifice of self." Again he says, "Non-violence is noble and right

forgiveness is more manly than punishment. Forgiveness adorns a soldier." It is from this point of view, I take it, that Gandhi refers to his movement as "this religious battle." He is insistent however, that non-resistance is not only right but expedient. It is the one sure way of attaining a triumph that will endure. "The condition of success," he says, "is to ensure entire absence of violence." Again, "India might resort to destruction of life and property, but it could serve no purpose. You need but the one weapon of suffering." Such truth is obvious to any one, says Gandhi, who understands the law of universe which is spiritual. "If we would realise the secret of this peaceful and infallible doctrine, we will know and find that we will not want even to lift a little finger."

Non-violence, however, is not enough. Non-resistance means something more than mere acquiescence in suffering. It must have a positive or aggressive policy—and it is this which Gandhi provides in what he calls, Non-Co-operation.' To all his followers, Gandhi recommends refusal to co-operate in any of the political or social functions which are essential to the continuance of British rule in India. He urges that the Indians boycott everything English: that his countrymen refuse to sit on the local Councils: that native lawyers refuse to practise in the courts: that parents withdraw their children from the schools; that title-holders give up their titles. On the occasion of the Recent tour of the Prince of Wales, he urged all Indians to refuse welcome or recognition to the Royal visitor. Even a boycott of English goods is under consideration, but of this Gandhi voices his disapproval. Such policy, of course, if effectively carried out on a large scale, would destroy English rule in India; it would

little by little bring paralysis to the Government as the hemlock brought inch by inch the chill of death to the limbs of Socrates. "The peacefullest revolution the world has ever seen" would be triumphant.

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

Such is Mahatma Gandhi! In this great spirit, he lives among the people. As he moves from city to city, crowds of thirty and even fifty thousand people assemble to hear his words. As he pauses for the night in a village, or in the open countryside, great throngs come to him as to a holy shrine. He would seem to be what the Indians regard him—the perfect and universal man. In his personal character, he is simple and undefiled. In his political

endeavours, he is as stern a realist as Lenin, working steadfastly toward a goal of liberation which must be won. At the same time, however, he is an idealist, like Romain Rolland, living ever in the pure radiance of the spirit. When I think of Rolland, as I have said, I think of Tolstoi. When I think of Lenin, I think of Napoleon. But when I think of Gandhi, I think of Jesus Christ. He lives his life; he speaks his word; he suffers, strives, and will some day nobly die, for His kingdom upon earth.

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

CHRIST OF TO-DAY

SERMON AFTER THE ARREST

[The Reverend John Haynes Holmes preached the following Sermon at the Lyric Theatre, New York, on March 12th, 1922. Mahatma Gandhi was arrested at Ahmedabad on the 10th March before midnight.—Ed.)

Who is Gandhi ?

As I enter this morning upon the discussion of Mahatma Gandhi, of India, and of the universal significance of the work which he is doing in his native country, I am irresistibly reminded of the day, which was not so long ago, when I first had the pleasure of presenting this man to this congregation, and of declaring my conviction, the same now as it was then, that Gandhi is incomparably the greatest man now living in the world. How the situation has changed in these few months ! At that time Gandhi's name was practically unknown outside the borders of India. I hit upon it by the merest chance ; and although I come to feel upon the instant that here was a creative spiritual genius of the first order, my information was of the meagrest description. Furthermore, all endeavours to get additional information met with failure. To-day, however, Gandhi's name is appearing on the first pages of all the newspapers. Scores of articles have been published in the magazines and reviews of this country, England and the Continent. A great journal, the "New York World," sends its leading correspondent to India to "spy

out the land," and he returns to write of Gandhi and his policy of Non-Violence and Non-Co-Operation. From almost utter obscurity, this man mounts in a few months to a fame which is as universal as it promises to be immortal. He holds to-day the center of the world's attention. That position of primacy held so proudly by Woodrow Wilson in 1910 and 1919 and by Nicolai Lenin in 1920 and 1921 is now occupied by a little Oriental who has never held any official position, who seeks neither glory nor power and who languishes this day behind the bars of an English jail.

The Nationalist Movement in India .

For such a change as this in the fortunes of a single man, there must be reasons. As it happens, these reasons are not far to seek. I would name this morning four events, as indications of what has been transpiring of late in this far distant portion of the world.

In the first place, there is the amazing growth of the Nationalist party in India. A few years ago, the only persons who wanted "Swaraj," or independence, were a few extremists and fanatics. The great majority of the intellectual leaders cherished no desire or expectation other than that of Home Rule, or Dominion status within the Empire. As for the masses of the common people, they were either ignorant of, or totally indifferent to, the issues involved. To-day, however, the movement for emancipation has swept like a prairie fire from one end of India to the other. It is true that the native princes and their retainers, many thousands of civic officials and their servants, and certain well educated and prosperous groups in the community who naturally

oppose any change in the *status quo*, are hearty supporters of the English government in India; but these people, taken all together, would not number more than a million individuals. All the rest from the highest to the lowest, from Rabindranath Tagore on the one side to the meanest of the "untouchables" on the other, are all aflame with the desire for independence. Remember now, if you will, that the population of India is well over 300,000,000, one-fifth of the population of the entire globe, and it is not difficult to understand why this Nationalist Movement is suddenly attracting so much attention. What is going on in India to-day, if only because of the stupendous numbers involved, is the central phenomenon in the world's life.

The Incarnation of a People's Soul

In the second place, as another reason for Gandhi's rapid rise to fame, there is the fact that he is to-day definitely recognized as the leader of his people in their revolt against the English Crown. A few years ago Gandhi was a friend of England and her rule in India. More than once he had received favours and rewards at the hands of the Imperial Government. During the Great War he supported the Allied Cause, and, in so far as it was possible for a non-resistant so to do, upheld the power and authority of English arms. After the War he advocated no reform more drastic than a reasonable measure of Home Rule. It was the massacre of Amritsar, when General Dyer turned his machine-guns on an innocent crowd of Indians, killed between three and four hundred men, women and children and wounded, I know not how many more, that changed the soul of Gandhi. From that time on, he became an ardent champion of

Freedom. One year ago last December the All- India Congress formally endorsed his programme of Non Violence and Non-Co-Operation. This last December, less than three months ago, the Congress reaffirmed the programme by an overwhelming majority, and named Gandhi as the leader of the movement for Independence. This man holds absolutely in his hands to-day the destinies of his people. When Gandhi speaks, it is India that speaks. When Gandhi acts, it is India that acts. When Gandhi is arrested, it is India that is outraged and humiliated. More truly, I believe, than any other man who has ever lived, this great Indian is the incarnation of a people's soul.

Repression as an Advertisement

Thirdly as an explanation of Gandhi's fame and influence at this moment, there is the repressive policy recently adopted by the English Government. Why any Government should turn to repression in a crisis like this, is explicable only on the supposition that Governments are utterly ignorant of history and human psychology and learn nothing from experience. For, repression has never worked. I challenge anybody to point me to a single episode in either ancient or modern history, which proves that repression has even once achieved the end to which it has been directed. This policy has certainly been no success in English hands. It failed in America in 1775 ; it failed in English domestic affairs in the '20s and the '40s of the last century ; it failed in South Africa after the Boer War ; it failed in Ireland yesterday ; and it will fail in India to-morrow. If repression succeeds in anything, it is in advertising the cause of the enemy. "We are advertised by our loving friends," says

Shakespeare, to which I would make the addition that we are advertised as well by our fearful enemies ! Nothing that the Indians could have done of themselves would have spread such knowledge of, and won such sympathy for, their movement for independence as the policy of the British authorities in recent months. When the Ali Brothers were arrested, for example, news of the event spread to the remotest corners of the Mohammedan world, and made every Moslem a champion of Freedom for India. When Lajpat Rai was seized and imprisoned, thousands of Englishmen and Americans were immediately aroused, for they knew this man to be a scholar and a gentleman and could not understand the nature of a situation which made necessary his confinement. So also, now, with Gandhi himself ! Millions of people the world around, know him to-day and will believe in, and love, him passionately tomorrow, because they see a saint doomed to martyrdom by the tyranny of Imperialism.

The Prince's Visit

Lastly, as an indication of what has been going on in recent months, I would remind you of the visit of the Prince of Wales to India. For sheer stupidity, I know of nothing to compare with this event. We are told that this trip was planned in order to demonstrate the loyalty of the people of India to the British Crown. As a matter of fact had the Indian been loyal, there would have been no necessity for a royal visitation. The very exigencies of the situation made inevitable just the opposite result from what was intended or desired. No sooner was the Prince's journey announced than Gandhi organized his boycott—not because he had anything against this innocent young man, but because he saw

in his coming a wonderful opportunity to demonstrate how the Indian people felt about English rule. As soon as the Prince arrived, this boycott was put into effect. Everywhere he went, the natives met him with averted eyes and turned back. Finally, at Allahabad they refused to meet him at all. When the Prince of Wales entered this place, it was as though he were arrived at a city of the dead. Streets were deserted : doors were barred, and shutters drawn at the windows ; while people by the thousands swarmed to a rendezvous outside the town to acclaim "Swaraj" and pledge themselves to its support. The visit of the Prince of Wales, now drawing to a close, has been simply one vast demonstration of Indian unrest. More than anything else that has happened, or could have happened, it has taught the world of Gandhi and his great crusade for Liberty.

Political Leader or Religious Prophet

Such are some of the events which have conspired in recent months to draw the attention of mankind to India. In so far as those events have enabled men to know who Gandhi is and what he is doing, they are beneficent, for I can imagine no truer baptism of the soul than knowledge of this eastern saint. To those who understand what it means in terms of inward purity and outward devotion, his name falls on the heart "like the gentle dew from heaven." From another and more important point of view, however, these events must be regarded as unfortunate, for they are tending to present Gandhi to the world simply as a leader of a Nationalistic cause. They are teaching men to classify the Indian Mahatma with such historical figures as William Tell, William Wallace, Robert Emmett Kosciusko, George Washington,

and Garibaldi, as the champion of the liberties of an enslaved people. This of course, he is! Gandhi stands to-day at the forefront of his nation's life, as we have seen, and matches in heroic service of freedom the achievements of any of the great Nationalistic leaders of the past. But it is a deplorable mistake to look at Gandhi exclusively or even primarily from this standpoint. He is more than the leader of a movement for National Independence—his task is nobler even than that of championing the political emancipation of a great people. Dear to his heart as is the deliverance of India, immediate as is his concern with this great cause at the present moment, it must still be reckoned as a mere incident in his career, a passing episode in a life devoted to higher and further issues. If the movement for Independence had never appeared, Gandhi would still be the same transcendent figure that he is to-day; and if this movement ended to-morrow, in defeat or victory, Gandhi's real work would still be on to its appointed end. That there must be something wrong with an idea which classifies this man with Wallace, Washington and Garibaldi—all of whom were soldiers who drew blood on the field of battle, is shown conclusively by the fact that Gandhi is a non-resistant who refuses to take the sword even to fight for Liberty, but appeals to a "higher law" than that of violence, namely "strength of spirit." What we have here in the case of Gandhi, as always in the case of the non-resistant, is a religious leader, a man not of local, or national, but of universal significance. It is in the realm of the spirit that Gandhi "lives and moves and has his being." That is not primarily with Kings and premiers, but with God and the soul of man that he does business. Above and beyond the

political liberation of his own or any other people, he seeks the spiritual redemption of mankind. If we would classify him with any of the supreme figures of human history, it must be with such august religious prophets as Confucious and Laotse, Buddha, Zoroaster and Mohammed, and most truly of all, the Nazarene ! Out of Asia, at long intervals of time, have arisen these inspired witnesses of God. One by one they have appeared to teach men by precept and example the law of life, and therewith to save the race. To-day in this our time, there comes another of this sacred line, the Mahatma of India. In all reverence, and with due regard for historic fact, I match this man with Jesus Christ ! If the lives of these two were written side by side, as Plutarch wrote the lives of the great heroes of Greece and Rome, it would be amazing to see to what extent they are identical.

Gandhi's Following

Now it is of this universal significance of Gandhi as a spiritual leader, that I want to speak to you this morning. I find this significance most clearly typified, at least for the beginning of our discussion, in the personal character of the man. We can best get at this aspect of the problem by asking how it is that Gandhi has managed to acquire such a marvellous influence over the Indian people. Of the nature of this influence there can be no question ; it of the most extraordinary personal phenomena in the world to-day. As Gandhi moves from place to place, great multitudes of men and women follow him, as similar multitudes followed Jesus in Palestine. When he appears to speak in some town or city, crowds running all the way, from twenty-five thousand to seventy-five people gather to hear

his words. That he is a wonder-worker is implicitly believed by the ignorant and superstitious, and stories of his miracles are now the legend of the countryside. Everywhere he is called Mahatma, the "Saint" or "Blessed one", for already the people reverence him as one who is divine. To find anything to match this influence of Gandhi over his people, we would have to return to ancient times and remote places, and even then the parallel would be incomplete. It is the testimony of a competent and unbiased observer that Gandhi's personal following is greater in numbers, and more devoted and disciplined in spirit, than any man history has ever known.

Not an Intellectual

If we seek for the explanation of this fact, we cannot find it, I believe, in any of the ordinary aspects of personality. It does not reside, for example, in Gandhi's physical presence, which has been described as "pitifully insignificant." Thus he weighs less than one hundred pounds. He shows all the weakness and emaciation of one who has disciplined his body to an asceticism of an extreme type for over thirty years. On occasions he is so feeble that he is unable to stand, and has to address his audience while seated in a chair. His only impressive physical feature is his eyes, which glow with the flaming passion of a spirit which burns as though it would consume the flesh.—So also, I cannot find that his personal influence has its origin in any extraordinary degree of intellectuality. Gandhi does not impress me as having exceptional mental powers. Certainly he is not to be compared with such an intellectual giant as Leo Tolstoi. To me at least, it is inconceivable that the Indian

could write such books as "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," or even "My Religion." Great as he is, Gandhi does not seem to move on this plane of achievement at all—I feel the same way, also about his gifts as an orator. I speak with some hesitancy here, for the standards of oratory, as of music, may be very different in the East from what they are in the West. What is genuine eloquence in India may not be recognizable as such at all in the United States. But I might as well confess that Gandhi, so far as I can judge from his printed addresses, does not impress me as an orator. I find in his utterances no such magic of words as we are familiar with in the case of men like Edmund Burke and Patrick Henry. I had difficulty for example, in selecting a passage from Gandhi's writings which had the lift and beauty, the soaring grandeur of style, which made it appropriate, for reading as scripture in this service. That Gandhi can work as spell over an audience we know from abundant testimony, but it must be for reasons quite apart from eloquence of speech.

A Transcendent Personality

What is it that the Indians see when they look upon this man, and hail as Mahatma? Not a great physical presence, not a gigantic intellect, not inspired orator, but a personality or character of transcendent spiritual beauty. What they see, first of all, is a man who has made his life to be at one with the great masses of the people. Gandhi was well born of a family with ample means, and given the best educational advantages both in his own country and in England. When he returned to Bombay, he began his career as practitioner of the law. Then he

did what so few men in any age have ever done! Instead of climbing up, up the ladder of achievement to wealth and fame and thus away from the common people, he proceeded deliberately to move down—down to the depths, of human misery and woe, down to where men toiled desperately and died miserably, down to the dark places of sweat and tears and blood. From the beginning he was resolved that there should be no suffering among men which he did not endure, no outrage which he did not feel, no Cross which he did not carry. Even the “untouchables” should not be beneath his comradeship, to them he would descend, and with them share the bitterness of the world’s contempt! The experience of men, in other words, down to its remotest horror, he made his own; and always, in his long struggles for reform met first himself the hazards to which he invited others. How beautiful, for example, is the story of his heading the Hindu “coolies” in South Africa out on to the land, in revolt against the iniquities of Government! Here Gandhi was the first to sleep on the bare ground beneath the stars, the first to practise the vow of poverty which he enjoins upon his followers.

The Symbol of the Loin-Cloth

How impressive also the most recent and much more famous story of the loin-cloth? Talk with any enemy of Gandhi and almost at once he will mention the loin-cloth episode, and offer it as proof of the Mahatma’s insane fanaticism. What is this episode? Some months ago in the prosecution of his Non-co-operation campaign against the Government, Gandhi ordered his followers to boycott all cotton goods imported from England, destroy

whatever foreign cloth or clothing they had on hand, and spin what they needed on their own domestic spindles. It soon developed that obedience to this command would cause great inconvenience and even suffering, especially among the poor by stripping them practically naked of the little that they had. At once Gandhi appeared in public, on the country highways and even in the cities, clad in nothing but a loin-cloth that no man in all the land should be embarrassed by a poverty greater than his own. Such deeds are commonplace in Gandhi's life. His whole career reveals positive passion for community of experience with mankind. When his people look upon him, therefore, they see not a leader merely but a comrade and a brother, one who is in all things like unto themselves ; and of course they reverence him as one who is divine.

"He is Love Incarnate"

This deliberate kinship with the masses of his fellow-countrymen leads us to another quality which is fundamental in any estimate of Gandhi's personality. I refer to his self-abnegation, his sacrifice, his capacity for suffering. Very early in his career Gandhi discovered what he called "the law of conscious suffering"—the truth that the mastery of the world waits upon the man who is willing not to make others suffer, but to suffer himself ; and his whole life has been a discipline to its attainment. At the outset he sacrificed his property, his social standing, his profession, everything that could separate him from entire devotion to his fellow-men. In his personal habits he began and still continues to practice all asceticism that might well be the envy of a mediaeval monk. In his work as a reformer

he has evaded no penalty, but has accepted gladly the punishments imposed upon him as only so many weapons to his hand. He has faced an assassin without flinching. Four times, in South Africa and in India, he has been imprisoned. Thrice he has been beaten by mobs, and once left prone in the gutter as one dead. His body bears the stripes of the whips with which he has been lashed, his wrists and ankles the marks of the chains with which he has been bound for hours together to the iron bars of his cell. Read Paul's catalogue of sufferings, and you find it a less terrible array than Gandhi's! "I have gone through the most fiery ordeals that have fallen to the lot of man" is his testimony. And all because sacrifice has been deliberately chosen as the law of his life and the sword of his fray! It is this which the Indians see when they look upon the scarred and wasted frame of their leader. It is this which they remember when they think of him in some far distant part of the country-side. Imagine the stupidity of a government which hopes to break such a man, or sever him from the worship of his followers, by fresh arrest and imprisonment!

The Law of Conscious Suffering

Greater than all that we have yet mentioned in the character of Gandhi, is the love with which his entire being is saturated. No man of our time, few men of any time, have risen to such heights of tenderness and compassion for mankind as this Mahatma of India. Anger, malice, resentment, hatred, have altogether disappeared from his heart, and nothing is now left but the pure essence of love for his fellowmen. And his fellowmen include all men

who live upon the Earth ! Like God himself, Gandhi is "no respecter of persons." He holds white men and Black men side by side within the embrace of his affection. He ends the long feud between Moslem and Hindu, and makes them brethren, one of another. While recognising certain social utilities of the caste system, he wipes out the barriers of separation in his personal relations, and seats Brahmin and "Untouchable" at a common board and leads them in breaking bread together. Even the English are not excluded from his goodwill, for "love your enemies" is as stern a command for Gandhi as for Jesus. "Tell the British people that I love them, and want their association" is the word that he has spoken a thousand times. Think of his conduct at the time of the attempt upon his life in South Africa ! Asked in the hospital, where he was hovering on the verge of death, to take action against his assassin, he refused. Why should I seek to injure or punish him, he said. The man did what he thought was right, risked his life for what he thought was right ! I believe in that man, I shall love him, and win him to myself. And he did ! In a few months the assassin was conquered by the might of Gandhi's forgiveness and became straight, away one of his most ardent followers :—Equally beautiful is Gandhi's attitude towards General Dyer, the officer responsible for the massacre at Amritsar. I cannot co-operate with him, says Gandhi ; "I can not recognize his authority or obey his orders. But if he fell sick of a fever, I would hasten to his bedside and nurse him back to health." There is no bitterness in this man, no last flickering spark of hatred or revenge. He is Love Incarnate. In every act and even gesture of these last years, when patient suffering

has purified his soul, he has been a perpetual witness to the truth of his own great words. "Anger will serve no purpose. We must meet ungodliness by godliness. We must meet untruth by truth. We must meet cunning and craft by openness and simplicity. We must meet terrorism and frightfulness by bravery."

"Master of the Secrets of Spiritual Living"

It is qualities such as these, which have become familiar to all Indians, that meet discipline by greater discipline, and we must meet sacrifices by infinitely greater sacrifices."

Era of Force Comes to End

It is in this programme of non-resistance, applied on a vast scale to social issues, that I find evidence of a significance in Gandhi's work which far transcends the borders alike of country and of race. If the Mahatma succeeds in his great venture, non-resistance will be made for the first time in history a universal principle of life. The reproach that it is nothing more than an eccentric rule of individual or sectarian life, will be removed. The charge that its feasibility is limited to the single life, or the unworldly habit of experience, will be answered. If Gandhi succeeds we shall see that non-resistance is a sound method of social action, that resort to violence for any cause is no longer necessary, that for defence against aggression and in endeavours after liberty, there is "the better way" than force. If Gandhi succeeds do I say? Gandhi has already succeeded; he has demonstrated this truth. His arrest yesterday was the final evidence of his triumph. More terrible to England than any sword, is the steadfast patience of this one little

man who, in the true spirit of love, "beareth all things, belisveth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. In Gandhi, if men be wise, the era of force at last comes to its end, and the era of peace and brotherhood begins ! .

The Charge of Mad Wrecking

There is one final aspect of Gandhi's universal significance of which I would speak before I end this morning. I can best convey to you what I mean by referring to the charge most often brought against Gandhi by his enemies, that he is a fanatic who would destroy everything that civilization has achieved in the last three hundred years. Thus it is said that he would close the hospitals in India, rip up the railroads, smash the printing presses and cotton factories, scrap the whole intricate mechanism of modern life, in a vain endeavour to restore the simpler ways of an earlier and more primitive day. Now that Gandhi is thus a mad wrecker of the machinery of society as we know it to-day, is obviously disproved by the fact that he himself makes constant use of the various devices which are the common place of our time. Thus when he was so desperately wounded by the assassin in South Africa, he went to a hospital and was there nursed back to health by an Englishwoman who had come to know the kind of man he was. In India he travels constantly from place to place on the railroads. The other day, when extraordinary speed was necessary, he made the journey in a high powered automobile. His use of the printing press is constant and most effective.

Fighting the Frankenstein of Western Materialism

There is truth, however, in the statement that Gandhi

is fighting the machine of western civilisation in India and seeking to restore the native and therefore primitive culture of his people. It is just this which marks, to my mind, the culminating evidence of his genius as a spiritual leader. For Gandhi, as he looks upon his country to-day, it is subjected to a two-fold yoke. On the one hand, there is the yoke of English government—the bondage of an alien political system against which the National Movement is now being directed. On the other hand, there is the yoke of capitalism—that economic system which uses the vast machinery of modern invention for the exploitation of the many to the profit of the few. To Gandhi release from this economic system of Western capitalism is as important for India as release from the political system of British Imperialism. If English rule is overthrown only to leave behind it English railroads, English factories, English promoting companies, and so on, the Indian people will have gained only the shadow and not the substance of Independence. They will be still enslaved, and enslaved to a system which is fatal to the best interests of humanity. At the heart of this Western civilisation of ours, Gandhi believes, is death and not life. We have created a vast machine which proves to be a Frankenstein which is devouring us. This monster has bound us to the wheel of labour, deceived us with the lure of wealth, degraded us to the base uses of materialism and levelled to the ground our standards of moral and spiritual idealism. Even in a physical sense it is a failure, for in the end it brings only such calamity as the Great War. It is this system of economic ruin which Gandhi sees coming into Asia, after having conquered and ravaged our Western world. He sees it victo-

rious in Japan, he sees it invading China, he sees it planted at the heart of India—and he declares war against it. He fights the opium trade ; he battles against the liquor-traffic ; he substitutes the domestic spindle for the factory loom ; he denounces the railroad, the automobile and the machine in general. What Gandhi is attempting to do is to save India from the blight of Western materialism by restoring her own native civilisation and culture before it is too late. He is trying to preserve his land from the curse of commercialism, the horror of machine exploitation and production, the slavery of wage-labour, the whole black system of capitalistic life. And he would do this not for its own sake, but for the sake of India's soul. He would save the spirit of his people—their simplicity, their art, their religion, their mystic comradeship with one another and with God.

The Life of Spirit

It is here, in this great service, that Gandhi becomes in very truth the great religious leader of whom I spoke in the beginning. It is in this work of spiritual redemption that he takes on a universal significance, for the West as well as for the East. For in saving India, Gandhi is saving the world. In staying the ravages of capitalism in his own land, he is starting a movement which, by process of reaction, will flow back into our world and restore to us those things of the spirit which we have lost. Our Western civilisation is in exactly the situation of Rome in the days of the Great Caesar. It has mastered the world by the power of its arms, and is exploiting its resources and peoples to its own advantage. As its outward glory increases, however, its inward disintegration

proceeds. At the critical moment in Roman history, there appeared Jesus and the Christians, who brought to the perishing world a new source of life which preserved its vitality for a period of two thousand years. At the critical moment in our not dissimilar age there appears Gandhi! It is these same qualities also, that give Gandhi such a hold upon the imagination and devotion of his people, and give to him and his work a universal significance. Gandhi is a man who has mastered the secrets of spiritual living. His soul has been lifted, by virtue of incomparable discipline, to the measure of the stature of those realities which are of God. In humility, in sacrifice, in ardent love for men, he is one of those perfect characters which come along once in a thousand or perhaps only in two thousand years. And to-day he lies in prison. Such men are the judges of our world. A society which can not suffer a Jesus, or a Gandhi to be at large, is a society which is not fit to live, and by this token is already doomed to die.

First to Apply Non-resistance on a Large Scale

A second evidence of Gandhi's universal significance is found in his doctrine of non-resistance, which, he says, "does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil-doer, but the pitting of one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant." I refer more particularly to the fact that Gandhi is the first man who has succeeded in applying the non-resistant idea on a vast scale, and in working out a technique for its successful operation in determining the great issues of social life. Gandhi, in other words, has demonstrated the feasibility of non-resistance as a method of political and economic reform, and therewith, definitely as Newton or Darwin, opened up a new era in human history.

Non-resistance a ⁶Practicable Social Principle

Hitherto non-resistance has laboured under two very serious disabilities. In the first place, its practice has been limited in the past to the life of the single individual, or here and there to the experience of single and isolated groups of individuals. The great non-resistants have been Jesus, St. Francis, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry David Thoreau, Leo Tolstoi—men of transcendent personality and influence, who have exemplified nobly the possibilities of non-resistance in their own private lives, but have never attempted or been able to apply it on a universal scale to society at large. Occasionally, to be sure, there have appeared larger or smaller groups of men and women who have organised movements and even whole communities on non-resistant principles. Thus there were the Christians of the first two centuries of our era, various heretical sects of the Middle Ages, such as the Cathari, the Waldenses and the Albigenses, and such modern religious groups as the Quakers, the Mennonites and the Donkhobors of Russia and western Canada. But these groups like separate individuals of the Tolstoyan type, have been independent and self-contained. They have lived very largely in, and for, themselves, and thus are important as an example rather than as an influence. They show what non-resistance can do on a small scale, but teach nothing about its practicability as a general social principle.

Contribution to the Solution of Social Problems

The second difficulty, under which the non-resistant gospel has suffered in the past, has been its identification with a remote or other-worldly type of life. The

non-resistant of the Middle Ages was the monk of the St. Francis type, who abandoned the world and went off to live alone by himself or with his group of disciples. The supreme non-resistant of modern times was Tolstoi, who characteristically cut himself off from his family, his country, his church and lived like a kind of hermit on the land; and at the end fled away, like a wounded animal in the bush, to die alone. These men were sublime in their personal lives. The non-resistant in all ages has marked the highest attainment of inward purity and outward sacrifice. But with few exceptions—Garrison, for example—they have achieved virtue at the expense of contact with the world of men. From the practical point of view the non-resistant has again and again been an ineffective man. He has solved the problems of life by running away from them. Tolstoi is one of the sublimest characters in history but he contributes nothing to the solution of those questions that vex most terribly the society of modern times.

Non-Co-Operation Superficially Regular

It is these two disabilities which have left the advocate of non-resistance helpless to commend his doctrine as an adequate method for meeting the contingencies of the modern industrial struggle, for example, or of international war. Non-resistance may be all right, he has been told, as a personal idiosyncrasy or as a means of escape from social responsibility, but it has nothing to offer the man who has to meet things as they are! And now, behold, comes Gandhi, a new type of non-resistant, a man who leads his people in the greatest movement of revolt our age has known, and does it on the basis of a programme of "resist not evil"! It is this programme or technique of

non-resistance as a method of social change, as the plan of campaign in what is literally a war for National Independence, that constitutes Gandhi's unique and immortal contribution to experience. Beginning with the elementary precept of 'non-violence,' which pledges all Indians to abstain from use of force under all circumstances, Gandhi passes on to his second and basic principle of "non-co-operation." This is only superficially a negative principle—a refusal to co-operate in any way with the English Government to accept favours or rewards, to use the courts, to send children to the schools, to buy English goods, to pay taxes, to recognize the laws. At bottom, it is a magnificently positive assertion of Indian self-sufficiency—the definite organization of a society which is politically self-sustaining and therefore independent. What Gandhi is doing is teaching his people to do their own work, to manage their own affairs, to build and maintain their own institutions—and to endure in patience, not only without hatred or desire for revenge but with actual goodwill towards the enemy, whatever suffering this policy may bring upon them from their alien rulers. He is organizing a vast programme of social revolt on the basis of love—for one another expressed in terms of mutual service and love for the enemy expressed in terms of forgiveness and compassion. He is showing that no people need be helpless in the face of physical force, or to resist force with force to their own misery and destruction. All they have to do is to act together in ignoring it—to rise above it by discipline, to conquer it by suffering. "We must meet organization by greater organising ability. We must." Does he not also bring with him a new life of the spirit, and

may he not therefore be truly hailed as the saviour of the world ?

A Second Christ

It is thus that I would speak of the universal significance of Mahatma Gandhi and his work in India. The parallel with Jesus constantly presents itself. The Nazarene was a divine personality ; he taught the law of Love, and laid down a programme of Non-Resistance for its fulfilment, he sought to establish the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth by dethroning Mammon in favour of God. So also with Gandhi ! This Indian is a saint in his personal life ; he teaches the law of Love, and Non-Resistance as its practice ; and he seeks the establishment of a new social order which shall be a Kingdom of the Spirit. If I believed in the second coming as I do not, I should dare to assert that Gandhi was Jesus come back to Earth. But if "the second coming" has no historical validity, it has at least poetical significance ; and in this sense, can we not speak of Gandhi as indeed the Christ ! In a little book called "The Scourge of Christ" sent me by the author, Paul Richard, from the foot of the Himalaya mountains, where he lives, I find two remarkable sentences.

"If Christ came again, would he not choose again to be a son of an enslaved people rather than a citizen of the Empire ?"

"The Christ if he comes will not be of the white race as the colored people could not put their faith in him."

Is not this the prophecy of Gandhi ? Does not this prove him to be the Christ of our age ? To-day, as in the olden time, it is no longer a question as to whether Christ is here or not. It is a question only of who will recognise and follow him.

PUSSYFOOT'S CERTIFICATE

[Dr. W. E. Johnson, "Pussyfoot," who toured in India during the latter part of 1921, wrote the following letter on his way back from India. In publishing the same in *Young India* for December, 1921, Mahatmaji began with these words:—"I was agreeably surprised to receive the following from Pussyfoot. I had hoped to have the privilege of meeting Dr. Johnson, but our programme always clashed. It is therefore special satisfaction for me to be able to receive a letter from him acknowledging our temperance work."]

"My dear Mr. Gandhi,

"While sailing away from your country, my mind keeps back to the wonderful work that you are doing for the temperance cause in India and, consequently for the whole world.

"After making all possible discounts for motive, purpose or method, the bald fact looms up against the sky that you have accomplished more for the temperance reform in two years than any other man has been able to accomplish, in that time, in the history of the world.

"My chief regret, in leaving India, is that while there I was not able to meet you personally and tell you what I am telling you in this letter.

"Please present my kind recollections to your good wife and your brother with whom I did have the privilege of a little visit.

At Sea
19th Nov. 1921.

Cordially yours,
W. E. JOHNSON"

Mahatma Gandhi ends the quotation with the following note :

I can share the letter with the reader without blushing for the simple reason that I can claim no credit for the work which Dr. Johnson calls wonderful. It has not even taken two years to accomplish what has been done. But the credit belongs to a multitude of unknown workers who fired by the religious nature of the movement spontaneously took up temperance work. I wish that such glorious work had not been marred by the wanton and violent burning of liquor shops in Bombay. Let me hope that all trace of compulsion will be removed from the reform and that we shall soon see an India become voluntarily dry.

INDIA'S MAN OF THE HOUR

[On return from India Dr. W. E. Johnson, "Pussyfoot," contributed this article to the *Christian Herald* of New York]

There is a man, sent of God, who is called the Mahatma Gandhi. He comes to the surface out of that great sea of human beings that compose the Empire of India, one-fifth of the people in all the world. As this is written in October, he is going about with no clothing except a homespun cloth wound around the lower part of his body and partly covering his legs. If all the Indian people had only this much for each, there would be none left, and it would be "stealing" for him to take more than his share. He rides third-class in the Railway carriages set apart for coolies and eats the food on which the meanest of human beings exist.

Much is said regarding this man to his disadvantage. His name is anathema to many wedded to the existing order of things—especially alcoholic things. Those who attack him, and there are many such, never attack his sincerity, his character or his ability. To them, he is of the devil, because he attacks British rule in his country. And yet, after all has been said that can be said against him, this fact remains silhouetted against the sky—in two years, by pure personal influence, he has caused a greater diminution of the use of intoxicating liquors than has been accomplished by any other man in the history of the world during his life-time.

The excise year in all British India ends in April. The decrease in liquor revenues has become so enormous as to throw into a panic alcoholic officials who seem to think that the liquor traffic must continue so as to provide revenue for the government and provide facilities for the thirsty to get their supplies of intoxicants.

I have been all over India and have discussed the subject with many of the excise ministers and with scores of excise officials. They all tell me the same story—the story of an astonishing decrease in the consumption of drink and of the frightful inroads that this decrease is making on the excise revenue. In the district of Nellore, Madras presidency, the excise revenue last year amounted to 168,000 rupees. This year, it is officially estimated at 228 rupees. Scarcely a district in all India fails to show a heavy decrease.

The only district that I have been able to learn of where there has been no decrease is in the Malabar district of Madras where martial law prevails and where the troublesome “non-co-operators” are not allowed. The best informa-

tion that I can obtain from a multitude of official sources is that if the present conditions exist until April, the close of the excise year, fully one half of the entire liquor revenue of India will be wiped out. Hundreds of villages have gone dry and hundreds more are practically dry through the supreme moral influence of the half-naked man.

Scores of liquor contractors have been ruined and most of those remaining are on the brink of ruin. For these liquor shops are licensed to the highest bidder and the annual license fees for selling alone usually run from five to ten thousand dollars in American money. The liquor shop-keepers must therefore, sell enormous quantities in order to pay for their liquors and the government exactions. And the government ruthlessly holds each of them to his bargain.

I have visited dozens of liquor shops in many parts of the country where the dealers ruefully told me that they had only one or two customers during the day. When I asked why, they invariably replied, "Mr. Gandhi has told the people not to drink any more." At Cuttack, I visited the district jail and was surprised to find it in convenience and sanitation the equal of the best of American jails. It can accommodate 400 prisoners and was usually well up to its capacity. But the jailor told me that during the late months the number of prisoners had been dwindling until only 138 remained. On my asking the cause he replied, "It is because of Mr. Gandhi's non-co-operation movement."

Young Gandhi

Who is this mighty man who has wrought such things? Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born not far from his present home, Ahmedabad, on October 2, 1869. The term

Mahatma literally means "great soul" and nothing more. A Mahatma is not a god ; but an object of great reverence. He was born of wealthy, devout parents in the heart of that part of India where religious ideas are carried to the extreme, and where there is such a great horror of taking life of any sort that many people, after sundown, wear cloths over their mouths so that they will not inadvertently swallow living insects. A philosopher of that section solemnly explained to me how lofty was the spirit of a man who would lie in bed and allow the bugs full play over his body, and how the very highest sacrifice known was for a man deliberately to permit a tiger to eat him alive, and thus enjoy itself.

Young Gandhi was in constant rebellion against restraint and often would eat the forbidden meat in secret. He was given permission by his mother to go to college at London on condition that he would go with her to the priest and take three vows—one not to drink, one not to eat meat, and one to be chaste. And he came back to India to practise law in Bombay.

An important piece of litigation sent him to South Africa where he was refused permission to practise under his London degree because he was a "nigger." Then and there began Mr. Gandhi's long struggle for the rights of his race which has become a part of the history of South Africa and in which Gandhi was frequently locked in jail for months at a time. But he won. And books of entrancing interest have been written to tell the story.

It was during this period of his life that he came under the influence of the Sermon on the Mount, the writings of Tolstoi, and the Bhagavad-Gita, which moulded his future life and made him probably the greatest man of the age. It

was the lofty ethics of the Sermon that was the dominant factor in making the man what he is. Out of this came his Satyagraha (Aggressive following of Truth) movement which developed into the non-co-operation project that is now the concern of the whole British Empire. And in the quest of Truth, Gandhi thinks and acts in straight lines. He follows the road to the end.

Until two years of the Great war, Mr. Gandhi was as loyal to the British crown as the most incorrigible of the King's English-born subjects. He served in the Boer war, was once invalided and mentioned in despatches. The outbreak of the European war found him in London. There he at once organized 250 Indian students in English Universities into a volunteer corps who wanted to serve wholly without pay. He returned to India because of ill-health, and recovered.

Recruiting Movement

In a critical moment, in 1916 in response to the appeal of Premier David Lloyd Gorge for a million Indian recruits, Gandhi threw himself into the recruiting movement with such energy that the quota of recruits called for nine months was accomplished in seven months. Then the armistice put a stop to the proceedings. During this period, Gandhi opposed Indian objections of numerous humiliating army discriminations against Indian soldiers and succeeded in defeating a proposal in the National Indian Congress Committee to extort a promise from Downing Street that after the war India should be granted Dominion Home Rule.

During the war, the Viceroy's Council enacted the

“Defence of India Act” modelled after the British Defence of the Realm Act under which most of the liberties held dear by British subjects generally were suspended. This Act, ostensibly designed against the King’s enemies, was used so diligently by British officials in India against various internal political movements that India became aroused against it. Even so loyal a subject as Mrs. Annie Besant was interned for three months under the Act, by Madras British officials who did not agree with her in internal politics which had nothing to do with the war. After the war was ended, the so called Rowlatt Act was passed continuing the troublesome repressive act for three years, and the Viceroy tried to get the hated law continued permanently. This act set India afire, led to the “Punjab massacre”, and Gandhi went out on his campaign of passive resistance.

Being a good strategist, Mr. Gandhi naturally attacked the British Indian government in its most vulnerable spot—the liquor traffic. The British did not introduce liquor into India. The liquor was there always in more or less social and ceremonial customs. What the British did was to organise and commercialise the drink traffic into a business for individual profit and for revenue. Under the theory of “a minimum of consumption and a maximum of revenue” the traffic was organised and grew until it reached huge proportions. For that, the British must stand convicted by friend and foe alike. Mr. Gandhi simply hung up this piece of dirty linen so that all the world could see. He placed the demand for the prohibition of the liquor at the cornerstone of his political structure, a demand which stirred the natural ambitions of the Indian people to the uttermost.

Picketing Drink Shops

The storm centre of the prohibition propaganda centered around the practice of "picketing" the drink shops by non-co-operation hosts. Companies of men would be stationed around the drink shops to plead with the people to keep out and to leave drink alone. The plan spread over all India and while it developed some abuses on both sides, proved to be tremendously effective.

It had its grotesque features as well. Devout non-co-operators would fall on their knees and implore the thirsty to keep out of the drink shops. In many cases, "sweepers," "untouchables" and the lowest castes would be employed as "picketers" with curious result. The sight of an "untouchable" on his knees before a proud, high caste aristocrat beseeching him to behave himself and to leave drink alone, had about the same effect as that which would be produced by an ignorant Kentucky Negro on his knees before a haughty Kentucky Colonel pleading with him to be decent and to leave mint julep alone. The high-caste man could not kick the "untouchable" into the gutter because thereby he would contaminate himself. And so he had to stay away in order to save his "honor."

At Lucknow, a Nawab, a Moslem, had taken to drink against the precept of his religion. So his whole menial staff of servants waited on him, bowed their heads to the floor and notified him that they could not serve him any more unless he quits the drink and also notified him that their castes had decided that he could have no more servants unless he cut out the booze. The horrified Nawab saw no alternative except to cook his own food, make up

his own bed, and carry out his own slops. The country is well filled with stories of such absurdities and the most absurd thing about them is that they were astonishingly effective.

On Strictly Peaceful Lines

On the whole, the picketing has been carried on along strictly peaceful lines according to the Mahatma's wishes. But in a few cases, the picketers became over-enthusiastic and would drag customers away from the drink shops by force. In some places, the violators of the caste rules against drink were handled roughly, their heads were half shaven and some were escorted through the streets with old boots hung about their necks—the most deadly humiliation possible to imagine. This would lead to rioting, the intervention of the police and a government order to stop picketing in that locality. In some places, the local government officials and police would themselves stir up a row in order to provide an excuse to stop the picketing. This sort of thing attracts undue attention for the reason that it is the exceptional rows that are read in the newspapers and not the usual peaceful picketing.

In the various provincial legislatures, the admirers of Mr. Gandhi have struck again with proposed bills for local option or for complete prohibition. In each case, such a proposal has been met with solid opposition of the British members and the solid support of the Indian members except in three or four cases where the Indian member happened to be also a member of the Government itself. This policy has given the Gandhi people the chance to claim that the liquor traffic is being rammed down the throats of the Indian people against their wishes. The

British section retorts that the Indian people really don't want prohibition and are pushing the matter in order to embarrass the British administration and raise taxes. But Indian people who pay the taxes practically unanimously vote for prohibition just the same.

While a very small minority of British people are said to be willing to grant the prohibition demanded by the people, not a single British member of any of the legislatures has been found who would vote for such a measure or even for local option.

Many city councils have passed resolutions appealing to the British authorities to close the drink shops in their cities, but none of these have been acceded to though in a few cases certain shops have been closed and in a few instances some have been removed to positions just outside the city limits. The British officials generally have wrought against any such moves. In one case prohibition resolution was defeated by the British health officer who declared that it was necessary for the people to drink in order to preserve their health. In many cases, where the liquor shop contractors had refused to bid and thus renew their privileges, political and other pressure has been brought upon contractors to bid and thus continue the drink traffic.

Just after my visit to Waltair (Vizagapatam) the British Deputy Commissioner sent out an astonishing letter to the President of a District Board, in which he said :—

"Owing to the non-co-operation movement, it has been found very difficult to sell toddy shops. The non-co-operators have been preaching to the tree-owners not to lease their trees to toddy renters. This makes the working of toddy shop smore difficult. The only course to combat this move.

ment is for government to render all possible and legitimate help to shop-keepers by leasing all trees under Government control. As the circumstances now prevailing are exceptional, I request that you will be good enough to withdraw all restrictions relating to the leasing of trees under your control as a special case and thus to ease the situation to some extent."

Excise Liquor Question

The "Reform Act" which was passed by the British Parliament late in 1919, transferred the excise liquor question to the Indian people, subject to certain conditions which make it difficult for the Indian provincial government to fully abolish the traffic. British officialdom in India, instead of co-operating with the Indians to enable them to obtain freedom from the drink traffic, is placing all possible obstacles in the way of the anti-drink national aspirations. This policy naturally further inflames the Indian mind and adds fuel to the non-co-operation movement, of which Mr. Gandhi is quite quick to take advantage.

To all save the hopeless reactionary, it is plain that, after centuries of wandering, the Indian people are about to shake off the oppression of the drink traffic under the leadership of this master mind. The power of public opinion is reaching such volume that nothing can long stand in its way.

"PUSSYFOOT"

TEMPERANCE WORK AND THE MAHATMA'S INFLUENCE.

[*The Indian Review* for May, 1921 contains an article entitled "Temperance Work in America and India" by *Satis C. Guha*, who concludes with the following paragraphs. The reader may be interested to look through them, as embodying one important aspect of the present day Indian temperance movement at the instance of the Mahatma, along with the two foregoing contributions from 'Pussyfoot' of U.S.A., the world's greatest temperance champion—*Ed.*]

Fortunately for ourselves, India has taken of late quite a new turn—which may be called a true Indian turn—not only in respect of temperance but of every other aspect of social welfare as well. We hear *washermen* of such and such village or locality assembled together in response to a demand made by a simple selfless person, clad in the simplest of styles and living on vegetables and milk,—and realized that their scriptures forbid the use of wine; is it not an irony of fate that a caste engaged in keeping clean the outward covers (garments) of the person of a people should pollute its own inner body with intoxicant liquors? It is beneath the dignity of such a caste. The high idea spreads like fire from village to village, and the whole caste—and not only a few individuals—take the question as a condition of stay within the caste.

As in the case of *washermen*, so also in almost every other caste, which most people used to call 'low'. In fact these castes have proved how high they intrinsically are. Marvellous results have been achieved during the few months the movement has come into existence.

The internal condition of India is a unique one over the

face of the world. Here we find the common people listening to higher truths of life, that it is not wickedness but honesty by which wickedness is to be avoided. The silent endurance borne by the people in the Panjab and that of other similar wrongs* bear testimony to the superior soul-force that is within.

If the moral and religious instinct so latent in the people is roused or even the question of dignity or prestige can be raised and taken up, the communal life of each and every caste will at once elevate itself to higher and higher status and ultimately the whole Indian community will be free from evils which other countries have found very difficult to eradicate under conditions of individualistic basis of society.

The glamour of liquor is gone, in spite of the preachings that such and such western great men used to drink wine : and it may be expected that in the near future the whole continent of India will become a 'dry' land even in the face of the opposition received at the hands of the foreign movement.

SATIS C. GUHA.

* The present 1922 struggle of the Akali Sikhs is unique in the history of mankind. It is too well-known to be mentioned here in some detail. People believe that the Akalis have imbibed the true spirit of Mahatma Gandhi ; and indeed men like Pandit Malaviyaji, Hakim Ajmal Khan and Mr. C. F. Andrews, who have made enquiries on the spot are struck with the amazing spirit of non-violence and discipline displayed by the Akalis amidst undoubted temptation to retaliate. The press-representatives say : "Not a single individual out of the hundreds of men whom we saw being severely beaten with lathis and kicked and, in several cases, having their beards and sacred hair pulled, etc., etc., raised even his little finger by way of resistance or retaliation. Let any officer of Government come forward and deny this fact." Many have said, 'Mahatma Gandhi has already won.'

MAHATMA GANDHI AND MODERN CIVILISATION

[Mr. C. F. Andrews contributed this article to the July issue 1921 of the *Modern Review* on reading Dr. H. S. Gaur's article entitled "Gandhism and After" in the *Hindustan Review* for March, 1921, which condemned the Mahatma's ideal as being opposed to that of material comforts. In Mr. Andrews' contribution both Dr Gaur's and Mahatma-ji's standpoints are clearly presented.—Ed.]

An article has appeared in the public press, * concerning Mahatma Gandhi's views which has one signal advantage. It is a candid and self-revealing document. It shows with remarkable clearness, what the author's own views are with regard to civilisation and progress in contrast to those of Mahatma Gandhi.

"What kind of Swarāj," the author writes, "will Mr. Gandhi give us, and what lives shall we lead under his Swarāj?"

"The answer runs as follows :

"A veritable dog's life !"

He then goes on to explain what he means. There would be no motor-cars, no aeroplanes, no armies, no railways, no doctors, no lawyers.

"Mr. Gandhi," he states, "is a sworn enemy of all civilisation, and *all comforts which it brings.*"

There is a world of meaning in that one phrase about comforts which I have italicized. Life becomes a veritable dog's life,—when ? When we cannot have our own

* The article is printed in the *Hindustan Review* and is called "Gandhism and After."

motor-cars and all the comforts which modern civilisation brings in its train.

The view is becoming more and more the practical outlook of those who are called the educated classes in India, chiefly owing to the prevailing conditions of life under which we spend our days. But have we ever stopped to consider, what these motor-car comforts of the few imply in actual practice, for the many? Mahatma Gandhi has again and again referred to the poverty, vice and misery of our great modern cities. We cannot separate these evils from the wealth and comfort of those segregated areas where the rich and educated live. We have to go to the slums to understand the full significance of modern civilisation.

Mahatma Gandhi has spent a great portion of his own life in learning, by intimate personal experience, every fact concerning these slums. The poor people have always been his friends, ever welcome at his board and sharing everything he possessed. These slums, where poor people live, with their awful monotony of human misery, are open books to him, which he has read from cover to cover.

I have myself, often and often, watched Mahatma Gandhi, in the heart of the great city of Durban, in South Africa, with hundreds of poor indentured Indian men and women and children about him. Apart from his aid, these poor labourers might have been driven back to work on the sugar plantations at a starving wage, while the absentee shareholders, with their motor-car comforts were reaping their unearned increment out of this servile labour. I have dwelt with Mahatma Gandhi in the Indian 'location' at Pretoria, and in different places, where the Indian poor

people,—the washerman, the vegetable-sellers, and others have been treated like pariahs, while the rich magnates of the gold reef of the Rand built their palatial mansions. And here in India, as we all know, Mahatma Gandhi has incessantly toiled among the mill-hands of Ahmedabad, among the oppressed villagers of Champaran and Kaira, and in a thousand other ways. He has gained his experience of the life of the poor, in the only one way in which it is possible to learn it, by living himself as a poor man and by working with his own hands, as a labourer.

We, who have not been able to live this life, may have our motor-cars and all the comforts of modern civilisation ; but the poor people all over the world are asking the insistent question,—“why should we, the poor, starve ? Why should we have to pay the price for such luxuries as these ?”

That question will have to be answered. Mahatma Gandhi is, out and out, on the side of the poor. That is why the poor people have recognised him instinctively as their friend and champion. That is why, on the other hand, the vested interests of capital and land and wealth have, sooner or later, closed their ranks against him.

Let me repeat my one point, for the sake of absolute clearness. These slums of our great cities, all over the modern world,—these areas of squalid, disease-stricken poverty,—are the drab side of the picture of the comforts of our present civilisation ? They cannot any longer be banished out of sight and forgotten, while the rich enjoy their luxuries. They appear to be the inevitable consequences of the whole capitalistic system. And so long as that system, which is bound up with ‘civilisation’, as we use the word to-day, continues to operate, this slum poverty

will continue to operate also. *This is the plain and open indictment of 'civilisation', that is being made, not merely by a Ruskin, or a Tolstoy, but by nearly all the sanest thinkers of the present age in the West,—by men as different in temperament as Romain Rolland and Kropotkin, as H. G. Wells and Anatole France.

Furthermore, now that we have learnt to study more carefully the history of *peoples*,—not merely of wars and dynasties,—we have slowly come to understand that this same capitalistic civilisation, which is now running riot over the whole world, has not been a growth of the modern age alone. It has swept over the earth's surface many times before, like some fell disease, leaving decay and ruin and death, behind, whenever it has come to the full.

There was a 'civilisation' of Pharaoh in Egypt, which manufactured, on a large scale, comforts and luxuries of the few, while the multitudes sweated and starved. But one man, who loved the poor among his own people, named Moses, stood out against the court of Pharaoh and threw in his lot with the oppressed Hebrews. For this reason, to-day, while the names of all the Pharaohs are forgotten, this one man is honoured, by Christians and Musalmans alike as a Prophet of God. We read in the Bible about him,—

"By faith Moses, when he was grown up, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to be evil entreated with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king : for he endured as seeing him who is invisible."

To take a more recent example. The Roman Empire fell, at last, because of its neglect of the poor. For its

civilisation had been built up, as that of Egypt and of Babylon before it, out of the tears and blood of countless, toiling slaves. Under the Roman Empire, the few had their comforts,—their marble baths and halls, with slaves ever ready at hand to attend them, while the poor had to be content with doles of bread and a few public amusements. The multi-millionaires of ancient Rome flaunted before the eyes of men their wealth and their vice, in their sea-side palaces, at Pompeii and Herculaneum, on the Bay of Naples. But there was a peasant, in a far-off province of Judaea, whose name was Jesus of Nazareth. He had seen, at close quarters, this exploiting, enslaving 'Civilisation' in the rich Graeco-Roman cities by the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and he pronounced his woe upon them :—

"Woe unto thee, Bethsaida ! Woe unto thee, Capernaum. Art thou exalted, with buildings reaching unto the heavens ? Thou shalt be brought down to hell !"

But turning from these wealthy cities, with their gold and marble, their luxury and banqueting, he spoke his message of peace and sympathy to the poor :—

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

Here was a message not of material comforts, but of spiritual joy. Christ told his disciples ever to seek to serve God and to despise Mammon,—the Mammon of those wealthy and luxurious cities. Christ gave his own ideal of a perfect human life in these well remembered words.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin."

"And yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, how much more shall he clothe you, O ye of little faith !

"Be not therefore anxious, saying, what shall we eat ? or what shall we drink ? or wherewithal shall we be clothed ?

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Since those words were uttered, the Roman Empire has passed into the dust. The names of its greatest Emperors are all well nigh forgotten. But there is one name of that period in history, which has reached to every corner of the earth in blessing,—the name of that peasant of Nazareth, Jesus, the Christ, who thus declared the will of God to men.

We pass rapidly down the centuries to the Byzantine Empire with its centre in the luxurious city of Constantinople, and its emporiums at Alexandria and Antioch. Wealth on the one hand and servile labour on the other were eating like a cancer at its heart. And in contrast to all these in far-distant Arabia we see one who lived the life of the open air amid bracing poverty and a freedom from luxury of any kind whatever,—Muhammad, the Prophet of Islam. Men have wondered at the marvellous advance of the Arabian adventurers, as they swept forward to the conquest of Syria and Egypt. But their secret lay in the simplicity of their life, their power of joyful endurance of hardship, their new-found brotherhood of faith in God, untainted by the luxury of the

Byzantine Civilisation and unstained by its servile misery. They came, not merely as conquerors, but redeemers.

We may draw before our eyes the picture of that one incident, when the Prophet, Muhammad, was in the cave with the faithful Abu Bakr, and they had been deprived of all earthly help, and every hope seemed gone.

Abu Bakr said to the Prophet,—“We two are alone.”

“Nay,” said Muhammad, “God is with us,—a third.”

It was not in the material wealth of the world that man's true strength lay,—this was the Prophet's meaning—but in the spiritual blessing which God's presence can always bestow. In God's service, stripped of all human comforts, is a greater wealth than anything external is able to import.

Those who regard all the comforts of modern civilisation as necessities,—if man's life is not to be “a veritable dog's life,”—can hardly appreciate the bracing atmosphere which a man breathes, when all these outward comforts are abandoned and the soul of man is set free. The Great Renunciation of the Buddha under the Bo Tree, the Ultimate Faith of Muhammad in the cave, are acts of joyous victory. They reveal spiritual powers which, in the average man, are as yet almost wholly undeveloped. They have a strength and an inspiration which is of infinite value. And Mahatma Gandhi is bringing home to us this truth in singular and unheard-of ways. His voice, with its strange accent, appears to me to be strikingly in harmony with the voice of Jesus of Nazareth, who said,—“Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.”

“God is with us.”—“Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.”—This is the same eternal word of Truth which each new

age of faith brings back once more, with living power, to the heart of mankind.

Those who have obeyed this word of Truth to the uttermost, leaving all behind, have often been called 'mad men.' They have appeared incredibly foolish to the comfort-loving world. But their foolishness has been one with that 'foolishness of God', which has brought down to the dust the proud wisdom of man. And their weakness has been that 'weakness of God,' which has destroyed the vain glory of mankind. But of the saints and prophets it is written : "They trusted in God."—"In God was their strength."—They endured, "as seeing Him who is invisible."

This faith in God, Mahatma Gandhi has brought back again to men, not by words, but by deeds : and the heart of India has understood.

Let us be careful, therefore, when we find ourselves rejecting the madness of a Moses, or a Muhammad ; of a Buddha, or a Christ. Let us not forget, that history has finally proved their madness to be the very Truth.

Insistent voices are calling to us to-day, both in the West and in the East. They tell us plainly that, merely to build up another civilisation, like that of Rome, out of the oppression and servitude of the poor, is to court the same disaster which overtook Rome itself. They tell us,—these prophetic voices,—that we must turn resolutely away from the choking, stifling, unnatural and artificial atmosphere of our own age and go back to the bracing air of the desert which nourished the simplicity and faith of Muhammad and his early followers ; to the fields of Galilee and the open sky beneath which Jesus of Nazareth taught his first disciples the love of God to mankind ; to the forest

hermitages of ancient India, where the true nature of the spirit within man was first revealed ; to the viharas of the Buddhist monks, where men learnt to return good for evil and to have sympathy with all God's creatures.

Men, who think deeply upon human problems and seek the guidance of history with regard to the future, are turning away more and more from these barren 'civilisations' and 'Empires' of the past, however outwardly imposing. They can understand, in the light of the terrible disaster which has overtaken Europe in our own days, how such artificial structures, by means of which the rich are able to oppress the poor, and the strong are able to exploit the weak, have always ultimately tended to destroy simplicity, beauty and truth. The mere material comforts which they afford to the rich exploiting nations, or individuals, by no means compensate humanity for the destruction of the natural and simple life lived by the many. The luxuries of these civilisations, (so they now see) have been bought at far too dear a price.

Thus they find, in the capitalistic system of our own times—with its inevitable destruction of the poor, and exploiting of weaker nations,—nothing more nor less than a dreary repetition of the buried empires of the past. They are more and more prepared to abandon such an ideal, in disgust. Placing their whole trust in God, and returning in deep humility to Him as their true source of strength, they seek a means whereby the ultimate brotherhood of man may be made actual and universal ; and they find that the first step forward is the recovery of the simple life lived close to nature. They strive to enter into that life, and to leave all false standards of wealth and power and

empire behind. They remember the words, which the village maiden Mary, the mother of Jesus, sang,—

My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded

The lowliness of His handmaiden.

He hath showed strength with His arm,

He hath scattered the proud in the imagination

of their hearts.

He hath filled the hungry with good things,

And the rich He hath sent empty away.

It is because Mahatma Gandhi has learnt this one condition of progress, which the historians and statesmen and thinkers of the West are beginning slowly to realize as a supreme factor in human history : it is because Mahatma Gandhi has thrown boldly aside these old false standards of empires and civilisations ; it is because Mahatma Gandhi has discovered afresh the truth of human simplicity and the beauty of human life lived close to nature,—it is for these reasons, that he has been able to inspire the masses of India with a new hope.

For this simple, natural life was theirs in the distant past it had remained their greatest treasure through countless generations. They loved it, and were happy in it. Whatever invasions passed over their heads, they went back to this life again in peace. They loved every river and lake and mountain of their country with a devoted love. The very soil of their Motherland was sacred to them. Empires, one after the other, had devastated their lands, but the flood had subsided and their old deeply loved simplicity had returned once more to give them happiness.

But their latest Empire from the West, as Rabindranath Tagore has shown in his prose writings, has been infinitely more penetrating and disintegrating. It touched this very simplicity and beauty of the Indian life itself at its most sensitive points of approach. Therefore, just as Mahatma Gandhi has fought with all his strength against the destruction of ancient hand-spinning and weaving by modern mechanical power, so, in exactly the same way, he has fought against the destruction of this beautiful and ancient life of India by a modern mechanical culture.

To return to the writer in the 'Hindustan Review' from whom we started. He impatiently despises this return to the simple life of nature. He praises the city life with its material comforts and conveniences,—its motor-cars and aeroplanes and armies and railways. He calls Mahatma Gandhi's ideal nothing more nor less than a degenerate atavism, a vicious set-back in human history, a return to the life of the savage of the forest. He takes some of the extreme phrases, used by a literary genius such as Tolstoy, (as he struggled in early days with this very problem) and fastens them, one and all, upon the 'Gandhi cap.'

"The Tolstoyan republic," he says, "is the Gandhian republic,—a republic in which every man lives in a state of nature 'as a happy wild beast in a forest.'"

How far these actual quoted words of Tolstoy,—'as a happy wild beast in a forest,'—might be justified; how far they agree with the picture given in Kalidasa's *Sakuntala*, which the great Goethe praised so highly, I do not stop to enquire. I would only point out, that the whole story of the exile of Rama in the wild forest, with Sita by his side, and with his brother Lakshmana as his companion, shows

how dear this ideal of the forest hermitage life has ever been to the Indian heart. But to return to Mahatma Gandhi himself. We can test his true position much more easily than by fastening on his back all the eccentricities of Tolstoy's artistic genius. For Mahatma Gandhi is essentially a genius of action,—a creative worker in the transformation of human life till it expresses itself in deeds. He is never content until his ideal has become concrete. In his active life, he has had different opportunities of expressing his ideal in an Asram. It is easy to learn from these different attempts of Mahatma Gandhi, what his real meaning is when he attacks so vehemently and unsparingly 'modern civilisation.'

The first attempt of Mahatma Gandhi in South Africa was at Tolstoy Farm, some twenty-one miles distant from Johannesburg. In this Asram, as the title shows, the influence of the great Tolstoy's writing was most powerful in shaping the ideal of life. I have heard about Tolstoy Farm from Mr. Kallenback and others, who lived there. It was indeed a life of plain living and high thinking. It is doubtful if any such ideal of the simple life had ever been carried out in South Africa in the modern age before. While he was still young and in vigorous health, Mahatma Gandhi, with his big house, open to all, in Johannesburg had practised as a lawyer and had made a fortune. He had lived the modern city life with its so-called civilisation. He had found it empty and valueless, and an offence to his own Hindu ideals. Perhaps the most striking thing in Mahatma Gandhi's first Asram was the way in which he, and the highly educated and comfort-loving men with him, put their hands to the plough and the hoe and the spade

and found an intense joy, in the hard farm labour by means of which they obtained their daily bread. They despised railways, along with other luxuries, and I have often heard from K. Kallenback with what zest and enthusiasm they used to walk into Johannesburg and back again in a single day, starting at two o'clock on a cold starlit morning across the open country. Mahatma Gandhi, in physical endurance, could out-distance them all. It is from pictures such as these that we can put, in its true setting, his disgust at being compelled to travel by rail or motor-car.

Come to the second Asram which Mahatma Gandhi founded at Phoenix, in Natal. Here, in this Asram, I have spent some of the happiest and most dearly remembered days of my life. It is in the heart of the coastal district of Natal, not far from the sea, amid beautiful undulating hills. The place lies at some sixteen miles distance from the modern business city of Durban. A group of simple dwellings, with land round them, under cultivation; a library of noble books in the central building, which is also used for religious worship; a hand-press for printing, close to a running stream,—here is a very slight external picture of the Phoenix Asram which I know and love. Most of all, it was the peace of the inner life, inside the Asram, that endeared it to me,—even as Santiniketan has become dear to me for the same reason. Let me describe one scene of ineffaceable beauty, if I can. It is night time, and the evening meal is over. We are gathered round Mahatmaji himself. Nestling in his arms is a little Musalman child whom Mahatmaji has made his own son. Next to him is a Christian Zulu girl from the mission across the hills, who has learnt to love Phoenix as her home. Kallenback is

there with two of the little Indian children of the Asram on his knees—a great favourite with all. It is Mahatmaji himself who conducts the religious worship as the evening closes. He reads to us first some Gujarati verses about the love of God. He explains these afterwards in English. Then these Gujarati hymns are sung by the children's voices. Later in the evening we sing together 'Lead kindly Light,' and at last retire to rest.

I had been to Christian churches, in Natal, from which this Zulu girl would have been turned away in contempt because she did not belong to the white race. But here was a heaven of peace and love. Humanity was one. Racial and religious divisions had been merged in that unity. Here was peace. I pass on rapidly to the third Asram, at Sabarmati, in India itself, close to the great modern city of Ahmedabad, with its artificial life of factory and steam and smoke and stunted human lives. Here again the contrast is most striking,—the filthy smoke-sodden factory district, on the one hand, where the factory men and women pass their joy-less existence; and, on the other hand, the hand-loom weaving at the Asram, on the banks of the beautiful Sabarmati River, where all is clean and pure and free from filth, both moral and physical. I have lived many times in this Asram also. Such occasions have been full of joy and inner peace. It is easy to trace the development of Mahatma Gandhi's ideal since the 'days of the Tolstoy Farm. Spinning and weaving have now become perhaps the most vital part of the active life of the Sabarmati Asram, though agriculture is by no means forgotten, or put on one side. The study of the mother tongue, and of Hindi, takes up a large amount of the time spent in education.

The chanting of the Gita has become a main portion of the daily worship. The scenery is changed; there are slight differences of emphasis; but the underlying spirit is the same. There is the same universal love of humanity; the same faith in simplicity and in the dignity of labour; the same desire to live close to nature and to avoid the luxuries, which separate men from one another and destroy true brotherhood.

I leave my readers to judge, whether it is fair to raise prejudice against such ideals, based upon *Ahimsa*,—the creed of love for all God's creatures,—by comparing them with the *savage* life of the *wild* beasts of the forest. In so far as nature is simple and gentle and free from artificial luxury, such a life is 'one with nature.' But it differs essentially from the wildness and the savagery of the animals, such as the tiger,—to which the epithet 'wild beast' is commonly referred.

No, the life that I have shared in these Asrams, which Mahatma Gandhi has founded, is no savage life, but rather the most humane and cultured that is perhaps to be found among men in India to-day. It is not, in the narrow sense of the word, an ascetic life, but a life filled with the purest human joy. Little children, little babies have a wonderful and most infallible faculty for finding out the child-heart in grown-up men and the sight I have most often watched in Phoenix and in Sabarmati Asrams, has been that of Mahatma Gandhi, with all the babies of the Asram gathered round him. They are all shouting with delight and brimming over with fun and laughter and joy, as he is absorbed in playing with them on his return. Such a scene as this is not compatible with sour asceticism, or political

nihilism, or any other man-made invention of the perverse human mind.

I have myself argued for hours against some of Mahatma Gandhi's theories, such for instance, as that of celibacy and the abstention from the married life ; or about the taking of vows. The argument has ended by my being told, that I have not understood his meaning. I have been no blind follower. I have rather been a constant critic. With all the more strength, therefore, can I refer to this beautiful love of the children (which is reciprocated with such instinctive joy by them) as showing beyond any need of further proof, that Mahatma Gandhi's central thought of life is that of joy, not pain ; is positive, not negative ; is constructive, not nihilistic ; is full of new creative life for mankind, not an empty, futile, visionary dream.

But to learn its true secret, there must be a sharing of the simple life itself ; there must be a willingness to make the sacrifice. There is no other course.

Shantiniketan.

C. F. ANDREWS.

A VOLCANIC PERSONALITY

[Mr. C. F. Andrews has written elsewhere.]

In Mahatma Gandhi we have a volcanic personality, a moral genius of the first order, who has revealed to us all the hidden power of a living freedom from within, who has taught us to depend not on any external resources but on ourselves. My whole heart goes out to his appeal and I have a great hope, that along this path, independence will be reached at last.]

I come back from this method of doubtful evolution to the more incisive method of Mahatma Gandhi: I can see that he cuts at the very root of the disease. He is like a surgeon performing an operation rather than a physical administration of soothing drugs. And as his surgeon's knife cuts deep, we can see at once the recovery of the patient beginning to take place—the recovery of self-respect and manhood and independence. Such personalities as that of Mahatma Gandhi which can inspire a whole nation are rare indeed in human history. *

* Reprinted in *Indian Review*, March 1921.

A CONFLICT OF IDEALS *

[In an article with the above title in the *Modern Review* for October, 1921, Mr. M. U. Moore, M.A. (Cantab), sometime Principal of Madanapalli College, sometime of the Sir Pratap College, Srinagar (Kashmir), and afterwards of Parameswara College in Ceylon, discussing upon the two types of idealists, "material" and "spiritual", paid the following tribute to the person of the Mahatma who is in his opinion fully ascetic in temperament and action and truly represents the ideals "spiritual.")

I feel sure that Mr. Gandhi is a man of undoubted integrity and whole-hearted devotion and unselfishness. To Mr. Gandhi who possesses in a marked degree that innate ascetic proclivity which has been so characteristic of the Indian *Dharma*, modern civilization with its multiplicity of aims and requirements is something unholy—devilish : to him modern life, as interpreted in terms of that civilization, is abhorrent—a spectacle of feverish insanity : the world now-a-days appears to him to be—

"A world half blind
With intellectual light, half brutalized
With civilization—tearing East and West
Along a thousand railways, mad with pain
And sin too." *

M. U. MOORE.

* Mr. Moore wrote this article, at the suggestion of the compiler of this volume after having read both Mr. Andrews' *Mahatma Gandhi and Modern Civilisation* in the *Modern Review*, reprinted in this book, and Dr. Gaur's *Gandhism and After* in the *Hindustan Review*.]

AN ANGEL OF A NEW ANNUNCIATION

[Before a large audience in Steinway Hall, London, Dr. Walter Walsh delivered the following impressive lecture.—*Ed.*]

The latest utterance of Mr. G. B. Shaw assures us that prison is a failure. Now if prison life fails to reform a criminal, how much more must it fail to subdue the spirit of disaffection in Mahatma Gandhi condemned for six years to an Indian jail? I know not what is the way of life in an Indian prison, but if we think of those 60 Moplahs suffocated in transit the other week, we shall conclude that the conditions are not those of a sanatorium. And the prisons must be crammed to stifling point, judging from the orgies of incarceration prevailing from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, the victims ranging over all ages and conditions; from veteran nationalists to high-bred ladies, youthful devotees little more than children, and the other day, to Gandhi's like-minded son. The epic of a New India is being written before our eyes.

"Wherever a man comes, there comes revolution," said Emerson in his memorable Divinity School address. Let us see what kind of a man is this Gandhi, whom the British Government consigns to the same fate as its forgers, thieves and wife-beaters. I collected my information from a great many different sources—Indian and European, jumble of truths, lies and half-truths—compared and edited them for presenting you with a statement that is as nearly true as my best judgment can make it.

If we were to select three of the most illustrious names of living men, we might choose in science Professor Bose

of Calcutta ; in literature Rabindranath Tagore, and Mahatma Gandhi in the sphere of action—all three being Indians. The last named I take to be one of those creative geniuses who appear at long intervals to build up new dispensations just when the old are crumbling. The man comes and revolution is on his heels. Whitman agrees with Emerson—Produce great persons ; the rest follows. In India the rest is following with great rapidity. To stimulate the revolution nothing was wanting but government repression, and this our representatives are effectively providing. It may be true that as governors they can do nothing else. The question, in that case, is whether they ought not to desist from the attempt to govern a country against its will.

The Indian Ideal Made Visible:

In thrusting the high-minded reformer behind prison bars, the Government is hoping to constrain the best spirit of the East ; but while they may restrain its physical embodiment in the leader, they cannot confine the spirit itself which is embodied in an entire people. Mahatma Gandhi is popularly regarded as a divine being, which for us means that he is the Indian ideal made visible to the common man. I cannot recall any character in history who appears to have been more self-less, more modestly consecrated, or to have offered a purer sacrifice to humanity. Like all the great saints, the Mahatma is filled with a sense of his own unworthiness, and while unbarring a soul of extraordinary purity and holiness laments his own imperfections and declares that he can survive only through his great hope of India's redemption. His heart is in tune with the infinite, and he fears nothing that man can do him. The only thing he fears is that India,

through the martyrdoms that lie before her, instead of holding fast to the ideal of sacrifice and non-violence, may accept the doctrine of the sword; in which case his life as an Indian would be finished and he would retire to the jungles of the Himalayas to end his days in fasting and prayer, in penance for his own and his country's unworthiness. Against a soul like this, the Principalities, Powers and Empires of the world war in vain.

Impounding Progress Itself.

Accepting this hero saint as the embodiment of the spirit of progress and reform, his imprisonment signifies the impounding of Progress and Reform themselves at the hands of British officialdom; no new thing these late years. He declares that he is sustained by the hope of diminishing the misery of India's suffering dumb millions. Do not imagine that the reformation on foot in India is the creation of this one man. Far from it. Like a cleansing wave it has been sweeping over that vast peninsula, bringing to light new loyalties and ideals, as the movement to suppress the drink traffic, to abolish caste in its lowest form as it affects those known as "untouchables", to secure economic freedom by the spinning wheel, to heal the feud between Hindus and Muslims, and above all as the synthesis of the whole, to accomplish this by the pure method of non-violence. If this reformation can be carried through, its effect upon human destiny will exceed that of the German Reformation under Martin Luther, in as much as its spirit is incomparably finer, its outlook far wider and more human, and it starts from a higher state of human development. Over all the elements which might mis-shape themselves into a cauldron of furious

war, rises the clear figure of Mahatma Gandhi, like the angel of a new annunciation, applying to new conditions India's (and the world's) old gospel of peace and goodwill; the spiritual faith that the only way to self-realisation and moral freedom for nations, as for individuals, is through non-resistance to the uttermost limit. With contemporary influence probably greater than has ever emanated from any previous reformer, he is standing against the embattled powers of empire and militarism,—not for India's rights of man; the right to freedom, self-expression, self-determination, liberty of speech and public assembly, public trials, justice in public administration and the shaping of moral ideals for all those lovely things, against such fearful odds, this intrepid saint advances without sword or shield, with nothing but the word of truth in his mouth, and the immense influence of a consecrated personality which St. Francis of Assisi might have envied. The situation is unparalleled not in its essential nature perhaps, but in its magnitude. The advance of David against Goliath is only a feeble parable of the situation. I see that this is the world's affair, not merely India's. It may be that the world's freedom is to be won on the plains of India, not merely its freedom from military oppressors, but—what is more important—from its own evil obsessions.

Mahatmaji's Trial

For a verbatim account of Gandhi's trial, defence and condemnation, I had to turn to a foreign paper, from which I learned that with the utmost gentleness, the accused had acknowledged disaffection towards—that is, want of love for,—British Government over India, admitting, as being

himself a lawyer, that his judge could do no other than give adverse judgment. I am equally bound to say, that the judge vied with the accused in respectful demeanour, and performed what he thought to be his duty in a manner which was manifestly sorrowful. One is resistlessly drawn back 2,000 years for a similar scene. Then, too, the Roman Pilate was remorseful and would willingly have washed his hands off the whole business. Both Jew and Indian were impeached for the same crime. Listen.—“Then they took Jesus and led him to Pilate. And they began to accuse him saying, we found this fellow perverting the nation and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar.... And they were the more fierce, saying: He stirreth up the people.” This parallel is either the justification of Gandhi or the condemnation of Jesus. I challenge the law-givers of Christendom to gainsay.

The Evangelist of a Higher Life

As with the Nazarene again, so with the Indian, both being spiritual leaders were insensibly sucked into the malevolent atmosphere of politics; for, as I have often told you, the purer a religion is, the more destructive it ultimately is to tyrannise. Tyrants know that very well, and cannot rest till they get the religious reformer upon a cross, or safe behind the bars of an iron cage. As it was to Jesus, so to Gandhi, politics is more than the mere game it seems to the professional statesman, being valued as an instrument of spiritual renovation, facilitating the removal of obstacles to moral regeneration and to the development of domestic virtues. He aims at purifying the public life of his people; and while even in his influence on political

events he immeasurably outsoars and will immortally survive the politicians who are matching themselves against him, he is essentially the evangelist of a higher life. We would not dream of classing him with fighting patriots like Spartacus or Oliver Cromwell, any more than we would class General Booth with General Foch. His message is gospel, not policy. Even his method of non-co operation is advanced as a means of self-discipline, the path of sacrifice by which Indian life is to receive its highest fulfilment. Nay, beyond that, he perceives the radiant possibility of radically improving human life in the mass and is the enemy of Western civilisation only so far as it seems to him injurious to the moral nature of man.

Not a Wilful Rebel.

So, then, we clear Mahatma Gandhi of the last suspicion of being a mere destructive fanatic, or even a wilful rebel. Neither destruction, rebellion, nor fanaticism, possesses his clear soul. The spectacle of India's demoralisation has turned him from a friend into an implacable, even if pacific, foe of the Western civilisation. Specially, he deplores the slavish descent into insincerity that never fails to be developed in a subject race by the necessity of propitiating the foreign conqueror. It is not his physical prowess that makes him formidable. That ascetic form—he weighs about a hundred pounds, the weight of a girl just entering on her teens—would seem out of place as a leader of warriors. Neither is it his intellect that makes him the revered inspirer of India's millions—I should say that the leaders of the Russian Revolution excel him in pure brain-force as much as they fall beneath him in moral influence.

Nor is it oratory that inflames his followers to heroic action—for his speech is calm, temperate, reasonable, addressed to the conscience and the higher nature, appealing, ever and ever for sacrifice, not for conquest; for suffering not for victory. Truly the strongest revolutionary that ever lived! What is the secret? It is to be found in the perfect purity of his motives, the sincerity of his character, his boundless compassion, that limitless self-renunciation which is the test of Indian divinity, the love which includes all and stoops to embrace the lowest. Turning aside from the pathway of professional advancement and affluence, he went down to the very abyss of Indian misery, where sweltered the "untouchable," stripped himself of early possessions, and gave himself as a living sacrifice for humanity. These are the kind of men India makes its gods; while the West bows before the golden calf, the sceptre or the sword.

India Wants Self-determination.

Let me here present a brief summary of the grievances which have created this unique movement for a redress on the part of one-fifth of the world's population. Fundamental is the fact of Britain's conquest of India by armed force, and her continued exploitation by the same means. Foreign domination is supposed to be contrary to the modern spirit, which asserts the right of self-determination, subject only to the general will as expressed in a true League or Federation of Peoples. Further, decade after decade the conqueror continues, to promise Self-Government always, however, postponing it to some future time, forgetting that no nation is good enough to govern another without its consent.

More recently the continuance of the war against Turkey has created indignant resentment, still further inflamed by the terms of the Treaty of Sevres in admitted violation of pledges given by the British Prime Minister. The jealous discrimination against Indians in Kenya Colony, East Africa, has added fuel to the fire. The truth is that, throughout the west, the doctrine of white or Anglo-Saxon domination has become a kind of religion, ignoring the intellectual excellence of a people whose students can hold up their heads among the best when it comes to University Examinations. The sins of Empire are notorious, and cry to heaven for expiation, the British Empire being no exception, though probably no greater sinner than the rest. Here is a brief cutting from Reuter which shows how Empires govern: "The air operations against the Jakakil tribe have been most successful. Sixteen aeroplanes bombed and machine-gunned the tribe, who lost heavily in men and cattle." (The Press Agency makes no mention of women and children, though we know very well that falling bombs do not discriminate.) "The aeroplanes returned to the base practically unscathed." To this add never-changing conditions of industrial exploitation, social discrimination, political disability, famine, frightful penury, the insolent assertiveness of many (not by any means of all) of the official classes and their women over natives more refined and cultured than themselves—and we can understand how Tagore flung back to Britain's King the title he had in an unguarded hour accepted. At the present moment, free Press, free speech and free assembly are suppressed while the leaders are crowded into jail: a condition of things than which none could offer greater

facilities for mob violence, easily suppressed by the dominant power, thus discrediting Gandhi, and giving excuse for yet further suppression of liberty. Can this be the mean game our representatives are playing in India ?

Unhappily, Indians have lost faith in British liberalism, since Lord Morley and the partition of Bengal and because even now our Liberal papers write a great deal of cant about our responsibilities, for the people of India, and about taking up the white man's burden. Yes,

Take up the white man's burden,
And if you write in verse,
Flatter your nation's vices,
And strive to make them worse.
Then learn that if with pious words
You ornament each phrase,
In a world of canting hypocrites
This kind of business pays.

—ERNEST CROSBY

Moral Militancy Vs. Military Militancy

The demand of India has hitherto been for self-government within the Empire, but even British people are beginning to ask whether the goal of Indian freedom does not lie beyond.

Leaving that, however, I hasten to describe the means adopted by India and her leader to remove the grievances indicated. The principal means involve nothing more alarming than those adopted by Buddha, Lao-Tse, Jesus, Tolstoy, by Quakers, Dukhobors and many others, namely, passive resistance, for which another name given by Thoreau is civil disobedience. Even when shot down by hundreds, the

natives are instructed to make no return in kind. Their sublime aim is to defeat tyranny by the power of love. This is not to be regarded as a state of quiescence and worm-like submission, but as a superb assertion of the human spirit against brute force. It is Gandhi's moral militancy against Empire's militancy. The issue is not uncertain.

Non-violence represents the true spirit of the East. Clean, calm, and believing are the accents in which Gandhi exhorts his followers, not to violence but to sacrifice. For him, he says, the Jihad, or Holy war, is immoral, but impossible; and indeed impossible for any. He exhorts India to practise non-violence, not because she is weak, but precisely because she is strong to endure, to suffer and to overcome. He believes in loving his enemies, in being killed without killing, in going to jail without anger, because he believes in God and His righteousness, as he puts it. Non-resistance is absolutely essential, he cries. If they resort to violence, all will be lost, because India will have lost her soul. He makes no demand for the punishment of General Dyer because of the massacre of Amritsar, or the degradations he inflicted on the native populations. We must love our enemies, he cries again. When the faith and courage of some of his followers break down so that they resort to violent methods, the leader blames his own unworthiness, and resorts to fasting, penance and prayer. When a follower sins, the leader fasts! Was such a thing ever seen in the world before? Is not the Kingdom of Heaven at hand? Yes, is it not even among us, in India, at least! This mode of action is greater than that adopted by the giant Tolstoy, who confined himself to mere pen-work, and by practising as an individual. But here is a non-resistant

who proposes to apply his doctrine to 300 millions of people, thus creating a mighty national revolution by means of a spiritual one and establishing the most glorious political precedent in the history of peoples.

Let it be admitted that there has been some violence and there may be more. But who is responsible? Is a peace advocate to be accused of creating violence because a rowdy breaks his head? Must we not strive to right the wrongs of the world till all the wrong-doers are willing to atone? It is time that the spoilers who have secured the wealth and snatched the power of the world turn upon the outraged lowly when they cry for justice, and put them to death or clap them into prison. but are we to hold their victims responsible. And if goaded on by misery, some of the wronged ones snatch carnal weapons to assert the claims, shall not responsibility be on the heads of those who have coveted and defrauded, who have refused to make restitution, or to surrender the spoil or to recognise the rights of those they have injured? Is wrong for ever to be permitted as unchallenged supremacy? Must not Jesus invoke justice for the poor, lest some headstrong Peter snatch a futile sword to assert their claims? That is strange doctrine indeed, and would mean the end of all progress, nay the end of virtue itself.

For the Enfranchisement of the Soul.

Specially is this doctrine of moral supineness seen to be illogical and inhuman when we have regard to the fact that usurping powers and politicians often-times deliberately provoke mob violence, in order to have excuse for further suppressions and tyrannies. We have seen the denial of

Gladstonian Self-Government lead to Sinn Fein in Ireland ; and it would almost seem as if Sinn Feinism is being fostered in India ; not by those who wish to see India free, but by those who would bind her in heavier chains.

The positive side of non-violence is Non-co-operation, foolishly described by ignorant journalists as a boycott of British goods. Non-co-operation is not a policy of negation, but is a very positive assertion of nationality—of nationality so pronounced that it refuses to co-operate with a foreign invader. During the War, I was frequently asked what I would do if the Kaiser came to reside in Buckingham Palace and his minister legislated at Westminster, and my reply was practically that which India is now giving to the British Government. Is there anything remarkable in a man refusing to co-operate with a foreign invader in the administration of his country ? It is no more than was asserted by the American colonists when, at the Boston tea party, they flung British tea into Boston harbour. It seems to be the most natural thing in the world ; and for high-spirited people, the most proper. To decline all the usurper's titles, honours and decorations ; to accept no salaried posts either as clerk, policeman or soldier, as magistrate, judge, barrister, or what you please ; to develop home industries rather than depend on importations, and in the last resort to refuse to pay taxes,—all this would appear to be the plainest duty of liberty-loving people. At any rate, so it seems to Gandhi and his non-co-operators. The appropriate symbol of the movement is the Charka, the Spinning-wheel, which they have blazoned on a new flag ; a far more hopeful, humane and fraternal symbol than the lions, bears, eagles, ferocious beasts most other peoples have adopted as their

emblems. So the spinning-wheel hums in a million Indian Homes. What music that would have been to the ear of John Ruskin who was always telling us we must merge our huge factory system into some form of home industry. Non-co-operation is a colossal effort to get away from, to save India from, the benumbing machinery of Western civilization, from the hideous factory system, from a landless proletariat, from whatever is foreign to the genius of the Indian people. It is a demand to be left free to develop Indian civilization on its own lines, on lines natural to Indian temperament and conditions; of which surely the people of the country are the best judges. They are resolved to be masters, not so much in their own house, as of their own souls. With Abraham Lincoln, they would repeat, "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing Government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

This is not a proletarian, or an economic, or a labour movement or a movement on behalf of any class whatever. It is a movement for the enfranchisement of the soul—the soul of the individual Indian, and the soul of India as a community numbering one-fifth of the population of the globe. The imprisonment of Gandhi symbolises the imprisonment of India's soul. This is a spiritual movement rather than a political one; or it is a political movement only in the sense that reformed religious principles inevitably assert themselves over political expediencies. Spiritual issues are uppermost, which makes this an absolutely new thing in the way of revolutions. It is a great challenge of faith to the

powers and principalities of the world. It seems to me no exaggeration to say that Gandhi's millionfold application of spiritual power to public affairs almost creates a new religion. An age to come may constitute a trinity of supreme names designating those who have enunciated and lived ultimate religion; the religion of the soul, the religion of love, mercy, forgiveness and peace;—Gautama, Jesus, Gandhi.

Why not? India is one of the home-lands of ancient religion, the mother of the most beautiful of religions; and, to-day, a new epiphany of human nature is due, a new demonstration of man's possibilities and divine capacities, and this, perchance, is given us in the character and mission of Mahatma Gandhi. Time will tell. Keep an open mind. Who knows?

SPIRITUAL AWAKENING OF INDIA.

[Mr. Wilfred Wellock contributed this article to the British papers.—Ed.]

Few things in history are comparable to the present situation in India. An awakening is taking place in that vast continent such as mankind witness scarce once in a thousand years. The Gandhi Movement is as much an effect as a cause of that awakening, being its symbol, and with it, the promise of a new civilisation, the emergence of a new humanity. So profound is the change in spirit and outlook that is being effected and so rapidly is the transformation taking place, that no acquaintance with India dating further back than the last half-dozen years or so, would appear to be of much use in estimating the value of the

present spiritual upheaval. Without doubt India is moved to-day as she has not been moved since the decline of her ancient civilisation. But what is more significant is that the revolt is giving rise to an idealism whose purpose goes much deeper than the freeing of India from the political and economic control of Britain. That purpose being, indeed to free India, and perhaps the whole world, from the materialism which threatens East and West alike.

The Palestine Parallel.

Current events in India seem irresistibly to carry the mind back to Palestine at the time of Christ. In each case we have a defenceless people struggling for freedom against a colossal Empire of matchless dimensions, naval and military power, and wealth. In each case we observe the same tendency to raise the movement for freedom from the particular to the universal, to convert the struggle of national liberation from a particular tyrant nation or Empire into a titanic conflict of world-wide freedom from the growing menace of materialism. In each case, moreover, a leader comes forth who champions the cause of freedom by means of purely spiritual weapons, appeals to the conscience alone, and seeks to create a new national or rather internal consciousness. Thus Jesus after preaching for a little while alone, called and sent out the twelve, afterwards seventy, and thereby roused the mind of the entire community to the great alarm of the authorities. The spiritual revolution which Christ effected was accomplished in three years. The Non-co-operation movement in India is only eighteen months old yet already the entire nation has been affected by it, not to speak of other nations in the Near and Far East, while its leader is in gaol.

Whether this new movement possesses sustaining power, motives and vision sufficient to achieve the ends desired, only time can say. What must be obvious to any dispassionate observer is, that it is the expression of something more than a passing impulse, and that, whether it succeeds or fails in its immediate object, India will never again be the submissive India of pre-war days, or the tool and victim of British financiers.

It is necessary, therefore, that we in Britain at least try to understand what is taking place in India.

Genesis of the new Spirit.

I have described the new Movement as an awakening. It is nothing less. The agitation out of which it has sprung has been proceeding for a considerable time. Periodic outbursts against the tyranny of British Rule there have always been, but prior to the last two decades or so, there has been little or no constructive thought or idealism behind the feeling of revolt. During the last 20 years however, leaders of a quite new type have emerged, men of fine character and of considerable constructive ability. According to Gandhi, it was after the Partition of Bengal that the new spirit came to birth. To quote him :

"What you call the real awakening took place after the Partition of Bengal. For this we have to be thankful to Lord Curzon. At the time of the partition, the people of Bengal reasoned with Lord Curzon, but in the pride of power he disregarded all their prayers. He took it for granted that Indians could only prattle, that they could never take any effective steps. He used insulting language, and in the teeth of all opposition, partitioned Bengal. That day may be considered to be the day of the partition of the British Empire...After the Partition, people saw that partition must be backed up by force and that they must be capable of suffering. This new spirit must be considered to be the chief result of the

Partition. That spirit was seen in the outspoken writings in the Press. The Swadeshi Movement was inaugurated. People young and old...did not fear even a row, or being imprisoned. This is something different from mere petition.

"Lord Curzon may yet receive a statue as the founder of United India." (Bernard Houghton in *The Revolt of the East*.)

The revolt against British Rule grew apace after the partition of Bengal. Unity was given to that revolt some time later by the National Congress which also became the medium for focussing and developing constructive thought, ideas concerning policy and aims. Since its inception the National Congress has grown by leaps and bounds, carrying everything before it. But during the last eighteen months its growth has been phenomenal. The cause of this is Gandhi's Non-co-operation Movement which has done more to unite the various races and sects of India as well as to give unity to the movement for political freedom, than all the various efforts of the last few years put together. Whether viewed from the stand-point of Hindu-Muslim unity or that of heroic endeavour and readiness to suffer, the effects of Gandhi's agitation and the movement for liberation from the domination of British Rule and of Western civilisation have been as startling in their magnitude as they have been wonderful.*

Gandhi is the author of the Indian Non-Co-Operation Movement. Nevertheless, policies have been advocated during the past 15 or 20 years by some of the foremost thinkers in India which would ultimately, or so it seems to me, have led to the same result. As early as 1903, Tagore had advocated a line of action which, had it succeeded, would have had the effect of starving out the British. His idea was for

young Indians to concentrate on the villages and, by organising them on a co-operation basis, to reconstruct the social and economic life of the country. The political situation would then have been in their hands. Also by so doing, he hoped that India would prove her worth and thereby secure the co-operation of the best elements in the British nation. But considering recent history, in Europe as well as in India, would she not rather have won the enmity of the worst elements? A regenerated India, on the lines suggested by Tagore, would have implied a regenerated world; and to prevent the dawn of such a world nearly all the organised political and financial forces in the earth are to-day conspiring. It is more than likely, therefore, that had Tagore's idea been acted upon, it would have been sabotaged by the Government and would thus have led, sooner or later, to a policy of non-co-operation, or, lacking a Gandhi, something worse. A few excerpts from papers written by Tagore between the years 1905—1908, dealing with this policy, may not be out of place.

"It is a trivial matter in the nature of a complaint to be deploring the scarcity of water to day. The root of it is the thing, above all things, which should cause us the deepest misgiving—the fact that our mind is no longer in our own social system, that our whole attention is directed outwards."

"I am for courteous diplomatic relations with the Government. In courtesy there is freedom."

"We are crying ourselves hoarse because what Lord Ripon wanted to do, some other Lord took away. Shame on us for attaching such value to what others can give and others can take away. It was only our folly which led us to call such a thing by the name of Self-government."

"And yet Self-government lies at our very door, waiting for us. No one has tried, nor is it possible for any one even

if he does try, to deprive us of it. We can do everything we like for our villages—for their education, their sanitation, the improvement of their communications—if only we made up our minds to set to work, if only we can act in unison. For this work we do not need the sanction of a Government badge.

"If some one wants to go a-voyaging on a petition-paper boat in quest of the Golden Fleece, a certain class of patriots may be attracted by this fairy tale proposition, but I would not recommend any one to risk real national capital in the venture.

"The sinking pulse of the nation has begun to throb with a new life. Now that the Nation's heart is beating, let the Nation's brains direct the work of the limbs.

"We must free our industries, control our education, strengthen our community, and be prepared to strain every nerve in this stupendous endeavour."

For good or ill Tagore's advice was not followed, at any rate, to an appreciable extent. At the same time his demand for independent thought and action was no doubt a powerful factor in shaping or at least preparing, the way for, a Non-co-operation movement. A demand for independent action, coupled with a growing disbelief in the Government, gives ultimately Non-co-operation.

The Indisputable fact.

But not only has radical thought tended towards a policy of Non-co-operation, the policy advocated by the Moderates has tended scarcely less in the same direction. Indeed, so brutal and dishonest has British policy been during recent years, that there is cause for thankfulness that India possesses men capable in such critical times, of developing such a method as Non-co-operation at all, and of resisting red revolution and blank despair. For the only other alternative would appear to be descent into perdition. The

indisputable fact is that there is now little hope in India that Britain will cede one jot of real power so long as Indians are prepared to acknowledge British authority. This fact is bluntly stated by Bernard Houghton, I. C. S. (Retired) in a pamphlet "Reform or Revolution."

"After her loyalty in the war, the Rowlatt Act came to India as a sudden slap in the face. Its meaning is not, however, difficult to understand. The perils of the war had extorted from the bureaucracy the very guarded declaration of August, 1917. They were forced to yield this outwork to their opponents. But with the return of peace when their alarm had subsided, they hastened to set up new bulwarks against democracy. The Rowlatt Act is one such bulwark ; the rules under the Reform Act are another."

Gandhi also, in his trial statement, is equally explicit :

"The first shock came in the shape of the Rowlatt Act, a law designed to rob the people of all real freedom. I felt called upon to lead an intensive agitation against it. Then followed the Punjab horrors, beginning with the massacre at Jhallianwalla Bag and culminating in other indescribable humiliations. I discovered, too, that the plighted word of the Prime Minister to the Mussulmans of India, regarding the integrity of Turkey and the Holy places of Islam, was not likely to be fulfilled. But in spite of the forebodings and the grave warning of friends, at the Amritsar Congress of 1919, I fought for co-operation and working the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms hoping, that the Prime Minister would redeem his promise to the Indian Mussulmans, that the Punjab would be healed, and that the Reforms, inadequate and unsatisfactory though they were, marked a new era of hope in the life of India.

"But all that hope was shattered. The Khilafat promise was not to be redeemed. The Punjab crime was white-washed, and most culprits went not only unpunished but remained in service, and some continued to draw pensions from the Indian revenue, and in some cases were even rewarded. I saw, too, that not only did the Reforms, not mark

a change of heart, but they were only a method of further draining India of her wealth and of prolonging her servitude."

From Fact to Theory

But these writers, like many others, do not stop here; they go from fact to theory. For example, after giving a record of "Diarchy up-to-date", "the political persecutions, the open support of the liquor trade, the treatment of the Assam Labourers, the Dharwar shootings, and the long list of measures vetoed", Houghton asks: "Where is the promised era? Where the beginning of popular rule?" making this comment: "If this be the path of freedom, it leads through a strange country." He then proceeds to defend a revolutionary policy, on the lines, that is, of non-co-operation and non-violence. Let me quote him:—

"Diarchy is merely bureaucracy painted white."

"Will the officials train for Self-government? Will men whose whole training has been autocratic, whose class and race interests are bound up with ascendancy, whose traditions are all for despotic rule,—will such as these cast aside everything, training, interests and traditions, and become apostles of liberty? As well expect Lord Curzon to preach socialism or Sir George Younger to co-operate with Pussyfoot Johnson.

"The Moderates represent a type of thought that is found in all countries and in every epoch. Whenever a decisive break is to be made up with the past, a bold step forward taken, and risks to be faced, there will always be men who counsel moderation. They play for safety for themselves, certainly for their country, as they believe. But they are ready to occupy the ground won by the braver spirit.

"But has a bureaucracy ever given up power willingly? Have not officials always clutched to the end at the garment of authority, nor yielded it until torn from their grasp? Such a Government may utter fair words, but when it

comes to the actual handing over of power—ah ! then it will find a hundred excuses, a hundred reasons for delay. Never, except under duress, will it give up power—real power. In brief, it gives when it must ; it holds when it can.”

Moreover, “Reforms...fail to bring to play any great motive force. They do not quicken ; they do not inspire.”

Whereas, “Revolution, in the sense defined, offers a bolder strategy. It strikes not at some outwork, but straight at the citadel of the enemy. On its flag is blazoned a great deal, something for which men will meet suffering with a smile, and look undaunted in the eyes of death. It sounds a trumpet which rouses the toiler from his toil, thrills his heart and illumines all his mind with the glory of a new-born land.”

And again, “Revolution tears the souls of many from their old moorings, and sets them voyaging, each a new Columbus, in search of new worlds.—India is capable of...a Renaissance...a re-birth...This is the crown and glory of the great peaceful revolution to which Mahatma Gandhi now leads the people of India.”

The Indian Outlook

Gandhi is no less emphatic. In an article entitled *The Death Dance*, published in the last issue of *Young India* which he edited before his arrest he wrote.—

It is the same thing whether it is done with the kid glove on or without it. The Councils are the kid glove. We must pay for the glove. The Reforms hang upon us like an incubus. They cover a multitude of defects including the blood-sucking salt tax.

It would be a thousand times better for us to be ruled by a military dictator than to have the dictatorship concealed under sham Councils and Assemblies. They prolong