

the agony and increase the expenditure. If we are so anxious to live, it would be more honorable to face the truth and submit to unabashed dictation than to pretend that we are slowly becoming free. There is no such thing as slow freedom. Freedom is like a birth. Till we are not fully free we are slaves. All births take place in a moment ... "The Councillors want their fares and extras, the Ministers their salaries, the lawyers their fees, the suitors their decrees, the parents such education for their boys as would give them status in the present life, the millionaires want facilities for multiplying their millions, and the rest their unmanly peace. The whole revolves beautifully round the central corporation. It is a giddy dance from which no one cares to free himself, and so as the speed increases, the exhilaration is the greater.

These statements reveal the outlook which dominates the mind of India to-day. One by one the Moderates, as was the case with Gandhi himself from some 18 months ago, have been compelled, in face of the facts, to join the Extremists who are now almost solidly in favour of a policy of non-co-operation. The National Congress, in fact, has identified itself with the Non-co-operation movement. Never was a country so moved or so solid for a particular end as is India to-day in its endeavour to free itself from British domination. And after the events of the last five years and the history of the last seventy, our Government expects to break down the solidarity, to pacify and subdue India, by imprisoning a few leaders. Why, as long as 1908, Tagore exposed the futility of such a policy—and what a marked development in Indian opinion and unity has taken place since then. Listen to his words :

I repeat that there is no 'party' of extremists, with whom the Government has to deal. It is a symptom of the Nationalist movement, which cannot be cured as long as the exciting causes continue to operate, and if suppressed in one

form will break out in another or at most, be driven to bide its time in the innermost recesses of the nation's heart.... Our rulers seem to be labouring under the idea that this plausible extremism is being concocted in some secret laboratory by a vicious gang of malcontents and that once the real leader can be hauled before the Magistrate the danger will over.

GANDHI—A SUCCESSFUL "FAILURE"

[Miss Blanche Watson contributes this article to the September 1922 issue of *Indian Review*, the editor of which introduces the contributor with these words: 'Miss Watson* is a well-known American writer on Indian affairs, author of a monograph on Gandhi, and of a compilation of "American opinion on Gandhi and the Indian Movement". She writes avowedly from the standpoint of the Non-co-operator'.—Ed.]

Mahatma Gandhi of India bids fair to take his place with the successful "failures" of history. An Indian writes of him, "Bapu (Father) is a force, a moral and spiritual force that will live for all time and will affect the history of peoples and nations."† Similar tributes have come from men

* This author (Miss. Watson) has written elsewhere :—

"The West is watching the people whose high privilege it is to tell the world that the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth are practicable. Gandhi is a born leader, and all sorts and conditions of people are seconding him. These millions of men and women are carrying the fight for independence to the high ground of the spirit, and their goal is a free India. And India freed by such methods will mean a free world."

Sinn Feiner (New York)

† Vide "*The Secret of Bapu*" by 'A Lover of Bapu' reproduced in this compilation, pp. 3-4.

of all nationalities, and such expressions may fairly be said to be the contemporary forecast of the future's estimate of this Mahatma—"Great Soul." Says John Haynes Holmes of him :

"No man now living is so certain of universality as he. Judged by the spiritual standards established by the prophetic souls of history, Gandhi must be regarded as the greatest man living in the world to-day. By sheer power of personality, depth of insight, sweep of vision, purity of character, heroic elevation to ideals and utter trust in the higher attributes of the spirit, he lifts himself to the exalted, if lonely, plane of such men as the Nazarene and his own compatriot, the Buddha."

The voices of the adverse critics, on the other hand, are equally self-assured and insistent. To some of them Gandhi is an extremist—and impossibilist, or he is a false leader in whose program "lurk the sinister forces of reaction"; or he is a "drag on the wheel of progress" who condemns railroads, modern inventions and civilization in general; a fanatic who characterizes medicine as "black magic" and blithely counsels the "extinction of the human species"—as one of his own countrymen and political opponent, Srinivasa Sastri, has put it—meanwhile "living up to them in the spirit and the letter." However the future may decide between these two poles of criticism, it seems not too much to say to-day of this man—who admittedly has won the devoted allegiance of the largest political group known to history, this mighty disturber of a powerful empire that he merits a place alongside of such men as Lao-tze, St. Francis of Assisi, Savonarola, John Brown, Wendell Phillips, Henry David Thoreau, Tolstoi, Karl Liebknecht, Jaures, and the Irish patriots Pearse and Mc. Swiney—all of them failures in their time, but now recognised, or in a fair way to be recognised, as entitled to a high place among

the great of all ages. That Mahatma Gandhi will be the head of the noble company with that finest rebel, sweetest spirit, and most sublime "failure" of all—Jesus, the Crucified one—seems more than a probability, for a careful study of the ideals and utterances, the teachings and experiences of the two men has led, even during the life-time of the Hindu *guru*, to a comparison of the one personality with the other—a comparison that has already been voiced in widely separated lands and in many tongues.

Like Jesus of old Mahatma Gandhi is condemned, with tragic stupidity, by the materialists because he insists that the means are far more important to the true progress of humanity than the ends,—because he believes with Romain Rolland to-day that his task "is the saving and concentrating of the forces of reason, love and faith"; which he believes will outlive every political and economic creed. Particularly is Gandhi doomed to failure by his unappreciative critics because, in an area of arrogant and blatant imperialism—the flower and fruit of which the world mis-calls civilization, he dares to reiterate the words of that other teacher, words that the past few years have been proving all too true: "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword."

In the face of the much-speaking of these critics the fair-minded are moved to a consideration of what is going on in India to-day. It is difficult—indeed almost impossible—to visualize the situation unless one has some comprehension of the spirit and the standing of the man Gandhi who rode into popularity on the crest of the mightiest wave of national protest that history mayhap will record for centuries to come. This man who says frankly that he is trying to put religion into politics, is far more than a nationalist leader

heading a revolutionary group which numbers one fifth of the human race—receiving from them an allegiance that approaches idolatry and an obedience that almost passes belief; he is more than a fearless, uncompromising exemplar of Non-violence or Soul-force; He is apparently the harbinger of a new religion, comparable as one churchman has expressed it—to Buddhism or Christianity. The crux of his religion, as may be said of all the great religions of the past, is the doctrine of the sacredness of human life; and Gandhi like all the great prophets of old is voicing a demand for a higher humanity and a nobler civilization than the world has yet known. "My life", he says, "is dedicated to the service of India through the religion of non-violence, which I believe is the root of true Hinduism. In another place he says, "The interests of my country are identical with my religion." As Gandhi sees it, there is no such thing as religion over-riding morality, for he insists that as soon as the moral basis is lost men cease to be religious.

Gandhi says to the British, "Your rule has no moral sanction." John Stuart Mill said the same thing in words that should be burned into the consciousness of everyone the world over who holds any position of authority—particularly those in this country who are visualizing or already laying the foundation of the "American Empire." "The government of a people by itself," says Mill, "has a meaning and a reality, but such a thing as government of one people by another does not and cannot exist." Gandhi has pointed out that the alien rule of an unwilling people justified by the old Machiavellian slogan "Might makes Right" is as demoralizing to the English oppressors as it is to the Indian oppressed; and one needs but to study the records of

English bureaucratic rule in that country as set forth and condemned by themselves—and particularly the record of repressive activity of the past year, to find ample corroboration for this charge.

To grasp the full import of the situation it is necessary to go back a bit into India's contemporary history. Gandhi—wise and far-seeing leader as he is—recognised two things when (at the time the Moderates sponsored the Montague—Chelmsford Reforms) he threw himself into India's political fight that he might hold back his outraged compatriots from taking to the violence that was being urged by the Extreme Left, and that he so much dreaded to see. He knew first that India was particularly disarmed, while the Government was possessed not alone of the latest and most efficient agencies for the destruction of human life, but of the fear that would force and the disposition that would permit of their use. Secondly he realized that India with her 217 million Hindus was unprepared spiritually as she was materially, for as I have noted above, Gandhi holds that pacifism is ingrained in the Hindu. Indeed he has declared that it would be the work of ages to train India to get Swaraj by violence. "I claim," he says, "that India is unready, not because she is unwilling. Human nature in India has advanced so far that the doctrine of non-violence is more natural for the people at large than that of violence." Knowing these things, Gandhi decided that for his people the way to freedom was by non-violence—not the forced non-violence of the slave but the willing non-violence of the brave and the free. Be it said to her everlasting credit, India in 1920, through her 33,000 delegated spokesmen, bowed to this

decision. Only two out of this gathering—the greatest political convention, said Ben Spoor, that the world has ever known—voted against this attempt to win freedom for India "by all peaceful and legitimate means." At the end of the year, in spite of the objection of the Left under the lead of Hasrat Mohani, Gandhi's wise counsels at the Congress again prevailed, and it was voted to continue the peaceful warfare. It is interesting to note that before Gandhi's arrest in March [1922] the fire-brand Mohani had been won over by his peace-loving chief—for which prison is his reward along with thirty thousand of the finest and best of India's leaders, all of whom, be it said, have gone joyfully to the prison that represents freedom for them, as it did once upon a time, to our own Thoreau.

It must be understood, however, that the time-honored "passive resistance" that India in times past had made use of, and that Tolstoy advocated, had not sufficient fighting quality to suit this modern exemplar of "non-resistance." During the twenty-year struggle for civil rights of 160,000 of his compatriots, Gandhi had forged a new weapon that accorded well with the non-violence that he felt not merely to be the only practical, but the only effective dynamic for opposing not only the "most determined" but the best prepared Government in the world. That weapon was Non-co-operation, i. e. refusal to work with those who insist upon perpetuating wrong—refusal to be a party to a preventable evil. This weapon had worked in South Africa, and it had worked surprisingly well in India, in Kaira in 1918 when used by peasants in protest against unjust taxation. Distressing as it is to the critics of Gandhi—who bewail his religious "fanaticism," deplore

his "pious indignation" against Western civilization, ignore his extraordinary hold on the minds and hearts of the people, and predict his utter and complete failure and the "imminent collapse" of his movement—distressing as I say, and inexplicable as it is to those critics, *the weapon has worked* in the great national struggle for self-determinism.

Before I take up the successes of Non-co-operation, however, let me classify its critics. Syed Hossain, friend of Gandhi and for some years co-worker with him in the Non-co-operation movement, a man whose activities have taken him into every part of India, divides them into the following groups: those with imperialistic sympathies—of whatever nationality; British bureaucrats and their supporters; Indian "Tories," place-hunters, title-lovers and hangers on of English officialdom; missionaries who function by favour of the Government; and a majority (possibly) of the more prosperous element of the Indian community (a very small group, proportionally speaking, in India) who stand aloof from the austere and sacrificial demands of "Saint" Gandhi. As to the latter group, one may well ask, has it not been ever thus with great religious movements? Mr. Hossain might have included a section of the "intelligentsia," so called, counterparts of whom of every nationality, "took the greased slide" as Randolph Bourne phrased it when the civilised (?) world entered on the debauch of mass murder that we call war. I would add to these, the radical extremist who would disqualify for any sort of leadership, a man (or woman) who had not read Marx and Engels, who would forcibly feed economies to the world and his wife—even at the cost of oceans of blood as well as the dyed-in-the-wool reactionary at the

other end, who shudders at the mention of the words change and progress, and knows not the word humanity. Last but by no means least must be mentioned those who lay down premises and draw deductions, quite unmindful, on the one hand, of India's ancient and authentic civilization, and on the other of her present-day condition, problems and needs. It is a long list, and the wonder is that the adverse criticism of Gandhi and Non-co-operation is not louder and more widespread than it is !

But, to a consideration of the gains of the non-violent resistance struggle. First and foremost the supreme test has been met by the Indians. Gandhi has been arrested and sentenced, and no "bloody revolution" has ensued. New leaders have arisen as fast as the "tall poppies were cut down," and the whole constructive program is being carried forward according to Gandhi's injunction, "with clock-work regularity and the speed of the Panjab express." An Englishman writing of the situation says :

The perfect quiet in obedience to the Mahatma's own injunction, which India has been able to preserve, shows his influence as he always wished it to be shown, in national self-discipline and self-control. It shows that Gandhi, though in prison, still remains the soul of India—the unconquerable soul.

The following summary of the most notable gains is given as far as possible in Gandhi's own words. He has stated :

That the Indian community has shown that it can preserve its national self-respect—and he quotes the Indian proverb—"One who can preserve one's self-respect can preserve anything else."

That the consciousness of increasing self-respect has

given the people more courage and vigor, and a spirit of fearlessness almost unheard of before.

That the Government has been forced to recognize this increase of self-respect and the increase in national strength that goes along with it.

That the whole of India, particularly the hitherto politically indifferent and inert peasantry, have become acquainted, as never before, with the deep-seated disease of alien domination which has eaten like a cancer into the vitals of the nation.

That the Government has been forced to consider null and void, actually if not technically, the much-hated Rowlatt Act of 1919—better known as the "Black Cobra Bill."

That the jail life which has seemed so dreadful to the people before, is no longer terrifying to them,—rather they go joyfully to the prison cell followed by the "God-speed" of their friends and relatives.

That while before the advent of the Non-co-operation movement only the English-educated women of India (and that a very small minority) interested themselves in the political life of India, now women rich and poor, literate and illiterate, are taking part in the movement. They are real inspirers and the mainstay of the struggle and on them depends the translation of the Swadeshi doctrine into reality.

It may be said in truth that, thanks to the economic acumen of Gandhi, the spinning wheel and the hand-loom are weaving for India the web of a new social order while the blazing religious idealism of the men is re-creating out of the supine masses—effortless and spiritless after fifty generations of domination and mis-rule—a spiritually illuminated and strengthened citizenry. As a direct result of this India to-day, a large "army" of men and women capable of self-purification,—as illustrated by the

large-scale elimination of such vices as drinking and drug-taking—and a self discipline that alone could make possible that Non-co-operation with the state which Colonel Wedgewood, an Englishman, has called a terrible weapon to be used only by those who are prepared or to lose all—even life itself."

A summary of the gains resulting from the unique program, laid down by a "religious zealot" as the mildest of his critics call him, would not be complete without mention of the Treaty of Sevres which has been characterized as a "diplomatic victory of the first order." This victory has not only strengthened Islam the world over but it has seriously weakened the position of the British in India—and as time may show—throughout the empire. When Gandhi espoused the cause of the Khilafat, and said to the 75 million Mohammedans—"The Hindus of India will stand behind their brothers," he created and cemented a unity that, under ordinary circumstances would have been brought about years ago through the fundamental spiritual kinship of Hinduism and Mohammedanism. The creation of this spirit of religious unity is perhaps Gandhi's greatest sin in the eyes of the British bureaucracy whose motto has been "Divide and Rule"—as it has been the motto of all oppressors from time immemorial—as it is the motto of our American imperialists in Guatemala, Haiti, and San Domingo and the Philippines to-day. But fortunately the sins of the prophets have always been the saving grace of the world.

Could the situation in India be known for what it is to-day, little argument would be needed to prove the condition of the Non-co-operators that Gandhi is not only the

"man of the hour" in India, but the "false-hearted jade success" is smiling upon their cause. As Gandhi has expressed it, "Swaraj is won," but he adds that India must hold on to her victory by refusing to loosen her grip on the weapon that secured that victory—that is to say, non-violent Non-co-operation. India and the British Government are in a state of siege with the advantage in India's hands. She can "starve out the garrison" (entrenched these hundred and more years) by continuing to non-co-operate in an ever-increasing degree and throughout an ever-widening field. If the Indian Nationalist can be induced to put aside the weapon of Non-co-operation for a farcical representation in the Councils (that is being recommended by the Moderates); or if, as the Extremists advise, the peaceful weapon be given up and the "sword" accepted from the hand of the enemy who knows well how to use and to parry it, then the fight is lost. If Gandhi's prestige can be diminished (and many are the efforts to do this inside and outside of India at the present time), if the policy of "division" can be put into operation among his followers, if the approximate unity of Left, Right and Centre—that this incomparable leader is striving to achieve—can be prevented, victory is postponed, perhaps indefinitely. Lajpat Rai said at the time he went to prison, "Repression is a sign that Swaraj is won." He called upon all India to get into *Khadi*, achieve perfect religious unity, do away with "untouchability," observe the spirit of non-violence, and stand out before the world a free and independent India. Ramsay Macdonald said years ago, "The last chapter in the history of bureaucracies is repression. They pass away like an old monarch from his throne hurling accusations of sedi-

tion against his approaching successor." Unless all signs fail, the volume of India's long history is open to the last chapter of British domination. That Mahatma Gandhi—the leader of the opposition to the Government—has chosen the sword of the spirit instead of bullets and poison gas is not only fortunate but it was inevitable. The Non-co-operation movement, as informed Indians see it, is in reality not a *trade dispute*, nor yet a political move, so much as it is a spiritual manifestation. The commercial and political aspects, they tell us, are only incidental to the struggle. In reality the movement is a sign of the awakening of the Asiatics to a sense of their manhood,—the token that they do not mean to play a servile or degraded part in our society. This, said Gandhi himself, "is the wonderful thing that Government and churches alike have failed to see." In other words India's present unrest is but a part of the great continental movement—the spiritual revolt of Asia against materialism, a materialism, that found tragic demonstration in the last war. A great spiritual revolution demands spiritual weapons. Says the leader-writer of the *Bombay Chronicle*—who by the way is a Mohammedan :

"But Mahatma Gandhi is as a prophet of old in his wisdom. He knows that what all the religions of the world teach is right, only the teaching has never been completely applied. He desired that India shall teach the world the greatest lesson of all time—that consistent right must prevail far more surely than Right that calls on Wrong for aid. Not that a resort to arms is wrong when a people have no other. Not that honest anger under oppression is a sin. But both are *imperfections*. The world deems George Washington and De Valera great and good men and splendid patriots. Many in the world deem Lenin and Trotzky the same. On these the imperfect way to freedom was forced—the way of honest anger and bloodshed. But on

Mahatma Gandhi and India lies no such compulsion. We cannot but believe that the great God has so adjusted these modern circumstances called "economic" as to allow India, alone of all nations of the earth, to prove to a distracted world that God is its ruler and that God's law must prevail.

A nation of more than three hundred million souls is declaring its will to be free. Opposed to it are alien statesmen and tradesmen who desire to postpone the day of freedom lest their prestige and their pockets suffer. A united nation has pledged itself to win freedom by methods of sheer righteousness such as God is supposed to love best.

The eyes of the world are turned towards far away India, to the strange leader of an equally strange revolutionary movement—lying to-day in a British Indian prison. He is the first man in the history of the world to shift a great national conflict from the physical to the spiritual plane, and he says in support of his position : *Non-violence is the law of our species* as violence is the law of the brute. The spirit lies dormant in the brute, and he knows no law, but that of physical force. *The dignity of man requires obedience to a higher law*—the strength of the spirit. In the words of a young Indian, now in this country :

"India may be said to be demonstrating to the world the inerrability of Soul-force, or as Gandhi more often calls it—Truth-force. The many millions in the country who are keeping the faith are vindicating the glory of religion registering their conviction that "Where there is Truth, where there is religion, there also is victory."

Many are the fruits of Gandhi's teachings, already, in the interests of the purification and self-discipline as well as the political freedom of a great people. Gandhi, "Great Soul", is formulating anew the ancient message of trust in God

and faith in man that the world is in a fair way to forget. If through him the righteous rage of an oppressed people can be sublimated and turned into creative activity; and if India, while she is learning her lesson can teach to the world—sorely wounded as it is, as a result of dependence on physical force—the beauty and practicability of non-violence, then will she have earned the blessing of mankind for all time. If India fails, the proof of the divine beauty and the potential power of non-violent Non-co-operation must be left for another time and another race. Meantime humanity needs must keep in mind Gandhi's heartening and prophetic words—"Full effort is full victory."

At a time when the West is sinking into the miseries of economic collapse and political degradation, is there a better or finer hope for humanity than this sublime endeavor of the East to find a new basis for social and political life? Is it too much to say of Gandhi that upon his success hangs the destiny, not only of India but of the whole human race?

BLANCHE WATSON

GANDHI—THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

[The following article 'on "Gandhi the Man—a Consideration of the Man and his Message apart from his Political Activities" was contributed by the Rt. Hon'ble Sriinivasa Sastri to the *Survey Graphic* of New York, U. S. A.]

Polity is not separable from life. Mr. Gandhi would not countenance the separation, for his great aim is to strip life of its sophistication and to reduce it to its own nature—simple, rounded, pure. It merely happens that for the moment his activity is in the field of politics. It merely happens that for the moment his cry of Swaraj for India has caught the ear of the world and the world is anxious to know what his Swaraj is. His real and final objective is a radical reform of human kind. His Gospel is "Back to Nature." He avows himself as an implacable enemy of western civilisation. In his mighty war against western civilisation, Swaraj for India is but a campaign. The rules of campaign are the rules of the mighty war ; the weapons to be used in the campaign are the weapons to be used in the campaign of the mighty war ; the virtues to be evoked by the campaign are the virtues which will win the mighty war in the end. The cardinal rule of both, the war and the campaign, is non-violence. Non-violence is of the heart as well as of the body. By thought, word and act you may not injure your adversary. Enemy in a personal sense is too strong a word for his dictionary. But as the adversary does not know the rule, you will be subjected to great suffering and loss. Rejoice in the suffering and loss and court them ; if you cannot rejoice in them, do not avoid

or complain against them. Love your enemies ; if you love them, pardon them and never retaliate against them. Force is wrong and must go under. The soul is invincible ; learn to exercise its full power. Hold to the truth at all costs ; *Satya* triumphs in the end. Out of this cardinal rule, almost logically, proceed a number of principles which will keep us straight in the war and this campaign for *Swaraj*. Since western civilisation and the existing system of British Government have to be got rid of, we must have nothing to do with either offspring of Satan ; we must cut off our connection with those large and powerful institutions by which they enslave us. These are schools, courts, legislatures. Withdraw children from schools, sue not for justice in courts, and avoid the polling-booth. Machinery being another invention of Satan and mills being the main-stay of British domination in India, boycott both, cease to import foreign cloth, and erect a spindle in each home. The motion of the charka has mystic properties, its music chastens the soul, and its products must adorn the human form, especially the female form. These principles and courses of action have more or less permanent validity because the war against modern civilisation must be expected to be of indefinite duration. It is a picked body, however,—namely the members of the *Satyagrahasrama* in Ahmedabad—who are engaged in this exalted enterprise and owe life-long allegiance to those principles and courses of action. The numerous levies now fighting in India under the flag of non-co-operation are enrolled only for a single campaign and may lapse into the common grooves of life as soon as the British Government has been brought to its knees and has consented to change its basis. In the intensive operations of this campaign it

may become necessary to resort to civil disobedience of select laws and non-payment of taxes. But, whatever the severity of the measures which such action may provoke the authorities to adopt, non-co-operators are precluded from the slightest infraction of the commandment as to non-violence.

To understand Mr. Gandhi's view of life, attention must be fixed on the rules he has laid down for the regulation of his Ahmedabad institution. Its name Satyagrahasrama, means the hermitage of the determined practice of truth or the abode of soul-force. The Asrama is still small. It has had no real chance of proving its vitality, for ever since its establishment other things have claimed the energies of its founder. But the attainment of its objects is conditioned by the increase of its numbers and the acceptance by the community at large of those austere ideals which are at present exemplified in the lives of a few apostles. No estimate can be formed of the prospective influence of the new gospel without an examination of its real nature.

Truth in the highest sense is possible only where the individual enjoys complete freedom. All forms of force or coercion are thus at once barred. Compulsion, authority, government—those are anathema maranatha to one who at bottom is a philosophical anarchist. In fact he describes the essence of his doctrine sometimes as love, sometimes as truth, sometimes as non-violence (ahimsa); these forms are in his opinion interchangeable. No organised government, in the ideal world, is justifiable. The merit of the British Government is that it governs the least. Even a family and school must trust entirely to the power of love and moral reasoning. Flagrant mis-conduct he deals with by himself, fasting for a certain number of days, the guilty party being

invariably brought to a state of contrition within that period. Sometime ago he applied this remedy to end a serious strike in a mill, the employers coming to reason for fear of incurring sin. Within the last few weeks the violence practised by some persons in Bombay in the name of non-co-operation on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit entailed this term of self-chastisement on his part, and by all accounts it had the desired result.

Nobody is entitled to possess more than is absolutely necessary for the movement. To hold in excess of the need is to be guilty of theft. He and his wife have given away all their property—he practised law for many years with success and now own nothing beyond the clothes they wear and a change or two and may be a bag or box to contain those. The "Asrama" in Ahmedabad contains the barest necessities.

Each person must supply his wants by his own exertion. The ideal is to grow the corn that one eats and weave the cloth that one wears. Even the brain worker is not exempt from this bodily labour. In fact, the spindle has grown to be a fetish with Mr. Gandhi. Its music has a charm for him. He prescribes it for all men and women. Boys must prefer it to books. Lawyers must cast away their brief for it. Doctors must abandon stethoscope and take to it.

So far its products have been coarse, but he asks, can a man or woman look more beautiful than in the Khaddar made by himself or herself? When a lady pupil of his wore the first sari of her own making he pronounced her divinely attractive. Without a doubt his eyes so saw her and his mind so judged her.

Control of the senses is a requisite of the first importance.

It is very hard and can be only very slow. But it must be incessantly and ruthlessly practised. Luxuries are, of course, taboo. Even comforts must be steadily reduced. The palate is a particularly venal sense and has to be rigidly curbed. Simple hard fare is a condition of spiritual advancement. Celibacy is also enjoined on the inmates of the Asram. Married couples may not be admitted unless they agree to surrender their mutual relation and adopt that of brother and sister. If Mr. Gandhi had his way he would recommend this course to mankind. The resulting extinction of the species has no terrors for him. He merely asks, why should we not all go to a better planet and live on a higher plane? The question would not appear so fantastic, after all, to one who believed in the re-birth of souls according to the law of Karma and remembered that no person would be a celebate except of his or her own free choice and when the sex passion had been transcended.

Machinery being one of the most inseparable adjuncts of modern civilisation, must be abandoned. It is of the kingdom of Satan. Mills and factories, where the labourer is done out of his humanity, have no place in his scheme. The wealth they create, it needs no saying, is an abomination. Posts and telegraphs and railways are likewise condemned, and with them goes the printing press. He says that everytime he himself uses one of these instruments of civilisation he does so with a pang. It would be nearly as hard for him to carry on his work without resort to them as it would be to escape from the atmosphere of the earth, but perhaps the use of evil might be defensible in its own destruction. Rapid and easy means of communication have but multiplied crime and disease; could not man infer from

the fact of God having given him legs that he was not intended to go farther than they could carry him? What are ordinarily called the benefits of railways and similar things are in reality the opposite, being added enjoyments or means of gratifying the senses.

Medicine does not escape his judgment; he calls it black magic and actually says it is better to die than be saved by a drug prescribed by the doctor. The fear of immorality and unhealthy modes of life has been materially weakened, if not totally removed by the hope of being saved from the evil consequences by the help of the doctor. A return to the cure of nature and her simples would redeem mankind.

These and similar doctrines, which appear harsh to the ordinary person, form the substance of Mr. Gandhi's ethics. Let it not be supposed that they are logical abstractions formulated for the purpose of a moral treatise or sermon, and with no intended application to life. Their propounder practises them in the spirit and in the letter, and the limitations on their practice do not proceed from any tenderness for himself or his relatives. His renunciation of worldly goods has already been mentioned. He does not seek the medical man in sickness. He eats hard fare. He wears 'Khaddar' woven by his own hands and in that dress and barefooted appears before the Viceroy of India. He knows no fear and shrinks from nothing which he advises others to do. In fact his love of suffering and hardship as a means of spiritual progress is almost morbid. His compassion and tenderness are infinite like the ocean, to use an eastern simile. The present writer stood by as he wiped the sores of a leper with the ends of his own garment. In

fact it is his complete mastery of the passions, his realisation of the ideals of a 'Sanyasin' in all the rigour of its eastern conception, which accounts for the great hold he has over the masses of India and has crowned him with the title of Mahatma or the Great Soul.

Now to a few other doctrines of a subordinate grade. Curiously enough he is a believer in the system of caste, though the pride of caste and its exclusiveness will receive no quarter from him. Apparently he is convinced of its beneficence, if maintained in its original purity, and holds it to be the essence of Hinduism. In this belief, however, he is not likely to be followed by a great section of his countrymen, who are anxious to restore their religion to its ancient purity. But he is at one with them and in fact with the awakened conscience of India in desiring to exorcise the demon of untouchability. Millions of people are held by caste Hindus to be beneath their physical touch and live in conditions which are scarcely fit for human beings. These he would uplift, asserting that Hinduism gives no kind of justification for the abuse. But his work for the depressed classes, as they are called, would take the form which has quite recently been given to social work of that kind in the West. He would have the worker cast aside his own status and live the life of the class to be helped, do their work and earn their wages, exactly as they do. So only can real understanding and sympathy come, so only can that confidence be engendered which is the essential pre-requisite of all work of amelioration.

His non-co-operationist followers seem in places to have mixed up his humanitarian work with politics and so suffered a check. In the Mahatma's eyes no political rights

will be of the slightest use to a community which is the prey of great social failings, and work for "Swaraj" can never reach any success without simultaneous work for great social reforms. But violent political excitement is not a favourable condition for such activity. The indiscriminate antagonism of Government and its officials is only to be expected to the activities of the hosts of young picketters, who are pledged at the same time to embarrass and even destroy the ordinary administration.

The educational ideals of the Mahatma have not yet received clear expression. To compulsion, even of rudimentary education, he must be averse. The higher sciences and arts, the specialised forms of historical research or economic enquiry, with their glorification of machinery and wealth in its varied forms, will find no room in his simple scheme. Of the necessity of introducing one language for common use in India he has been for long a persistent advocate. He has chosen Hindi for the place of this 'lingua franca.' With characteristic earnestness he has collected funds for the spread of knowledge of this language and has sent out enthusiastic teachers to all parts of India. The Non-co-operation turmoil may have for the time over-shadowed this activity. Perhaps, too, the bulk of education workers in India has not yet accepted the Mahatma's conclusions in this regard and for this reason his efforts on behalf of Hindi have not been co-ordinated with the educational work of the country generally.

The writer of these lines is not one of Mr. Gandhi's political followers or a disciple of his in religion. But he claims to have known him for some years and to have been a sympathetic student of his teachings. He has felt near him the

chastening influence of great personality. He has derived much strength from observing the workings of an iron will. He has learnt from a living example something of the nature of duty and the worship due to her. He has occasionally caught some dim perception of the great things, that lie hidden below the surface, and of the struggles and tribulations which invest life with its awe and grandeur. An ancient Sanskrit verse says :—"Do not tell of holy waters or stone images : they may cleanse us, if they do, after a long period. A saintly man purifies us at sight."

V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI

THE APOSTLE OF PEACE

[Acharya Dr. Praphulla Chandra Roy, known as Sir P. C. Roy in all India and elsewhere, wrote the following in the *Servant* and the *A. B. Patrika* just after Mahatmaji had been imprisoned.—Ed.]

Mahatma Gandhi has been arrested. This apostle of peace, the devoted preacher of Ahimsa, has by divine grace united millions of his fellow brethren in an union the emblem of which is the Charka.

Men who usher in new epochs carry out the will of God guided by His hand ; and old truths are revealed as now through them. The rays of such truth penetrate through the accumulated crust of usages and light up our souls to self-realisation. Mahatmaji has found out such truth. Maintain Ahimsa, realise your self, be self-reliant ; these are what he has been preaching. Sayings like these have led India in other days to adopt the right course for the

nation. The fact is that Indian civilisation is founded on these basic truths, and it has therefore been possible for Mahatmaji to unite these millions of India other-wise divided in a hundred ways by caste or creed. That the ways of the West are not the only ways, that the Indian need not blindly accept the European creed of civilisation, has been often repeated by prominent men ; but it is through Mahatma Gandhi that India has come to realise this.

Mahatmaji is enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen. He has repeatedly requested his countrymen not to get agitated over his arrest. There is no doubt that people have been deeply pained at his arrest. Severe blows like these may make people violent, or stun them or make them more determined. His training has been successful ; people have not lost control over their better sense. Let this pain at his arrest make us determined and devoted to the sense of Swadeshi for which he was working. The first program of Swadeshi is to spin and weave hand-spun. *Let our love for Mahatmaji be sung in every home to the sweet music of the Charka.* If we have any love for Mahatmaji, let it be shown in our wearing Khadi. Many of the worthy sons of India are to-day in Jail. Batches of splendid and devoted workers, to remember whom is to be filled with joy, have willingly gone to Jail. Shall we baffle the object for which they are suffering, for which they have sacrificed themselves ? Would you not all wear Khadi even now ? Khadi is being produced in quantities in certain places and can be purchased at will. Those who cannot obtain it, let them make their own Khadi. It is now a fact beyond dispute that poor people can eke out an existence by spinning. Charka-spun yarn is being traded in maunds. But more is needed. Every one of our country-

men should clothe himself in Khadi. Our weavers should weave Khadi only. If you weave the fine, imported yarn in hand-loom and call such cloth Swadeshi, it would be simply a matter of self-deception. A cloth is not Swadeshi if it is not made of yarn made in the country and hand-spun. *It must at least be mixed Charka and Indian mill yarn.** Even now I find women of Bengal clothed in fine clothes of imported yarn. However much they may feel comfortable, the skeleton frame of famine appears to me to be peeping through the fine meshes of such clothing. It is this dress that has tied us down to famine. O mothers, do you not feel the clammy touch of fine clothing? You look like Lakshmi when clothed in Khadi. It is Khadi that has brought the blessings of Lakshmi to the poor. My earnest appeal to my countrymen is that they should regard Khadi as the only wear and thereby show their love for their country and their esteem for Mahatmaji.

Mahatmaji is to-day in Jail. He told us that prison was a holy place, Sri-Krishna himself was born in prison. To Mahatma Gandhi physical pain is no pain at all. His words are those of a free soul. That thing cannot be confined in any place. The soul is indestructible. "Weapons cannot tear it, fire cannot burn it." In Mahatmaji we realise what this indestructible soul is. Let Mahatma Gandhi be in prison hallowed by the love of millions of his countrymen. No imprisonment can dislodge him from the hearts of his people. Let our people wear khadi and maintain Ahimsa; he will get immeasurable pleasure even in Jail.

P. C. Roy.

* Mahatmaji does not, however, like half-Khadi and is not prepared to call it real Swadeshi.

LOVE IS THE HIGHEST LAW

[The late Count Leo Tolstoy, the Rishi of Russia, wrote the following among others in a letter dated September 7, 1910, to Mahatma Gandhi when he was conducting the struggle in South Africa.—Ed.]

The longer I live, and especially now, when I vividly feel the nearness of death, I want to tell others what I feel so particularly clearly and what to my mind is of particular importance—namely, that which is passive resistance, but which is in reality nothing else than the teaching of love uncorrupted by false interpretations. That love is then highest and only law of human life, and in the depth of his soul every human being (as we most clearly see in children) feels and knows this. This law was proclaimed by all—by the Indian as by the Chinese, Hebrew, Greek and Roman sages of the world.

I think this law was most clearly expressed by Christ, who plainly said that, 'In this only is all the law and prophets.' He knew, as every sensible man must know, that the use of force is incompatible with love as the fundamental law of life, that as soon as violence is permitted, in whichever case it may be, the insufficiency of the law of love is acknowledged, and by this very law is denied.

God help our dear brothers and co-workers in the Transvaal! That same struggle of the tender against the harsh, of meekness and love against pride and violence, is every year making itself more felt here among us also, specially in one of the very sharpest of the conflicts of the religious law with the worldly laws, in refusals of Military Service. Such refusals are becoming more and more

frequent. I greet you fraternally, and am glad to have intercourse with you.

And so your activity in the Transvaal, at it seems to us, at the end of the world, is the most essential work, *the most important of all the work now being done in the world*, and in which not only the nations of the Christians, but of all the world, will unavoidably take part.

LEO TOLSTOY

A LINEAL DESCENDANT OF BUDDHA, CHAITANYA.

[This article from the pen of the poetess Srimati Sarojini Devi (Naidu-jāyā), two more of whose writings will be found in this compilation, is the Foreword to *Mahatma Gandhi: His life, Writings and Speeches*, published by Ganesh & Co., Madras, 4th ed., July 1921, cr. 8vo., pp. 16—414, Price Rs. 2.—Ed.]

“It is only India that knows how to honour greatness in rags” said a friend to me one day as we watched Mahatma Gandhi cleaving his way through the surging enthusiasm of a vast assembly at Lucknow last year.

For surely the sudden appearance of Saint Francis of Assisi in his tattered robe in the fashionable purlieus of London or Milan, Paris or Petrograd to-day were scarcely more disconcerting or incongruous than the presence of this strange man with his bare feet and coarse garments, his tranquil eyes, and calm kind smile that disclaims even while it acknowledges a homage that emperors cannot buy.

But India, though she shift and enlarge her circumference age after age, keeps true to her spiritual centre and

A Lineal Descendant of Buddha, Chaitanya 139

retains her spiritual vision undimmed and eager to acclaim her saints. Let us not follow the conventional mode of the world and wait for a man to be dead to canonise him ; but rather let our critical judgment confirm the unerring instinct of the people that recognizes in Mahatma Gandhi a lineal descendant of those great sons of compassion who became the servants of humanity—Gautama Buddha, Chaitanya, Ramannuja, Rama Krishna.

He lacks, may be, breadth and height and ecstasy of their mystical attainment : but he is not less than theirs in his intensity of love, his sincerity of service and a lofty simplicity of life which is the austere flower of renunciation and self-sacrifice.

There are those who impatient and afraid of his exalted idealism would fain ignore him as a fanatic, a mere fanciful dreamer of inconvenient and impossible dreams.

And yet, who can deny that this gentle and lowly apostle of passive resistance has more than a militant energy and courage and knows, as Gokhale said, "how to mould heroes out of clay" ?

Who can deny that this inexorable idealist who would reduce all life to an impersonal formula, is the most vital personal force in the national movement and the prophet of Indian self-realization ?

He has mastered the secret of real greatness and learnt that true *yoga* is wisdom in action and that love is the fulfilling of the law.

Hyderabad (Deccan)
22nd November, 1917.

SAROJINI NAIDU,*

* Elsewhere the poetess has paid the following tribute to the Mahatma and his mission :

"You will wonder in what capacity and by what right I stand before

you to-day...to interpret to you the meaning, the purpose and mission of what my honoured *Guru* Mahatma Gandhi, has said to you. Ever since in far off Ahmedabad, in that little thatched cottage where the self-less sage dwells, living the life of a self-chosen poverty, ever since the little *Guru* of the men and women came to decide that the only possible weapon to-day in the armoury for tyrannised India was not the weapon of the machine-guns and swords but the immortal, elementary and invincible weapon of all spiritual revolt against temporal iniquity and therefore we, few men and women realising that, always in the spirit, there has been a channel of spiritual revolt and spiritual power which is against the material weapon and the material power of other nations, we decided to dedicate our lives, and all that our lives stand for in the way of our personal liberty and yea, according to the world's standards, of our personal honour and our personal happiness... The Satyagraha movement is a thing of organic life which must of necessity grow and expand because it carries within itself the immortal functions of life and so the Satyagraha movement has kindled its fire in the temple or *Ashrama* where Mahatma Gandhi is the high priest or *Guru*. He has lighted the flame where the torches of the spirits of India must catch fire so that the spiritual illumination of that national dedication to the cause of justice and liberty, India shall be served by her great army of spiritual warriors ready for death.' '

The above is taken from the poetess' speech at a public meeting of the citizens of Madras, March 17, 1919, in moving a resolution to express the citizens' unqualified adherence to Mahatma Gandhi's Satyagraha movement.—Ed.

GANDHI'S RELIGION

[The following account of Gandhi's religious views is taken from the late Rev. Joseph Doke's *M. K. Gandhi*, Natesan & Co., Madras. —Ed.]

Mr. Gandhi's religious views, and his place in the theological world, have naturally been a subject of much discussion here. A few days ago I was told that "he is a Buddhist." Not long since a newspaper described him as "a Christian Muhammadan," an extraordinary mixture indeed. Others imagine that he worships idols, and would be quite prepared to find a shrine in his office, or discover the trunk of Gunpatty projecting from among his books. Not a few believed him to be a Theosophist. I question whether any system of religion can absolutely hold him. His views are too closely allied to Christianity to be entirely Hindu; and too deeply saturated with Hinduism to be called Christian, while his sympathies are so wide and catholic, that one would imagine "he has reached a point where the formulæ of sects are meaningless."

One night, when the house was still, we argued out the matter into the morning, and these are the results.

His conviction is that old Hinduism, the Hinduism of the earliest records, was a pure faith, free from idolatry: that the spiritual faith of India has been corrupted by materialism, and because of this she has lost her place in the van of the nations; that, through the ages God, pervading all, manifested Himself in different forms, becoming incarnate, for purposes of salvation, with the object of leading men back into the right path. The *Gita* makes Krishna say —

"When religion decays and when irreligion prevails, then I manifest myself. For the destruction of evil, for the firm establishment of the dharma I am born again and again."

"But," said I, "has Christianity any essential place in your theology?" "It is part of it," he said. "Jesus Christ is a bright revelation; that he is to me," I replied. "Not in the sense you mean," he said frankly, "I cannot set him on a solitary throne because I believe God has been incarnate again and again."

To him, a religion is an intensely practical thing. It underlies all action. The argument frequently used against the Passive Resistance campaign, that "It is simply a political affair, with moral elements in it but giving no relation to religion," is to him a contradiction in terms. Politics, morals, commerce, all that has to do with conscience must be religion.

Naturally, his imagination is profoundly stirred by the "Sermon on the Mount," and the idea of self-renunciation pictured there, as well as in the *Bhagavad Gita* and *The Light of Asia* wins his complete assent. Self-mastery, self-surrender, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, are, in his conception of life, stepping-stones to the ultimate goal of all—the goal of Buddha, the goal as he interprets it, of John the Evangelist—absolute absorption of redeemed Man in God.

I question whether any religious creed would be large enough to express his views, or any Church system simple enough to shut him in. Jew and Christian, Hindu, Muhammadan, Parsi, Buddhist and Confucian, all have their places in his heart as children of the same Father. "Are you then a Theosophist?" I asked. "No," he said emphatically, "I am

not a Theosophist. There is much in Theosophy that attracts me, but I have never been able to subscribe to the creed of Theosophists."

This breadth of sympathy is, indeed, one note of the Passive Resistance movement. It has bound together all sections of the Indian community. It would be impossible to determine which religious section has done most for its interests. Mr. Cachalia, Mr. Dawad Muhammad and Mr. Bawazeer are followers of Islam ; Mr. Parsee Rustomjee and Mr. Sorabji are Zoroastrians , Mr. G. P. Vyas and Mr. Thambi Naidoo are Hindu leaders. All have suffered imprisonment, and all have rendered unstinted service, while common suffering has drawn these and other helpers into a brotherhood of sympathy in which differences of creed are forgotten.

An incident of last August will illustrate this statement. When "the old offender," Mr. Thambi Naidoo, the Tamil leader, was sent to prison for the third time, to do "hard labour" for a fortnight, Mr. Gandhi suggested that we should visit the sick wife together. I assented gladly. On our way we were joined by the Moulvie and the Imam of the Mosque, together with the Jewish gentleman. It was a curious assembly which gathered to comfort the little Hindu woman in her home—two Muhammadans, a Hindu, a Jew and a Christian. And there she stood, her eldest boy supporting her and the tears trickling between her fingers. She was within a few days of the sufferings of motherhood. After we had bent together in prayer, the Moulvie spoke a few words of comfort in Urdu, and we each followed, saying what we could in our own way to give her cheer. It was one of the many glimpses which we have lately had of that divine love, which mocks at boundaries of creed, and

limits of race or colour. It was a vision of Mr. Gándhi's ideal.

Owing, chiefly to his sense of the sacredness of life, and of his views of health, *vegetarianism is with him a religious principle*. The battle was fought out in childhood under his mother's influence. But since that time abstinence from all animal food has become a matter of strong conviction with him, and he preaches it zealously. When, in these Transvaal prisons, the authorities persisted in cooking the crushed mealies of the prisoners in animal fat, his followers preferred to starve rather than touch it.

It is also part of his creed to live simply. *He believes that all luxury is wrong*. He teaches that a great deal of sickness, and most of the sins of our day, may be traced to this source. To hold in the flesh with a strong hand, to crucify it, to bring the needs of his own life, Thoreau and Tolstoi-like, within the narrowest limits, are positive delights to him, only to be rivalled by the joy of guiding other lives into the same path.

I write this in the house in which he usually lives when in Johannesburg. Yonder is the open stove—there is the rolled-up mattress on which he sleeps. It would be difficult to imagine a life less open to the assaults of pride or sloth than the life lived here. Everything that can minister to the flesh is adjured. Of all men, Mr. Gándhi reminds one of "*Purun Dass*," of whom Kipling writes :—He had used his wealth and his power for what he knew both to be worth, had taken honour when it came in his way ; he had seen men had cities far and near, and men and cities had stood up and honoured him. Now he would let these things go, as a man drops the cloak he needs no longer."

This is a graphic picture of our friend. He simply does what he believes to be his duty, accepts every experience that ensues with calmness, takes honour if it comes, without pride; and then, "lets it go as a man drops the cloak he needs no longer," should duty bring dishonour. In the position of "Paran Bhagat," he would do easily what the Bhagat did, and no one, even now, would be surprised to see him go forth at some call which no one else can hear, his crutch under his arm, his begging bowl in his hand, an antelope skin flung around him, and a smile of deep content on his lips.

"That man alone is wise

Who keeps the mastery of himself."

Mr. Gandhi is not a Christian in any orthodox sense. Perhaps orthodox Christianity has itself to blame for this. There is little inducement in these Colonies for an Indian to recognise the Loveliness of Christ under the disguise in which Christianity clothes the Lord.

We have failed, too, I believe, to realise the inwardness of this Passive Resistance movement: and the apparent indifference of the Churches has been deeply felt by these men. In reality, it is not a trade dispute, nor is it a political move: these are incidents of the struggle. It is a sign of the awakening of the Asiatics to a sense of their manhood, the token that they do not mean to play a servile or degraded part in our Society; it is their claim, put forward in suffering, to be treated by Christians in a Christian way. This is the wonderful vision which Government and Churches alike have failed to see.

JOSEPH DOKE.

GANDHI'S RELIGION

[The following is taken from an article in the *Nation*, London, appearing over the pen-name 'A Young Indian,' and quoted in the *Servant*, Calcutta, May 1, 1922.—Ed.]

To say that Mr. Gandhi's religion is the faith of nationalism which has devastated Europe is simply not true. Nevertheless, it is not a little amusing to speak of a man who is trying to make his nation no more than a mistress in her own house as being tainted with the aggressive nationalism of the West. One might as well say that a man trying to assert his own authority in his own house, and to have a voice in his own affairs, is guilty of bad behaviour to his neighbours and intends to plunder them! One might as well blame Sinn Fein for being Jingoistic! A genuine League of Nations could only be constructed on the basis of self-determining and free units. Yet you are not wrong when you think that Non-co-operation is not merely a movement against a system of Government, but against a type of civilization. So is Sinn Fein, and it is because "A. E."* has revealed this inner significance of the Irish struggle that you praise him. Is India to be debarred from developing her own culture simply because she is a coloured nation?

What, then, is Mr. Gandhi's religion? † It is the simple

* 'A. E.' the initials assumed by the national poet of Celtic revival in Ireland.—Ed.

† In the words of the Mahatma his "life is dedicated to the service of India through the religion of Non-violence, which I believe is the root of true Hinduism. I believe absolutely that India has a mission for the world. My religion has no geographical limits. If I have a living faith in it, it will transcend my love for India herself." Quoted by Blanche Watson in her *Voice of the New Revolution*, p. 54.—Ed.

one of justice and equality, preached not long ago by Christ, and forgotten by the Christian nations to-day. Whether he has fought for the wrongs of his country-men in South Africa, or in the Panjab, or for the removal of "untouchability" and the better treatment of labourers and farmers, that has been the impelling motive. As for his attitude to Western civilization, it may be summed up in Emerson's admirable remark that we want to separate in order to meet on a higher plane of unity. In other words, he wants us to be Indian in order to be human. That this is much more than a useless platitude can be easily realized by those who have known what it is to be ruled by people of another race. Just as the Indian people cannot forgive the injustice of the Panjab unless they have the strength out of which to forgive, so they cannot borrow from foreign nations with a national entity in which to assimilate truly. One would be the forgiveness of the coward, the other the imitation by the helpless. What there is of the West in India is, as you rightly observe, your own entire work—not the free choice and will of India. Nationalist India objects not so much to the Western atmosphere prevalent in India as against the way in which that atmosphere has come about. Mr. Gandhi's spinning wheel may be ridiculed as a reversion to primitive economy; yet it is, as the ablest Moderate Indian journalist has put it, a symbol of protest against the economic exploitation of India by Britain which began with the cotton excise duties of the Company, and is still seen at work in the sale of reverse councils and the raising of a 7 per cent sterling loan in London the other day. In a wider sense, it is an attempt to show that human life is more precious than industrial power, and that India can become

happy and contented without wholesale resort to the Western type of industrialism.

‘A YOUNG INDIAN’

SOUL-FORCE DESTINED TO BE WORKED UP

[Dr. Subramania Iyer, that old venerable ex-judge of the Madras High Court, who returned the honour of knighthood, spoke among others the following in welcoming Mahatma Gandhi and Srimati Gandhi-jāyā, in June 1915.—Ed.]

It is a life every incident in which from the day on which he set foot on the South African soil to the day on which he left it, deserves to be recorded in every vernacular of this country in chaste and impressive language and distributed broadcast so that the knowledge thereof may extort from the historians of this century admiration. Great as has been the work done by him, my conviction is that the work he has done is simply a preparation to what he is destined to do in the future.

What is wanted in India is not so much martial capacity, physical force, power to threaten other people. We want the soul-force which Mr. Gandhi is trying to work up. Soul-force consists in a man being prepared to undergo any physical or mental suffering, taking the precaution that he will not lay a single finger to inflict physical force upon the other side. It was that soul-force that was manifested by the South African Indians and it was the same force that should be developed in this country.

SUBRAMANIA IYER.

HIS PENANCES NOT IN VAIN : MIGHTY TRIUMPH OF NON-VIOLENCE.

["The Imprisonment and After" is the title of an article from the pen of Mr. C. F. Andrews, appearing in *Young India*, April 20, 1922, from which the following extracts are made.—Ed.]

Mahatma Gandhi has written to me from Sabarmati Jail a letter which begins as follows :—

"At last I am having a quiet time. It was bound to come. The calm that prevails to-day in India is surely a mighty triumph of Non-violence."

It has indeed been a mighty triumph ! We have only to compare what happened in 1919, on April 10, when the news of Mahatmaji's arrest reached as far as Ahmedabad and the Panjab with the quietness that has just been witnessed to realise the difference of atmosphere in India then and in India now.

Only a few months ago,—who could have dared to hope, that the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi would be accomplished without a single sign of violence from one end of India to the other ? And the second test came rapidly following upon the first, when the sentence of six years' imprisonment was pronounced. Again there was not a trace of violence. On other occasions, I was in the North of Calcutta in Barabazar, at the time the news reached the public and witnessed with my own eyes its effect upon the crowd. I saw groups of poor, illiterate people eagerly bending over each person who held the newspaper sheet in his hand and could read out the news. Friends came to me later in the house, where I was stopping, and tears were in the eyes as

they spoke of what had happened. There was a gloom that was profound in all our hearts. Then in the streets, when I went out later in the evening, I witnessed careless laughter. The conventional round of life seemed hardly to have been stirred beyond a ripple on the surface for a moment. But it would have been altogether wrong to infer that men's hearts had not been deeply moved and shocked. The shock had been too deep for words.

There was no noise or shouting. There was not a sign, as far as I myself could observe, of race hatred or race passion. The lesson of Mahatma Gandhi's over-repeated fasts and acts of penance, his humiliations, had not been in vain. The whole gathering strength of the movement, which he had inaugurated, was seen when put to this supreme test ; and the joy expressed in his letter to me, at the 'mighty triumph of Non-violence,' was justified by the event.

There is a beautiful passage in the letter of Hakim Ajmal Khan in answer to Mahatma Gandhi's letter :—

"I can feel happy" Hakimji writes, "at your arrest, Mahatmaji, only when I find that, as a mark of the profound respect that the country has for you, it takes still greater interest in the national movement than it did when you were free. It gives me infinite pleasure to see, that the country observed perfect peace on your arrest." This is a clear sign of the spread of the spirit of Non-violence in the country, which is as essential for our success as pure air is for life."

Thus after the imprisonment, there has come an immediate resumption of the fundamental work, which Mahatma Gandhi himself left behind him to be done by countless workers. The outward inspiration of the central

figure, may now be lacking, but the inward inspiration remains. What is needed is that each worker should feel the burden of responsibility placed upon his own shoulders so as to carry out in an atmosphere of peace Mahatma Gandhi's constructive programme to the end.

C. F. ANDREWS

THE TRUE MIND AND HEART OF INDIA.

[In the course of a foreward to a pamphlet, *Mahatma Gandhi* * by V. Mangalvedkar, Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar, late Advocate-General of Madras has paid the following tribute to the Mahatma. Mr. Iyengar has since then published a very interesting paper on the "New Nationalism" in the *Modern World*.—Ed.]

In judging of Mahatma Gandhi, the ordinary standards of criticism are hopelessly inadequate. To-day he is the idol of millions of his countrymen and is the sole hope of the Indian nation. That to-day he is regarded as the prophet, a saint or a hero, and his words are listened to as the words of a man inspired of God, is nothing extraordinary. Posterity, I feel confident, will not easily disturb that judgment. Superlatives stagger when Indians desire to express the reverence and admiration they have for him! Millions of his countrymen fondly believe that he is destined to win Swaraj for India and that his spiritual power is so great as to bend an imperial people to his will. I should like simply to say that Mahatma Gandhi's signal success is due to the fact that he represents most faithfully and fearlessly the true mind and heart of India.

* Published by Indian Literature Publishers, Madras, 1921, price 8 annas.

His ideals and methods of work and his experiments in racial psychology, particularly those calculated to transform a weak and disunited people into a manly and united nation, are of catastrophic importance. They have stunned and amazed and hypnotised the whole world and particularly his own country. His disciples who number by millions reverently believe that he is giving the world a new revelation. The story of his life is happily yet incomplete ; and it is too soon for cold reason to say how far his gospel will prove to be an enduring possession of the people. This much is certain : he has brought back India which was drifting in the dangerous waters of westernization to her true moorings. The scales have dropped from our eyes and we are face to face with our true souls. Agreement with him in all that he says and does is not the test of his unique and decisive influence. A truer test of it is perhaps to be found in the way in which those who constantly and resolutely oppose him, speak of him publicly. Whether he wins the Swaraj of the politician or the lawyer, he has won it in the sense that India for the first time in her history, has become nationalized as she had never been before. I feel sure that every reader of this book will realize the full significance, power and beauty of the soul of the greatest warrior saint that Mediæval or Modern India has seen.

Mylapore, Madras.

1st September, 1921.

}

S. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

SAINT PATRIOT STATESMAN IN ONE

[The name of Mr. H. S. L. Polak of South African fame, a friend of the oppressed, is not new to Indians. He became a particular friend of Mahatma Gandhi during the latter's struggle in S. Africa. Mr. Polak holds the honourable position of Honorary Secretary of the Indians Overseas Association, London. He is also author of a Life of Gandhi. The following article is taken from an Appendix to Gandhi's "Speeches and Writings," 3rd ed. Natesan, 1922.—Ed.]

His love of Truth

If there is one characteristic more than another that stamps Mr. Gandhi as a man amongst men, it is his extraordinary love of truth. His search for it is the one passion of his life, and every action of his indicates the devotee of this usually distant shrine. Whatever he says, even those most hostile to him unhesitatingly believe, as being the truth so far as he is aware of it, and he will not hesitate to retract, publicly and immediately, anything that he may have unwittingly declared to be a fact, but which he afterwards finds to be unwarranted. His political opponents admit unquestioningly that every action of his is prompted only by the most conscientious and impersonal motives. In his legal practice, which he long ago definitely abjured as an "unclean thing," he was highly regarded by his fellow-practitioners as an able lawyer and an honourable colleague or opponent, and Magistrates and Judges alike paid careful attention to any case that Mr. Gandhi advocated, realising that it had intrinsic merits or that he sincerely believed that it had. He has been known to retire from a case in open Court, and in the middle of the hearing, having realised that his client had deceived him, and he never accepted a

case except on the express understanding that he reserved to himself the right to withdraw at any stage if he felt that his client had not dealt honestly with him.

Self-Suppression

His self-suppression and courtesy are universally recognised and appreciated. He has scarcely ever been known to give angry expression to his feelings, and then only when moved by a sense of righteous indignation. He has never, during the whole course of his public career, condescended to the use of the average politician's dictionary of invectives, and his courtesy and urbanity towards opponents arises from his desire and ability to place himself in their position before attacking it.

Generosity

His generosity is proverbial. He never issued a formal demand for payment of a debt to him, conceiving that his debtor, if an honest man, would pay when he could, and if a dishonest man, would not be made the more honest by the use of legal compulsion. Indeed, in his every action, he vindicates his hostility to the doctrine of force and his abiding affection for that of love as a rule of life. When he was nearly done to death by a fanatical Pathan, in 1908, he absolutely refused to charge his assailant or to give evidence against him. He preferred to conquer him by love, and succeeded; for early the following year the Pathan, who had been deported to India because he sturdily refused to comply with the Transvaal Law, addressed a letter to Mr. Gandhi in which he assured the latter that all his sympathies were with him and he would do what he could to help the cause.

Sense of Public Duty

Mr. Gandhi's sense of public duty is profound. Just before his first arrest, he received the news that his youngest child was desperately ill, and he was asked to go to Phoenix at once if he wished to save him. He refused, saying that his greater duty lay in Johannesburg, where the community had need of him, and his child's life or death must be left in God's hands. Similarly, during his second imprisonment, he received telegraphic news of Mrs. Gandhi's serious illness, and was urged even by the visiting Magistrate to pay his fine and so become free to nurse her. Again he refused, declining to be bound by private ties when such action would probably result in weakening the community of which he was the stay and the inspiration. And although after his release and his subsequent re-arrest, he could have secured indefinite postponement of the hearing of his case, so that he might nurse Mrs. Gandhi back to health after a serious operation, as soon as he heard that the Transvaal Government were anxious to see him back again in gaol, he hastened to the Transvaal from Natal, leaving Mrs. Gandhi, for aught he knew to the contrary, on her deathbed.

* * * *

Yet he is a devoted husband and father, and is intensely attached to children. Indeed, he is never happier than when with little children. His sense of duty was never more strikingly demonstrated than when he set out, on that fateful morning in February, 1903, to fulfil his pledge to the Transvaal Government that he would undertake voluntary registration. He knew that owing to a misunderstanding, which even his lucidity and persuasiveness could not overcome, a small section of the community had been rendered

bitterly hostile to him, and that his future assailant was at that moment in his office and waiting an opportunity for a physical attack, which could only be effected in the open street. Mr. Gandhi had no thought of seeking police protection against a compatriot, but walked straight to the Registration Office, and on the way the expected attack was delivered. Bleeding from open wounds and in the greatest pain, he was taken to the Rev. J. J. Doke's house, but before he would permit the doctor to stitch up his face, which was badly gashed, he insisted upon completing the form of application for voluntary registration in the presence of the Registrar of Asiatics, giving full details as to identity, like the least of his followers—Mr. Gandhi has always steadfastly refused, either within or outside of prison, to avail himself of any privilege that is not accorded to the humblest of his countrymen—and then permitted his wound to be sewn up without availing himself of an anæsthetic. That same day, though tossing feverishly upon a sick-bed, he issued the following manifesto to the Indian community, which had for the moment been taken aback by the suddenness of the assault and by a series of foolish errors on the part of the registration officials :—

"Those who have committed the act did not know what they were doing. They thought that I was doing what was wrong. They have had their redress in the only manner they know. I therefore, request that no steps be taken against them.

"Seeing that the assault was committed by a Mahomedan or Mahomedans, the Hindus might probably feel hurt. If so, they would put themselves in the wrong before the world and their Maker. Rather let the blood spilt to-day cement

the two communities indissolubly—such is my heartfelt prayer. May God grant it!The spirit of passive resistance rightly understood should make the people fear none and nothing but God—no cowardly fear, therefore, should deter the vast majority of sober-minded Indians from doing their duty. The promise of repeal of the Act, against voluntary registration, having been given, it is the sacred duty of every true Indian to help the Government and the Colony to the uttermost."

To assume responsibilities, to recognise obligations, was always Mr. Gandhi's main thought in his relations with the European colonists of South Africa; for he knew that the completest rights cannot be availed of by undeveloped and irresponsible people. Hence his offers, on behalf of the community, of ambulance and stretcher-bearer corps, his desire to afford the Government and Municipal authorities the utmost help at all times in the proper conduct of public affairs and the governance and uplifting of the Indian community. He always felt that the only possible road to progress was by compelling the European colonists to recognise the real worth and sterlingness of character of his compatriots and a deep-seated desire to secure mutual respect was at the bottom of his action in advising his fellow-countrymen to continue the struggle for the preservation of their manhood.

Mr. Gandhi will, not hesitate, when necessary, to set himself against the opinion of many of his country-men or boldly to declare whose is the responsibility for any recognised evil. Indeed his general attitude may be briefly summed up in the following statements he once made to the writer: "Most religious men I have met are politicians in

disguise ; I, however, who wear the guise of a politician, am at heart a religious man."

Hindu-Muslim Brotherhood

So far as the Indian community itself was concerned, Mr. Gandhi had appointed for himself one supreme task—to bring Hindus and Mahomedans together and to make them realise that they were one brotherhood and sons of the same Motherland.

His attitude as a Hindu towards Mahomedans is well defined in the following letter addressed by him to a Mahomedan correspondent :—

"I never realise any distinction between a Hindu and a Mahomedan. To my mind both are sons of Mother India. I know that Hindus are in a numerical majority and that they are believed to be more advanced in knowledge and education. Accordingly, they should be glad to give way so much the more to their Mahomedan brethren. As a man of truth, I honestly believed that Hindus should yield up to the Mahomedans what the latter desire, and they should rejoice in so doing. We can expect unity only if such mutual large-heartedness is displayed. When the Hindus and Mahomedans act towards each other as blood-brothers, then alone can there be unity ; then only can we hope for the dawn of India."

And as has already been seen, Mr. Gandhi is prepared to shed his blood in order that the bonds of Hindu-Mahomedan brotherhood might be the more firmly cemented.

CHIVALRY

His chivalry is at once the admiration of his friends and followers and the confusion of enemies. A telling

example of this was given when, in October, 1908, together with a number of compatriots, he was arrested and charged at Volksrust, the Transvaal border town. Mr. Gandhi then gave the following evidence on behalf of his fellow-countrymen whom he was defending, and though he was not called upon to make these admissions :—

“He took the sole responsibility for having advised them to enter the Colony. They had largely been influenced by his advice, though, no doubt, they had used their own judgment, he thought that, in giving that advice, he had consulted the best interests of the State. He asked the accused to enter at a public meeting and individually. They probably, at that time, had no idea of entering the Colony, except, perhaps, one of them. He would certainly admit that he had assisted the accused to enter. He admitted aiding and abetting them to enter the Transvaal. He was quite prepared to suffer the consequence of his action, as he always had been.”

Later, when giving evidence on his own behalf, he said :—

“In connection with my refusal to produce my registration certificate and to give thumb-impressions or finger-impressions ; I think that as an officer of this Court, I owe an explanation. There have been differences between the Government and British Indians, whom I represent as Secretary of the British Indian Association, over the Asiatic Act, No. 2 of 1907, and after due deliberation, I took upon myself the responsibility of advising my countrymen not to submit to the primary obligation imposed by the Act, but still, as law-abiding subjects of the State, to accept its sanctions. Rightly or wrongly, in common with other Asiatics, I consider that the Act in question, among other things, offends our conscience, and the only way, I thought,

as I still think, the Asiatics could show their feeling with regard to it, was to incur its penalties. And in pursuance of the policy, I admit that I have advised the accused who have preceded me to refuse submission to the Act, as also the Act 36 of 1903, seeing that in the opinion of British Indians, full relief, that was promised by the Government, has not been granted. I am now before the Court to suffer the penalties that may be awarded me."

And when he was next sentenced, Mr. Gandhi made the following declaration.—

"It is my misfortune that I have to appear before the Court for the same offence the second time. I am quite aware that my offence is deliberate and wilful. I have honestly desired to examine my conduct in the light of past experience, and I maintain the conclusion that, no matter what my countrymen do or think, as a citizen of the State and as a man who respects conscience above everything, I must continue to incur the penalties so long as justice, as I conceive it, has not been rendered by the State to a portion of its citizens. I consider myself the greatest offender in the Asiatic struggle, if the conduct that I am pursuing is held to be reprehensible. I therefore, regret that I am being tried under a clause which does not enable me to ask for a penalty which some of my fellow-objectors received, but I ask you to impose on me the highest penalty."

Thus, Mr. Gandhi indicated his willingness to become a passive resister even against his own countrymen, if need be, and his anxiety, like the Greek hero who rushed into the fray and found death by gathering into his own breast the spears of the enemy, to bring salvation to his people by accepting the fullest responsibility and the heaviest penalties.

Even whilst in gaol, he was a passive resister ; for he declined to eat the special food provided for him until his Indian fellow-prisoners were given a more suitable diet, and he deliberately starved himself upon one wretched meal a day for six weeks, until the authorities were obliged to promise a modified diet scale for Indian prisoners, a promise which they later fulfilled—for the worse.

Mr. Gandhi put his thought on the meaning of passive resistance concisely and in a direct form, when he addressed the following exhortation to the Transvaal Tamil community :—

“Remember that we are descendants of Prahlad and Sudhanva, both passive resisters of the purest type. They disregarded the dictates even of their parents when they were asked to deny God. They suffered extreme torture rather than inflict suffering on their persecutors: We in the Transvaal are being called upon to deny God, in that we are required to deny our manhood, go back upon our oath, and accept an insult to our nation. Shall we, in the present crisis, do less than our forefathers ?”

His Deep Spirituality.

His simplicity is extreme. He is a devoted follower of Tolstoy and Ruskin in their appeal for simpler life, and himself lives the life of an ascetic, eating the simplest fruits of the earth, sleeping often on a piece of sacking on the bare earth in the open air, and he cares nothing for personal appearance. He has reduced himself to a condition of voluntary poverty, and he has entirely abandoned the practice of law believing that he cannot consistently obtain his livelihood from a profession that derives its sanction from physical force. He acknowledges no binding ties of

kin or custom, but only of the obligation of his own conscience. Ram Krishna tested his freedom from caste-prejudice by sweeping out a pariah's hut with his own hair. Mohandas Gandhi has tested his by tending the wounds of a Babu savage with his own hands. With him the spirit of religion is everything, the world and its opinion nothing. He does not know how to distinguish Hindu from Mahomedan, Christian from infidel. To him all alike are brothers, fragments of the Divine, fellow-spirits struggling for expression. All he has, he gives. With him self-surrender and absolute sacrifice are demands of his very nature. His deep spirituality influences all round, so that no man dares to commit evil in his presence. He lives in the happiness of his friends, but he does not hesitate to create a condition of spiritual unrest in them when he conceives it his duty to point out the right and condemn the wrong. He cannot condone falsehood, but he reproves and rebukes lovingly. Indeed, love is his only weapon against evil. He sees God in every living thing, and therefore loves all mankind and the whole animal world. He is strictly vegetarian, not because of orthodoxy, but because he cannot cause the death of any creature and because he believes that life is of God. In faith he is probably nearer in touch with pure Jainism or Buddhism than any other creed, though no formal creed can really hold him. To him all is God, and from that reality he deduces his whole line of conduct. Perhaps, in this generation, India has not produced such a noble man—saint, patriot, statesman in one. He lives for God and for India. His one desire is to see unity amongst his fellow-countrymen. His every endeavour in South Africa was directed to showing the possibility of

Indian National unity and the lines upon which the national edifice should be constructed. His winning manners, pleasant smile and refreshing candour and originality of thought and action mark him out as a leader of men. But those who know him best recognise in him the religious teacher, the indicator of God, the inspiring example of "a pure, holy soul," as he has been called by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, the modesty, humility and utter self-abnegation of whose life provide a lesson for all who have eyes to see, ears to hear and an understanding spirit.

How he starved and fasted and sought to purify his physical nature, is to tell the story of a man to whom self-suffering is a daily joy and delight. And he did not subdue his body at the cost of his spirituality, as is the habit of so many self-tormentors, but his soul grew in exaltation as he felt himself free to express his higher nature and to devote greater energy to the service of his countrymen. He has been a true Bhakta, a devotee of the most earnest and humble type. Praise has always been painful and distasteful to him, though he has been lavish of it as regards his fellow-workers.

Every action of his life has been performed in the service of that Divine Essence that has so profoundly permeated his own being—from the grinding of wheat in his own home to the planting of fruit trees, the teaching of little children and the serving of his countrymen at the Kumbha Mela at Hardwar.

The Personality of the Man

But it is the majestic personality of the man Mohandas Gandhi, that overshadows his comparatively insignificant physique. One feels oneself in the presence of a moral

giant, whose pellucid soul is a clear, still lake, in which one sees Truth clearly mirrored. His is the meekness that has turned away with a thousand times, and that has disarmed opponents even when most hostile. Unarmed for war, he yet has conquered peace, for his weapons have been the age-old arms of moral fervour, calm determination, spiritual exaltation, sacrifice of the lower self, service of his fellowmen, lowliness, steadfastness, and an overwhelming love bestowed equally upon every living thing. A movement with such a man at its heart could not but succeed, and so the Passive Resistance struggle came to an end and freed its greatest exponent for still greater service on a wider stage. Meanwhile, he has fixed the lines of growth of his countrymen in South Africa, indicated the path and means of patriotic development for his countrymen in the Motherland, rallied the best of European sentiment to the South African Indian cause, developed the possibilities of Passive Resistance, and added yet one more name to the Golden Scroll of those who have deserved well of their country and of mankind.

Yet this is not the whole man. You cannot say this is he, that is he. All that you can say with certainty is that he is here, he is there. Everywhere his influence reigns, his authority rules, his elusive personality pervades and this must be so for it is true of all great men that they are incalculable, beyond definition. They partake of the nature of the Illimitable and the Eternal from which they have sprung and to which they are bound. With their feet firm-set on earth and their hands amongst the stars, they are pointers of the way to those who search, encouragers of the faint and weary, inspirers of those breathing in deep draughts of hope.

HENRY. S. L. POLAK

A NEW LIGHT.

[Sriji V. Mangalvedkar, the author of *Swaraj : A Drama in Five Acts*, published a small book on *Mahatma Gandhi* in the latter part of 1921, from which we take the opening chapter of the above title. The author in the course of his interesting little book has put "His (the Mahatma's) is a novel mission and a novel programme that religious teachers in the past had seldom attempted to carry out."—Ed.]

On the political horizon of India to-day, there shines a bright radiance compelling the reverence of astounded humanity in all the civilized countries of the globe. The New Light has grown intense of late ten-fold, hundred-fold and thousand-fold in splendour, all in the amazing course of year* This New Star, the hope and guide of the millions of the land, is achieving what seems impossible to the average mind. The quickness of its pace, the novelty of the way, and the infinite faith with which the world seems to move at its direction, shelve into the back-ground the pride of Armed Might. A man of very delicate frame, of tiny build, of unassuming ways, at first sight almost negligible as a commanding personality, relentlessly stirs up, mercilessly upsets the rooted vices of the age! His power at times seems enormous. His influence over the hearts of the people is overpowering! He resists the evil with an iron will, which grows as it feeds on the growing opposition. The more powerful the opposition, the more tremendous is the elasticity of the soul-force that is created. Under the thunder and smoke of cannons, under the rigorous regime of red-danger, the soul never flees, courage never wanes and judgment never falters. Like the brave soldiery engaged

in the wars of the Crusades, undaunted stands the Soldier of Truth, armed with spiritual weapons to face the dangers and risks of a mighty host trained in the arts of steel and mailed fist. With rocky determination he holds his ground, throws back the mighty weapon of offence, keeps calm holding the balance of his clear soul. The mundane weapons, bristling with all the deadly marks of scientific precision, boom and bray, threaten and terrify as if the whole world shall break. Like the arrows of the demonic Ravan, the sharpness and poison of the mighty shell of science falls at his feet bereft of its deadly trait. Our fables indulge in such fantastic boasts about the power and strength of the Divine Kings of India, as Rama and Krishna. To the divine order of men, the might of the mundane art is a negligible nothing. To-day the same fables of old are enacted in naked openness to the gaze and wonder of all. The might of the mightiest power is at suspense. The piled-up crores, the liveried array, the armed might and the deadly device of modern art shrink back finding no occasion to draw out their destructive fires. One Tiny Soul, an insignificant nothing before the glittering swords and arsenals of powder keeps at rest the energy of the mighty armed forces. No wonder, Supermen of the Indian legends did truly achieve the fabulous feats that to us seem strange. Here is a soul which attempts to do the same; strives to copy the ways of Ancient Gods of historic fame. The millions to-day look for his lead, hope for his long life and are ready to fling their lives in contempt at his call. His influence over the masses to-day is thorough. The faith, the trust and the confidence of the millions of this country in his soul is a fact beyond question. His quaint nature, quixotic ways,

and mystic hobbies add to his dignity rather than detract him in the estimation of his countrymen.

A saint of stern ways, of disciplined life, of paradoxical nature, of uncommon decisions, commands fanatic groups of men and women awaiting his saintly commands. Any single quaintness, or repulsive moods of the saint, if found in any other leader, however mighty otherwise, would destroy his fame.

The continued freaks of this Mighty Atom advance his strength all the same. What would be weakness, what would be repulsive, in others, makes for strength and love in the Modern Saint, who is the cynosure of all eyes of the Indian Empire. The life-long misery, the age-long subordination, the dull and inelastic nerves of the nation are put to test. The magnetic soul-force is all overpowering. The process of purification is hard indeed at this stage of decadence and long stagnation. The Tiny Saint does lead the nation by the whip, exhorts it to quicker action by methods which are queer to the modern materialist. The harsher his method, and the stronger the dose, the greater is his influence and the more solid his hold on the hearts of his countrymen. A man of simple life, pure habits, honest pretensions; divine motive, unselfish to the core, and out and out revolutionary in his ways! Good-intentioned, generous and impartial! The millions of India to-day, are living by his hopes, are forgetting their mundane belongings and are ready to suffer in joy and serve the country at his command. Some men actually find occasion to differ from him. In fact, many a leader never kept his disagreement with the Saint a secret. In his undaunted march the Mahatma secures more support from the masses

than when he had no disagreement with other leaders. Right or wrong, the masses believe in every word of the mighty leader. It is not judgment, not reason, not even the reward that sacrifices do bring that count with the people. In the true Hindu fashion, every word, every syllable, uttered by the Mahatma is law unto the millions of devotees who follow him. In the words of the famous poet, the followers feel that :—

Theirs is not to question why

Theirs is not to reason why

Theirs is but to do and die.

Never do his paltry defects, if any, sway the popular mind. In fact even his unreasonableness at times adds peculiar charm to the sweet soul of the man and many are the instances wherein mighty men gifted with intellectual faculties, men renowned for wisdom, have disapproved the judgment of

Mahatma in matters political. But they dare not cross his commands. The mighty man of reason in the Mahatma's company for a day or two comes out convinced of his divine influence. With folded hands and bowing head, the disciple seeks for a command from the Mahatma. The coarse, material ways of worldly men, otherwise great in secular walks, get refined as the new throbs of spiritual life are felt in him for the first time. The spiritual influence of the Mahatma on his disciples is marvellous! The marks of the devotee develop as the stranger drinks deep in the psychic fountain of love that the Tiny Soul generates. In fact, those who come to scoff at him remain and pray in the divine presence of the Mahatma. Not the physical strength, not the commanding personality, not the looks, not the stature but the enormous soul-force it is that counts. The

unbounded spiritual power that he wields behind, carries the entire masses with him. In fact, he is neither strong nor commanding in personal appearance !

How does this short figure command the trust and destiny of the millions of the land ? How, in spite of peculiar freaks and hobbies of the Saint, is he increasingly loved ? It is a problem indeed for many intelligent people who are proud of such possession ! There is something uncommon in the man ; something peculiar to himself ! He is above the mighty power of the cannon ! That is really amazing. In his case the all-mighty and all-comprehensive Indian Penal Code does not operate. He is above law, above the average man, above almost all leaders, above his fellows in point of austerity and character. In fine, the divinity of the soul works out its full extent in the Mahatma. A Superman of the Modern generation ! The latest exhibit of the Superman-type that the Creator has invented ! A chip of the old block, out of which the souls of Divine Men were made. He has something in common with Buddha, Jesus, Mahomed, Ramdas, Kabir and the rest of the Oriental Saints. In him meet the spiritualism of the East and the civilisation of the West. A leader who belongs to the higher order of angels but who nevertheless suits his divine method to the affairs of men of the present day ! Purely for the brilliance of his soul, mainly for the spotless motive of his ends and entirely for the willing sacrifice that he is prepared to make for the beliefs and ideals he holds, the confidence of the people has crowned him with laurels. Yet the struggle is not over ! The weary way has not ended once for all ! The soul is striving to do its task and hopes by spiritual gifts to elevate the nation from its infernal

depths. A rare gift to the Hindu race, that, by fortune, comes after long ages of suffering ! Almost an Avatar that has sprung up to hasten the course of evolution. In the words of the Gita, "For the protection of the righteous, for the destruction of the evil and for the establishment of *Dharma* (the Kingdom of the Lord) on earth," Mr. Gandhi works.

V. MANGALVEDKAR.

YOU CAN CONQUER THE BODY BUT NEVER THE SOUL

[Prof. Gilbert Murray, the well-known English writer contributed the article in the *Hibbert Journal* (1917), a quarterly publication of Messrs Williams & Norgate, London.—Ed.]

Let me take a present day instance of this battle between a soul and a Government, a very curious instance, because it is almost impossible without more knowledge than most people in England possess to say who was wrong and who right. About the year 1889 a young Indian student called Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, came to England to study law. He was rich and clever, of a cultivated family, gentle and modest in his manner. He dressed and behaved like other people. There was nothing particular about him to show that he had already taken a Jain vow to abstain from wine, from flesh, and from sexual intercourse. He took his degree and became a successful lawyer in Bombay, but he cared more for religion than law. Gradually his asceticism increased. He gave away all his money to good causes except the meagrest allowance. He took vows of poverty. He ceased to practise at the law because his religion—a

You can Conquer the Body but Never the Soul 171

mysticism which seems to be as closely related to Christianity as it is to any traditional Indian religion—forbade him to take part in a system which tried to do right by violence. When I met him in England in 1914, he ate, I believe, only rice, and drank only water, and slept on the floor: and his wife who seemed to be his companion in everything, lived in the same way. His conversation was that of a cultivated and well-read man with certain indefinable suggestions of saintliness. His patriotism which is combined with an enthusiastic support of England against Germany, is interwoven with his religion, and aims at the moral regeneration of India on the lines of Indian thought, with no barrier between one Indian and another to the exclusion as far as possible of the influence of the West with its industrial slavery, its material civilisation, its money-worship, and its wars. (I am merely stating this view, of course, not either criticising it, or suggesting that it is right.)

Oriental peoples, perhaps owing to causes connected with their form of civilisation, are apt to be enormously influenced by great saintliness of character when they see it. Like all great masses of ignorant people, however, they need some very plain and simple test to assure them that their hero is really a saint and not a humbug, and the test they habitually apply is that of self-denial. Take vows of poverty, live on rice and water and they will listen to your preaching as several of our missionaries have found; come to them eating and drinking and dressed in expensive European clothes—and they feel differently. It is far from a perfect test, but there is something in it. At any rate I am told that Gandhi's influence in India is now enormous, almost equal to that of his friend, the late Mr. Gokhale.

And now for the battle. In South Africa there are some 150,000 Indians, chiefly in Natal; and the South African Government, feeling that the colour question in its territories was quite sufficiently difficult already, determined to prevent the immigration of any more Indians, and if possible to expel those who were already there. This last could not be done. It violated a treaty: it was opposed by Natal, where much of the industry depended on Indian labour; and it was objected to by Indian Government and Home Government. Then began a long struggle. The whites of South Africa determined to make life in South Africa undesirable, if not for all Indians, at least for all Indians above the coolie class. Indians were specially taxed; were made to register in a degrading way; they were classed with Negroes; their thumb-prints were taken by the police as if they were criminals. If, owing to the scruples of the Government the law was in any case too lenient, patriotic mobs undertook to remedy the defect. Quite early in the struggle the Indians in South Africa asked Mr. Gandhi to come and help them. He came as a barrister in 1893; he was forbidden to plead. He proved his right to plead; he won his case against the Asiatic Exclusion Act on grounds of constitutional law, and returned to India. Gandhi came again in 1895. He was mobbed and nearly killed at Durban. I will not tell in detail how he settled down eventually in South Africa as a leader and counsellor to his people, how he found a settlement in the country out-side Durban, where the workers should live directly on the land and all be bound by a vow of poverty. For many years he was engaged in constant passive resistance to the Government and constant efforts to raise and ennoble the inward life of

the Indian community. But he was unlike other strikers or resisters in this: that mostly the resisters take advantage of any difficulty of the Government in order to press their claim the harder. Gandhi, when the Government was in any difficulty that he thought serious, always relaxed his resistance and offered his help. In 1899 came the Boer War. Gandhi immediately organised an Indian Red Cross Unit. There was a popular movement for refusing it and treating it as seditious. But it was needed. The soldiers wanted it. It served through the War, and was mentioned in despatches, and thanked publicly for its skilful work and courage under fire. In 1904 there was an outbreak of plague in Johannesburg and Gandhi had private hospitals opened before the public authorities had begun to act. In 1906 there was a Native rebellion in Natal. Gandhi raised and personally led a corps of stretcher-bearers whose work seems to have proved particularly dangerous and painful. Gandhi was thanked by the Governor in Natal and shortly afterwards thrown into jail in Johannesburg.

Lastly in 1913 when he was being repeatedly imprisoned among criminals of the lowest class, and his followers were in jail to the number of 2,500; in the very midst of the general strike of Indians in the Transvaal and Natal, there occurred the sudden and dangerous railway strike which endangered for the time the very existence of organised society in South Africa. From the ordinary agitator's point of view the game was in Gandhi's hands. He had only to strike his hardest. Instead he gave order for his people to resume work till the Government should be safe again. I cannot say how often he was imprisoned, how often he was robbed and assaulted, or what pains were taken to mortify

and humiliate him in public. But in 1913 the Indian case was taken up by Lord Hardinge and the Government of India. An Imperial Commission reported in his favour on most of the points at issue and an Act was passed according to the Commission's recommendations, entitled the Indian Relief Act.

My sketch is very imperfect; the story forms an extraordinary illustration of a contest which was won, or practically won, by a policy of doing no wrong, committing no violence, but simply enduring all the punishments the other side could inflict until they become weary and ashamed of punishing. A battle of the unaided human soul against overwhelming material force, and it ends by the units of material force gradually deserting their own banners and coming round to the side of the soul!

Persons in power should be very careful how they deal with a man who cares nothing for sensual pleasure, nothing for riches, nothing for comfort or praise or promotion, but is simply determined to do what he believes to be right. He is a dangerous and uncomfortable enemy because his body, which you can always conquer, gives you so little purchase upon his soul.

GILBERT MURRAY.

A LIBERATED SOUL: SACRIFICE PERSONIFIED.

[In an interview in America Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, the Poet, * spoke of Mahatma† as follows.—Ed.]

The secret of Gandhi's success lies in his dynamic spiritual strength and incessant self-sacrifice. Many public men make sacrifices for selfish reasons. It is a sort of investment that yields handsome dividends. Gandhi is altogether different. He is unique in his nobility. His very life is another name for sacrifice itself.

He covets no power, no position, no wealth, no name and no fame. Offer him the throne of all India, he will refuse to sit on it, but will sell the jewels and distribute the money among the needy.

Give him all the money America possesses, and he will certainly refuse to accept it, unless to be given away for a worthy cause for the uplift of humanity.

His soul is perpetually anxious to give and he expects absolutely nothing in return—not even thanks. This is no exaggeration, for I know him well.

He came to our school † at Bolpur and lived with us for

* The poet in a letter to Mahatma Gandhi wrote :—"The power our fellow-countrymen have shown in standing firm for their cause under severest trials, fighting unarmed against fearful odds, has given us a firmer faith in the strength of the God that can defy sufferings and defeats at the hands of physical supremacy, that can make its gains of its losses."

† Visvabharati (International University) at Santiniketan, Bolpur, Bengal.

some time. His power of sacrifice becomes all the more irresistible because it is wedded with his paramount fearlessness.

Emperors and Maharajas, guns and bayonets, imprisonments and tortures, insults and injuries, even death itself, can never daunt the spirit of Gandhi.

He is a liberated soul. If any one strangles me, I shall be crying for help ; but if Gandhi were strangled, I am sure he would not cry. He may laugh at his strangler ; and if he has to die, he will die smiling.

His simplicity of life is child-like, his adherence to truth is unflinching ; his love for mankind is positive and aggressive. He has what is known as 'the Christ spirit'. The longer I know him, the better I like him. It is needless for me to say that this great man is destined to play a prominent part in moulding the future of the world.

How can I make him known ? I am nothing compared to his illumined soul. And no truly great man has to be made great. They are great in their own greatness. When the time comes, Gandhi will be known, for the world needs him and his message of love, liberty and brotherhood.

The soul of the East has found a worthy symbol in Gandhi ; for he is most eloquently proving that man is essentially a spiritual being, that he flourishes the best in the realm of the moral and the spiritual, and most positively perishes both body and soul in the atmosphere of hatred and gunpowder smoke.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE *

* Elsewhere the poet has said : "He (Mahatma Gandhi) is a truly great soul. He is a saint, and saints still have a chance in India."—Fide 'Voice of the New Revolution,' by Blanche Watson.

THE POET'S HOMAGE TO THE MAHATMA.

[In the course of an article with the title 'The Call of Truth' contributed to the October 1921 issue of the *Modern Review* our world-poet paid the following tribute to Mahatma Gandhi.—Ed.]

The movement, which has now succeeded the Swadeshi agitation, is ever so much greater and has moreover extended its influence all over India. Previously the vision of our political leaders had never reached beyond [the English-knowing classes, because the country meant for them only that bookish aspect of it which is to be found in the pages of the Englishman's history. Such a country was merely a mirage born of vapourings in the English language, in which flitted about thin shades of Burke and Gladstone, Mazzini and Garibaldi. Nothing resembling self-sacrifice or true feeling for their countrymen was visible. At this juncture Mahatma Gandhi came and stood at the cottage door of the destitute millions, clad as one of themselves and talking to them in their own language. Here was the truth at last, not a mere quotation out of a book. So the name Mahatma, which was given to him, is his true name. Who else has felt so many men of India to be of his own flesh and blood? At the touch of truth the pent up forces of the soul are set free. As soon as true love stood at India's door, it flew open: all hesitation and holding back vanished. Truth awakened truth.

All honour to the Mahatma who made visible to us the power of truth.....The Mahatma's supreme love has drawn forth the country's love. The thing that has happened is nothing less than the birth of freedom. It is the gain by the country of itself.

I would take this opportunity of asserting once more my profound belief in Mahatma Gandhi's greatness of soul and my conviction that he is working a miracle in the political transformation of India for which service to my country I offer him my homage.*

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

HE AFFECTS ME SPIRITUALLY

[The following are extracts from the speech delivered at the Bombay Town Hall Meeting in December 1912, by the late Gopal Krishna Gokhale.—Ed.]

Only those who have come in personal contact with Mr. Gandhi as he is now, can realise the wonderful personality of the man. He is without doubt* made of the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made. Nay more. He has

* Elsewhere the Poet had written the meaning of non-co-operation, which is really speaking, "perfect co-operation of life and mind among ourselves." Says he :—

"The establishment of perfect co-operation of life and mind among ourselves must come first through *tapasya* of sacrifice and self-dedication, and then will come in its natural course the non-co-operation. When the fruit completely ripens itself, it finds its freedom through its own fulfilment of truth. Our country is crying to her own children for their co-operation in the removal of obstacles in our social life, which for centuries have been hampering us in our self-realisation. We need co-operation of the sacrifice of love, more than anything else, to prove to our country that she is ours; and then we shall have the moral right to say to others, 'We have nothing to do with you in our own affairs.' And for this all the moral fervour which the life of Mahatma Gandhi represents, and which he, of all other men in the world, can call up, is needed."

The above is taken from a letter dated Sept. 7, 1920; vide "Letters from Abroad" in the *Modern Review* for November, 1921.

In him the marvellous spiritual power to turn ordinary men around him into heroes and martyrs. During the recent passive resistance struggle in the Transvaal—would you believe it?—twenty-seven hundred sentences of imprisonment were borne by our countrymen there under Mr. Gandhi's guidance to uphold the honour of their country. Some of the men among them were very substantial persons, some were small traders, but the bulk of them were poor humble individuals, hawkers, working men and so forth, men without education, men not accustomed in their life to think or talk of their country. And yet these men braved the horrors of jail life in the Transvaal and some of them braved them again and again rather than submit to degrading legislation directed against their country. Many homes were broken in the course of that struggle, many families dispersed, some men at one time wealthy lost their all and became paupers, women and children endured untold hardships. But they were touched by Mr. Gandhi's spirit and that had wrought the transformation, thus illustrating the great power which the spirit of man can exercise over human minds and even over physical surroundings. In all my life I have known only two men who have affected me spiritually in the manner that Mr. Gandhi does—our great patriarch, Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and my late master, Mr. Ranade—men before whom not only are we ashamed of doing anything unworthy, but in whose presence our very minds are afraid of thinking anything that is unworthy. The Indian cause in South Africa has really been built up by Mr. Gandhi. Without self and without stain, he has fought his great fight for this country during a period of now twenty years, and India owes an

immense debt of gratitude to him. He has sacrificed himself utterly in the service of the cause. He had a splendid practice at the Bar, making as much as £ 5,000 to £ 6,000 a year, which is considered to be a very good income for a lawyer in South Africa. But he has given all that up and he lives now on £ 3 a month like the poorest man in the street. One most striking fact about him is that, though he has waged this great struggle so ceaselessly, his mind is absolutely free from all bitterness against Europeans. And in my tour nothing warmed my heart more than to see the universal esteem in which the European community in South Africa holds Mr. Gandhi. At every gathering, leading Europeans, when they come to know that Mr. Gandhi was there, would immediately gather round him anxious to shake hands with him, making it quite clear that though they fought him hard and tried to crush him in the struggle, they honoured him as a man. To my mind Mr. Gandhi's leadership of the Indian cause in South Africa is the greatest asset of that cause and it was an inestimable privilege to me that he was with me throughout my tour to pilot me safely through my difficulties.

G. K. GOKHALE

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CRUCIFIED SAVIOUR

[The Lord Bishop of Madras in his speech at the Y.M.C.A. Auditorium in December, 1913, paid a very high tribute to the man. We make a short extract.—Ed.]

I frankly confess, though it deeply grieves me to say it, that I see in Mr. Gandhi, the patient sufferer for the cause of righteousness and mercy, a truer representative of the Crucified Saviour, than the men who have thrown him into prison and yet call themselves by the name of Christ.

LORD BISHOP OF MADRAS

A SPIRITUAL MAN REALLY A SAINT *

As I talked with Mr. Gandhi, I marvelled at the simplicity of his dress. He wore coarse white cloth, with a kambal thrown over his body to protect him from the cold. A little white cap was his only head-covering. As he sat on the floor facing me, I asked myself, how can this little man, with his thin face and large protruding ears, and quiet brown eyes, be the great Gandhi about whom I have heard so much? All doubts were set aside, when we began to talk. I do not agree with all the methods that Mr. Gandhi employs to bring about the desired end; but I do want to bear this personal testimony of the man himself. Mr. Gandhi is a spiritual man. He is a thinker. In my short interview, I had the same heart-to-heart fellowship with him as I have had scores of times with

* From *Indian Witness*.

some of God's saints. I took knowledge that this man had been to the source of Christian strength and had learned from the great Christ.

S. W. CLEMES

OUR MARTYR AND SAINT

[Dr. Annie Besant, President of the Theosophical Society, writing in her daily, *New India*, Madras, pays the following tribute to the Mahatma. The reader is also referred to a very nice contribution, *Mrs. Besant and Mahatma Gandhi* from Srijut Upendranath Basu, late General Secretary, Indian Section of the Theosophical Society, that comes later in this volume.—Ed.]

Among us, as I write, is dwelling for brief space one whose presence is a benediction, and whose feet sanctify every house into which he enters—Gandhi, our Martyr and Saint. He too by strange ways was led into circumstances in which alone could flower all that he brought with him of patient, unwearying courage that naught might daunt, unselfishness that found its joy in sacrifice, endurance so sweetly gentle that its power was not readily understood. As I stood for a moment facing him, hand clasped in hand, I saw in him that deathless Spirit which redeems by suffering, and in death wins life for others, one of those marked out for the high service of becoming Saviours and Helpers of humanity. I who tread the path of the warrior, not that of the Saint, who battle against Enthroned Injustice by assault, not by meekness, I recognise in this man, so frail and yet so mighty, one of those whose names live in history, among those of whom it is said ; "He saved others : himself he could not save."

ANNIE BESANT

A REMARKABLE MAN : EVERY ONE REGARDS HIM AS A SAINT.

[The following extracts are made from Mr. W. W. Pearson's article in a recent issue of the *Asian Review*, published from Japan.—Ed.]

Whatever may be one's personal opinion of the Indian leader, Mr. M. K. Gandhi, there can be no doubt that he is a remarkable man. Remarkable because his standard of conduct and method of action are so entirely different from those of other Indian leaders. Statesmen and politicians are seldom guided by the motives which compel Gandhi to action, and the very fact that in him we see a man who wields enormous influence over his countrymen by a character—the exact antithesis of the ordinary political leader—gives to his personality a peculiar interest. One Governor of a British Province in the East has described him as "a dangerous and misguided saint." Everyone whether foe or friend, agrees in regarding him as a saint. And it is because of his evident saintliness of character that he has such an unparalleled influence in India at the present day.

Gandhi has been able to unite the people of India as they have never before been united not only because of his unfaltering loyalty to a moral ideal and by his austere and ascetic personal life, but because the British Government had itself fed fuel to the fires of national aspiration. Confronting the most powerful Empire in existence stands one man, Gandhi, who cares nothing for his own personal life, who is uncompromising and fearless in the application of principles which he has once accepted, and who scorns any longer to receive or beg for favours from a Government

which he regards as having "forfeited all title to confidence, respect or support." He believes in conquering hate by love, in the triumph of right over might, and all the effort of his public life is directed towards persuading the masses of India of the truth of this ideal.

W. W. PEARSON

THE WAYS OF PROPHETS AND SAINTS

[The powerful organ of American public opinion, the *New York Nation* published this editorial in its issue of March 22, 1922.—*Ed.*]

Gandhi has been arrested. The British Raj has answered the old question, "what shall we do with our saints and prophets?" in the orthodox way of Governments. Such is the end of a policy which has illustrated once more the futility of a belated and hesitant liberalism in time of crisis. That policy was an inept compound of concession and its guiding principle was : Divide and govern. We credit both Mr. Montagu, until recently Secretary of State for India, and Lord Reading, the Viceroy, with liberal intentions. Their delay in the arrest of Gandhi even more than their support of the Parliamentary institutions set up by the Reform Act was gall and worm-wood to the old time bureaucracy, but it did not satisfy India. They tried to strengthen their Government by importing the Prince of Wales, but to obtain a welcome for that amiable young man it proved necessary to arrest 5,202 persons in Calcutta alone. Repression became more and more the order of the day, and legal repression, as always, has been attended by extra-legal

crudelty. But in vain were Indian leaders imprisoned; the ferment only increased. Finally, as a last desperate measure came the Indian Government's note urging the adoption of uncompromising Moslem demands for the restoration of the Turkish Empire.

The immediate effect of the publication of the note was the enforced resignation of Mr. Montagu, a political tempest in England, and the arrest of Gandhi in India as a token of the definite adoption of the policy of the iron hand.....The Viceroy's note which Mr. Montagu made public, bears unanswerable testimony to the extent and power of the Nationalist movement. To disrupt it by buying off Moslem adherence to the national cause was the sole reason for the Government's unprecedented act. English opposition frustrated the payment of the bribe to the Moslem; it did not frustrate the arrest of the one man whose teaching has heretofore prevented violent revolt. When an alien Government arrests a national hero, who its own apologists admit, is the most saintly figure in the modern world, no further proof is required that it rests its cause on naked force.

Even so, the protagonists of Imperialism, English and American, assure us that there was no other course open to the Government. However clouded England's title, she and she alone, it is asserted, protects India from external invasion and internal chaos and strife. She has brought justice and modern civilisation to a country where they could not exist but for her strong arm. The argument is not convincing; it clearly overstates both the evil conditions prior to the British conquest and the blessings of British rule. It attributes material progress solely to an alien rule

rather than to the general march of science which has coincided with the period of British dominance. At least the Imperialist case smacks too much of the argument of the burglar who would justify his continued occupation of another man's house by saying: "I keep order in the household and I keep other burglars out." The Indians are willing to take the risks of doing that for themselves. They believe that they can end the economic drain of an alien rule which has multiplied famines, increased illiteracy and reduced the people of a land which was once a synonym for wealth to the poorest on earth. They are weary of seeing their sons enlisted and their property taken to fight England's wars. They passionately affirm that in losing native Government they have not even gained good Government.

The Indian indictment with some changes lies not alone against Great Britain, but against Western civilisation wherever it has been enforced on weaker peoples. Every Imperial power—and none more than our own—needs to consider its justice. One may admit a considerable service rendered by the rule of the British Raj and a real danger in its instantaneous collapse, and yet believe that it has earned the doom that lies before it. Indeed the question of the balance of good or evil in Western rule is almost academic in view of the plain fact of Eastern hatred of it. The exploited peoples of Asia and Africa are aroused; they are on the march; whether the force that challenges the West will be primarily national or racial or a revival of Islam, the certainty of that challenge is plain. As well argue with the north wind as talk to Tripolitans or Egyptians or Indians of the blessings of hospitals or railroads when they feel that their pride is outraged by the

conqueror. For some time—no man knows how long—the superior material equipment of the West will assure its victory. But if the future is to be one of stark conflict we face intolerable tragedy for the Imperial powers and those who are rising against them. At best the future of the relations between the races is dark. The great hope is in such leadership as Gandhi offered—and this the British despised.

Consider the man. In the space of a few years he has done more for his people than any Government in centuries. He has been the leader of new hope and human dignity to the untouchables; he has been the weaver of bonds of unity between the Moslems and Hindus whom the British would keep asunder; he has fought the liquor traffic which was debasing his people, and the infamous opium monopoly by which, for its own profit, the British Government menaces not only India but all mankind. He has given to revolution non-violent instruments which promise the release of humanity from the seeming necessity of wars for freedom. He has sincerely preached love for the enemy. Not he but Lord Reading, by his refusal to abandon repression, prevented the proposed Round Table Conference which might have furthered the peaceful settlement of grievances. Even on the vexed question of the Caliphate we believe that Gandhi's voice might have been potent in persuading his Moslem friends to grant to non-Moslem communities the justice they seek for themselves. And it is this hope which the British Government has almost shattered apparently with the consent of those British liberals who would approve the deportation or imprisonment of Gandhi while they praise his saintliness. Yet that hope is not dead while Gandhi's

spirit is powerful in India. How long his people will follow the way he pointed out, we do not know : already there are signs of revolt. But this we know : If the Indian people, like the oppressed of other lands finally take the way of the sword, the primary blame for the tragedy that will follow must rest not on those who have preached freedom and justice or even on those who seek them by violence, but on those who have made violence the very foundation of their continuing dominion over unwilling subjects.

—*Nation*, New York

THE GREATEST MAN OF THE DAY *

The Shanghai correspondent of *Swarajya*, Madras, writes that Dr. Sun Yat-Sen "is taking a keen interest in the Non-co-operation movement in India and is a great admirer of Mahatma Gandhi whom he considers to be the greatest man of the day. Dr. Sun is anxious to see India independent, the sooner the better. He is unable to grasp the significance of the non-violent theory of Mahatmaji and thinks that violence is not entirely without its own use. He is glad that India is advancing politically and has full sympathy with the followers of Mahatmaji in their aspirations." †

* Opinion of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, the first President of the Chinese Republic.

† Taken from *The Servant*, Calcutta, November 10, 1922.

NO PARALLEL IN THE WORLD TO-DAY

[Mr. Percival Landon, Special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* had an interview with the Mahatma, and he wrote the following on the character and personality of Mahatma Gandhi while condemning his movement, he characterises the Man as the most forceful personality of the day.—Ed.]

'No one understands Mr Gandhi's Crusade', said a sane man to me in Bombay, '*who does not know Mr. Gandhi.*' What I have to say, therefore, may probably seem impossible to those who have never met this amazing and dangerous man, who in solitude bestrides the field of Indian sedition like a Colossus.

In truth he is alone. He does not seem to need lieutenants or councillors, who embarrass him with their practical suggestions as much as Mr Gandhi bewilders them by his pure Utopianism. Whether they remain or desert him makes no difference; his appeal is to the lowest of the population and his strength lies precisely in the fact that his teaching is a visionary reconstruction of the Golden Age based upon universal loving kindness. He preaches to the heart and despises the head. And, therefore, he has no parallel in the world to-day either in the semi-divine character of his influence or in the magnitude of the disaster which will attend his success.

Seated on the floor in a small, barely furnished room, I found the Mahatma, clad in rough, white homespun. He turned up to me with a smile of welcome, the typical head of the idealist—the skull well-formed and finely modelled, the face narrowing to the pointed chin. His eyes are deep, kindly and entirely sane; his hair is greying a little over the forehead. He speaks gently and well, and in his voice is a

note of detachment which lends uncanny force to the strange doctrines that he has given up his life to teach.

One could not imagine him ruffled, hasty or resentful ; not the least part of the moral supremacy in his crusade is his universally-known willingness to turn the other cheek to the smiter. From the first it must be realised that consciously his teaching has been influenced by that of Christ, for whom his admiration has long been the almost dominating feature of his spiritual life and probably the external character of his daily activity has been modelled also upon Him. He made a curious observation during our conversation, which throws some light upon his interpretation of the Galilean Teacher. In answer to a remark of mine that Christ strictly abstained from interfering in politics, Mr. Gandhi answered, "I do not think so, but if you are right, the less Christ in that was He."

PERCIVAL LONDON.

MRS. BESANT AND MAHATMA GANDHI *

The wonderfully inspired paragraph, quoted below, from the facile pen of my esteemed friend and world-renowned orator, Dr. Annie Besant—so pregnant with truth—has filled my whole being with such intense joy that I cannot help taking a momentary peep out of my retirement,

* Contributed to the March—April issue of *Theosophy in India*, 1922, by Sriyut Upendranath Basu of Benares, late General Secretary, Theosophical Society (Indian Section), also circulated in the form of a leaflet afterwards.—Ed.

and drawing the attention of my dear brothers and sisters in Theosophy to the profound significance of the fiery words spontaneously flashed forth from the depth of that gifted lady's heart in the illumination of her first contact with that resplendent figure whose innate glory has dazzled our globe.

"Among us, as I write, is dwelling for brief space one whose presence is a benediction, and whose feet sanctify every house into which he enters—Gandhi our Martyr and Saint. He too by strange ways was led into circumstances in which alone could flower all that he brought with him of patient, unwearying courage that naught might daunt, unselfishness that found its joy in sacrifice, endurance so sweetly gentle that its power was not readily understood. As I stood for a moment facing him, hand clasped in hand, I saw in him that deathless spirit which redeems by suffering, and in death wins life for others, one of those marked out for the high service of becoming Saviours and Helpers of Humanity. I who tread the path of the warrior, not that of the Saint, who battle against enthroned Injustice by assault not by meekness, I recognise, in this man, so frail and yet so mighty, one of those whose names live in history among those of whom it is said "He saved others, himself he could not save."—Mrs. Besant in New India.

Mighty words these—marvellous alike in their insight and beauty, and prophetic withal! And to me they bear on their very face evident marks of instinctive recognition by the great Theosophical teacher's *inner self* of the sweet majesty of a kindred spirit. We need not adopt or even approve of the ways and methods of Mahatma Gandhi. But lest we hurt our own souls by cherishing wrongful sentiments against an apostle of divine law and order let us ponder well and long on these soulful words of our leader-elect ere we pass our final verdict on him.

To avoid any unnecessary misconception I deem it right frankly to declare here that I belong to no political party, that my all too poor and brief political game was played out as early as 1895. It goes without saying therefore that I am no "non-co-operator"; and with Universal Brotherhood as my creed, regard that phrase as a very unhappy choice—though it pains me to utter any expression which may savour of criticism, as it were, of one whom I reverence immeasurably superior to me in every respect.

What, however, puzzles me is the logic and philosophy of those who, while denying Epicurean doctrines and even advocating altruistic ideals, uphold the recent European War with its blood-curdling horrors and ruthless massacres barely on the ground of its having been a "war to end war," and yet fail to perceive any justification for, may condemn in the strongest terms, a purely benevolent campaign ensouled by love, with only moral force for weapon, and borne by heroic self-sacrifice and acute voluntary suffering,—a campaign which, whatever doubt may be cast upon its practical wisdom or psychological soundness, has undoubtedly for its sole aim and end nothing more nor less than the inauguration on earth of the Kingdom of God by the extinction from the mind of man of all hate and violence, and the establishment, on a higher plane, of true peace and harmony among all mankind, and thus the *uplift* of humanity as a whole.

Let me conclude with a fervent prayer that the dulcet note so solemnly sounded by the heavy seers guiding the largest spiritual movement of the age, in an hour of calm lucidity, untroubled by conflict and unclouded by bias, may ring melodiously in every heart, and in the ripeness of time bring about the blessed redemption contemplated therein.

UPENDRANATH BASU

(Late General Secy Indian Section, T. S.)

THE INNER MEANING OF THE MAHATMA'S MOVEMENT.

[Miss Lillian Edger, M. A. (New Zealand), late Lecturer, Theosophical Society (Indian Section), and for a long time Honorary Principal of the C. H. C. Girls' School, Benares, issued the following in the form of a leaflet ' To Members of the Theosophical Society ' which had originally appeared in *Theosophy in India* March-April, 1922. The author has kindly given a changed title, at our request, to suit the present compilation.—Ed.]

The words of our dear brother, Sriyut Upendra Nath Basu, in his leaflet entitled " Mrs. Besant and Mahatma Gandhi " have awakened a responsive echo in my heart, and impel me to give expression to a few thoughts of my own, which have been constantly in my mind of late ; and I am the more urged to do this by the severe criticism of Mr. Gandhi contained in the " Quarterly Letter from the Vice-President " published in *Theosophy in India* for Jan. & Feb. 1922.

Let me at the outset disclaim any wish to touch on the political side of the question ; I have never in my life taken any part whatever in politics, and have no intention of so doing ; it is not my *dharma*. It is the more abstract moral and spiritual aspect of the question that has been occupying my thoughts and on which I should like to say a few words.

We, as students of Theosophy, are all very familiar with the conception of humanity as a great family, of which the various nations are the individual members, each having its special part to play, its special share to contribute to the well-being of the whole. In the smaller family of individuals also, each member fills his own special place, which no other can usurp, and has his own special duty to perform.

Naturally, his position is the outcome of his previous lives, he has to work out some of the Karma of the past, to take a further step forward in his evolution, and to learn further lessons of love and service by his association with the rest of the family. He has, thus, a double part to play, related to his own individual growth on the one hand, and to his duty to the family on the other. Manifestly, the way in which this latter duty will be performed, will depend largely on whether his individual development is proceeding on right lines or not. If he is able freely to develop his latent faculties, and to exercise the powers he has already evolved, his value to the family will be far greater than if he is cramped and checked in his natural growth. Therefore every wise and thoughtful parent recognises the necessity of allowing his children a large measure of freedom ; he will interfere with their liberty only when they are exercising it harmfully to themselves, to the family, or to others.

The same principle will apply to the great family of humanity. Each nation will be able to contribute most successfully to the good of the whole, only when it is free to develop along its own special lines, and to act according to its own special place in the whole. Moreover the essential unity and solidarity of the whole is so great that no part, whether an individual or a nation, can suffer or be diseased without the whole also suffering and being weakened thereby ; just as the whole body suffers when any limb or organ, however small, is injured or diseased.

Looked at from this point of view the struggle for freedom and independence going on in all parts of the world to-day acquire a very deep significance. They are being made not only for the advantage of the individual nations or

classes concerned, but that humanity as a whole may benefit by the greater efficiency and prosperity of its component parts. Not that we need, or indeed can, suppose that the great majority, of those who are in the midst of the struggle are conscious of this purpose. But this will not alter the fact that the purpose will be served. For are not our actions down here the working out of the will of the Gods? And there are numberless indications that humanity has reached a critical stage, when it is being prepared to take an important step forward in evolution. And even though the mass of the people may not understand the forces that are at work, there are undoubtedly some among their leaders who do understand, and probably many who have a more or less clear perception thereof; all of whom will readily respond to the spiritual force and work consciously for the lofty ideal of unselfish service of the whole. To them India's struggle for freedom is not simply that India may be more happy and prosperous, but that she may be better able in freedom to develop that national life which will enable her worthily to fulfil her part in promoting the welfare of the whole of humanity. Is it any wonder, then that there is a spirit of resolve and enthusiasm that nothing can daunt? Is it any wonder that her leaders are seeking, with all the power at their command, to dissociate her from conditions, from an environment, what they believe to be cramping her, and not only standing in the way of her natural development, of her self-expression, but rendering it well-nigh impossible?

This seems to me to be the inner meaning of the various movements now working in India for Swaraj. And it is also I believe, at least one reason why Mahatma Gandhi has

always laid so much stress on the absolute necessity of non-violence, of the absence of resentment for what may be felt to be wrongs or injustices, of love in the place of hatred. Is he not trying to help the nation not only to accept, but to realise in practical life the teaching of all the Great Teachers of the past:—"Overcome evil with good." "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred; ceaseth by love." He is, in short, trying to substitute "Soul-force" for "brute-force," the latter being absolutely futile where the attainment of a spiritual ideal is the ultimate aim.

But in this substitution there is a certain very subtle danger. For it is a well-known law in occultism that if an individual sets himself earnestly to follow a high spiritual ideal, all the latent weakness in his nature is brought into manifestation, and he may appear for a time to be deteriorating instead of improving. But it is in reality only the bringing up to the surface of what was already there in latency, and every one will probably admit that an evil is less dangerous when working on the surface than when lurking concealed beneath. Similarly, when a high spiritual ideal is held up before a large body of men, the spiritual energy thus liberated is transmuted into a lower force in the case of those who are unable to respond to it, of whom there are bound to be many; and the disharmony between the current of energy and the mental attitude of those who are not yet ready to receive it, will surely produce discordant effects of some kind on the physical plane. Will anyone therefore be so bold as to blame the aspirant for striving after spiritual growth? Will anyone be so bold as to blame the prophet for striving to inspire men with enthusiasm for an ideal which he sees has

Inner Meaning of the Mahatma's Movement 197

the power inherent in it to transform the whole world, to initiate a new era of peace and love? And this is what some of us believe to be Mahatma Gandhi's purpose. It is true that as yet there are many who are not able to rise to the sublime height of patient endurance and self-sacrifice to which he is beckoning them. But there are also many whose hearts have been stirred to enthusiasm, whose patriotism has been purified and sublimated by their appreciation of his lofty ideal. It is in these and such as these that the hope for the future of humanity lies. It is not for India alone that he is working, but for the world so that a nucleus, however small, in each nation may appreciate his ideal and strive to realise it, thus preparing the way for the inauguration of the era when the strength of self-control and passionless resistance to every kind of wrong and injustice shall take the place of the violence and fury of conflict and war. Verily, a Saint, a Teacher, has come amongst us. Shall we let it be said of us, as was said of a certain nation in olden times:—"He came unto his own, and his own received him not."? Let us not be blinded by the excrescences which have grown around one of the most momentous movements of the age; above all, let us not throw the blame for them on him to whose very nature they are utterly foreign; but let us recognise and reverence the purity of the Saint, the greatness of the Teacher, and consecrate all the energy of our thought, of our whole being, to the realisation of the glorious ideal for which he and his companions are working and suffering, the ideal of universal peace and love.

INDIA'S REPRESENTATIVE MAN

[This article from the pen of a writer giving his pen-name as Nāḍān appeared in the *Indus*, London, March 12, 1922.—Ed.]

This is the portrait of a London student of years ago. The soul is the same, but the exterior is changed almost beyond recognition to-day. Over a frame grown lean and gaunt with vicarious fasts and vigils flows a robe of snow-white home-spun. I wish its colour were yellow, for who in India ever had a right to wear *gairik* as he? But he would have it white and it is well. To an Englishman, whom Indians consider as one of themselves, he had said years ago, "Most religious men I have met are politicians in disguise. I, who wear the guise of a politician, am at heart a religious man." To-day India has recognized the Mahatma in his disguise of white, and future world historians shall set it to India's credit. Yet we can only "rejoice with trembling" over this fact of national recognition of the national saviour. After the Kaira Satyagraha campaign, a disciple referred to the Mahatma as his "guru." The guru disclaimed the title on account of his own unworthiness and added, "Another thing is that I would be infinitely pained to find one who calls himself my disciple going astray or falling short of my expectations, and I want to spare myself that pain. I therefore ask you to think a million times before you proceed to say that you are anybody's disciple."

"Every great man," said Keshub, "comes into the world with a certain great idea fixed in his mind, which it is his mission to realize and stamp on his age." The national problem in India to-day is whether we shall put the stamp

of our materialism and western nationalism on Mahatma Gandhi and cast him into the heap of Western diplomats or nation-builders, or submit to receive his stamp as a nation and be an object lesson to war-worn West; constitute by our harmonious national life and non-violent methods a criticism of Versailles and Washington; whether, in fact, we shall offer our patronage to the Mahatma and sink or take his blessings and become great.

Mahatma Gandhi is India's representative man, not because national grievances find vent through him with a passion and frankness never experienced before, but because of the spirit and attitude these grievances are faced with. In his violent denunciations, reigns a peace; in his passive resistance, reigns a loyalty which only the blind may not see. I am not fond of the word "non-co-operation." "Satyagraha," "self-purification," and "non-violence" are positive principles, valid in peace and war. Gandhi's non-co-operation is the war programme of a nation adhering to these principles. I could hold up Mahatma Gandhi as the last word on co-operation. His prolonged struggle in South Africa is an instance. At every step where the Government was embarrassed by war, rising or strike, a truce was called, every oral assurance of settlement—often flippantly denied or withdrawn—was trustfully relied upon. Such faith and method was bound to succeed. Under Mahatma Gandhi, India won a greater and nobler victory in South Africa than anywhere under a British General. His success with a minority in a Colony is a guarantee of his success in his own Motherland, to which he returns as a laurelled victor.

In the Motherland since his return he has been strolling around the country like the poorest farmer to see things

with his own eyes, and, where they are wrong, to put them straight in his own quiet, unobtrusive, but dogged fashion. Unpaid and compulsory labour must stop, extortion must cease, and all relief to the distressed that British law—of the pre-Reform period—affords, must be sacredly administered wherever Mahatma Gandhi goes. Storming and stamping there is a lot, but is of no avail. The struggle and suffering that has, however, previously to be gone through in most cases gives a meaning to the demand for a "change of heart" that he makes before Reforms can have any meaning. The folly of officials has made Champaran and Kaira landmarks in Indian history; they were originally incidents in the biography of a Vaishnava vegetarian, though the truest and most democratic of them. But his travel amongst them has brought a great Labour awakening in India. He is their old friend from South Africa. And the methods are just the same. The mill hands starve at Ahmedabad, and Mahatma Gandhi fasts with them and the mill-owners climb down! Blessed country where capitalists are so soft. No wonder he claims that it is in India that the nearest approach to perfection in passive resistance is most possible.

His hold on the Indian Moslems is phenomenal. Of this hold the analogy of the Ali brothers is an example—an apology at once a credit to Gandhi and the Alis—an example of repudiation of all false prestige. The secret of this hold lies

his warm sympathy and illumined understanding. To Hindus he cites Moors rushing into the mouth of French guns with shouts of "Allah" as an example of soul force. Imam Hassan he cites as an example of passive resistance. When he is stabbed by a Moslem in South Africa as a traitor he refuses to take any action except issuing a mani-

festos: "Rather let the blood spilt to-day cement the two communities together indissolubly, such is my heartfelt prayer." I regret his having been stopped from approaching the Moplahs:

"The rise of Islam has been due not to the sword, but to the self-immolation of the Fakirs of Islam," says the Mahatma and the world's religious experience is poorer to-day for not having permitted the influence of Moslem Gandhi—for who is "strong in faith" like him?—on Moslems.

India stands to-day for international righteousness, for sanctity of promise after the war as much as during it. Passed as a sovereign state in the League of Nations it seeks to be heard in the British Commonwealth first. The split in the Cabinet signifies some pressure. That pressure, even the enemies of Gandhi will confess, has been non-violent. The casualties at Bombay, Madras and Chauri-Chaura do not equal those at Amritsar. This non-violent pressure by a Dependency for revision of the Versailles Treaty is an event in world history, and its credit belongs to Mahatma Gandhi.

That a Christian Government should mistake him for an enemy is a tragedy. They say he wanted to become a Christian as a student and informed his religious instructor. The latter seems to have replied that one could be the truest Christian within the Hindu fold. Truest Christian to the Hindu is not a lip-worshipper of Christ, but a Christ-like person, and that is Gandhi. Because Christ was persecuted, the Jews are scattered and Rome is nowhere. We rejoice with trembling over the nation's reverence for the Mahatma and his principles, and we decline to believe the British people

can permit him to be persecuted when they know what he really is.

Loyalty is a fulfilment of patriotism, any other loyalty is sycophancy and self-seeking. Gandhi is convinced and has convinced the nation that his non-violent method will secure complete self-government of India, and when it is secured he declares it shall be a sin for India to separate from Great Britain as it would be denying that same divinity to the British people, which in our demand for Home Rule we claim for ourselves.

The integrity of the British Empire I leave British statesmen to take care of. But if they choose to regard Gandhi as an enemy they must produce a Gandhi from amongst their own ranks to meet him. A Kitchener to meet a Kaiser, a Gandhi to meet a Gandhi. If statesmen believe repression will win, or Nationalists think that the Mahatma is a fool, they would do well to read together Seeley's chapter on "How We Govern India." It is just here that the idealist becomes most intensely practical. The "expediency" of the Mahatma is the idealist's descent to present a cold and reasoned argument to unbelievers on the sufficiency and invincibility of non-violence.

God grant as the Mahatma's faith in the victory of Truth and Non-violence.

NADAN.

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE *

One need not be a non-co-operator to appreciate the greatness of Mahatma Gandhi. However much one may differ from his political creed, one cannot deny that the man is cast in the mould of a hero. Ever since this recluse of Sabarmati dividing his time between the resuscitation of weaving industry and his researches into dietetics took the lead in the political field, many estimates of him have appeared in the press. He has become, in fact, a subject of world-wide interest. American churchmen, continental journalists, Indian statesmen—all have exercised their pens to throw light on his personality. He has been extolled as a saint and prophet, pooch-pooched as a hysterical fanatic and visionary dreamer, condemned as an arch-rebel, and prince of conspirators. Thus the estimates have varied between dithyrambic praise and unmeasured censure. The present writer has tried to study Mahatma Gandhi's personality ever since he began to loom large in the political field, by his daring leadership in the South African cause. It has been a passion with him to hear him and read his writing. He has talked with men of all shades of opinion about this dynamic leader. The present essay is, therefore, an attempt to understand Mahatma Gandhi's personality—to discover the mainspring of his power. It is from one who without claiming to be his disciple is still a great admirer and who without being too near, so as to have a fit of uncritical devo-

* Prof. Diwan Chand Sharma M. A. contributes this article to the monthly magazine of the Benares Hindu University, August 1922, under the title "The Real Mahatma Gandhi."

tion or qualms of unfounded contempt, is still not too distant to miss the aroma of his fine nature.

The Born Leader

Above all Gandhi is a born leader of men. Matthew Arnold wrote about his father,

"Then in such hour of need,
Of your fainting dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine ;
Beacons of hope, ye appear ;
Langour is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow."

—and these lines when applied to Mahatma Gandhi, have a peculiar fitness. He has all the qualities of a leader—courage, power of decision, readiness to suffer, the fidelity to his principles, the ability to organise and the fervour to inspire others. It was, therefore, that the late Mr. Gokhale said about him that he could 'mould heroes out of clay.' His rare virtue is that what he professes, he practises; his words never mock his actions. What he dares preach in the forum, he preaches in the seclusion of his closet. He is dowered with a courage which never faints or flinches. He has the courage of his conviction and dares utter them in the teeth of opposition. Even in face of trials and tribulations, he preserves an immovable, calm, and an unruffled brow. The words which he spoke to the District Magistrate of Ahmedabad were not merely the catch phrases of a demagogue but the intense conviction of a patriot. It requires a magnanimity to avow your responsibility for things which have not turned out as you wished, yet

Mahatma Gandhi confessed his guilt for the tragedies of Bombay and Chauri-chaura. As Christ took on his back the pack of the sins of humanity without a murmur, so Gandhi claimed his share of the blame of those untoward happenings without any fear. This responsibility on his part is transcendent indeed, and this is so because he is no coward mentally and morally. When his followers were being persecuted, one after another, for the statements for which they got their cue from him, he was never ashamed of owning his responsibility. In fact if he did anything he was ready to face the music also. On his return from South Africa, he made a tour in India and found that the minds of the people were cowed into abject submission by spectres of fear. What was felt was never given out in public. Fear paralyzed them and they dared not speak their minds. He taught people to speak out their minds and though this plain-speaking has generated into unbridled criticism and a responsible chatter sometimes, yet the impulse was for good. But who can question his ability as a propagandist and organiser? Before he gave his programme of non-co-operation to the world, he made a tour everywhere, addressing meetings, granting interviews. He made the Indian National Congress an organisation which has its ramifications in the populous cities as well in the remote villages. All this he did by creating a band of workers and by inoculating them with a spark of his own flaming zeal. His stupendous collection of one crore of rupees and his enlistment of one crore of members were feats, indeed.

HIS SAINTLINESS

"I have been charged with saintliness," said he, in his

speech in the special session of the Congress at Calcutta, and to this, I think, he should plead guilty. His saintliness is undisputed. Born in the mediæval times, he would have been the shining light of some monastic order; born in the Vedic times, he would have chanted the hymns. He is an ascetic, pure and simple. He exercises perfect self-Government over his passion, desire, and thoughts whatever stirs this mortal frame. Since all the temptation to do wrongs originates with the flesh, he has curbed it by protracted fasts and innumerable penances. Like a mediæval monk, he confesses and prays till God showers his grace upon him. He has imposed upon himself vows to brace up his moral fibre. When he went to England he was allowed to cross the waters only when a Jain priest had administered a vow to him to forswear wine, women and flesh. In fact, all religious observances have hardened his character like steel. Like the Puritan of yore, he is a strange mixture of contradictions. He prostrates himself before God but he defies the man-made law. Like them he feels himself to be the inheritor of the glory of God and sees visions of a regenerated mother-land. But at other times he sobs like a child when he thinks that he has not lived in the Task-master's eye and has paid heed to the whispers of the fiends. He feels that he is entrusted with the task of up-lifting his mother-land but sometimes he is too much obsessed with the sense of his frailty as not to be able to make his mind up on a trifle. Hutton said that there is self-government in every line of Wordsworth; we feel that there is self-government in every word, thought, and action of this apostle of New India. His sleep is under his control; he is never a slave to his appetite. In fact, he has subdued his carnal nature

and his mind is attuned to the lyre of the angels. Compassion is his most pervasive quality. Like another Ignatius Loyola he can suck the wounds of a leper and wipes his blood with his own garment. His devotion to God is sans bounds and there is holy enchantment about his *Ashram*. Like another Buddha, he preaches non-violence while his adherence to truth is insistent. "I will not deviate from truth by a hair's breadth," he proclaims at all time.

Gandhi—The Politician

But Gandhi, the saint should not blind us to Gandhi the politician. He is a saint and a statesman rolled into one. He is a puritan shading off into a politician. What Lord Roseberry said of Cromwell holds good in his case—he is a practical mystic. If Carlyle had been living, he might have depicted this hero in the roll of a politician. He has infused humanity into the dry bones of political life and he has made the dry twig of political controversy blossom with eternities and verities. The agitator, the politician, the statesman, are all inter-changeable terms in India. By some he is regarded as an agitator bent upon disturbing the waters of politics and dabbling in the muddy waters of racial hatred. Others think him a politician (a politician, according to Lloyd George is rarer than a statesman) —one who is a clever opportunist (in the best sense of this much abused word). By some he is exalted as a statesman, who has the same powers of nation-building as Solon, or Bismark possessed. But no one need deny that he is a profound observer, a rare psychologist and a shrewd judge of men. He can manipulate all the stops in the instrument of a politician, but the chief weapon in his armoury is compromise. Though Lala Lajpat Rai and Mr. C. R. Das scoffed at him at

Calcutta yet they remained to pray at Nagpore, He brought them within the charmed circle of his creed by a rare stroke of compromise. With all his reputed inflexibility, he is always ready for compromise provided he has not to forswear his principles. Had he been given time, he would have captured the Maharashtra party as well. Except in the case of some moderate die-hards, he made converts of all nationalists. A Lloyd-Geroge knows how to manage the conferences, so he has the rare tact to handle unwieldy assemblies. In the Congress his word was law and he could flatter the devotees of the independents in the Malaviya conference. In the Malaviya conference at Bombay, he said that he would be accused of playing into the hands of the moderates by his friends. Was it a stroke of naivete or of consummate tact? The chief secret of his power lies in his wonderful hold on the masses. With rare force of character, he has been able to tame the hydra-headed monster. He rebukes them and they are still; he appeals to them and they are electrified.

As a Speaker

Light rather than heat characterises his utterances. He is not fond of rhetoric—high, sustained, and dignified like Lala Lajpat Rai; he is not profuse like Pt. Malaviya; he is not copious like Mrs. Annie Besant. He does not display a wealth of illustrations and similes in enforcing his point, nor does he address crude appeals like the Ali Brothers to exploit the emotions of the audience. He is the master of the art of exposition; he can set forth his case with extreme lucidity and vividness. He never wastes his words; he never digresses; he never depends upon any adventitious aid of gestures and movements. He never

blurs the impression of the words while speaking ; every letter and every word receives its due attention and emphasis in his speech. He is not fond of modulations of speech like Sir Surendra Nath Banerji who can subdue his voice to a whisper and can raise it to the highest pitch, but he speaks with an even flow. Nor does he utter words with the rapidity of a whirlwind as does Mr. Satyamurthi, but he speaks in a deliberate and measured tone. Unlike these politicians, he never throws mud at his opponents. He seldom tries to bully or defame them ; to call them names or to attribute motives to them. While others chafe and foam and fret, he sits with serenity with a smile flickering over his lips. But what gives piquancy to his utterances is the sincerity of the speaker. He does not forge words but they come straight from his heart and therefore, go straight to it. What he speaks, he means, and there lies his peculiar power.

As a Journalist

Very few public men have been so vigorous journalists as he is. He keenly realized the value of publicity and his "Young India" had a vogue which no other paper ever enjoyed. His articles were quoted and summarised in papers representing many different shades of opinion. He has not the fecundity of Mrs. Annie Besant, nor is he a voracious reader and a clever summariser and compiler like Lala Lajpat Rai. He is unfit to do the big-bow-ow strain of Sir Surendra Nath Banerji but he writes chaste, compact, terse and dignified English. He has a rare sense of the value of the words and while every one else is repeating a hackneyed word, he startles us by an appropriate word

which we never thought of before but which comes near to Flaubert's doctrine of the only word. He uses homely similitudes which come to the bosom of all readers. He spoke of agriculture and weaving as the two lungs of India. He spoke of the Rowlatt Act as the hammer forged to kill a fly. He is the master of headlines; "Death's Dance", "The 18th," "No End to my Sorrow". Sometimes his writings attain a rare beauty and grace. "My Confession", in which he reiterated and re-emphasized his allegiance to his departed master, Mr. Gokhale, was a lyrical effusion; it was uttered with the energy of a single breath. Sometimes he uses the names of his co-workers with rare musical effect. In "Bombay the Beautiful", he used the name of Mr. C R. Das in the fine manner of the poet of Alastor or that of the poet of Sohrab and Rustam. He always avoids the jerkiness and jauntiness which are mistaken for strength and brilliance sometimes. The even flow, the smooth effect, the harmonious fusion are what he aims at. He is not perhaps capable of a sustained master-piece but he is equally good at narration (Jail experience), at exposition, persuasion and description. He always writes with ardour and waxes eloquent when the chords of his heart are touched. No one has used his powers to disseminate his ideas so much as he. His doctrine of non-violence, his apotheosis of the charkha, his views on national education; his insistence on prayer and fasting as the means of spiritual regeneration have filtered through the masses and all this is due to his brilliant writing.

His Habits

Mahatma Gandhi is not prepossessing in his appearance; he is slender and slight—the pocket edition of a full-fledged

man. He is very abstemious in his habits and lives upon goat's milk and fruits. He dresses himself in hand-woven and hand-spun clothes. He is very careful about his personal cleanliness. He washes his clothes almost every day and performs ablutions on rising from and retiring to his bed. He can bear extreme cold and heat and has abjured all clothes except a rag to cover his loins. He has a business man's love of regularity, method and order. He has the knack of going through a mass of work in a very short time and he always attends to his duties with clock-like regularity.

Conclusion

Such is Mahatma Gandhi, the man of the people, the friend of the untouchables, the leader of New India. Some say that as a politician he is out of date now and he has run the career of a fire-brand but as a man his name is writ in the book of the Immortals. He is unique, being what he is and what no one else is. He rises head and shoulders above his fellow mortals and will ever occupy a niche in the pantheon of the Immortals by his rare virtues. Indeed, he has the driving force of Muhammad, the compassion of Buddha and the purity of Christ. May he live long !

DIWAN CHAND SHARMA, M. A.

MORE THAN HIS CREED

[Sriyut B. Natesan contributes an article on Gandhism to the June 1921, issue of *East & West* (formerly of Bombay) in the course of which he emphasises on the point that to Gandhi politics is not a game, but an extension of domestic virtues, an exercise in spiritual culture. According to him anything could be sacrificed for truth, and compromise with error is wickedness, and secrecy is sin. Gandhi is not guided by popular wishes : he thinks in straight lines, and that even if all the people should desert him he will not budge an inch. We give the following extracts.—Ed.]

With all the rigidity of his puritanical outlook on life, his (Gandhi's) genius is so supple that he can quickly enter into the inwardness of the new era. That is a tribute to the alertness of a mind that has not been warped and cramped by the convention of an indolent and unthinking routine. Without entering into the merits of his latest speculations, one can easily discover the rapid developments in his political opinions. It is an achievement for a man of his age and habits.

But we must not seek in Mr. Gandhi for this or that specific contribution. Where politics are so amateurish and leaders are numberless, where patriotism becomes the last refuge of incompetents, where gossiping in private and canting commonplaces in public make up all the output of politicians, a strong, original man is a welcome gift. He brings the right antidote to the prevalent spirit of somnambulism. He shakes the country out of its mood of indolence and pusillanimity. He gives a rude shock to our complacent makeshifts. He restores strength and confidence in ourselves.

But there is a fear. If his lead be on the wrong track? Shall we be for ever dragging in opposite directions neutralising our energies? No, the spirit of progress is a spirit of effort. I do not despair; for I hold that the pervasive spirit of Mr. Gandhi is more than his cult. The man is more than his creed. His gospel may be rigid, cold, repellant; his philosophy may be lacking in system or coherence: his politics dangerous. But his character is above board and his deeds are in harmony with his words. Such a man is of the order of Marcus Aurelius, an influence pure and holy.

B. NATESAN.

COMPETING WITH THE POOREST

[H. H. the Hon'ble Maharajadhiraja Sir Rameswar Singh of Darbhanga, presiding over a Meeting for University Extension Lectures on February 4, 1916, at Benares, on the occasion of the foundation ceremony of the Benares Hindu University, introducing Mahatma Gandhi (one of the two speakers of that evening, the other being Mrs. Basant) to the Ruling Princes present and the audience, spoke about him in the following terms.—Ed.]

Your Highnesses, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have very great pleasure in introducing to you, if introduction were needed at all, Mr M. K. Gandhi. I know how superfluous is my preliminary function of presenting him to you, for his name is well-known in every part of this wide country. He has not been merely preaching fellowship between man and man; he has lived in his own life the lesson of his teaching. He has given up luxury and comfort in order to be in greater and more vital communion with his people;

he keeps up his sustenance on the simplest food, in order that he might, as he says, "compete with the poorest."

How much of sympathy, how much of sincerity is there in the phrase! And the phrase and the sentiment are quite characteristic of Mr. Gandhi. Born in affluence, bred up in luxury and comfort, he has yet relinquished everything that is not an absolute necessity, just that he may be of the greater use to his fellowmen.

South Africa has produced no martyr greater than Mr. Gandhi; and no one else at the helm of Indian affairs in South Africa could have steered through the storm and stress so successfully and smoothly. To young India, therefore, there can be no greater ideal or loftier example than that of Mr. Gandhi. I now call upon him to address the meeting. *

* The Benares incident was a very remarkable one in Mahatmaji's later Indian career, and a mention of the same may not be quite out of place in this connection. In the course of his lecture, Mahatmaji was interrupted several times by Mrs. Besant, the preceding speaker who was seated on the dais, evidently on misunderstanding certain catch-phrases and sentences, quite in the midst of the speech when the speaker's theme had not as yet been completely presented to the audience. Mrs. Besant, having assumed rather a superior position, actually insisted on the speaker to stop, without having referred to and obtained permission from, the President of the meeting. She went so far as to rise and warn the audience—and especially students of the Central Hindu College (the nucleus of the Benares University) whose 'mother' she was, as being one of the founders and early conductors of the institution—not to attend the speech or accept the advice of the speaker (Gandhi) who was in her opinion misguiding the youths by his speech. Gandhi paused a while, but the audience wanted to hear him, praised Mrs. Besant's good intention, and in all humility turned to the President (H. H. the Maharaja of Darbhanga) with folded hands and asked what he was to do, whether to continue or stop. In the meantime

COURAGE AND PATIENCE TO ENDURE PENALTIES

[Lord Hardinge, during his Viceroyalty, took up the South African Indian question in right earnest, and his sympathy for Gandhi's passive resistance movement is evidenced throughout his speech at Madras in December 1913, from which the following extracts are given.—Ed.]

Recently your compatriots in South Africa have taken

whispers were passing from ear to ear on the dais, and the Ruling Princes and British officials left the meeting in a body with Mrs. Besant. The President, however, had been closely following the speech and did not find anything wrong or objectionable in Gandhi's utterance, and, therefore, asked the speaker to go on and not to leave his speech incomplete. So Mahatmaji went on till nearly half past nine and said his say.

The editor of this compilation was present at that meeting and was given a seat on the reporters' gallery to take notes of lectures for a journal. He was simply struck by the wonderful attitude taken by Mahatma Gandhi towards Mrs. Besant who was practically inflicting on him an insult of a very serious nature, and while the audience did not like it—nay, there was strong opposition on the part of the audience who wished that Mrs. Besant should be severely dealt with or her uncalled-for interference. In fact it was the Mahatma who saved Mrs. Besant on that occasion by his sound and sincere words in favour of the venerable old lady, who he believed, was actuated by the same desire for the welfare of the students as he. The present compiler saw with his own eyes for the first time in his life how a person can remain unmoved in the least in the face of such strong unjustified accusations : and in fact from that very occasion he has felt the *Mahātmya* of Gandhi the Great ; he came from the meeting with the great idea how noble a man can make of himself ! His admiration for the President was also great for the capacity he displayed in the conduct of the meeting on such a critical occasion.

matters into their own hands, by organising what is called passive resistance to laws which they consider invidious and unjust, an opinion which we who watch their struggles from afar cannot but share. They have violated, as they intended to violate, those laws, with full knowledge of the penalties involved, and ready with all courage and patience to endure those penalties. In all this they have the sympathy of India—deep and burning—and not only of Indians, but of all those who, like myself, without being Indians themselves, have feelings of sympathy for the people of this country.

HARDINGE OF PENSHURST

WHOLE-HEARTEDNESS AND SELF-SACRIFICE

The following is taken from the Hon'ble Mr. Jameson's speech in Durban, Natal, S. Africa, [at the meeting giving farewell to Mahatma Gandhi at his departure from that land in July 1914.—Ed.]

As for Mr. Gandhi, he would leave behind him a high reputation of whole-heartedness of purpose, of healthy ambition and self-sacrifice, and of everything which an Englishman respected in the making of a man.

JAMESON

SINGLE MINDED DEVOTION

[Lord Gladstone wrote the following in his letter to the chairman of the Committee for the reception of M. K. Gandhi in London on August 8, 1914, at Hotel Cecil.—Ed.]

Mr. Gandhi has shown a single-minded devotion to his cause which has won the admiration of all who understand the difficulty and danger of the position.

BRAVERY AND SACRIFICE

[Lord Ampthill wrote the following in the course of his introduction to the Rev. Joseph Doke's *M. K. Gandhi : An Indian Patriot in South Africa* —one of the very first publications on Gandhi.—Ed.]

Mr. Gandhi has been denounced in this country, even by responsible persons, as an ordinary agitator ; there have not even been wanting suggestions that his motives are those of self-interest and pecuniary profit.

A perusal of these pages (Doke's Gandhi) ought to dispel any such notions from the mind of any fair man who has been misled into entertaining them. And with a better knowledge of the man there must come a better knowledge of the matter.

I have no more earnest hope than that Mr. Gandhi and his fellow countrymen may see the accomplishment of that end, for which they have struggled so bravely and sacrificed so much, before this book is published.

AMPTHILL

EVEN ENEMIES CANNOT FIND FAULT.

[Mr. Ben Spoor, Member of British Parliament, came to visit India and as a delegate of the British Labour Party to attend the Ahmedabad session of the Indian National Congress in the latter part of 1921. In his farewell letter to the press in January 1922, he wrote of Mahatma Gandhi and his movement.—Ed.]

The central figure (in the Congress) was Mahatma Gandhi. Who and what is this man of whom it can be said as it was said of one of old that even his enemies "can find no fault in him"? His bitterest opponents unite in tributes to his transparent sincerity, moral courage, and spiritual intensity. (One can, of course, disregard the irresponsible comments of certain members of the British Parliament whose cloudy prejudice obscures judgment—their remedy of "hang Gandhi" has just that weight which a pitiful bigotry ensures). Even Sir Valentine Chirol, while of opinion that Gandhi is "more unbalanced," suggests that he has "increased" in spiritual stature." Some folks believe Mahatmajji is mad—all who know him agree that he is good. In this topsy turvy world it may well be that goodness and honesty lie strangely near to madness. In an age of false values, what chance has Right? And with Truth on the scaffold and Wrong on the throne, it is too much to expect fair estimates of men and movements. Still to those who have met and talked with Gandhi, who have seen him in a small business meeting or holding vast multitudes under some subtler spell than mere oratory produces, who have sat alone with him in the quiet, or seen the eager throng pressing around to touch the hem of his garment or to kneel and touch his feet—to those he seems to possess a

power granted to few. Call it madness if you like, there is a strength in that frail body which defies all the combinations of political expediency however highly-organised they may be. Gandhi has probably a larger following than any living man. And it is not the "masses" only who accept his leadership. He is "Mahatmaji", to intellectuals, even highly-placed officers of the Government exist who recognise in him the compelling authority of real character. The west has produced a Lenin, strong, masterful, relentless alike in logic and method. The East has given birth to a Gandhi, equally strong, masterful and relentless. But whilst the former puts his faith on force, the latter relies on non-resistance. One trusts the sword, the other trusts the spirit. In an extraordinary manner these men appear to incarnate those fundamentally opposing forces that—behind all the surface struggles of our day—are fighting for supremacy.

BEN SPOOR.

ADMIRATION FROM STRONGEST OPPONENTS.

[The Hon'ble Babu Bhupendranath Basu, the well-known moderate, in his speech in London, at the meeting for the reception of the Mahatma on the 8th August 1914, paid the following tribute.—Ed.]

Mr. Gandhi's work in South Africa was known throughout the civilized world. His great devotion for principles won for him the affection of his fellow subjects, and he had received warm admiration from his strongest opponents. Mr. Gandhi's leadership had its strength in devotion to the sacred doctrine of returning love for hate. The Indians in South Africa had followed his leadership with absolute fidelity.

being confident of his single-minded zeal for their cause. Mrs. Gandhi's conduct reminded me of the spirit of the women of ancient India. Her work for the husband and for the cause he had taken up were worthy of the best traditions of their country's womanhood.

With Indians in Mr. Ganhi's spirit, they need never despair for the future of their country.

BHUPENDRANATH BASU

WON THE BATTLE

[The following is taken from Sir Henry Cotton's speech in London giving farewell to Mahatma Gandhi in 1914.—Ed.]

Mr. Gandhi had practically won the battle he had been fighting and was returning to India* to resume, as they all hoped, the practice of his profession under happier auspices than it had been his fate to enjoy in South Africa, and to meet the thousands of his countrymen by whom his name would never be forgotten.

INDIA IS AT HIS FEET *

All India is at the feet of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. Preaching a political creed that is new to the Hindu and renewing Vedic ideals of asceticism and sacrifice in his own life, this man has, within a brief span of months, united Hindu and Muhammadan in a common bond of fraternity that has not existed in India since the days of Gautama. A small, slim, dark, composed man with a tremendous personal magnetism, a man with the untiring energy of Roosevelt, the human sympathy of Debs and the philosophy of Tolstoy, Gandhi has developed into a force so potent that the English dare not imprison him.

VINCENT ANDERSON

* From an article published in *The Nation*, New York

ALREADY SUCCEEDED

Will Gandhi succeed? The answer to this question is easy—Gandhi has already succeeded! In the short space of a year and a half he has organized a movement which numbers *more adherents than any other movement in human history has ever gathered*; he has disciplined his millions of followers to a rigor of life which obtains through spontaneous moral idealism what is ordinarily obtained only through dull obedience; he has released forces of social regeneration which mean the ultimate transformation of the Indian people. If Gandhi should die to-day and his movement as a distinct and separate organization end to-morrow, his career would mark one of the supreme triumphs of all time. The trouble with our thought of Gandhi is that we picture his work exclusively in terms of nationalism. We imagine that he will succeed or fail according as he secures or does not secure political independence for his native country. Such independence is, of course, central to his activities; it is the form in which his spirit now shapes itself. But to identify Gandhi's cause with any nationalistic movement however noble, is to misunderstand the man completely. As well think of Jesus as a mere patriotic leader, and call his life a failure because he did not drive the Roman legions from Palestine! What we have in Gandhi is a religious prophet comparable to the few supreme historic incarnations of the divine spirit; and in his movement, a religion comparable to Buddhism or Christianity. We believe that Gandhi will succeed in his political aims and thus free India, but this achievement, great as it is, will be but an incident in his larger spiritual work.

UNITY, Chicago, U. S. A.

THE MAN DESERVES THE HONOUR *

The duty of every patriot is to insist on the oppressions, miseries and complaints of the people in such a way that they may compel the attention of the Government and force them to bring in reform. Mr. Gandhi did this duty very well, and so he deserves the honour and praise given to him by the public.

B. G. TILAK

AN UNSELFISH MAN

[The following is taken from a reported speech of Senator W. P. Schreiner at a meeting on October 22, 1912, at Cape-Town, S. Africa.—Ed.]

He had great pleasure in testifying here that among the pure-spirited men who worked for no gain, no profit, many kicks but with high ideals, they could recommend themselves to Mr. Gandhi. An unselfish man, one whom, he was proud to say, he recognised as a member of the profession to which he himself belonged, and one who in any other calling might have made great gains. In going round with Mr. Gandhi he believed Mr. Gokhale would be introduced, without any bias and bitterness, to the problems in detail which he would have to meet.

* From the Foreword to Mahatma Gandhi's Life in Marathi, as translated on p. 25 of Appendix II of Gandhi's Speeches and Writings, Natesan and Co, 1922.

WHAT TOLSTOY WAS IN RUSSIA

Mr. Gandhi is a figure of such significance that even the remoteness, mental and physical, of India cannot obscure him. One realises that he is in India what Tolstoy was in Russia, a personality which incarnates the characteristic spiritual vision of his race.

The Nation and Athenaeum

FLAME OF IDEALISM .

At last we have found a MAN, honest, fearless, and fired with true patriotism—a man whom the common people trust and one who is able to fire them with the flame of his own idealism. If we sacrifice him to our petty doubts and fears, the time will come when we shall deeply and vainly regret it, for such leaders are not granted to a nation every day.

There is no question as to whether Mahatmaji is worthy to lead India; it remains to be seen if India is worthy of its great leader, and will loyally support him in his great act of faith.

S. E. STOKES

CONTENTS

—:0:—

The Martyred Man (Poem)—Prof. T. L. VASWANI	...	1
The Secret of Bapu—'A LOVER OF BAPU'	...	3
The Next War of the World—VIDHU S. SASTRI	...	6
Greatest Man of the World To-day—Rev. H. HOLMES	...	14
The Christ of To-day—Rev. JOHN H. HOLMES	...	35
Pussyfoot's Certificate—WM. E. JOHNSON ('Pussyfoot')	...	58
India's Man of the Hour—Wm. E. JOHNSON	" ...	59
Temperance Work—SATIS GUHA THAKUR	...	69
Mahatma and Modern Civilisation—C. F. ANDREWS	...	71
A Volcanic Personality—C. F. ANDREWS	...	87
A Conflict of Ideals—M. U. MOORE	...	88
An Angel of a New Annunciation—Dr. W. WALSH	...	89
Spiritual Awakening of India—WILFRED WELLOCK	...	102
Gandhi—A Successful "Failure"—BLANCHE WATSON	...	112
The Man and His Message—V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI	...	126
The Apostle of Peace—Acharya Dr. P. C. RAY	...	134
Love is the Highest Law—Count LEO TOLSTOY	...	137
A Lineal Descendant of Buddha—SAROJINI DEVI	...	138
Gandhi's Religion—Rev. JOSEPH DOKE	...	141
Gandhi's Religion—'A Young Indian' in <i>The Nation</i>	...	146
Soul Force Worked Up—Dr. SUBRAMANIA IYER	...	148
Mighty Triumph of Non-violence—C. F. ANDREWS	...	149
True Mind and Heart—S. SRINIVASA IYENGAR	...	151
Saint, Patriot, Statesman in One—H. S. L. POLAK	...	153
A New Light—V. MANGALVEDKAR	...	165
Conquer the Body not the Soul—GILBERT MURRAY	...	170

A Liberated Soul : Sacrifice Personified—Dr. TAGORE	175
The Poet's Homage—Dr. RABINDRANATH TAGORE	177
He Affects me Spiritually—The Late G. K. GOKHALE	178
Representative of the Crucified—LORD BISHOP MDS.	181
A Spiritual Man : Really a Saint—S. W. CLEMES	181
Our Martyr and Saint—Dr. ANNIE BESANT	182
Everyone Regards him as Saint—W. W. PEARSON	183
Ways of Prophets and Saints— <i>Nation</i> (New York)	184
The Greatest Man of the Day—Dr. SUN YAT-SEN.	188
No PARALLEL in the World To-day—P. LANDON	189
Mrs. Besant and Gandhi—UPENDRANATH BASU	190
Inner Meaning of the Movement—LILIAN EDGER	193
Representative Man—"Nadan" in <i>The Indus</i> (Lond.)	198
The Man of the People—DIWAN CHAND SHARMA	203
More than his Creed—B. NATESAN	212
"Competing with the Poorest"—Maharaja DARBHANGA	213
Courage to endure Penalties—LORD HARDINGE	215
Whole-heartedness and Self-sacrifice—Mr. JAMESON	216
Single-minded Devotion—LORD GLADSTONE	217
Bravery and Sacrifice—LORD AMPTHILL	217
Even Enemies cannot find Fault—BEN SPOOR	218
Admiration from Opponents—BHUPENDRA N. BASU	219
Won the Battle—SIR HENRY COTTON	220
India is at his Feet—VINCENT ANDERSON	220
Already Succeeded— <i>Unity</i> (Chicago)	221
The Man Deserves the Honour—B. G. TILAK	222
An Unselfish Man—W. P. SCHREINER	222
What Tolstoy was in Russia— <i>Nation & Athenaeum</i>	223
Flame of Idealism—S. E. STOKES	223

Some of the Contents of Vol. II.

(In the Press)

- No Blasphemy to Compare ... Col. J. C. WEDGWOOD.
 Guide Philosopher and Friend—*The Indian Opinion*
 Glorious Figure ... *New York Call*
 Most Despised and Best Loved—GERTRUDE EMERSON
 Excellent Work ... CHARLES ROBERTS, M. P.
 Courage and Heroism ... Sir PHEROZESHAH M. MEHTA
 One of the Foremost Heroines in the World Do,
 Heroine of a Hundred Noble Sufferings SAROJINI DEVI
 Psychological Ideal ... *The Catholic Herald of India*
 Preach the Gospel of Gandhi ... M. M. MALAVIYA
 An English Lady Blesses ... 'AN ENGLISH LADY'
 Law is no Respector of Persons : BLOOMFIELD
 Higher than Man ... T. PRAKASAM
 Greatest Leader Humblest Bhakta ... M. R. JAYAKAR
 Moral and Spiritual Weapons ... Do.
 The Principle of Ahimsa in Politics ... K. NATARAJAN
 The Court's Homage ... SAROJINI DEVI
 Humanity's High Watermark ... G. A. NATESAN
 Glorious Human Achievement ... *Vedic Magazine*
 Feeling in America after the Arrest ... MORIS GOODMAN
 How to Love without Hate ... NORMAN THOMAS
 Weaponless Revolt in India ... BERNARD SEXTON
 Violence versus Soul-force ... Sir VALENTINE CHIROL
 Real Significance of the Movement *The Freeman* (N. Y.)
 Key to Gandhism ... "D. P."
 Gandhi's Non-co-operation ... *The Irish Press* (Phila)
 The Root of the Indian Question...BERNARD HOUGHTON
 Gandhi and Anarchy ... Sir SANKARAN NAIR

Restless India ...	FRAZIER HUNT
A Warning to England ...	<i>The New Republic</i>
Unchristian Quality of Our Govt. ...	<i>The Challenge</i>
Can You Blame the Indians ...	VINCENT ANDERSON
The Super-Ascetic ...	HELENA NORMANTON
Not Civilization but Its Complications ...	LAJPAT RAI
Will the People of India Hold Out ...	BLANCHE WATSON
Soul of India in Revolt ...	J. Z. HODGENT
The Message of Khaddar ...	HARIDAS HALDAR
The Dawn of a New Era ...	DWIJENDRANATH TAGORE
New Ideals ...	PAUL RICHARD
God may find His Image (Poem) ...	ANGELA MORGAN
A Christ or Buddha (Poem) ...	MARY SIEGRIST
Doth Crist Walk on Earth Again ? ...	C. WOODBURY
Soul (Poem) ...	H. CHATTOPADHYAYA

APPENDIX—Rev. J. H. HOLMES' Reply to Critics.