

even the worst and most implacable enemy of India, if there is any such. But alas ! the fact stands out that this is the initiation which many a man who can form an opinion, or is willing to follow one, is unconsciously endorsing and working for.

The gods do not interfere when a whole people or nation is stricken blind through its own pride and ignorance that would not be enlightened. The Hand of the all-merciful God was not stretched out to stay the great war in the West, because the whole of Europe chose to be blind. He that draws the sword suffers by the sword ; there is no other law. The blind enthusiasm to which I have referred is growing stronger every day and leaders deliberately or unconsciously are adding fuel to the flame. In some quarters the enthusiasm is being fed by pronounced hatred. The storm will some day burst and burst it will, unless the best thought of India averts the catastrophe.

The blast may originate as a mutiny against Great Britain. It will not stop at that. -The people will at the same time mutiny against

themselves. The rabble will rule and mob dominion will assert itself. They will sweep all things aside, destroy and vandalise. I am not taking a leaf out of the gory book of France or Russia. I am taking a leaf out of Indian history itself. Through the turmoil and all the horrors of it, we may hear the voice of dead dynasties and buried kingdoms. The old dramas will be revived this time by the people themselves. The silent spectators of old, the puppets and automata of the past, will then be the playwrights and actors and stage managers as well. Whether democracy (the saner type of it) or dynastic rule, or a reconquest by England, will be the result I cannot say. To me it seems that if England fails to reconquer, the first product will be dynastic rule followed later by true democratic rule—but at what a cost! In spite of all the demonstrations of affection that have taken place in many parts of India between Hindus and my Mohamedan brethren, I am afraid, when the evil day dawns the sword of Islam will not lie idle in its scabbard. I deeply grieve to say this: but rather say it than not say it. Educated Moslem

India may not, and I feel it will not, draw the sword for Delhi and the glory of Islam, but the lower orders will unquestionably be the tool of men athirst for ambition or led astray by false ideals.

As I said before, there is only one way to escape the ordeal that faces us and our children and that way is to sober the people and discipline them. This will be true nation-building. Instead of time and its mutations calamities and horrors, giving us finally a nation, let the hands of peace and the arts of statesmanship take up the task. The process may be long and time may elapse but calamity will be averted. Liberty, says a modern sage, cannot descend to us, we must ascend to it.

An immense responsibility is laid upon the shoulders of the people and its leaders, but it is a responsibility by the fulfilling of which we shall be assisting the purposes of Heaven. Let the leaders, therefore, take up the task. It is a noble one; the season is favourable, the conditions are good and the material is ready at hand. Shall it be said of us, the harvest indeed was ready but the labourers were few?

Go forth, ye God-destined sons of India, plough the land, sow the seed, pray for the blessing of Heaven, wield the sickle, bind the sheaves and winnow the grain. Your joy shall be great and in time the voice of triumphant rejoicing shall be heard throughout the land.

WHAT THINK YOU OF INDIA

Among all the great nations of antiquity, China and India alone remain to our day to be living witnesses to the past, to testify to the things over which Time has dropped an impenetrable veil. The great names of the world's history, names which wake up echoes from graves with the dust of centuries upon them, names which conjure up visions for us of either physical power or moral excellence, splendour of thought or splendour of achievement, the conquests of science or the triumphs of art, or of the human mind in its vigour panting after the Sublime, the Substance and *Source of all Truth—these are but names and but little more.* Their memorials are but impressions on the multitudinous factors that have combined to produce what we call modern civilisation. Egypt, Assyria, ancient Akkadia, Persia, Greece and Rome—all these shone in their time and their season like strange visitant suns in the firmament and passed, leaving behind them fragments and the fragment of fragments. Egypt when dead lived in Greece

and Greece when dying, through the process of mental palengensis, lived in Rome, and Rome having died lives in the dominant civilisation of modern times—the European. Though living, they are dead: not though dead, yet living. Their individuality and separate entity have perished. We hear their voices, their faces we do not see: we hear their footsteps from distant corridors of time, but their figure we do not see: we see their spiritual form but their bodies the worms of age have eaten up: we catch glimpses of their glory, but only as in a mirror: we hear the music and the song, the cry of pain and the shout of triumph, but the actors and the stages are both gone. Time has annexed them.

Whether Providence so willed it or blind chance and circumstance have been at work, kingdoms and dynasties and empires which held dominion over the destinies of mankind have all perished. The tent and the jousting field, the arena and tournament, the amphitheatre and the palace and the hall of a hundred pillars are all gone. The only memorials are fragments of stone and scraps of ornaments.

But India and China, nations of antiquity, are to-day very much what they were thirty centuries ago. The Vedic, the epic, the philosophic, the dynastic periods with certain substantial changes live in the people of India. We have not to go for memorials to inscriptions and epitaphs but to the people themselves. Hinduism lives, while its contemporary the great cult of Isis and Horus has gone taking with it the whole of its disciples. The Hellenes and the Romans are gone but the Indian Aryans and the Dravidians remain. It is so in China. The ancestors of Confucius live in the Southerners and Northerners of to-day. They have not lost their identity nor merged themselves into another people.

Should not the sons of India be proud of her? Should they not render her such homage and such service as would rejuvenate her soul? Why not the sons of Bharatvars cry out as the Hebrew of old "What grey hairs are upon the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the Everlasting Arms"? Shall I recount her glories?

Look, from the Southern part of the continent of Asia, a sub-continent herself, she spreads herself out as a tongue lapping the heaving waters of three seas. The southern waters and the southern winds, the Bengalian and the Arabian seas embosom her and send forth their fertilising waters to feed her fields of grain and fruit and pulse, in masses of clouds that look like Macedonian phalanxes going to war. To the North of her, guarding, protecting and shielding her, stand the mighty Himalayas, the eternal home of snow. They are to her a granary. With his snowy locks the giant Meru spins out and sends adown cliff and crevice and ravine and cavern, the perennial streams that bring with them not only moisture for the broad fields of Hindustan but also manure. To the West and East run forest clad ranges which feed the intervening acres with streams that never die. The great Meru is India's head and crown, the western and eastern ranges are her arms : the Vindhyan and Satpurian chains the girdle around her loins and her waist. She dips her tapering feet in the cool waters of the Southern Ocean, where divers pluck pearls

from the slimy fathoms to deck her ankles. She is clothed in green : what wonderful embroidery is there upon her garment, what play of colours, what patterns ! The sun rejoicing pours down upon her in insatiable passion the seven-coloured darts of his love. But she withers not nor do her locks grow grey. The ocean-going Ganga, her wild intractable brother, the Brahmaputra and the five-fingered Indus, bring down the ointment with which the people are healed: they are the outflow from her crown, while the gods bless her anointing her head with divine unguents. The child of Amarkantak, the rocky spined Tapti, the sacred Godaveri and the Krishna, the sandal scented Cauvery and the Tambarapurni, bearing the images of a million palms upon her bosom, are the ambrosial streams of milk that flow from her nourishing breasts.

Change the train of thought, and I would tell you that this country of ours has some of the mightiest ranges of mountains in the world, the mightiest rivers, the mightiest alluvia plains and the mightiest stretches of trodden forests in the world. Here are the variations

of climate and soil and scenery and vegetation that are to be found in any part of the world. The cold of the Arctics and the Antartics, the subtle warmth of the Italian skies and the balmy air of Spain and Southern France, the torrid heat of the Sahara, all are here. The grain and pulse and fruit of all the world are here—the wheat and paddy, the maize, the barley and oat. The glory of the forest stretches of America and Africa are here. El Dorado is here. Alaska and Kimberley are here. Damascus borrowed her material from here. Our merchandise, our spices, our silks and our ivory work and woodwork stood before kings in different parts of the world. When Solomon was building his temple, before Alexander raised a town for himself on the shores of the Red Sea, our glory was upon the lips of all the nations of the earth. Our art and our handiwork scintillated like a many faceted diamond: they were as many and as brilliant as the hues upon the monarch bird of our land.

Shall I change the train of thought again? Here in this country were born two of the

greatest religions the world has ever felt the force of. In her midst, in her shady groves or in her sacred glades sprang into existence some of the greatest schools of metaphysics. While some of the races of the world were shepherds wondering at the skies and the courses of the planets, our schoolmen were teaching their disciples the arithmetical mystery of the stars that constitute our universe. The greatest social empire is in our midst, living to our day. The loftiest religious thought is in our ancient documents. The most refined moral code is in our scriptural treasures. The highest conception of the Deity is in our devotional canticles. One of the noblest and finest languages in the world is ours. Among the world's incomparable epics, two are ours. Great among the greatest are our sages and our saints. In imagery, in scenic description, in metaphor and in sublime apostrophe, our poetry is second to none. While individual countries wrote their epics and their elegiacs in a single tongue, we have written them in a score of tongues. The names of Kalidasa, Tulsi Das, Pannini, Kamban, Tiruvaluvar

Avayar, and others are immortal : not all the world taken together can bring forth their equal. Some of the world's greatest rulers were rulers in India : they had their thrones in Delhi or Ayodia or Magada. To India came enquiring sages from the far East and perhaps also from the far West. From here sent forth the Lord Krishna the doctrine of duty and self-abnegation and Gautama the doctrine of self-annihilation. It is in this land, in the Moghul reign, rose like a lotus out from a pellucid pool in later rain, the mausoleum which shows how an undying love failing undying utterance metamorphosed itself into a matchless creation in marble. This is the cradle of philosophic humility; the birth place of devotion. In this country are the people who, in spite of the difficulties and troubles of passing centuries, have preserved intact the inheritance of their forefathers. This land has been the mother which gave suck to many an Asian and non-Asian child in its swaddling clothes. True wisdom and piety were the milk. Her lullabies were the echoes of the divine hymnals which break the monotony of tranquillity in heaven.

Shall I say more? The daughters of this land were the admired and adorable of antiquity. The beauty of femininity was in them and the glory of womanhood was theirs. They draped them like garments which the Apsaras wear. Their crown was chastity: their glory was humility: their splendour was obedience: their beauty was deportment: their duty lay in the good of their children and their religion in faithfulness and in self forgetfulness. So great was their moral excellence, and their outward beauty so transcendent, that the very gods of the Pantheon of Hinduism came to woo and win them in the matrimonial tournaments called Svayamvara. This is the land which gave Sita, Draupadi and Savitri as models of wifely devotion to womanhood. This is the land which records the story of kings having descended from their thrones to enter into the lonely abode of the hermit and princes having discarded their purple to seek the solace which lies outside the beaten tracks of mankind. This is the land of Asoka, Vikramaditya, Akbar and Jehangir and Shah Jehan. This is the land to which came all the sages of the world seeking

the best and noblest virtue and finding no answer elsewhere found it here—in chastity.

Once India was the centre and all the world was the circumference. She was the theatre wherein the gods held their holy revelries.

It is this land which I want you to take a pride in. It is your land. It is the land of your forefathers. In it your fathers plodded and ploughed and rejoiced in and in it your future is wrapped. Rise, O son of Bharata, and gird up your loins and stand forth as a true son of truth and righteousness and greatness—even as your fathers prayed you should be.

“What grey hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle’s, whose feet are like the feet of harts and underneath the Everlasting Arms?”

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF INDIA,

Gentlemen and Brethren,

It is somewhat of a strange procedure to link with the chapters of a book what is essentially a letter, but the times are too unsettled and the needs of the people are too urgent for me or anyone to be fettered by custom or convention. I break these, therefore, and address you, not as a mentor or a political moralist, but as a humble servant and son of India, as your brother and fellow labourer. I beseech your earnest attention and pray that you will not consider my appeal as a tissue of words, but as a message which the Motherland demands that her sons shall listen and execute with vigour and with courage. I address you on behalf of the tongueless millions of our country and the millions who will succeed our generation.

I have endeavoured to present before you a true picture of India in the chapter foregoing. I call upon you as the inheritors of so great an heritage to live worthily, maintain the noble traditions of your forefathers and guard the future of your children. We are at a

critical period in the world's history and a still more critical period in the mental history of our own people. Systems of thought and types of civilisation are in the crucible. Problems which were in the past the intellectual sport of sages or the prophetic dreams of poets are now practical questions facing us and demanding an answer. The pastime of sages have now become the perplexities of our statesmen. They may be as the rippling wavelets upon the surface of a calm summer sea but though you hear only the soft, melancholy sigh of the gentle breeze, the seaman knows that the thunder of the storm is behind them. There is such a ripple in our own country and I attempted to show that it is to be warmly welcomed, in the sense that it is the portent of a driving storm, which shall be a slave and a servant to us swiftly leading our lumbering barque to its haven, and not allowed to be a foe which shall shatter its sails and perhaps sink it. I ask you to study the temper of the times calmly and philosophically, and perform for your country the duty which your conscience and your culture dictate.

May I define this duty for you? It is no accurately chiselled definition, but only a rough delineation of the spirit and soul of it. You are the sole judges of your actions, the sole masters of your methods. I only postulate the principles. First and foremost, I ask you to perennially bear in mind that you are the foundation on which our elders propose to build the Indian Nation. You will be the pillars, you the superstructure, the coping stone, you the dome, the minar and spire and ornament. Do not think that your shoulders are too 'slender and your palms too tapering. You stand firm in your faith, be true to principle, and you will have the strength and sinew of ten thousand giants. The strength of an arch over which pass and repass the mammoths of modern traffic, lies in the slender slab of stone or brick which serves as the keystone. Like your shoulders the slab is also slender. Whence comes its stupendous strength? It lies in scientific accuracy. If the stone were to say that it would rather stand breadthwise than on edge, the arch would instantly shiver to atoms. Be true to your duty and true to principle and your

strength will be like the strength of the gods. You are the foundation on which the nation must be built, there is no other foundation. It is a tremendous weight but great will be your glory and great the benefit you will confer upon your country, if you bear it. The more cheerfully you bear the burden the less the weight will become and speedier the work of building progress.

I ask you to remember this and quit yourselves like men. Remember that your country does not come to you either in entire forgetfulness or in entire nakedness, but comes trailing clouds of glory from the silent spaces of the Past. You are the citizens of a great country and the custodians of a great patrimony. In your hands lies the future of the country. In your hands lies its destiny. In your hands lies its future greatness and splendour. You can worthily fulfil the stupendous responsibility which is thrust upon you if you bear but one holy sentiment in your heart. That sentiment is pride of country. Let it be to you a guiding star, an inspiration and a shrine. Set aside and forget for ever, the narrow types of

thought of old. Let there be no more pride of birth or pride of place or pride of race, or pride of caste, or pride of religion. These things have had their day and served their purpose. In the new order of things they are ruinous, destructive and obstructive. Cultivate the new sentiment: let it be the first commandment of your public ethical creed. Be citizens of India first and then all things else. Let your paramount pride be the pride of nationality. You have nothing to be ashamed of. I have, however poorly, described your political mother. You have not only to maintain the traditions of old but also to create and fashion new systems of unity, new standards of service, a new thought, new literature, new ideals. Remember always that you are the descendents of a great race and that you have to fulfil the ultimate destiny of that race. I call it a race, because, henceforth, there shall be to you no castes and tongues, but one single race—people of India—the Indian race. Remember that if Greece had her Athens, India had her Hastinapur: if Egypt had her Thebes, India had her Kanouj: if Assyria had

her Babylon, India her Ayodia : if Persia had her Persepolis, India her Kasi : if Cæsar had his Rome, Akbar had his Delhi : if Marcus Aurelius was a philosopher in ermine and linen, Asoka was a saint amidst a barbaric spread of pearl and gold : if Homer gave immortality to the gods, so also Vasishta : if Cæsar wrote his commentaries, so did Baber : if Rameses built a pyramid of block granite, Shah Jehan built a dream pyramid of white-veined marble : if heroes revelled in feats of courage and skill before the walls of Troy, we can find a nobler echo in the din of conflict upon the field of Kurekshetra. And above all what neither Greece nor Rome nor Egypt nor Assyria nor Briton nor Gaul nor China could do we did, rather our forefathers did. While Egypt gave her mysteries to the few and Greece her mythologies to the many, Rome her philosophies to the select, Krishna gave his Bhagavad Gita and Gautama his Dhammapada to the million !

What son of India is there who will not glory in this country ? What son of Bharata is there who will not offer a sacrifice of duty and service upon the altars of such a country ?

It is this country which calls for your help now. In her process of rejuvenation and rebirth you should assist. The task is yours and of no other. If we have a sublime past let us make the future a stupendously sublimer one. If our forefathers worked and laboured for us, wherefore should we not labour for those that are to come? Look at all problems from that point of view. There is no other point of view. If the gods were to think only of the past or only of the present or only of the future, there would be no universe and human life or any other form of life.

I asked you to consider yourselves as citizens of India. Your next duty is to consider yourselves as sons of India and servants of India and above all as the judicious guardians of the religious faith of India. I am no religious reformer nor a revivalist : else I would have first asked you to assist the reform of religion in India. I have however asked you to cultivate patriotism and now I ask you to give a true touch to the religious tone of India. That is the corner stone of Indian nationality. I will not pause here to explain it. I deal with it in

succeeding chapters. My only purpose is to beg your assistance.

Gentlemen, I have come to the end of my appeal. Individual temperaments differ and so also individual judgments upon the problems of human life. I have not presumed to dictate to you nor have I asserted my opinion upon yours. I have only asked you to follow the gleam of the star of duty which your own conscience and culture dictate or describe. History may be written in twenty different ways and the philosophic judgments passed upon it may be of a hundred different and divergent characters, but, if you are a believer in the superintendence of Providence over the affairs of the world, then I would ask you to remember that there is only one way in which to carry out and serve the purposes of Heaven, namely, to serve humanity and seek the greatest good of the greatest number—service both collectively and individually. Every man has a duty to perform and a certain defined place to fill. If he does not perform the duty and fill the place it is not the fault of the gods but that of the man's.

I want you to be the instrument by which Providence which guarded the good of India in the past desires now to pour down upon her showers of prosperity of a new kind. Your creed should be Patriotism, Fraternity and Service.

“Man reacheth perfection by each being intent on his own duty. Listen thou how perfection is won by him who is intent on his own duty.....Better is one's own duty though destitute of merits than the well executed duty of another.”—(Bhagvad Gita.)

PART II

RECONCILIATION.

THE SUPREME NEED FOR A POLITICAL ARMISTICE.

It is difficult to construct ; far more difficult to create. Construction and creation differ in the sense that you construct a thing upon something or out of something ; you create something out of something or out of nothing. Some schoolmen may say that the last part of my sentence contains a contradiction in terms but I will not pause to argue the point here.

The task before Indian leaders and India's young men is a dual task and therefore immensely more difficult. That task is nation-building and it embraces construction and creation. Construction in the sense that the Indian nation should be built upon and with the aid of the materials which the genius of the people provides and creation in the sense that it should be made permanent, everlasting, growing stronger and greater with the advance of time, by the infusion into it of a spirit, the breathing

into it of a soul. Construction is, therefore, mechanical ; creation, spiritual. There may be defects in the description, but the sense is there.

This, then, is the task which lies before us and for the fulfilment of which I have in a personal letter addressed to the young men of India beseeched their wholehearted labour, in fact, the consecration of their lives. In the chapters succeeding I shall discuss the two aspects of the task in detail, but meanwhile, and before taking up that discussion, I would, and I must, lay stress upon one essential and vital need for the undertaking, the gradual fulfilment of the two-fold task I have mentioned. That essential need is a hearty reconciliation between the Briton and the Indian.

My brethren, once more I say that I do not presume to dictate to you. I would only ask you to take your stand upon facts and draw your conclusions with strict adhesion to logic. I have already told you that the task before us is of immense importance and its difficulty of no less magnitude. I appeal to your reason to say whether it is not necessary to close the old chapter before we begin the new? Is

it not absolutely necessary that we should draw strength and inspiration from whatever sources that are available and near at hand? Tell me honestly who do you think would help us more in the fulfilment of our hopes than England? You may cite cases and instances to disprove my question: but I am not arguing, I am appealing. We have had too much of arguments. We are sore surfeited with controversy. My earnest appeal is this: Whatever has happened, let us close the chapter. I not only appeal to my own countrymen, but also to every Briton in India. Gentlemen, for the sake of humanity, pass mutually the sponge of forgiveness and bury the past. This is not the time for discussion or recrimination. This is the time for reconciliation and reconstruction. This is the time to hitch our political wagon to a star—to the star of our destiny.

To my Indian brethren I would say, England has made mistakes and so have we. Let us be just before everything and remember that England conquered India and by virtue and influence of that conquest she has ruled India as she thought fit. Her conception of the

fitness of things may have been wrong—was considerably wrong—but call to mind the conditions which originated that conception. Once more I say let us be just. We Indians have been in this country for over seven thousand years and unto this day, even in this day of enlightenment, we see and feel and suffer the agonising differences and exactions of caste? How is it we condemn in others what we absolve among ourselves? If you are a student of history and can pass an historical judgment upon questions of history assisted by the philosophy of history, I would ask you to answer me this question; how would you have acted if you were the conquering power? Would you have given back the country to the conquered, as Alexander did to Porus? And if you had done so, would you have been justified? At the time the British nation came, to whom did India belong? To the people? Not at all. It belonged to none, I repeat it. It belonged to none. It belonged to that nation that was best fitted to rule the composite races and tribes which were then at incessant war one with another That nation was

England. If you are a believer in the higher purposes of God in relation to the destinies of nations and races, then I would tell you that the palm of conquest was given to England, in preference to France, Portugal and Holland, and may I say Moghul and Maharatta, for a definite purpose. That purpose, I believe, is now in the course of fulfilment, rather awaits fulfilment. Englishmen in India have simply carried on the administrative traditions of their forefathers. They were wrong, extremely wrong, not to have modified the methods as time advanced. But they erred as men and as men I want you to forget the past and commence what to us must have the status and the dignity of an epoch and an era. If my countrymen would forgive me, I would like to tell them that they are not dealing with an ordinary nation. The English nation is the greatest nation of all time. We have received our political lessons under its tutelage. Under the shelter of its strong wings we have enjoyed peace and have prospered in the arts of peace. Let us not rise in rebellion against such a nation. It may have done us injustice, it may have done

us wrong but it does not recognise it as injustice does not recognise it as wrong to the extent that we do. Its wrongs have been against our constitution, not against our conscience and our creed. In a previous chapter I have said more than enough I think about the greatest defect of Englishmen in India and I do not think it is in consonance either with political gentlemanliness or public ethics to insist and harp on them day in, day out. Kindly bear in mind that the basis of communal unity is a common idea, or group of ideas, or common institutions ; the basis of society is common subscription to a common code of social ethics, meritorious or otherwise ; the basis of government is the common consent of those governed, namely, society and groups of societies ; the basis of civilisation is common adhesion to a set of progressive ideas ; even the basis of religion is common submission to the articles of a creed held in common. Where, therefore, there is consent, mutual agreement, or common understanding, where, I repeat, these are essential to the existence of a common system of thought or a common association of ideas,

or a common combination of institutions, or a group of societies, there should and there ought to be conciliation and compromise. The sector of political thought and endeavour is no exception. As a matter of fact, the basis of political progress is compromise and there can be no compromise without conciliation—not necessarily a commingling of thoughts and opinions or sacrifice of principles, but certainly a cordial consonance in spirit and a harmony of hearts. The concrete embodiment of this conciliation and compromise is co-operation in actual work. But co-operation can only come if it has its necessary antecedents, conciliation and compromise.

It is this conciliation which I humbly and respectfully request that Britons and Indians may effect forthwith, for the good of each, for the good of both. We can no longer continue fruitless and profitless discussions and keep adding fuel to the flame of dissension and ill-feeling. These stand in the way of our nation-building. They are obstructing our Great Enterprise. Once more I say, let us not blame the mass of Englishmen for the error of

judgment of their statesmen and the error of conduct of their representatives in our midst. And let us not attribute to ~~these~~ more than the necessary measure of blame. These may have believed in the sword theory and the British Raj theory : but we must not forget that we have not impressed them in the least by our unity, for we do not have it. We must realise that England has a great duty to perform in India, a stupendous duty—a duty which England and England alone can perform. She cannot perform it, if we harass her, insult her and degrade her. In the gigantic labour of creating a nation, England's help is necessary, absolutely necessary. Without her we cannot do much. Let us be manly and accept her help in the best of spirit. Let us be manlier still to request it. In a previous chapter I said that England lost a great opportunity in India. She has a fresh one before her now. What is this opportunity? It is this : to assist the people of India to attain nationhood : to assist them to develop national character ; to assist them to attain political adolescence : to assist them to

recast their present system of education and substitute another, one which shall be the first factor in building up the nation : to infuse into the people some of those characteristics which have made the name of Englishmen honoured and respected throughout the world : to build and refashion the industries of the country : to keep alive those principles which constitute the political backbone of a country : to preside over the evolution of the national soul as a benevolent and ever solicitous parent.

As I have spoken to my countrymen, I would like to speak to Englishmen also. Gentlemen, please remember that you will be holding up to contempt the noble traditions and achievements of your great country, your very national character, if you refuse to be philosophical enough to bear, and bear with serenity, the criticisms, and may be foul charges, which spring from some sections of a people who are to-day at a stage in their political march, which you had reached long before the days of the Plantagenets. You must be tolerant of these. You must simply look upon them as a father in his declining years would

the innocent taunts of his children anent his senility and idiosyncracies. Your senility is the senility of the spirit of the administration which was fashioned by your ancestors in the days of Clive and Cornwallis: your idiosyncracies have been the result partly of tradition and partly of misunderstanding and partly of a pardonable egoism. You are known as, and you are, a just nation. Be, then, just to yourselves and remember where there is true justice there is also true sympathy. This is commonsense and philosophy combined. Gentlemen, all I ask you is to be patient and tolerant, but not as in the past in a spirit of *condescension*. *Rise, as you should, above all the petty annoyances and insinuations you may receive.* This is a common phase in political life. The changes that you see around were to come and they have come. They are the inevitable products of the labours of your own ancestors. Indians, with the exception of a few, are fully cognisant of the fact that you have been manly enough and generous enough to recognise the mistakes you have made in the past and have made a sincere and straight-

forward attempt to make an atonement by the introduction of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms. Do not be impatient if some reject these as utterly below the standard expected. In matters of this nature opinions always differ and we should not make mountains of molehills nor convert mud-streams into mighty rivers. In periods of transition there is ever an abundance of transitory feelings and these feelings must be considered as transitory. Forgive me offering an illustration. Some of you have no doubt watched the refiner of sugar bending over the iron pan containing the cane juice. When the process of the juice crystallising into jaggery begins, the first thing that catches the eye of the refiner is the scum that comes to the surface. Do you think that the refiner thinks it as an insult, as all labour lost or all that is in the pan is scum and scum alone and nothing else, that no sugar would eventually come? Gentlemen, the scum may be objectionable to the eye and the hissing and frothing may be objectionable to the ear, but the refiner thinks only of the sugar to come and simply scoops out the scum and waits. I say to you, do not

mind the scum, for the sugar is there. The thoughts of the people are in the pan. If no sugar crystallises, it will not be your fault. It will be the fault of the juice itself. But it will certainly be your fault, if, offended by the sight of the scum and harassed by the hissing, you upturn the pan and spill all the juice.

Gentlemen, remember that you are the members of a great nation—probably the greatest the world has so far seen. Whether in the domain of thought, in the domain of religion, in the domain of action, in the domain of achievement, or in the domain of physical endurance and power, you have beaten all the nations of the past and outshone all the nations of the present time. What Egypt did you have done ; what Greece did you have done ; what Rome did you have done ; and what these did not and could not do, you have done and will do. You are the best exponents in our day of the democracy which was the crowning glory of Greece. You possess as none else does the political virility which was the crowning glory of the Romans. In the geographical map of the world, your island is like a shell. Yet, you have conquered half the

world and left the impress of your greatness upon the other half. In the morning of the era which opens modern history your sons went forth upon frail barks and cockle shells, ploughed distant waters, and circumnavigated the world. They went forth as pioneers and annexed to their country islands, countries, sub-continents and continents. Your untameable sea-dogs barked incessantly upon the seas and neither Spaniard, nor Portugese, nor Dutchman nor Frenchman could evade their vigilance or coax or cow them down into silence. It is your ittle island country which has sown the seeds of nationhood in Australia, in New Zealand, in Canada, in South Africa and above all in America. The great American nation, which ranks only next to you, is a product of your hands. You may not have been the artist who gave the finishing touches, but you certainly were the potter who softened and shaped the clay and turned it on the wheel. Your national history furnishes one of the greatest and most inspiring chapters in the history of the world. It is more than that. By and in itself it marks an era and an epoch. It gave to Europe its intellectual renaissance-

and its spiritual reformation. As the Mother of Parliaments—the true temple of true democracy—your country gave to America its ideal of independence and through it to France its republicanism. Under the might of your banners and your ensign a thousand ships go by day and a thousand and ten thousand by night. It was the compass in your ships, the cutlass in the hands of your sailors, the conquering spirit in the bosom of your Drakes, your Raleighs, your Frobishers and your Hawkes which freed the seas of their terror and widened the highways upon the broad spaces of the oceans. You have plucked the Trident from the hands of decrepit Neptune. In the history of yesterday it was your contemptible army, and latterly, lads from farmyards and boys from playing fields, men from the seats of industries and students from academies, yea, your very womenkind, who shattered by the might and power of their unconquerable and ever conquering spirit, the mightiest war organisation the world has ever known, What sons are thine, O island country! what daughters! what sublime ideals are thine

and what an unquenchable spirit! Would you that have saved the world from cultured tyranny by the sacrifice of the flower of thy youth and the best portion of thy possessions, would you that staked thy all, thy very being, for freedom and for the principles which constitute freedom, leave in neglect one of the offspring of thy political genius—India? Have you become so faint-hearted that you would turn with disgust from one of the greatest and grandest tasks you have ever undertaken, namely, the building of a real nation in India, because you are assailed with words. No matter how deeply they cut, no matter how unjustifiable they are, fulfil your duty you must. Your very greatness demands it. For five years your children heard the thunder of death dealing guns, lived in the storm and hurricane of driving shells, but not for a moment did your duty and your goal pass from your vision. Regardless of all things, regardless of the past, set your hands to the task of creating a nation in India. All the serious thinkers of my country invite you. So assist us that the new nation in India may for ever be a living

monument to the creative, reforming, constructive, rejuvenating, liberalising spirit that is yours. Do in India what you have done in other parts of the world. Remember that to create a nation, endowed with high ideals and high social and political aspirations, is not a mere worldly task—it is far nobler than that. It is to give to one section of God's household of races the vitality and strength necessary not only to live well and act nobly but also to contribute substantially to the sum of human happiness.

I have a special word for Englishmen in India. Please do not think that the task of assisting the creation of a nation in India belongs to the statesmen, and the administrators, and that you have nothing to do with it. The task is more yours than that of your statesmen and your brethren at home. The whole burden is upon your shoulders. All you have to do is to be sympathetic, friendly, co-operative. You must no more think of the sword and conquest theory. You must not forget the fundamental fact that what has been won by the sword can also, by perfect right, be won back by the sword. Conquest always justifies a retaliatory

conquest. You must henceforth dismiss from your mind the idea that Indians are not fit for your company: that they are incapable of attaining political supremacy. When you find Indians equal to you in intellect and other attainments, you must treat them as your equals. Moral and intellectual superiority is greater than race superiority. Unless you give due regard and due respect to worth no matter in whom you may find it, you cannot be assisting the growth of a nation in India, which is the ideal of British rule in India. All I ask you is to be true to the ideal which your own nation has set as its goal in India. Do not laugh at your statesmen and ridicule their endeavours: it is your duty to smooth the path for the execution of the policy they formulate. You are here in India as the representatives of a great nation and worthily should you fulfil your responsibilities. The world is becoming more and more difficult to live in: problems which were never dreamt of quarter of a century back are clamouring for an answer. The whole world is in a state of turmoil and perplexity. I feel that it is the duty of every

man to work for the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind. Our duty is to contribute, individually and collectively, to ~~the~~ sum of human happiness, not to subtract from it. Forgive me, if I have seemed to preach to you. The well-being of three hundred million people and succeeding generations is at stake and so I have pleaded with you. I am confident that you will maintain England's best traditions in India and assist us and assist her in the Great Enterprise.

AN ALLEGORY.

The following Allegory may serve to establish a true perspective and show the fitness of things :—

Political India is like a ship that is sailing to a far-distant port. His Imperial Majesty's Government acting as Directors of the Company that took over the ship from its previous owners, appointed their own crew and officers and gave them detailed instructions as to how they should navigate the ship according to the chart prepared for them. The officers and crew obeyed instructions. Things went well for a time, but the passengers, who in the days when the Moghul directorate was in power were sailing as ballast and not as passengers, strengthened in mind by the ozone of freedom, began to murmur at the extreme slowness of the ship's movements and the extraordinary number of ports the captains were calling at. The murmur was first a whisper and then a commotion in the saloons and first class cabins. The passengers said that though they were called by that name they were no better

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treated than as ballast and, therefore, the difference between the Moghul and the British directorate was only in the ~~matter~~ of labelling and nothing more. The Directors at Whitehall were irritated. They considered the complaint a presumptuous and ungrateful act. As, however, the commotion grew in intensity, they became more and more irritated and non-plussed and after various attempts at threats and reprimands, recognised that it was the ozone that was the cause of it all and proceeded to give the passengers greater play for their lungs and also proportionate work. They gave them permission to offer suggestions to the captain and officers, but within certain well-defined limits. The passengers were fairly satisfied, but the share-holders in the Company protested against this concession, pointing out the fact that it was a preposterous thing for passengers to be given the freedom to criticise the navigation of the captain and his officers. The Directors finding themselves between the devil and the deep sea, explained after considerable pains, that it was necessary that the passengers should learn something of the art

of navigation themselves and, therefore, they had been allowed not only to criticise and offer suggestions within certain limits, but also some of them had been placed under training as officers and crew. After all, they added, their policy was quite a safe one. The passengers were only allowed to complain of the food supplies, accommodation arrangements, cabin and deck comforts and such minor matters. Neither the chart-room nor the steering wheel was given over to them. There was a show of satisfaction among the share-holders and the passengers also for some time. But the ozone began to work with increasing effect. Murmurs were again heard, but this time not only in the saloons and cabins, but also in the holds. There was a threat of mutiny. The Directors were non-plussed for a while but quickly regaining their equanimity sent out one of their eminent colleagues to study the troubles and grievances of the passengers on the ship itself and formulate a fresh proposal. This he did. The Directors after consultation issued fresh orders to their agents and captain on the ship to take in for training an increased number

of passengers and also allow them greater freedom to air their grievances and offer suggestions. They, however, pointed out that they could not increase the speed of the ship, which would depend entirely on the passengers themselves. The greater the practical knowledge, they said, the 'passengers acquired in the science and art of navigation as officers and crew, the one through knowledge and the other through discipline, the sooner would they reach the port they were bound for. But they reserved to themselves the right to fix the exact nautical mileage the ship should proceed at and when the new rate should be substituted for the old one. They further pointed out that while in sympathy with the desires of the passengers, they had had to take into consideration the perilous nature of the seas. These were not completely chartered. There were pirates abroad. There were hidden reefs and rocks. The ship itself was of a peculiar construction, only they knew its defects. For another thing, they pointed out that the passengers were not united among themselves. The saloon men would have nothing to do with the first

class cabin men in social and other matters. And these in turn would have nothing to do with men one berth below them and so on, the unfortunate fourth class passengers being debarred from taking even a whiff of fresh air on the upper deck. The Directors further pointed out that the ship, though it belonged to the passengers from time immemorial, had been taken by the company in fair fight and it had poured out its treasure in overhauling it, repairing it, putting armour on it, repainting it, and in fact changing the design in an almost revolutionary manner. Not merely that. When they took over the ship, it was an old-fashioned sailing vessel, dependent upon the winds and the breezes. They had plucked out the sails, widened the spaces and put up turbines. They were using coal hitherto, they would use oil fuel instead hereafter. Beyond this, they concluded, they could not go.

The passengers heard this declaration with pleasurable surprise, with agreeable astonishment, at first and a great part of them, including many spokesmen of the upper berths, expressed their thankfulness to the Directors

and promised their hearty partnership in the new scheme of navigating the vessel. A small minority, however, said that the Directors' declaration was rigmarole. They were a set of pirates themselves. The passengers knew as much of the science and art of navigation, which the Directors talked so much about, as any sailor in the world. As a matter of fact the peculiar navigation required to hustle the ship to its port was known to them and to none else. The Directors' assumption that only their own captains knew navigation was sheer presumption and their consequent action altogether despotic. Their talk about the ship having been fitted up with turbines and coal bunkers and all that, though true, was for practical purposes mere fustian. The turbines and coal bunkers were put up as much in their own interest as in that of the passengers, for the ship was not only a mail boat but a cargo boat as well. That was the root of the whole trouble, as most of the profits went to the Directors. These were working for fat dividends, for nothing else. The passengers were now determined that no matter what ensign the ship

flew at the top mast, at the steering wheel, on the bridge, in the chart-room they would have their own men and take the ship at just the nautical mileage it pleased them most. They had enough of the Directors' notions of navigation and far too much of the actual steering and pilotage of the men sent out. They would have nothing more nor less than an entire "Sack the Lot." If the Directors did not give heed then they would have only themselves to thank for what followed. The passengers would hunger strike, would refuse to co-operate both with the crew and the officers. They would, of course, use no violence: no breaking open of the ammunition room, no swirling of cutlasses. They would simply sit still. Part of the higher staff and a great part of the crew were now composed of the passengers and if they refused to do their individual duties the ship would stand still. They would like to see then the merits of the turbines and coal bunkers the Directors mouthed so much about. The ship was their's and their's it should now be, saloon, deck and sail, including those wonderful turbines and coal bunkers. The

other section of the passengers protest, but they protest in vain. The Sack the Lot section has the predominant voice in the holds and its following is much larger than that of the former. The leader of the Sack the Lots is going up and down the decks and in and out the corridors and holds, rousing the passengers to get control of the ship and reach their destined port. Away, he says, with the turbines and coal bunkers. To the devil with them. The science of navigation was not discovered by the Directors. The ship had sailed quite alright in times gone by and there was no earthly reason why it should not sail now. Down with the turbines and coal bunkers. Put up the sails and the old rudder—did not the old ship sail merrily in the days of the ancestors of the passengers? The Directors were the most accomplished liars under the sun and their agents a satanic lot. Both must go, even if the ship went to the bottom of the sea. The Directors talked about a new fuel, the oil fuel. The Sack the Lots knew a far more potent fuel than that. It was soul-fuel. If it but burnt pure, the passengers need do nothing

They may lounge about the decks, the ship would sail along serenely. The soul-fuel was their discovery and they would patent it.

The old quarrel has now become triangular. The Sack the Lots are at loggerheads not only with the Directors and their agents but also with the Steady and Sure section of the passengers. In the heat of the quarrel, the former, in spite of the new fuel they want to introduce, are sending up a tremendous amount of carbon gas through the chimneys and a dreadful amount of sailor language is heard throughout the holds.

Some of the passengers who had kept aloof from the quarrel, though silent workers, now attempt to compose the quarrel. They are pointing out to the Sack the Lots and their leader that while they have been arousing the holds and decks, a tempest has sprung up and the ship is being tossed about and may sink if the nearest port is not headed for at once. They say no matter who controls or navigates, let us put on full steam and reach the nearest port. The passengers are not spirits to vanish through

port-holes and smoke-pipes if the ship sank. They plead with the leaders to pause and ponder over their action. Fighting in mid-sea was a most perilous thing. The question of all questions was not whether the passengers could navigate the ship by themselves, but whether they have mentally equipped themselves; have suitable wardrobes and baggages to live worthily and well in the land to which they were going. They might depose their captains and officers, but there was no guarantee that others may not usurp their place, sailing as they were on unknown, unchartered seas. It would be a living death if the ship passed into the hands of navigators whose only view of the ocean was through a port-hole and whose only idea of the stars was through a telescope reversed. Then the ship would never reach its port. They repeat that the question is not how soon to reach the port, but how to live there with profit and pleasure to all and that depended on what manner of exercise the passengers indulged in while they were on the sea or at a port of call on the way.

The situation on the ship stands at this to-day.

PART III.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE FUTURE OF THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS.

In this part of the book I propose to discuss the practical questions and problems affecting our future. I shall principally devote myself to an investigation and examination of the materials and ingredients necessary for the construction and creation of a nation in India, a nation with physical virility and moral character, attended with worldly prosperity.

Before I proceed to the discussion, I should place all the emphasis at my command on the necessity for the recognition of one central directorate, a presiding authority, an intellectual vicariate, a political Vatican. I recognise such a Vatican in the Indian National Congress. It is this veteran institution, the hero of a hundred fights, which, having divested itself of its old garments and dressing itself with the new, should stand forth not merely as the champion knight, but also, and principally, as the custodian

of the country's future and the architect of its material and moral fortunes. The new thought has flooded the country with political masons but we need one superintending-master mason, one who knows the science and art of surveying and building, one who has the credentials of past achievement, one in whom there is universal faith. The only association which answers this description is the Indian National Congress and the Congress must take up the task. It is a sacred call, a sacred responsibility, and as sacredly it must be answered and assumed.

Most of us might remember having been told when young that the Indian National Congress was a sort of safety valve for the outflow of the pent up passions and opinions of the people. We were further told that, like Adonis of ancient legends, it rose into life in the cool month of December and after a week of very boisterous existence, relapsed back into its grave, to rise again the next season of Winter. In its infant days the Congress might have served as a safety valve and acted the part of Adonis, but it must be admitted that in its

adolescent days, it quitted itself actively, most nobly, in the country's cause. Though rising but once a year, it was nevertheless a living force, a dominant factor in the political life and thought of the people and a very great part of all the reforms that have been effected and the changes that have taken place in the political consciousness and constitution of the people have been due to its magnificent fights and its unseen yet subtle and strong influence. The hot coals from the censer on the Congress altar were taken by the members and distributed abroad and kept alive to feed and kindle political hearts in as many different homes as it was possible. It was morally ever-living. It was the torch which illumined the dark passages on the political road. It was the fountain, the waters of which have kept up the political rejuvenescence of the initiated. It has indeed wrought mighty works for the country and I feel sure my countrymen will join with me in returning profound and undying thanks to it. Let us lay a laurel of respectful gratitude at the feet of those stalwarts of the Congress who are with us no more—and please

remember, some of these are Englishmen, and one of them styled the father of it—Dadabhoy Naoroji, Ranade, Telang, Gokhale, Tilak, Pherozeshah Mehta, Allen Octavius Hume, Sir William Wedderburn, Sir Henry Cotton. Let us also, whatever may be the colour and texture of the present atmosphere, tender dutiful homage to Mr. Surendra Nath Banerji, Mrs. Besant, Babu Bepin Chandra Pal, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Mr. Fazl-ul-Haq, Mr. Motilal Ghose, Mr. Ambika Charan Majumdar, Mr. Vijiara-gava Chariar, the Rajah of Mahmudabad, the Aga Khan and others. This homage can be shown in actual practice by every man paying all possible honour and respect to every member of the Congress, wherever he may be and to whatever set of opinions he may subscribe.

It is to this Congress I appeal to constitute itself as the chief architect in the process of nation building. And it is to the people whom the Congress has served manfully and well in times past and times present, I appeal to constitute it as their political mentor, as their political Palinurus.

I have given the whole matter my most earnest, sincere and impartial thought and I am irresistibly led to the conclusion that the Congress and Congress alone can weld the people into a nation and implant in it a character which though somewhat peculiar to itself yet shall not suffer in comparison with that of any other nation in the world, however great. I am not complacently oblivious to the difficulties of party feelings and consequent fissiparous tendencies they are bound to create. One such result we witness to-day. But I suggest a course which overcomes these obstacles and I most solemnly request every member of Congress and the general public at large to give the suggestion their very earnest consideration. I am not offering the suggestion as a stop-gap, a temporary salve, a make shift arrangement, but as a permanent arrangement which is in the highest interests of the people. The Congress must adopt it or the people must force the Congress if it is reluctant to adopt it. That suggestion is this.

To begin with, in order to cope with the gigantic task before it, the Congress must

agree to undergo a change in name and constitution. It must become the Indian National Committee, assuming the name of Congress when it meets in session once a year. It should henceforth become a permanent national institution, a central seat of authority, in fact a second government—*imperium in imperio*. The President elect for the Congress of the preceding year should be the President of the Committee for the ensuing year and no Indian should consider any honour greater than that of having been or being the President of the Congress and the Committee. He should be a man not only of learning and political experience but an adept at statesmanship and also a recognised patriot : and no one should be elected who would not devote a full year to the practical working of the National Committee. This may be a big demand, but I am confident that the demand is not too big for India.

Secondly, the National Committee must divide itself into two sections : (1) into a purely political section and (2) into a purely propaganda section.

The political section should be the recognised captain in the political fights of the people. It should be what the Congress has been. It may have its parties and its different schools of thought and its divisions. Parties or no parties, I know educated India, as represented in this section, will take care of itself and take care of the interests committed to its charge. I have not the slightest fear on this point.

The propaganda section, however, should have no parties and no schools of thought. The guiding authority should be the voice of the majority and in dispute referendum of the opinion of the intellectual public. It should preside over, assist and conduct the propagation of such knowledge as would enlighten, edify and instruct the people, unite them and kindle their enthusiasm, teach them the supreme responsibilities of citizenship and nationhood. It is this section which should be responsible for the creation of character in the people. For its smooth working it should divide itself into two distinct sections: (1) Committee of national instruction and (2) Committee of national academic education. The first

mentioned committee should devote itself, working in harmony with the second of course, to the spreading of knowledge among the people, by the arrangement of lectures, the distribution of pamphlets and catechisms of instruction in the science of attaining nationhood. These should be translated in every tongue and dialect and not only distributed broadcast, but published through the medium of the press of India, which, I feel sure, will assist. Every presidency and province should have a sub-committee, acting as the executive authority in its particular territorial area, receiving its mandate from the central committee, on which, of course, it will be duly represented.

The committee of national academic education will have a two-fold work to perform; firstly to act as a sort of intellectual censor of the universities and high schools; secondly to assume entire control of the writing and prescribing of text books, especially in the high school classes.

Under the heading of National Education I submit certain suggestions which I trust the Congress and the people of India will seriously

~~consider and~~ If approved, adopt as time and circumstances would permit.

The Congress must follow some such lines as I have suggested. It must rise to the height of the occasion and undertake the responsibilities which Providence has placed upon its shoulders. To reject or ignore these divinely imposed responsibilities would be not only to ruin the future of India but also to leave the purposes of Heaven remain unfulfilled. Having created a desire in the hearts of the people, we must satisfy it. We have had dalliance with politics a little too long. We must now study and devote ourselves to higher politics, which embrace all things religion, social laws, education, communal life, civic activity and political virility. In such a sense I think Plato, Socrates and Aristotle, understood the term and it is this conception of it which I desire my countrymen to bear in mind.

England, America and the other nations of Europe can well afford to play with politics—make a pastime of it. They can well afford to do so, because they sought and obtained the

fundamental principles of the higher politics. Those principles are firmly fixed in the hearts of the people, whether in a crude form or in a refined form according to the mental capacity of the individual. We in India are just in the first flush of the dawn of political adolescence. Unless our eyes are trained, the full glare of the sun may blind us altogether.

I place my trust in the Congress and the sober good sense of my countrymen and I hope they will not lead the country astray at so crucial and momentous a period in its history.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

What is national education ? Rather, what is the type of national education which would best meet the needs of India at the present day ? This is the question on the anvil and to it we *must find a fitting answer.*

The answer is difficult to crystallise in a sentence, but, to fix thought, I would first of all define education as the medium through which the human mind is developed in the knowledge of God, in the knowledge of self, in the knowledge of humanity and in the knowledge of the world. In a word the acquisition of knowledge, experience and wisdom is education. It can take any form, come from any source and embrace all things. This, to my mind, is the real signification of the term education. When it aims at the investiture of the mind with the graces and charms of intellectual refinement, it becomes academic education. When it aims at imparting specialised knowledge in any single department of human research or experiment, it becomes scientific education. When it aims at training the intellect in the acquisition of

knowledge for the successful practice of a particular vocation in life, it becomes professional education. When it aims at the propagation among the people of a country political knowledge and the results of political experience, it becomes political education. When it aims at persuading and convincing the human soul in the utility of faith in a particular religion, it becomes religious education. All these different types of education are embraced by the single term "education." But it must be understood that it is a general definition and though generally accepted yet, in practical application, it is so modified, shaped and varied, as to suit the individual needs of the different groups of people constituting the human race. As the days go by the need will become more and more urgent for a differentiation in the methods and ideals of education based upon the genius and traditions peculiar to a community or race. In a word, national education is a necessity, as much a necessity in India as elsewhere.

What now is national education? It is the system of mental training, moral discipline and intellectual gymnastic, through which and by

means of which the people of a country are provided with common ideals and common aspirations and are led on to attain the one and realise the other through collective and concerted acts of service and sacrifice, while at the same time the individuals composing the people are taught to live well and earn well and fulfil the duty which destiny has assigned to each. This is national education in its general sense. This is the type of education which India imperatively needs to-day and which must be provided.

National education, as I have defined it, has two divisions: (1) political education and (2) university education. The latter term includes all the various types of education I have previously defined, namely, academic, professional, religious and scientific. Now we will briefly discuss political education and then pass on to a discussion of university education.

POLITICAL EDUCATION.

In defining the future of the Indian National Congress I suggested that for the purpose of constructing and creating a nation in India, it should divide itself into two sections, namely, into a Propaganda Section and into a Political Section. The task of imparting political education will fall to the share of the Propaganda Section ; the other section will also be educating while in actuality be working for political expansion. Under the chapter of Materials for Nation-Building I have suggested some of the materials which should be used in fashioning the Indian nation. The keynote of this political education should be the preaching of the gospel of unity, the submergence of all ideas in the one grand idea of nationality. Unity will demand service and sacrifice, mutual regard and mutual respect, a spirit of conciliation and cordiality, and these will create national character. On this foundation the nation can stand firm and sure, fearing no storm and apprehending no disaster of any kind.