THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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MIRACLES, DIVINE OR HUMAN?

We believe in no "miracle," divine or diabolical, which involves transgression of the eternal and unchanging laws of nature, or which transcends the scope and capacity of the mind of man. But we do not look upon evolution as a finished process and we believe the laws of nature and the powers of man are vast beyond the dreams of modern science.

The attitudes towards miracles lend themselves readily to classification—credulity, blank denial, open-minded examination of alleged phenomena and their implications.

To the theologian, imputing to a personal God the power to set aside the laws of nature at his whim, "divine miracles" present no difficulties, as the Rev. Mr. Leslie Belton brings out in the following thoughtful article. But along with the "miracles" of Moses the Bible records the enchantments of Pharaoh's magicians, which orthodoxy would certainly not hold to be divine. To ascribe them to the Devil does not get us very far.

How much more logical the explanation that such phenomena as both performed were scientific "miracles," performed through knowledge of occult natural laws imparted in the sanctuaries of Egypt, which have been called the "Royal Societies" of those days!

If it is superstitious to believe the laws of nature can be contravened, it is no less foolish to believe that science knows all that can happen without contravening law. Categorical denial is the simplest way to deal with what cannot be understood, but only sciolists believe in the omniscience and infallibility of science as it stands today.

As Sir Lawrence Bragg, Professor of Experimental Physics at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, told an interviewer recently (*The People*, 16th April 1944),

there are adventures and discoveries in the realm of physical science, in the structure of this world and, indeed, of

the whole universe, awaiting us just round the corner.

Some of these, he indicated, promise to be "so startling that even those of us who have been studying these problems all our working lives are overawed."

Apparent miracle is but a happening inexplicable in terms of present knowledge. The bounds of the miraculous shrink as knowledge advances. The savage would account as miracle the flooding of a room with light upon the turning of a switch. But we go further than to say that modern knowledge does not compass all the wisdom that the future may disclose. We are convinced we have forgotten much that the wise men among the ancients knew.

Without falling into credulity and accepting every claim for supernormal happenings at its face value, an open-minded person cannot fail to be impressed by the similarity among many "miracles" ascribed to individuals widely separated in both space and time. This duplication of phenomena, attested by consistent universal evidence of legend and tradition, coupled with the overwhelming evidence of science that we live in a universe of law, makes it indubitable that there are laws unknown today but known to the performers of those "miracles."

Religious bigots may dispute the legitimacy of the practice of "magic art" but the reality of Magic, both as art and as science, can hardly be disputed. The testimony is too vast and too wide-spread. There is hardly a spiritual hero of the race without a nimbus of miraculous tradition round his name. And on what but a basis of fact can universal tradition rest?

Mr. Belton suggests that

> some personalities have the power in certain conditions to produce extraordinary events or to effect extraordinary changes either upon the order of nature or upon human bodies. They work supernormally but not supernaturally.

Undoubtedly; but it is important to recognise that such a power is not the gift of chance or of divine caprice. The deliberate and conscious production of superphysical phenomena, requiring exercise of the mysterious, imperial power of the imagination and of the sovereign will of man, demands knowledge, metaphysical and physical.

The "lawabidingness of the universe" is for us as absolute as for Mr. Belton, but to reject a "dualistic universe" in one sense is to close the door to understanding of most *bona fide* miracles. The clue to many of these mysteries would seem to lie in the existence, within the physical, in nature as in man, of an energising, more ethereal counterpart, no more supernatural than the physical, and no less subservient to law.

Complete knowledge of the inner chemical and dynamic laws of nature and of the principles of man must give the trained mind power over hidden forces, the exercise of which produces "miracles."

MIRACLES RECONSIDERED

Do miracles happen? The question is less perturbing to us than it was to our forefathers in the later decades of the nineteenth century. Until its close, and even since then in some quarters, the element of the miraculous in Christianity was something which no Christian was at liberty to accept or to reject as he chose; it was rather an essential assumption integral to the whole structure of Christian belief. All the miracles recorded in the Bible were thought to be true, not because they were credible but simply *because* the Bible recorded them, the Bible being the inspired Word of God. In short, miracles happened because the Bible said they happened.

From this initial assumption it was an easy and natural sequence to base acceptance of Christian doctrine upon belief in the miracles. Since (it was said) the coming of Christianity into the world was accompanied by miracles; since the birth and resurrection of Jesus were miraculous events wrought by an omnipotent God for the salvation of men, the Christian claim was paramount and the Christian doctrine irrefutable. To throw doubt upon the miracles was tantamount to calling in doubt the supreme and decisive miracle of the Incarnation.

This position is now largely abandoned, even by the more conservative interpreters. Belief in the bodily resurrection is still thought to be crucial among all except the most radical schools of Christian thought but, in Protestant circles, the dogma of the virgin birth of Jesus is usually held to be inessential and there are very few apologists who would now argue that the miracles associated with the life of Jesus have indispensable proof-value for the absolute truth of the Christian revelation.

A principal cause of the retreat from belief in the miraculous, and one that effectually influences the manner of presenting Christianity to intelligent people, is the increasing dominance of scientific modes of thought. In this also we may discern a marked change of outlook during the last fifty years or so. Contemporary science is no more amenable to the supposition that miracles occur than were the scientists of the Victorian era; but a milder temper is abroad and there is a less assertive insistence upon the idea of a closed universe allowing of no departure from a fixed causal scheme and thereby ruling out any possibility of the operation of unknown laws.

Religion and science have in part interlocked and only the extremists on either side are indifferent to the contribution of the other. Both must have their part in any clarifying answer to the question, "Do miracles happen?" though it is certain that on the side of religion it is the conservative Christians who will have to surrender most. As they stand, neither the Christian's avowal

nor the scientist's repudiation takes us very far. There is need of a more precise definition of the word "miracle" lest the proponents on both sides continue to import their own meaning into the same misused word. A miracle is usually described as an event caused by some supernatural agency; or, as Canon Raven defines it, a miracle is "an event transcending the common order of the world, in which God is thought to be specially manifesting himself."

Significant here is the theological implication. A miracle is not just an unusual or supernormal event. Such occurrences, frequent enough, are wrongly described as miracles. An unaccountable event is miraculous, in the proper meaning of the word, only if it be attributable to a supernatural person or agent who causes it. A miracle implies a miracle worker. It must further be assumed that this person or agent, in virtue of omnipotence or special power, is able to set aside, transcend or in some way to intervene in the natural order of the world as it is commonly understood. To the Christian this supervening person or agent is God, who alone has the power to abrogate natural law.

It follows that belief or disbelief in the possibility of miracle is mainly determined by our philosophical and religious presuppositions. If we believe in a personal transcendent God who occasionally intervenes dramatically and decisively (the supreme intervention being God's giving of himself in his only-begotten Son) then we are believers in miracles, uncompromisingly. We *must* allow of the possibility of miracle, and if we are Catholics we shall acknowledge an invasive supernatural realm manifesting itself miraculously in the Sacraments and in the experience of the saints. If, however, we hold no such view of God and disallow any assumption of arbitrary intervention; if the law-abidingness of the universe is for us absolute and uninterruptable, then it is clear that miracles, as defined above, are impossible.

The only alternative is to give the word "miracle" a special or provisory meaning incompatible with its customary significance. This in fact is what often happens, increasing the confusion of the debate. Thus, when Walt Whitman glowingly writes:—

> To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
> Every cubic inch of space is a miracle

he means only that life itself is aboundingly wonderful, a sentiment we can admire or on occasion share, even though in other mood we realise that the poet's miracle is not that of the theologian, the philosopher—or the dictionary.

In cooler reason the question must still be probed: What is a miracle? Do we find an explanation in terms of supernaturalism, then miracles are possible, and indeed certain, since the miraculous is the sign within the natural world of the supernatural order. Do we reject this dualistic universe and discern

within the manifoldness of things an all-enfolding unity that is always and everywhere natural, always and everywhere incapable of arbitrary action, then miracles, in the sense defined, are unthinkable. The Reign of Law is imperious and universal. The cosmos knows not caprice.

This being assumed, then, as the view-point adopted here, the assumption compels us to face a mass of alleged evidence which suggests that our judgment is false, that miracles do occur and are verifiable. Confronted with this evidence we realise that a discussion of miracle involves other considerations besides the philosophical. We have not only to ask whether we are existing in the kind of universe that allows of miracles; we have also to ask whether (so-called) miracles have actually occurred in human history.

This evidence must now be briefly examined. Abounding in numberless sources, it is discoverable in every religious tradition, notably in the life-stories of heroes, prophets, seers and saints. Scarcely has a great figure existed to whom the pious imagination has not attached some tale or hint of miracle or magic. So inextricably is legend interwoven with history that the substantive facts have to be sought and sifted out of a mass of palpable fiction, usually with indeterminate results; where history ends and legend begins no one can precisely say. The nonplussed historian or biographer may be pardoned perhaps, if, facing the situation, he sweeps clean away from his picture every trace of the supernatural and the miraculous and leaves us with a mere outline of the life he would fain reconstruct.

But it may sometimes be that the legends he sweeps away as so many worthless accretions have some basis in fact, that these legends are fabrications, exaggerations, multiplications of a genuine theme which should have its place in the completed life. Such legends attach, for example, to the life-story of Gautama the Buddha, who is said to have performed miracles even as Jesus did, some of these miracles being strikingly similar to those associated with the Christian teacher.

Each tradition tells of a temptation and a transfiguration. As Jesus fed the five thousand with loaves and fishes so Gautama fed five hundred brethren with one small cake. Both are healers of the sick. Buddhism has also its Peter who essays to walk on the water and sinks through lack of faith. Whatever be the explanation of these and other parallels, extending even to certain parables and teachings, whether there be "a common fund of imaginative decoration" (as Estlin Carpenter suggested) or one tradition be directly or mediately derived from the other, the question that concerns us now is whether a substratum of fact may conceivably lie beneath some of these stories, be they reported of Gautama or Jesus or of many a Christian saint.

Many life stories are replete with

miracles but nowhere are miracles recorded with quite such admirable restraint as in the canonical gospels. (The apochryphal gospels, excluded from the canon of scripture, are much more extravagant in their relating of miracles.) In considering these, regard must be paid not only to the intrinsic probability of the miracles but to the reliability of the texts which relate them, for modern scholarship is by no means ready to accept the whole of the four gospels or every incident in them as having equal claim to historicity. Moreover, some of the miracle stories permit of a spiritual or parabolic interpretation and therefore lose their force as factual events, though even these, for all we know, may have some basis in fact.

Most contemporary scholars are less negative in this matter than were critics of the liberal school in the late nineteenth century, less inclined to explain away all the miracles in the gospels as the result of the human tendency to spin supernatural webs around its heroes and saints. Of the "mighty works" ascribed to Jesus some are difficult to accept at their face value, *e. g.*, the nativity and resurrection stories. The same may be said of nature miracles like the miraculous feeding of the multitude, the stilling of the storm, the coin in the fish's mouth, the miraculous draught of fishes.

The healing miracles are commonly accepted as more inherently probable if only because modern psycho-therapeutical practice (medical psychiatry, faith-healing, Christian Science cures etc.,) has extended our understanding of such matters and demonstrated the influence of the mind over bodily states. It is significant that Jesus constantly demanded faith of those who sought his aid. To the woman suffering from hæmorrhage, Jesus said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." To the two blind men who asked him to heal them, Jesus is reported as saying, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" "Yea, Lord," they replied. Then said Jesus, "According to your faith be it done unto you."

In all, Jesus is said to have performed twenty-six miracles of healing. But this number allows of considerable multiplication if we take into account such general allusions to works of healing as this:—

"And the report of him went forth into all Syria, and they brought unto him all that were sick, holden with divers diseases and torments, possessed with devils (psychotics?) and epileptic, and palsied; and he healed them."

Assuming the authenticity of these accounts; assuming also that not every nature miracle ascribed to Jesus and other great figures is a meaningless prodigy or baseless extravagance; assuming further that all such stories should be accepted with the utmost caution, the strength of the evidence required being proportional to the improbability or strangeness of the event; assuming all this, and having regard no less to the fallibility of human testimony,

can we still assert with complete conviction that miracles never happen?

Obviously, as we have already seen, everything depends upon the meaning we read into the word miracle. If we use it as implying the supersession of natural law through God's direct action, or his indirect action through some intermediary agent, the evidence will seem convincing and is the more likely to prove convincing since we are predisposed to find it so. But if we cannot allow of any superventional theory; if the universe be governed, as we believe, by undeviating law, what then? The evidence proves to us not that miracles occur, since miracles are interruptive acts, but that some personalities have the power in certain conditions to produce extraordinary events or to effect extraordinary changes either upon the order of nature or upon human bodies. They work supernormally but not supernaturally.

That is all, and that is much. But this should be emphasised: the difference between the believer in miracles and the believer in extraordinary powers is that the one ascribes such events to an invading supernatural agency whereas the other, rejecting this notion, interprets the so-called miracles as unaccustomed happenings involving no breach of law but rather the operation of unknown laws outside the bounds of accepted knowledge and use. Some day physicists may combine to explain more fully much that is as yet ill understood concerning the hidden forces in nature and the latent powers in man.

Though we affirm that miracles do not happen, may we not also affirm that the consistent impulse to believe that they do is basically justified in spite of the superstitions to which it gives rise, that within the fable there is often an undiscerned element of fact, a foreknowing of things that shall yet be disclosed and understood? Nothing can happen contrary to the laws of nature, but the limits of possibility cannot be drawn in a universe unfathomable to the finite mind.

LESLIE BELTON

Never were the phenomena presented in any other character than that of instances of a power *over perfectly natural though unrecognised forces*, and incidentally over matter, possessed by certain individuals who have attained to a larger and higher knowledge of the Universe than has been reached by scientists and theologians, or can ever be reached by them, by the roads they are now respectively pursuing. Yet this power is latent in all men, and could, in time, be wielded by anyone who would cultivate the knowledge and conform to the conditions necessary for its development.... An occultist can produce phenomena, but he cannot supply the world with brains, nor with the intelligence and good faith necessary to understand and appreciate them.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

ANDAL'S "TIRUPPAVAI"

A WOMAN-SAINT'S APPROACH TO GOD

[**Shrimati M. A. Ruckmini,** Madras High Court advocate, has written in our pages upon Sanskrit themes. Here she turns to the rich field of ancient Tamil and introduces us to a great woman-saint of Tamil Nad.—ED.]

Unique in the history of the Alwars of the Vaishnava movement of South India, who have enormously enriched the stock of devotional literature in Tamil, stands the woman-saint Sri Andal. By her single-minded service to God and her intense mystic practice of the presence of the Infinite she demonstrated that, notwithstanding the monopolistic claims made by man, a woman is perfectly capable of rising to the highest goal of spiritual and philosophic eminence which is still the *terminus ad quem* of the effort and endeavours of aspirants. The month of *Margali* in which the Sun passes through Sagittarius (Dhanus) is believed to be specially sacred to the memory of Andal who has composed thirty soul-stirring songs or stanzas containing a passionate appeal and an alluring call to all who may have the necessary ears to hear, to dedicate themselves to the service of the Lord and to the realization of the unalloyed bliss of such devoted, dedicated service.

I propose to attempt a psychological account of the steady and gradual evolution, of the schooling or training of the soul, typified or patterned in her compositions. The story of Andal, so well known in South India, may be briefly told for the benefit of the general reader. The foster-daughter of Periyalvar, Andal from childhood had an instinctive urge for service to God, and she desired to be the eternal Bride of the eternal Bridegroom—the Lord. Tradition has it that she was sent to the Lord at Srirangam decked in transcendent beauty as a bride and became absorbed in the Divine Presence in the Temple, and that thenceforward mortal eyes saw nothing more of her.

Andal was the sweetest and brightest lamp of Earth, and in the language of Edwin Arnold was destined to lead wandering souls with bright beams of the light of love—to lead those who, day in and day out, grope in the darkness of life in pain and woe to the peace and comfort of spiritual realization of the Divine Presence. The effective and unfailing secret of her songs, collectively known as *Tiruppavai*, lies in the remarkable absence from them of the pessimistic tone that is dominantly resonant in practically all the systems of Indian philosophy. If it was the aspiration of Proclus the Greek philosopher to secure such knowledge as would not let the dark gloom of despair envelop his weary and wandering soul, it was

the supreme goal which Andal actually fought for and won. She proclaimed the advent of and ushered in the glorious and resplendent Dawn. (Stanza 29, "*sitranchirukalai*")

Her songs emphasize a profound truth. Weary and wandering souls need not endlessly wait and sit in despair and dejection expecting God's grace to descend on them like the legendary shower of manna. The aspirants are not so many *chataka*-birds waiting for rain-drops with uplifted beaks open heavenwards, as other Alwars would have it, but they have a right, a charter of freedom to proceed straight to the abode of the Lord, to claim and demand deliverance as of right. The term used in *Bhagavatha* to illustrate this idea is *Dayabhag, i.e.*, one who earns a title to Moksha.

Andal's should be deemed a spirit that would not easily be baffled by any failure. Her attitude was one of eternal cheerfulness that always led her higher and higher in spite of the difficulties she had to face in achieving her object. To her, every failure was a stepping-stone to success, as may be seen from her persistent attempts to wake up Nandagopa and Krishna by turns. The theme of her songs is that Andal, fancying herself beloved of the Lord, goes in company with other Gopis to the abode of the Lord to wake Him up at dawn. It is her special glory that through the perils and perplexities of life she is led to the very centre of the sacred light. Enjoyment of the light by Andal is after all a personal matter. Greater stands her glory because she has been rightly acclaimed as the leader of a band of aspirants, a waker of sleeping souls. Her songs shine out like so many stars, inviting earnest and toiling mariners, souls and aspirants tossed by the waves of passion and ignorance in the ocean of life (*Samsara*), inviting them to the calm and comfort of rest in the spiritual haven or harbour——not the rest of lotus-eating idleness, but rest dynamic and invigorating after back-breaking toil.

Andal's active and assertive spirit may be traced from stage to stage. For instance, *Subheccha, i. e.*, the first or preliminary determination to pursue a planned programme of spiritual activity is reflected in the very first stanza of her poem. The second verse indicates the necessary discrimination (*Su-vichara*) by means of the details of the programme; items to be selected and rejected, etc., are settled. The third verse emphasizes the psychological importance of concentration of attentive energy on the execution of the desired programme, *i. e., Tadbhava* or *Tanmanasa*. It voices a stern and sound determination and irrevocable resolution. The fourth appeals for the ready and willing co-operation of all sympathisers, and proclaims the goal of universal peace and prosperity.

Unless there is the psychological self-confidence no goal can be reached. That is the assimilative or

conviction stage. (*Satvapatti*) There is full conviction that the soul or self is all-powerful and that nothing would stand in the way of its fullest and completest spiritual evolution or development in approach to divinity. The fifth stanza expresses the hope, the assurance, and even the certainty that success is guaranteed however distant the object may be. Then comes the emancipation stage (*Asangata*), marked by the safe and secure balance or equipoise in the cognitive, emotional and volitional mechanisms of the mind and their characteristic reactions.

From the sixth onwards, the steady and sustained march of aspirants, *Bhagavathas*, to the desired destination of self-realization or God-realization is shown. The devoted members of the party of pilgrims do not complain that the Lord has been unmindful of the devotees, cruel, heartless and so forth, as in *Kadian-kodian-Nedumal* etc. Rather, the party would seem to move magnificently in dignified and stately processional march on the Path to Perfection or the Path to Reality, voicing or proclaiming a reminder to the Lord of His own pledges, promises and protestations that He would save the souls.

A rise is then made to the stage of *Padartha-Bhavana*. Truth is discriminated from falsity, appearance from reality. The chaff is sifted from the grain. The glamour of the world and its hedonistic values fade or disappear into nothingness. The only precious object from this standpoint of evaluation is the practice of the immanent Presence of the Infinite. That may well be termed the fourth (*Tureeya*), stage of beatification. That is at-one-ment with Bliss. The spiritual journey's end is reached. The pilgrims' progress terminates with realization of this final stage. The sleep is over. Unpleasant dreams no longer trouble and torture the soul. The soul wakes into eternal sunshine, the endless day of the enjoyment of the Infinite. This finds striking illustration in the Upanishadic call—Arise, awake, get your boons and know and realise the Infinite. Such in brief is the sketch of the soul's journey to the realization of God-head contained in the songs of Andal who, far from being selfish, is passionately in earnest in enjoying her spiritual treasures and sharing them with others in sisterly love and affection.

The distinguishing feature of Andal's philosophy of life consists in the passionate and positive manner of approach to the Deity. Him she would secure at any cost and Him alone in the countless series of existences she might have to pass through. There is no wavering, not a faltering step. Instinctively the right step is taken, and that once taken is taken for ever. That is Andal of supremest spiritual strength and devoted, dogged determination to secure Him as her Lord. The other Alwars have emphasized the negative aspect of Moksha or final liberation, which they understand in terms of non-return to transmigra-

tion, as in the Vedanta aphorism—*Nacha-punaravarttate*. But Andal, like Alavandar, would enthusiastically welcome any number of rebirths provided she could always be assured of the honour and the privilege of serving Him in such rebirths. Andal is definite and positive that she does not care for such service understood selfishly. She does not anticipate any hedonistic return or any personal advantage or gain, or pleasure of the senses. She is intensely interested in such service because it is service of Deity, and such service must be pleasing to Ishvara. Her one aim is to be with God always, not necessarily in some special locality like Paramapada or Heaven, but in whatever birth, station, or environment her lot may be cast by the Lord.

When Andal is overpowered by her spirit of devotion, she forgets herself and her finite personality entirely. She proceeds along with the Gopis to awaken Krishna. Temporal, spatial, environmental improprieties such as untimely hour, private residence, etc., do not deter her in her devoted undertaking. She would brook no refusal and no prohibition from any agency, any quarter. Her intrepid spirit of sheer self-expression must find a spontaneous outlet. She commences knocking at the door of the Lord in full and complete confidence it will be opened. This is almost Biblical. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." She summarily brushes aside the limitations of time and place, convention and other social artificialities, and becomes deeply absorbed in the execution of the crusade she has ventured on with her friends. Her life affords the best illustration of the dictum that scriptural sanctions and inhibitions do not bind the genuinely devoted. (*Atyanta-bhaktiyuktanam-na-sastram-na-vyatikramah*)

Andal's philosophy of life is no mere intellectual or doctrinaire construction. Nor is it the lip-prayer of the charlatan and the sanctimonious pretender. Her philosophy involves a living contact with the Infinite. Through the instrumentality of all the God-given senses His immanent presence is realized and enjoyed. The vicissitudes of life do not fatigue such souls. At the journey's end of spiritual realization such souls are found fresh, renovated and rejuvenated. Such blessed souls as Andal find peace and happiness everywhere. The *Tiruppavai* would strongly remind one of a stanza from *Bhagavatha* in which like sentiments are expressed. (...*Sarva-sukhamaya-disah*)

Andal's approach to God is unique. Her message is one of hope and robust optimism. She is no supplicant. She fights for her rights. She approaches God with a direct and stern reminder. He should save his devotees. The position of Brahma, the over-lordship of the Earth does not tempt her. She wants the supremest Reality—The Infinite—and to unite her destinies with those of the Infinite. That is spiritual marriage of souls—the most sacred which human imagination has as yet conceived. In the entire history of the world's mysticism no finer, no safer, no securer approach to Deity has been indicated. Andal counsels only supreme, selfless service to the Lord. This message entitles Andal to a permanent and prominent place in the galaxy of Vaishnava Saints.

M. A. RUCKMINI

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN KEATS

[**Dorothy Hewlett** is the biographer of Keats: her *Adonais* appeared a few years ago. *Bright Star,* one of her several plays successfully produced in London, depicts the romance of John Keats and Fanny Brawne. Her article on "Keats, the Poet" appeared in THE ARYAN PATH for April 1938.—ED.]

Though a quarrel in the Streets is a thing to be hated, the energies displayed in it are fine; the commonest Man shows a grace in his quarrel—By a superior being our reasonings may take the same tone—though erroneous they may be fine—This is the very thing in which consists poetry; and if so it is not so fine a thing as philosophy—For the same reason that an eagle is not so fine a thing as a truth—Give me this credit—Do you not think I strive—to know myself? Give me this credit—and you will not think that on my own account I repeat Milton's lines

> "How charming is divine Philosophy
> Not Harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose
> But musical as is Apollo's lute."
>
> (From a Letter to George Keats and his wife, March, 1819).

In the small body of "mister John Keats five feet high" there was not only a complex mind in continual "burning of thought," but a soul flexible, far ranging after the Truth that is Beauty, a Beauty which is Truth; probing in no mere æsthetic mood self-hypnotised into a pontifical poeticality, but with a sane firm realism which in general, before illness touched him with a marring finger, could view man's foibles and weaknesses with understanding and a native humour.

In the letters, that rubric of his life the more valuable because it is unconscious, natural, his own authentic voice, there is amazingly little, even in the earliest, of youth's "Byronising" or of attitudes purely imitative. Long before his death at the age of twenty-five he knew his own worth, his power, yet modestly, humbly. Within the family circle he could affirm, "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death," but he knew, the more clearly because his mind ranged far beyond the common, beyond even the scope of the men of intellect surrounding him, that wisdom, intuitive or acquired, could be but a drop in the divine ocean, and what beauty he might grasp a mere glimpse of an immense, a measureless truth. Of his idol, Shakespeare, he could say in reference to minor poets admired in boyhood, "....now I see through them....Perhaps a superior being may look upon Shakespeare in the same light—is it possible?"

This conception of "a superior

being," a supernal intelligence, dominated his mind, an ideal in its calm and "disinterestedness" to be striven after, longed for with an intensity now painful, now comforting; and since in his humanity he must make for himself a token, a symbol, he lifted his head to the solemn vast of night. "Bright star," he cried in the agony of love, "would I were steadfast as thou art," and earlier, walking among the Lakes, he wrote, "they make one forget the divisions of life; age, youth, poverty and riches; and refine one's sensual vision into a sort of north star which can never cease to be open lidded and steadfast over the wonders of the great Power." Then he was smarting from the first division, a wound to the "heart's affections" he considered holy, in the separation from his oldest friend, the brother who had left for a new continent.

This vision of a star never left him, even though in the last mortal illness it was twisted to malignity, to a personal application in the old astrological debasement, in the conception he was born under an unlucky planet. The moon, "th' inconstant moon," might be his goddess in that early work, *Endymion*, but it is significant that in one of the profoundest passages, when the lovesick shepherd falls into a sleep bringing him to "The Cave of Quietude" within himself, his body is floated along through a "skyey mask, a pinion'd multitude" of planets chanting a call to the marriage of the Star-Queen.

This passage on the Cave of Quietude is perhaps the clearest linking of Keats, the visionary, the dreamer, with the man we ordinary beings can more easily understand, he whose feet were solidly on the coarse earth; the man who could rejoice, not only in the sacred "holiness of the heart's affections," but even in the tattered emblems of humankind; who could exclaim on meeting a squalid old Irish woman, "the Duchess of Dunghill," with a pipe in her mouth and looking out from a filthy sedan chair "with a round-eyed skinny lidded inanity." "What a thing would be the history of her Life and sensations!" Just as in the Christian allegory God, not content with the angels, those crystal, selfless beings, created Adam in his divine imperfection, a perverse and human personality, so Keats knew, and insisted on, the value of individual experience. "Axioms in Philosophy are not axioms," he declared, "until they are proved upon our pulses." Yet Keats was no sensualist, no wallower in the beauty and pain, direct or vicarious, of this earth: the world to him was a "vale of soul-making," and man's lot a slow garnering of wisdom in that "Cave of Quietude," his own soul, "a den,"

> Beyond the seeming confines of the space
> Made for the soul to wander in and trace
> Its own existence, of remotest glooms...the man is yet to come
> Who hath not journeyed in this native hell.
> But few have ever known how calm and well
> Sleep may be had in that deep den of all....
> O happy spirit-home! O wondrous soul!
> Pregnant with such a den to save the whole
> In thine own depth.

Although when the above was written he had, so far as we are informed, experienced no personal grief beyond that of the loss of his mother in comparative childhood, there lay already on his spirit a heavy load, "the burden of the mystery," the riddle of evil, of human suffering. "Were it in my choice," he cried, "I would reject a petrarchal coronation—on account of my dying day, and because women have cancers." Within two years his own "native hell" was to be cruelly dark, and before the last grim shadow of death struck him dumb he wrote in that last great fragment of a poem, "The Fall of Hyperion, a Dream," lines more tragically intimate which extend and illuminate his conception of the soul's den of quietude, lifting it to the sublime. The dreamer, one of those "to whom the miseries of the world are misery, and will not let them rest," dragging himself in frozen agony to the altar's step in that temple "sad and lone" of old Saturn, is given strength to ascend, to behold unveiled the face of Moneta,

> Not pin'd by human sorrows, but bright-blanch'd
> By an immortal sickness which kills not

and to look through her intelligence at a god's high tragedy, the fall of Saturn, "free from all pain, if wonder pain thee not." When Keats wrote the second "Hyperion" he had known personal sorrow enough, the "burden of the mystery," indeed proved upon the pulses, in the death of his brother Tom and a consuming love he inwardly knew to be hopeless. There was material enough and to spare within him for the making of a soul, a soul "nourish'd by its proper pith," winged to view disinterestedly, "free from all pain," the fate of a god.

That incomplete and difficult work, the second "Hyperion," is full of a new humility, of a doubt which strikes at the very root of Keats's being, his knowledge of himself as poet, and yet almost at the same moment as he must have been composing at least its opening lines he wrote proudly,

My own being which I know to be becomes of more consequence to me than the crowds of Shadows in the shape of men and women that inhabit a Kingdom. The soul is a world of itself, and has enough to do in its own home.

And earlier he had written,

Do you not see how necessary a World of Pains and troubles is to school an intelligence and make it a Soul?... Not merely is the Heart a Hornbook, It is the Mind's Bible, it is the Mind's experience, it is the teat from which the Mind or intelligence sucks its identity. As various as the Lives of Men are—so various become their Souls."

But though by temperament and conviction Keats held experience, direct or sympathetic, to be the spiritual matter of the soul, he knew the value of a cultivation of pure intellect.

An extensive knowledge is needful to thinking people....The difference of high Sensations with and without knowledge appears to me this—in the latter case we are falling continually

ten thousand fathoms deep and being blown up again without wings...in the former case, our shoulders are fledged and we go thro' the same air and space without fear...every department of Knowledge we see excellent and calculated towards a great whole...there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good in the world...there is but one way for me—the road lies through application study and thought.

If he knew his own way to lie through study and "a continual burning of thought," what was the general function he assigned to genius? "Men of Genius are great as certain ethereal Chemicals operating on the Mass of neutral intellect," and the peculiar power of

A Man of Achievement, especially in Literature, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously...*Negative Capability*, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.... What shocks the virtuous philosopher, delights the camelion Poet. It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things any more than from its taste of the bright one: because they both end in speculation.

The exact intent of Keats's word "speculation" is important in considering his philosophy of life: perhaps it is best defined as "intelligent or comprehending vision." It is not without a secondary interest, though perhaps rather fanciful, that an old meaning is "an observation of the stars." "This vision we must link with the 'disinterestedness.'" "I have no doubt," he wrote, "that thousands of people never heard of have had hearts completely disinterested: I can remember but two—Socrates and Jesus—their Histories evince it....It is to be lamented that the history of the latter was written and revised by Men interested in the pious frauds of Religion. Yet through all this I see his splendour." Disinterestedness, a purity of spirit, a mastery of soul won through individual experience, is evinced no more clearly than in the history of John Keats. Though his sensitive being was often chafed by contact with men and women, though in the misery of his disease he was a difficult and exacting lover, his behaviour to his fellows was magnanimous, unselfish. In the early flush of an accepted love he withdrew from Fanny Brawne determined not to allow her to link herself to a man without worldly prospect. "I will never return to London if my Fate does not turn up...at least a Court-card....I have so much in my heart I must turn Mentor when I see a chance of harm befalling you." His last thought in death was that the devoted Severn should not be frightened.

This creed of life as "a vale of soul-making," the ideal of a star looking disinterestedly down, might, detached from the context of Keats's life and work, seem austere, joyless, lacking in humour; but we know he had an immense capacity for enjoyment. The drama of the soul was to him full of interest, vital in its very being, and the star bright in

the heavens. After all, Keats was a poet. We might paraphrase a line of his own and say, "too many tears for *poets* have been shed." His infinite gust in life, the sweep of his great mind, brought joys a lesser nature can hardly begin to understand. An intimate, an intuitive knowledge of character promoted understanding of his friends, nature was an unwearying and creative resource ("The setting Sun will always set me to rights—or if a Sparrow come before my Window I take part in its existence and pick about the Gravel"), his imagination could range back through time "with Achilles shouting in the Trenches, or with Theocritus in the Vales of Sicily," so that even the wind came to him legend-laden through the trees. Solitude was a pleasure sublime to one who had a "mighty abstract Idea...of Beauty in all things."

This exercise of the mind, a garnering of experience, Keats could in one mood term "Indolence," but surely an indolence far removed from the day-dreaming of an average man. Perhaps it is in this aspect of his way of life that Keats can instruct our feverish modern world in something at once very old and new, the value of contemplation, of "speculation." "Many," he wrote, "have original minds who do not think it....Now it appears to me that almost any Man may like a spider spin from his own inwards his own airy Citadel—the points of leaves and twigs on which a spider begins her work are few, and she fills the air with a beautiful circuiting. Man should be content with as few points to tip the fine Web of his Soul, and weave a tapestry empyrean full of symbols for his spiritual eye, of softness for his spiritual touch, of space for his wandering, of distinctness for his luxury." But though we may stumble in his path it is given to few to interpret, to express that contemplation,

> For Poesy alone can tell her dream,
> With a fine spell of words alone can save
> Imagination from the sable chain
> And dumb enchantment.

DOROTHY HEWLETT

> Glories infinite,
> Haunt us till they become a cheering light
> Unto our Souls, and bound to us so fast,
> That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
> They always must be with us, or we die.
>
> —KEATS

SYMBOL AND REALITY

A DEFENCE OF IMAGE-WORSHIP

[**Shri R. B. Pinglay** presents here an aspect of image worship which is generally overlooked by many a man who condemns "heathen superstition" unheard, while cherishing mental idols of his own. Every fabricated form, as every speck of the manifested universe is, like that universe itself, "an aspect and a reminder of that universal *One Soul*—which philosophy refuses to call God, thus limiting the eternal and ever-present root and essence." But to choose any form as the special manifestation of Deity is to attempt to dwarf and to circumscribe the Illimitable, besides seeking without for That which must be sought and found within. The worshipper's faith in an image may indeed play a part in the concentration of thought and in helping him to raise his consciousness at a certain level of unfoldment, but every objective aid will be valueless when the ever-Unknowable is recognised as the highest object of worship and Its shrine and altar are found on the holy and ever untrodden ground of the individual heart. "The silent worship of abstract or *noumenal* Nature, the only divine manifestation, is the one ennobling religion of Humanity."—ED.]

Words are not brought into existence without a definite implication or significance behind them. They have their own derivations and are never hap-hazard developments or empty of meaning. Like words are metaphors and like them, too, are pictures, images and idols. Pictures and idols are not devoid of qualities, not only bare space-entities or empty forms. What are pictures? What are images? Are they merely fanciful objects? Mere dead things? Or do they have a value for the seeker after the things of the spirit?

A metaphor is a figure of speech, and therefore portrays some underlying idea. There is a transference of meaning in it. A vivid verbal description forms a picture. When we picture a thing in our minds we form a mental likeness of it. Briefly, therefore, an Image represents something which one is capable of understanding. So the metaphor, the picture, the image and the idol are not mere abstractions; they signify *something* which is perhaps not visible to one and all. And therefore these have a certain dynamic force. The creator of a metaphor, of a picture or of an image has endowed it with attributes which are sometimes beautiful, always powerful and dynamic. He has transformed his thoughts and ideation into his creations. It is not mere pictures, images or idols that we see; we see through these a force which is vital, life pulsating through them. Those objects breathe and live. There is also a certain truth

or reality enveloping them and this truth radiates an active principle. How many have received inspiration through objects portraying truths!

There is a purpose or a cause behind all arts, whether literary or spiritual. The idol in a shrine, a picture in a hall or a monument on earth would be mere stones and material products had there not been the hand of genius to pour into them the life and the energy from which any soul could derive enlightenment. One beholds the idea of a picture or an image and only then notes its technique or composition. He then sees harmony or rhythm pervading it and he gets the idea of the external expression. But behind these stands that unique, inner, invisible energy which one should not forget. Great men have seen the inner energy of such objects and have risen intellectually above this earth.

It is therefore that one sees in this world the propitiation, the worship and the prayers offered, not to the external object, the outer *form*, but to the internal *content*, the Reality. If there are sanctuaries still breathing forth the active principle of life, it is due to the hidden content of the idols or images which those sacred places enshrine. A saint who has risen above all earthly and transitory existence has no need of temple or shrine, image or picture, but for him who still has to find the way of life they may be potent aids. For such as he, such glorified, mystic and vitalising objects embody in themselves an aspect of Reality. This is a need or an urge that he feels till he transcends it and is free to choose his own path.

It is a false conception that by putting in front of us an idol or a divine image we are limiting the Omnipresent and Omnipotent God to that small space and form. Every thoughtful individual is conscious that the Deity or the ultimate Reality is formless, impersonal and universal. If such a metaphysically conscious person should indulge in prayer as the ardent turning of the soul to the Divine, it is that same Omnipresent Reality to which he turns, the Reality which envelops the idol or image, as it envelops every being on earth and which is the contained of every container and the content of each created form. This world, both intellectual and non-intellectual, needs a means to the realisation of That, a stepping-stone by which to rise to the contemplation of that which transcends form. Any attachment is difficult to discard at one stroke. It is a patient and long process, through various obstacles, to learn to stand entirely alone.

Everyone knows that the idol in every shrine is made of stone. But what draws millions to a particular shrine, if there be nothing enshrined there, in image or idol or picture? How many have been cured of their ailments, relieved of their distresses? And how many great saints in India have resorted to that which the idol

or the image enshrines, as to a safe refuge? How many great metaphysical thinkers and Acharyas have still persisted in paying their homage to the Lord's feet? What is that craze due to (if it be so termed by the onlookers)? It is due to the wavering nature of the mind, and it is from that fickle-mindedness that refuge is sought.

It is to have the true concentration of mind that That which lies behind idol or image is invoked. It is, in short, because metaphorically the image or the idol is a representation of that Reality which is omnipresent, ominiscient and impersonal, dwelling in all beings and everywhere. Even Lord Krishna is not free from this maze when He limits Himself, as when He says, "I am the Ego which is seated in the hearts of all beings." The impersonal is seen through the personal, the unbounded is visualised through that which has bounds.

Thus we see that in every picture and image there is something which is definitely more than the mere form or external existence. When we speak of a metaphor, an image or a picture, we not only compare it (*upamana*) to certain invisible forces but also we see the similarity (*samanadharma*) and that similarity lies in the content, invisible and impersonal, of those objects.

The contents of the pictures etc. have different effects on us, else how could we compare them? The *Alamkara-Sastra* analyses the *form* of the picture or the image, and also emphasises the *content* which one might overlook. Whether we derive pleasure or pain through images, pictures etc., is mainly due to their content, which are forces in themselves. The artist-genius has created an objective form with the main thought that his creation should serve humanity and the wish of the artist is thus fulfilled.

If Shri Shankaracharya adored the image of Shri Sharada, the Goddess, it was not that Shri Shankara was not aware that that idol was made of marble by the hand of a sculptor; if Shri Thyagaraja embraced the idol of Shri Rama, it was not that Thyagaraja was not aware that the image he held was one of bronze designed by a smith; if Shri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa adored the Goddess Kali it was not that he was unaware of the image's being of stone; if people worship Buddha's image it is not because they are not aware of the monolythic stone. They were certain, however, that behind those objects there was their invisible content which they propitiated for their own upliftment. There is no reason therefore for anyone to decry another's worship on the mere ground that that other does not follow his own creed. It behoves all men to be tolerant towards others not of their own creed, in the spirit of fellowship and brotherhood.

R. B. PINGLAY

INDIA AND INDUSTRIALISATION

[We publish here the views of **Mr. Kaikhosru Shapurji Sorabji** on the important question of industrialisation for India. He had prepared his contribution for our Correspondence columns but the immediate importance of the subject makes it desirable to give his essay a more prominent place. For a common-sense approach to this vexed question, he gives the palm to Gandhiji, who stands against the sacrifice of the country to the town, " the crippling and impoverishment of the peasant and the countryside, " which reckless industrialisation involves. " As often happens, the Saint and the mystic it is who shows intense practical good sense and realism. "—ED.]

Mr. Philip Mairet's admirable and cogent review of Mr. N. Gangulee's *Constituent Assembly for India* in the issue of July 1943, and Mr. L. E. Moore's note, " Industrialism and India's Future " in the February 1944 number are both to the point.

Mr. Mairet, the distinguished Editor of *The New English Weekly*, deals faithfully with those " many—too many " Marxian indoctrinated Indian politicians who are unaware how largely discredited the Marxian dogma now is, as the result of the searching criticisms of the great Italian sociological investigators, Gaetano Mosca and Vilfred Pareto, by Oswald Spengler and, above all, by the Social Credit analysis of Major C. H. Douglas. The deplorable lack of objectivity which ideological—like its counterpart, religious—fanaticism induces, the lack of an experimental scientific approach to the matter (as Pareto himself puts it) is demonstrated by Mr. Mairet's quotations from Mr. N. Gangulee. One who either deliberately ignores (as so many of the ideologues do), or is ignorant of, the bulk and weight of the evidence against Universal Servile States of Robotry, evidence overwhelmingly documented, such as that of Boris Souvarine, Eugene Lyons, Max Eastman, W. H. Chamberlin, Walter Duranty, Joseph Davies and the London Anarchist Group, is not to be taken seriously in the discussion of these matters.

It is appalling that any one in whose land is to be found the very root and origin, the supreme archetype of democratic representative self-government, namely, the village Panchayat, an institution of millennial antiquity, can be so led astray by uncritical enthusiasm and go " awhoring after false Gods " as the English Bible so well puts it, so far as to speak of what Mr. Mairet, with the best reasons in the world, calls " a technocratic empire of the greatest possible disciplinary severity, " as the home of prosperous liberty and equality. It augurs very ill indeed for India if such people ever attain the political power they are after with such pertinacity. It is both singular and sinister that the truly progressive and enlightened

democratic countries of Europe, such as Switzerland, Finland, Sweden, and Norway, whose standard of living is beyond the wildest dreams of the serfs of the slave-states, are never even so much as mentioned by the ideomonomaniacs. Why ?

Mr. L. E. Moore also deals admirably with those infatuated with the idea of industrialisation *à outrance* for India, and very rightly he points to Gandhi and Tagore as representing the real sane attitude of the best Indian thought on this matter. Gandhi's attitude is greatly misunderstood ; as Wilfred Wellock and Middleton Murry have so well pointed out, he is *not* all out against the machine *as such*, as he is so often ignorantly misrepresented as being. He *is* all out against the ruthless subordination and sacrifice of the *country* to the *town*, the crippling and impoverishment of the peasant and the countryside. This, Gandhiji, with age-old sagacity and wisdom, sees as the inevitable result of reckless industrialisation. It leaps to the eye in every highly industrialised Western land and it is against this that he is out to protect India. The cosmic evils of soil erosion that are the deep concern of the best minds of England and America spring directly and inevitably out of the mechanistic subordination of the countryside to the industrialised town. This monstrous perversion, nay, inversion, with its potential consequences to the world's food and health, is the most hideous and frightening of evils, as no one can fail to realise who reads such appalling documents as *The Rape of the Earth*, the writings of such authorities as the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Northbourne, Sir John Orr, Sir Angus McCarrison and Sir Alfred Howard or the remarkable work of the Peckham Health Centre here in London.

The average Indian politician shows no signs at all of grasping these facts ; he is too much the doctrinaire, the political theorist *à la* Bloomsbury, too far divorced from the soil, too " modernly " and urbanly " Western " by a great deal to appreciate the paramount importance to the community of the countryman, and the immeasurably vital necessity of doing everything imaginable to foster and protect it and him, particularly from the fearful dangers of unchecked industrialisation. Large-scale mechanised farming, the application of the mass-production industrialistic methods to agriculture, which enjoys the ignorant and uncritical enthusiasm of the doctrinaires, is now seen to be appallingly destructive of the soil. The evidence against it is alarming in bulk and cogency.

The pathetic joke about the whole business is that our Marxian indoctrinated monomaniacs are rather given to superior smirkings at Gandhiji's name. " He was, of course, all very well for his time, poor old dear, but *we* have moved so far ahead of him, you know.... " The boot is hopelessly on the other leg. It is Gandhi himself who sees and is

light years in advance *of them*. As often happens, the Saint and the mystic it is who shows intense practical good sense and realism, while the dialectically materialistic Marxian addicts are befogged in the cloud-cuckoo-land of their ideological superstitions.

And so many Indian politicians and political writers, even such an outstanding figure as Nehru, show no glimmering of a perception of financial and monetary realities, that is to say, they do not, cannot—or perhaps *will* not, like their counterparts here—see that adherence to an outworn, primitive, barbarous and essentially corrupt monetary and banking system is at the root of almost all the world's ills, India's no less than England's. They show no signs of being cognisant of the all-important work in this field of the great monetary reformers, Soddy, Kitson, Gesell and, above all, C. H. Douglas, thus shewing that, like so many of their way of political—Left-ist—thinking, progress and study in this matter has left them far behind and makes their platform catch-words and *clichés*, as it does those of the Right, not only "as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" but irrelevant.

KAIKHOSRU SHAPURJI SORABJI

INDIA IN AMERICA

We are indebted to the U. S. Office of War Information for a note on the infiltration of Oriental thought in the cultural life of America during the nineteenth century. This note, entitled "From Vedic India to Concord, U. S. A.," is by Dr. Arthur Christy, a valued contributor to THE ARYAN PATH, and Dr. Henry Seidel Canby. The former is the author of *The Orient in American Transcendentalism* and Dr. Canby, the biographer of Thoreau and of Whitman.

They take us back to the middle years of the last century, when Emerson, Thoreau and Alcott studied and disseminated the teachings of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, the Upanishads and the Hindu scriptures generally. Breaking away from traditional Puritanism and seeking with open minds the meaning of the universe, these thinkers were greatly helped in their quest by the ancient spiritual lore of the Orientals.

Emerson discarded the theism of his time in his conception of the inexorable law of compensation and indicated how far the Orient was leading them out of the predominantly Calvinistic concepts of God and Man. When Emerson declared "I make my circumstances," he was only vividly enunciating the doctrine of Karma. Thoreau, by precept and example, advocated contemplation as the means of disengaging oneself from the chains of time and circumstance. Alcott as the Dean of the Concord Summer School of Philosophy promulgated the mystic lore of the Orient. Deeply read as these three were, their works exercised undoubtedly a liberalising influence on nineteenth-century American thought. The contribution of the Orient radiating from the Concord of those days to the much-boasted freedom of thought of today has not been small, as the authors of the note observe.

Hindu writers have recognised in Emerson a translator of ancient Indian thought into the idiom of modern culture. Coming a few years later with her synthetic account of the entire body of Oriental spiritual thought for the benefit of a growingly materialistic world, Madame H. P. Blavatsky found in the U. S. A. an interest in the subject already quickened and some of the spade-work done, thanks to the labours of the Concord friends.

DAYA: KINDNESS

[The paramountcy of Dayā among the virtues, which **Shri Shantichand K. Jhaveri** maintains here, is undeniable. But is not to regard emancipation as the end and aim, denial of the very spirit of Compassion? "To reach Nirvana one must reach Self-Knowledge, and Self-Knowledge is of loving deeds the child." But "to reach Nirvana's bliss but to renounce it," to sacrifice the Self to weaker Selves, "is the supreme, the final step, the highest on Renunciation's Path." Individual progress and individual happiness may, indeed must, be the fruit of duties done to all, but must not be our motive, under penalty of falling into spiritual selfishness.—ED.]

Dayā or kindness is the root of religion, and pride is the root of sin. So long as one has life, one should not forsake Dayā.

SANT TULSIDAS

All religions recognise Dayā or kindness as their root. If there were no Dayā, then there would not remain on this earth anything worth calling religion. Each religion has accepted as its chief doctrine some lofty ideal or principle. Still at the root of all these is Dayā.

While keeping in mind the Dayā of their own life or soul as the aim, human beings have recourse to these principles to prevent becoming more sinful or impure. But while they are observing those principles in the fullest measure, it is the uplift of their own soul which is their chief aim. Kindness towards self, *i.e.*, Dayā for one's own soul, is the important thing. It may be that while trying to practise this kindness towards self there might creep in kindness towards others, but that is only a secondary consideration. The principal idea is to free our soul from the endless burden of miseries and karmas. Having attained true knowledge, our soul now does not wish to bear that unbearable burden, and hence it is the supreme and worthy desire of an awakened soul to get rid of it, to be free as soon as possible from the bondage of karmas and to attain salvation, Moksha, Mukti, Nirvāna.

If the soul's Dayā is not the goal in practising non-violence, truth etc., then what is? Perhaps it may be submitted that by observing non-violence no trouble would be caused to anybody, that by speaking the truth no harm would be caused to anybody etc. Now it is to be seriously thought over, what happens to our non-violence or truth when the persons benefited and saved by them are troubled or put to misery by the violence and falsehood of others? As corn-ears are reaped incidentally while we only wish to produce fodder, in the same manner, while trying to save our own soul from committing violence etc., our act of non-violence may benefit others, our truth may help others. But in this process the saving of

one's own soul from sinful acts is the paramount thing. Kindness towards self is the thing desired, though it may involve kindness towards others. The kindness of one man is not made less if some third person wrongs his beneficiary.

According to worldly notions the welfare of others is enhanced if some material good is done to them, but so long as their soul is not benefited no worldly benefits showered upon them do any good; but on the contrary are wasted from the spiritual point of view. One may get worldly benefits, one may get honours, but one will not get spiritual uplift. Thus in any act done according to religious principles, the soul's Dayā is in the premier position. In the uplift of the soul lies the uplift of everything. All want uplift, then why should it not be achieved by uplifting one's own soul? Dayā being the root of all religions, is used in any way they like by the followers of the different creeds or sects. Some give importance to worldly kindness, and absolutely forget spiritual kindness. Some mix up material and spiritual kindnesses. Some wish to spread their creed by making others believe that their material, worldly or physical happiness is kindness or Dayā. Hence the original thing slips away out of sight, useless stuff remains and the original idea is forgotten, exchanged for imitations. Leaving aside the living thing, one sticks to shadows and lifeless things and thus is misguided.

So, so long as "kindness" is not exposed in its true colours, it carries no meaning. A minute analysis, a sensible, logical and argumentative discourse will put kindness in proper perspective and show its real importance and significance. A human being cannot attain spiritual uplift, he cannot attain Moksha, Nirvāna, Siddha, Buddha or Godliness, without Dayā towards his own soul. And so long as his own soul deserves Dayā or kindness, how can he boast of showing Dayā to others? What is to become of him? Whence does he come? What was he before birth? Whither is he bound after death? His inability to answer these questions makes his attempts to show kindness to others futile and meaningless.

Human life is the most important period of existence; it is only during it that one can realise his spiritual uplift. But if one is not able to know properly what soul is and Dayā is, then is that precious period not wasted? In spite of possessing a very powerful understanding, if one is not able to follow ordinary reasoning and common-sense, what is his fate but to remain imperfect for ever?

Therefore it becomes imperative to know that at every moment and at every step our soul is being attacked, handicapped, troubled and misguided. We are doing bad acts at every moment. Our soul is in urgent need of being saved from all these soul-killers. If we are not able to save our own soul from these spiritual enemies, how are we going

to save others from physical foes? Are we fit, do we deserve to do so? We realise inability to show Dayā to our own self which deserves Dayā and we take pride in having showered Dayā on others? What pride!

It may be due to the prevailing but misconceived belief that apparently we are not committed to violence or untruth in our behaviour and conduct of life. But are we sure that our life is absolutely pure, innocent, independent and free from all violence whatsoever, sure that we are not causing any minutest injury, mental or physical, to any being? If we think deeply, we shall realise that we are killing every minute some of the six categories of living beings, *viz.*, those imperceptible beings of earth, water, fire and air, of the vegetable, animal and human kingdoms. Thus at every moment our soul is becoming more guilty. Can such a guilty soul justify its pride in having shown Dayā by such an insignificant and minor act as giving mundane or material help to others?

Our soul is moving from uncertainty to uncertainty and at the same time we claim to be benefiting others. What a strange claim! First of all, we ourselves must be completely non-violent and truthful and then we must try to help others become so to a perfect degree. Preaching, being pure in speech and action, possessing a cultured and peaceful mind—and thus trying honestly to inspire others to emulation, that is the pure, real and genuine Dayā—Dayā worthy of acceptance and recommendation.

We must maintain the same kindly nature, once having accepted and acquired it. It is but natural that once gained one would never part willingly with such a jar of nectar —such a superb achievement—as Dayā. False pride of such possession will however, destroy Dayā. Pride makes our thoughts prejudicial and our speech and action uncontrolled. Dayā, acquired by self-restraint, is melted away by pride. Preaching without genuine Dayā fails. The idea of "being the best" having entered the mind of the preacher of Dayā, marks his downfall. Real Dayā will run away and its ghost will remain. When the mind becomes confused and overpowered, Dayā moves away, but so long as the mind is steady and the soul observing Dayā is connected with the body, Dayā will never depart. Because the dearest thing in the whole world is our soul—who will not practise kindness towards it?

After much thought the statement that one should not forsake Dayā to the end of his life, appears of immense value. We must become worthy to possess such an invaluable treasure as Dayā to self and to all. The Jain scriptures proclaim:—

Dayā or kindness is the creeper of happiness, Dayā is the mine of happiness; Many souls have attained salvation—Mukti—by observing true Dayā; Know ye, such are the fruits of Dayā.

Dayā is the true root of the Jain

religion. What remains to be done (except Dayā) if it is not (for, out of, by, with) Dayā? But this small word Dayā can play havoc in the spiritual world. Without proper knowledge and definition, it is of no use to shout Dayā. So long as we are not able to distinguish between our body and our soul, we cannot see Dayā in true perspective. Dayā in its ordinary sense means non-violence. To be non-violent in mind, speech and action is to be completely kind. Such absolute or complete kindness can be observed only by true ascetics who lead a pure and godly life. One who harms others or does wrong to others, harms his own soul and one who does no harm to others or does no wrong to others, saves his own soul by not harming its pure innocent conduct. One who does harm to others has to bear the consequence of those ill acts in the same manner as he inflicted them upon others.

The real nature and meaning of Dayā is that one should not commit sins, should himself do no violence. Nobody has been able to stop the terrific warfare going on in the world. Of course, one must try to stop that destruction by preaching. But "might is right"—the stronger will harass the weaker—such things go on eternally. But one must keep oneself away from such abominable acts.

Some support certain beings by killing other beings and call this Dayā. This belief is an illogical illusion. The Jain philosophy rightly believes that even touching beings of the vegetable kingdom and of other imperceptible regions, causes them great pain. Then what if they are cut, crushed, burnt, or otherwise separated from their respective bodies? In this world all beings have full right to live and that is their supreme desire. Who has given us the right to snatch from any their birthright?

No other religion except Jainism has been able to explain and to analyse so minutely the true nature and meaning of Dayā. It may be objected that, if one tries to be non-violent to that extent, one cannot live in this world; but if any one commits violence in order to live, that violence does not therefore cease to be violence and become Dayā. Those who are careful and watchful enough will be able to observe all possible Dayā and will not hold and spread false beliefs.

Nobody should be inconvenienced, harmed, troubled, pained or in any way put to misery by oneself—that is the correct definition of Dayā. The Jain scriptures say:—

There is no Dayā in the beings living by themselves, and no violence in the beings dying by themselves; one who saves himself from killing any being or from causing injury, mental or otherwise, to any being, is the man possessing real treasure and virtue of Dayā.

Thus Dayā and violence must be fully understood in their true meanings. To be absolutely non-violent in mind, speech and action is Dayā.

Sometimes it is our bounden duty

to do certain things, *e.g.*, to support and help the members of our family, our caste, our country, and the world; to protect our country's cattle-wealth; to do acts of social reform and of benefit to our Motherland; to do these and other benevolent acts is our duty. But nobody should expect to reap rich fruits of spiritual Dayā Dharma from such worldly duties. No spiritual uplift can be attained by money or by physical force. Worldly progress lies in the aggrandisement of riches; spiritual progress lies in their abandonment. The soul becomes pure by going on the path of penance and renunciation. Dayā towards one's own soul or spiritual Dayā is the only Dayā worth adopting. To uplift the soul after knowing it fully is the genuine Dayā—the Mahā Dayā.

SHANTICHAND K. JHAVERI

CASTE : PRO AND CON

Shri R. R. Bhole's paper "The Untouchables on the Move," read before the East India Association, London, is reproduced along with the interesting discussion which followed, in the April *Asiatic Review*. It is not to condone untouchability, for which no justification is possible, to recognise that his zeal betrayed him into bitterness and overstatement. Several who took part in the subsequent discussion stressed ameliorative influences and exempted the parts of India with which they were familiar from the extreme rigours of his charges. It was brought out in the discussion that the amelioration of Depressed-Class suffering was not only or chiefly a political issue. That it depended primarily on improved economic conditions and on a successful fight against illiteracy and ignorance.

Mr. P. J. Griffiths, who presided, while condemning untouchability, as every humanitarian must, conceded certain advantages to the caste system. It carried out a social discipline and it made for stability if it did put a brake on progress. He also recognised that "the caste system in its extreme forms was an excrescence upon Hinduism" and had arisen not more than two or three millenniums ago.

A man's caste originally depended upon what function he fulfilled in the social life of the village. The caste system in its subsequent development has borne too heavily upon the large class it excludes. Untouchability persists, a graver problem in some parts of the country than in others. But once-inviolable barriers are gradually breaking down. The fostering of separatist class consciousness on either side is to be deplored. Those factors must be stressed which can promote such unity and mutual understanding as will make political safeguards supererogatory.

THE POWER OF WORDS

[**R. L. Megroz**, poet, dramatist, biographer and critic, analyzes here those living messengers called words. Words are things, even upon the lower plane of social intercourse, but soulless and dead because the convention in which they have their birth has made abortions of them. But when we step away from that conventionality they become alive in proportion to the reality of the thought that is behind them—and its purity. The hope for words is well put by Mr. Megroz, that "language will catch up with mankind's deepest knowledge in an apocalypse of world-wide consciousness."—ED.]

Dulled or distorted perceptions, restricted sympathies—all the petty ills of the world which accumulate into its mighty evils—represent the permanent opposition to the destined development of the human race. A previous article on "The Poet's Influence on the World" [THE ARYAN PATH, February 1944] stressed the spiritual warfare always going on between the creative impulse and the suicidal tendencies of society motivated by fear and greed.

Edward Young's aphorism—"Speech ventilates our intellectual fire"—is true but not the whole truth because the creators have no monopoly of verbal communication though they are (very fortunately) the only masters of language. The enemy in our midst however can make an easier appeal to us on a lower plane and it is well to be aware of the misuse of the verbal instrument while we are considering its nature.

The verbal medium is much more complex than the medium of any plastic art or of music. Stone, pigment and sound are easily analysable elements, to which is added the mind of the artist. They are raw materials. Words are not raw material. Many of them (*e.g.*, *mother*) are familiar labels for ideas encrusted with emotional associations. Many (*e.g.*, *ruin*) are what has been called "fossilised poetry" because they are the legacy of moments of intense perception and still carry within, like a piece of coal, a latent energy.

Clearly then, words, whether just dictionary labels or fragments of poetry, can with all their potent suggestions be misused very readily. The popular employment of many of the words that are labels for ideas often shows up social tendencies. Let us take a few examples of this way of imparting a specialised meaning to words:—

race—especially "our" race, meaning then something superior, or "theirs," meaning inferior.

breed—much the same as above.

half-caste, nigger, dago, etc.—all indirect expressions of self-esteem.

visionary—usually derogatory, implying the speaker's own sound common-sense.

realist—usually indicating approval, though having no necessarily closer relation to truth than what is meant by *visionary*.

Every reader can easily add to this black list other terms, especially slogans which spread more rapidly under the stress of war. Even the word "propaganda" itself has degenerated. The original design of the propaganda certainly included the increase of the power of the Roman Church, but the opinions it preached were meant to be true. We can see that the word now betrays the growth of an unscrupulous power motive, and it is no matter for surprise that the pace towards completely immoral propaganda should have been set with diabolical ingenuity by leaders of ruthlessly aggressive states in the modern world.

But the muddled democracies of the modern world cannot afford any complacency. One of the great and growing industries, and the faithful servant of much weightier interests, is Advertising. Not only does it corrupt the supposedly free press but it serves other antisocial purposes such as encouraging acquisitiveness, not merely for the benefit of consumers but for the benefit of private interests and often at the expense of consumers. I commend to the sceptical reader a pungent little book published last year, *Voice of Civilisation, An Enquiry into Advertising*, by Denys Thompson, which shows that modern advertising is very clever and far more influential than the innocent man in the street imagines. Its success depends more and more on the cunning exploitation of the power of words. Smart advertising today will imitate the usages of poets and even of the English Bible to make its cheapjackeries more impressive. "The advertiser is aware" (writes Denys Thompson) "that by employing this vocabulary he can make his reader emotionally plastic; the writer once heard Sir William Crawford say: 'Copywriters must read the Bible, Kipling, Stevenson, and Burns, because they know how to touch the human heart'—advice echoed in many text-books." And this deliberate debasement of language has for object "sales promotion" and bigger profits for the advertisers.

The detection of counterfeits and the appreciation of quality are operations which at least help each other even if they are not inseparable. The modern counterfeit literature of advertising is well worth the attention of the student of literature. In advertising can be seen the exploitation of the expressive qualities of words (which demand closer scrutiny) and of sentiment. The appeal to sentiment may be wrapped up in the guise of a logical demonstration or be presented with a flourish of candour for what it is. The influence of sentiment is evoked through words that are labels for acceptable ideas; the selected label is familiar and rich in emotional associations.

The sentimental advertisement will favour the kind of words which one used to see listed by readers of journals when they were offering what they thought were "the most beautiful words" in the language. The significant feature of those lists was the confusion between the æsthetic or expressive qualities of the word and the attractiveness of the idea for which it was a familiar label. The majority of the favoured words were like these:—

mother, father, patriotism, lovely, beautiful, dawn, sunset, home, etc., etc.

Sometimes the choice of a word with an attractive idea provided an example of a verbal quality of expressiveness which was usually lacking: among the lists were sometimes words like these:—

tranquillity, glow, lucid, tenderness, radiance, wing, wind.

The proof that such words were chosen mainly because of the appeal of an idea and not for their texture is the rarity of choice for very expressive words that are not labels for pleasing images, *e.g.*:—

plop, splash, wide, hollow, drag, drum, crunch, regurgitate, struggle, tremble, low, high, and so on.

Looking closely at them we find in such words at once two of the commonest means by which the sounds of language are made expressive. One, which has always been recognised, is imitation of sound. This may be simple and obvious, as in *plop* and *splash* or complicated with an image, as in a word like *trees*. The symbolical or label value of *trees* is enhanced by the suggestion of the sound of the leaves in a breeze. But sound imitation fades into another expressive quality of words, which is now recognised as an imitation of action, that is gesture in the speech apparatus. In *hollow* we have not merely a dictionary label for an idea but a verbal expression of the idea in sound. The consonants and vowels seem to be part of an imitation of the image. The *l*, as Bacon pointed out long ago, sets up a slight tremble of the tongue—the movement suggesting space—and the aspirate and *w* being the most yielding and dim consonant sounds to avoid any idea of solidity. (Contrast the value of the *t's* in *tight.*) The vowel sounds suggest depths by throat and mouth gesture. (Contrast the *i* in *height.*) This is merely a very simple example of how expressiveness is obtained through verbal texture. Although we are unavoidably using one language, the same general principles operate in any language.

It is by a combination of conscious technique and sensitive intuition that the masters of language communicate powerfully their ideas or the ideas they absorb from other thinkers. In the most intense communication, when language is truly creative, the idea and the word are indivisible. At the moment of expression mind is being incarnated, given material form. The process results first in the continual revitalising and enrichment of language. I commend

to the reader on this subject, section seven—"The Making of Meaning" in Owen Barfield's valuable book *Poetic Diction*, particularly his tracing of the history of the word *ruin* and how Shakespeare recreated it, gave it a soul. An understanding of this endless creative process helps us to appreciate the strain of magic in language. The interfusion of religious magic with primitive art is now a commonplace but perhaps not so thoroughly acknowledged is the significance of this fact. While the primitive artist cannot make even a decorative pattern without expressing and therefore appealing to psychological forces, it is no wonder that the writer does likewise. Verbal language is a specialised form of language. Words are merely a different and more efficient medium but, like other forms of language, including gesture, they are a means of communication which may be either practical or magical. In the primitive phase of thought the two functions are more often confused.

When we are depressed at the constant passing of counterfeit verbal coinage we may take heart in the thought that the creative impulse will not cease to recreate the words in currency, for there is so much more to express than has been ever yet expressed. Verbal language is one of the incarnations of that intelligence which is shadowed in human mind. The painful political evolution of mankind, the discoveries of scientists, the visions of seers, the creations of artists—all shadows of reality—await the word to take them out of the stream of time. As a lifelong diary or a vivid memory is to an individual, such is a literature to a people. One must believe that communication between minds will grow with experience, and perhaps language will catch up with mankind's deepest knowledge in an apocalypse of world-wide consciousness. Then there will be but one language all over the earth, one only community of men, and the Parliament of Man will be the Temple of Truth. Unless all is a futility, that is the ultimate meaning of the power of words.

R. L. MEGROZ

CHRIST'S MESSAGE AND THE CHURCHES

[There never was a great religious reform that was not pure at the beginning. The first followers of Buddha as of all the other great teachers, no less than the disciples of Jesus, were men of the highest morality. The history of the Buddhist reform is full of the most noble and heriocally unselfish acts. The decline from the Christianity of Jesus to the Churchianity of his professed followers, from the original purity and power of a great spiritual impulse to orthodoxy and ritualism, which **Mr. Laurence E. Moore** paints here, is the history of all religions when the prophet gives place to the priest, and the form, whose proper function is but to transmit the living message, becomes its substitute and silencer. But the voice of all the great Teachers is always in the world. Their message is the same and those who live by it can prove its undiminished power today.—ED.]

Christ Jesus' injunction to his followers was that they should go out into all the world and—"Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils," and he made it clear that this command did not apply to them alone but to all who should believe his teachings through them. The power to perform these great works was to be spiritual and would come to them when they fully understood his teachings and his living example. From first to last he left them in no doubt that what he did they also could do, and if they failed to do the works that he did, and in fact greater works, then the judgment of men upon them was to be that they had not understood his teaching. His unfailing standard of judgment, which he gave them in his wonderful discourse known to us as "The Sermon on the Mount," was that by their fruits they were to know all men, and hence this was the standard by which they themselves would be judged. This work which he commanded them to do was the very corner-stone of his teaching. It was the "signs following," the signet of God, the seal of divine authorship upon his work. It was undeniable demonstration of the efficacy of his teaching to bless and to benefit all mankind, and formed the very basis of his claim to be showing men the way to establish the Kingdom of God upon earth. Until that Kingdom was established the healing work was to go on in ever-increasing power and grandeur, until all men recognised themselves as the Sons of God, and then it would cease, for perfect harmony would reign.

This was the constant theme of Jesus' teaching and the all-embracing objective of his life-work and he knew that it must be practically demonstrated. It was this ability to bear out their professions in daily practice before men that was responsible for the remarkable spread of Christianity in the early centuries

of the Christian era. Undoubtedly those early Christians possessed a great measure of spiritual power, which enabled them, in the very teeth of furious and violent opposition, not only to preserve their faith but to propagate it all over the European world. Through the power of this understanding whole nations were converted, by the ministry, very often, of a single person, from ways of life of the most extreme barbarism and cruelty, to ways of peace and progress. It must surely have been a most inspiring era in the world's history, those early years of the Christian era, when the teaching of love and good-will amongst men really meant something and, in the hands of those who spread it, had power and effectiveness. Those were the days when the spreading of the Gospel of Christ truly meant to his followers the spreading of the "glad tidings," the higher meaning of the word "Gospel."

That was a magnificent period, at the dawn of Christianity, when an all-consuming love filled the hearts of its followers with joy and praise. When love governed their actions so that Christians were truly men and women of good-will and practised in their daily lives the brotherhood of men. In those days the followers of Jesus Christ were not concerned with gaining converts to a particular creed or doctrine. Their hearts were full to overflowing with the wonderful significance of their Master's words, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and they could no more have refrained from spreading the "glad tidings" than the rising sun can fail to flood the earth with light. He had taught, expounded and demonstrated to them a "way of life," illustrated by the most wonderful practical examples amongst ordinary men and women. He had told them to go and do likewise and to teach all men that by following this same way of life they could do the same works. They were not gathering recruits to a creed, but exhorting all men, with joy and gladness, to follow the New Way, that the Kingdom of God might be established upon earth with all speed. Many of them were martyred for their faith, but the power that was in them overcame all obstacles and the teaching spread and prospered.

It was at this stage that Christianity faced its severest trial. Opposition, martyrdom, abuse, misrepresentation only caused the teaching to spread faster and wider; only heightened the spiritual power and ability of its adherents. All these it could survive and prosper on, but popularity, acceptance by the world, proved too severe a test. The leaven of the Pharisees, against which Jesus so constantly warned his disciples, was at work and penetrated the ranks of the Christians with dire results. Worldly economy was prepared to accept this new teaching, to give it an honourable place in its structure, providing it was willing to make just a few small concessions. It was prepared to shower upon leading Christians material wealth,

ease from labour, high positions amongst its great ones, flattery and temporal power, in return for a few concessions to materialism.

The early organisations of the Christians, the Churches or Assemblies, which had been entirely democratic in conception and action and in which all men and women were looked upon as brothers and sisters, gradually lost their democratic outlook and took on a hierarchical aspect, in which some were elevated to positions of privilege and others were relegated to positions of servitude. Truly it was the doctrine of the Pharisees creeping in and with it came an increasing regard for ritual and ceremony, for the importance of the letter, and a consequent falling off in spiritual power. Those at the top constituted themselves the sole authorities to interpret and to dictate to those below as to how they should understand and practise the teachings of Jesus; and to support their authority they formulated specific creeds and dogmas.

Thus, within four or five centuries of Jesus' birth, it came about that the teaching of him who had laid such constant stress upon the importance of the spirit and the insignificance of the letter, was gradually perverted into a doctrine of observance of the letter with ritual and ceremony. The very corner-stone of Christianity, its demonstrability, its " fruits, " to which Jesus attached so much importance, slowly disappeared as the centuries passed until Christians grew accustomed to thinking of their faith as a series of moral precepts designed to act as a moral curb upon them in this life and to prepare them for a harmonious life somewhere hereafter. Thus Christianity, which in all its first brave glory and fervour, came teaching a way of life to be followed by all men immediately, in order to bring the Kingdom of God upon earth, became a doctrine of postponement, which could do little else than provide a moral basis for a very inharmonious life on earth, holding out no promise of improvement until after death. How strange that this should have occurred with the teachings of Jesus Christ who, both in his own life and in his teaching, so categorically denied the reality and the power of death, and unmistakably taught that death should be overcome, not submitted to. Does it not indicate that his teachings have been totally misunderstood? That, in fact, the blind leading the blind both have fallen into the ditch?

Nevertheless, so far ahead of its times was this teaching, that even after it had been stripped of most of its original power it continued to spread through the testimony of the inspired lives of individuals who recognised the imperative nature of its great moral precepts even though they could no longer understand its healing power. During the centuries which have passed since this metamorphosis in the Christian teaching took place, a mass of theological doctrines has been built

up until today the Bible is surrounded by a highly artificial atmosphere through which it is difficult to penetrate in order to catch a true glimpse of the events it depicts. Despite this, since the power that Jesus taught and demonstrated is spiritual, it is still as efficacious as in his day. Hence, if we can but retrace our steps until we can recapture some of that simplicity and humility of acceptance of the early Christians, and cleanse our minds and above all our hearts from the stultifying doctrines which have been creeping into them for centuries, we shall surely find the power of Christ available to us today.

What, then, is to be done, that we may have this power? We must remove from our own minds the barriers to the acceptance and understanding of his teaching, and the greatest of these is intellectualism. We are so wise in our own eyes and so clever! We have set up for worship a new God, intellectual rationalism, and everything must bow before him. The human mind in all its material self-sufficiency has grown fat and has thrown a challenge into the face of God, even as the Psalmist sings,—"Yea, they spake against God; they said, can God prepare a table in the wilderness?"

We have very largely lost the ability for intuitive acceptance, which is absolutely necessary to an understanding of Christ's teaching, and which may be defined by the word "faith." Moses' rebuke to the Children of Israel rests upon our brows—"And he (God) said, I will hide my face from them, I will see what their end shall be: For they are a very froward generation, children in whom is no faith." The ability for intuitive acceptance is essential, because we cannot properly understand much of Christ's teaching until we have felt its power in our own lives and the strongest barrier to intuitive acceptance is intellectualism. Because of its pride of achievement and its self-sufficiency, its lack of humility, the stern rebuke of the Revelator rests upon it:

> Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.

The pride of knowledge of this age is different only in degree from that of Jesus' age. That which he rebuked so emphatically in the Pharisees of his day is just as widespread amongst us today, and he made it quite clear that the worldly-wise would not be able to understand his teaching. His low estimate of their wisdom is illustrated in his selection of disciples. He chose as his immediate followers, to receive the dynamic teaching of the Word of God, simple fishermen and country-folk, men quite uneducated and illiterate in the eyes of the intellectuals of their age. These men in their rugged simplicity of thought, their honesty of purpose, their zeal, courage and humility, were able to accept and to understand where the

doctors of law were confounded. That certain of the Pharisees did appreciate the value of Jesus' teachings is evidenced by their coming to him privily for instruction and discourse, but their worldly pride stood in the way of their open acceptance and there is no record that they ever put his teaching into practice. This was left to the simple fisherfolk and countrymen, and the power to instruct the mind and enhance its faculties with divine intelligence has never been more clearly demonstrated than in their lives. For in later years all men were amazed at the wisdom of these men who by them had always been considered illiterate. They were heard speaking in many tongues, expounding the scriptures with authority and confounding their opponents in open debate with a fluency and an intelligence which even the doctors of law could not better.

The message of Jesus Christ is just as powerful and imperative in this age as it was in his own. His tender, appealing summons is knocking at the door of our hearts as persistently now as then :—

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

My friends, can we resist this loving, unselfed call to follow him who loved and cared for suffering humanity and made such a crowning, unparalleled demonstration of the power of his teaching? Can any doubt the purity and the majesty of his purpose? Then let us answer, in the words of the Psalmist, with joy and gladness and a ready humility in our hearts, "I delight to do thy will, oh my God; Yea, thy law is within my heart."

LAURENCE E. MOORE

RELIGION AND MORALITY

Dr. Vivian T. Thayer, who writes in *Harper's Magazine* for April on "Religion and the Public School" attacks

the traditional notion, so commonly accepted uncritically, that religious belief is essential for moral development. But surely there is little evidence that moral fibre is dependent upon orthodoxy of any one kind.

He cites the findings of two psychologists who had made careful studies of juvenile delinquency. One concluded that there seemed to be no significant relation between religious training and delinquent or non-delinquent behaviour. The other declared that "mere knowledge of the Bible was not in itself sufficient to insure character growth." Dr. Thayer writes :—

Character, moral behaviour, grows out of a way of life which people not only profess in common; and where profession is sincere it is the practice rather than the conscious formulation that is primary in educational growth. Accordingly, if we are genuinely concerned that our children shall acquire habits and ideals of honesty, fair play, self-control, generosity, and respect for the personalities of others, we will have to create conditions of living in home and school and community that embody these ways of acting, feeling, and thinking.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A RECURRING PATTERN *

In this edition of Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War*, abridged and edited from Crawley's translation revised by Feetham, Sir Richard Livingstone is at pains to draw a parallel between the Peloponnesian War and the war in which the majority of the world is at present engaged. It is true that history repeats itself; it is equally true that it does not. To judge the present by the past and act upon that judgment is a dangerous proceeding, for it almost certainly involves the failure to discriminate between reality and appearance, even when the evidence upon which the judgment is based is furnished by as sober, objective and dispassionate a witness as Thucydides. In any case the supposedly reliable habit of history to repeat itself is of negative rather than positive value. It encourages fatalism and offers too easy an escape from responsibility; if history repeats itself whatever we do, of what use is it to try to influence history, to make it rather than merely to suffer it? The popular conception of the positive value of history's repetitiveness lies in the supposition that, by a study of history, we can avoid the mistakes of the past. But men learn little, as Mr. Eliot says, from others' experience.

The disconcerting fact remains that almost any war, should one search it diligently enough, would furnish a parallel for almost any other. All war is war, and all war springs from a common cause, or a series of common causes, in the subconscious regions of the psyche; economic, political and strategic similarities, still sometimes regarded as causes rather than effects, inevitably arise. It is easy to forget that as many outward circumstances as are similar are dissimilar, and the parallel between the Peloponnesian War and our own breaks down somewhat disastrously on close examination, even in the matter of such differences between Athens and Britain as the size of their respective populations, their weapons of war, their respective scientific knowledge, customs, cultures and traditions, and even climates. There is a sense in which one feels that a disservice is done to Thucydides by Sir Richard Livingstone's elaborate comparison between his war and ours; one feels that the Peloponnesian War, which was great in its day, and has acquired a dignity with time and through the agency of Thucydides' words, would have been better left to speak for itself, just as it might have been better not to vulgarise *War and Peace* in the light of the supposed parallel between Napoleon's invasion of Russia and Hitler's.

It is true that a certain initial sense of wonder seizes us on perceiving these apparent parallels, but this is quickly superseded by a sense of futility. Have we learned nothing, in so many cen-

**Thucydides' History of the Peloponnesian War.* Edited in translation by SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE. (World's Classics, Sir Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. 3s.)

turies, except the negative lesson of how to make war more painful, more morally degrading, more inhuman? The progress once thought to be inevitable if evolution were a reality, bitter experience, as well as science, is teaching us to believe in no longer. Some aspects of human life may get better, but an equal number of others get worse; we have no reason to congratulate ourselves that we are not Athenians or Spartans of the fifth century B. C. Yet, if "progress" is a myth, evolution remains; we have as yet no evidence, scientific or other, that life is not fundamentally a matter of change, and no evidence that change is not wrought, at least in the human individual, by suffering, though by suffering, we believe, of a positive rather than a negative kind, since it seems that negative suffering produces a stasis, a spiritual death, and positive suffering, that to which the individual reacts with acceptance, assimilation and imagination, a spiritual rebirth.

So the sense of futility which, on examination of past wars, takes the place of the sense of wonder, gives place in turn to a speculation: it may be that, not many centuries hence, warfare will have outlived its usefulness. For its usefulness lies in its ennobling effect upon the individual who can suffer it positively; it is perhaps because we preserve an instinctive knowledge of war's value to our spiritual life that we have preserved war as an institution. It is the ordeal which tests manhood, ennobles personal love and calls forth the greatest nobility of all, which is mercy towards one's enemies. It is these things still, to some extent; just as, to some extent, it has always been at the same time degrading, bestial and dishonourable. But the values of warfare are changing rapidly with the rapid changes in its technique. Its misery tends to outweigh its grandeur, the negative suffering it causes to outweigh the positive. "Total war," conscripted labour, breed futility and irresponsibility, rather than personal courage and comradeship. A sense of guilt, such as those who use the weapons of modern warfare must inevitably feel, is a degrading thing, the antithesis of a just indignation. You cannot, after listening to your own planes going out to massacre your enemy, entirely replace the sense of guilt by a just indignation when your own sirens sound a little later. And patriotism, once real in an age of nationalism, is the merest shadow of itself in an age which technology has made essentially international. As the opportunity for positive, voluntary and ennobling suffering, war's day appears to be over. But the instinctive need for such suffering and for the evolutionary changes which it effects in the soul, remains, and is perhaps stronger in this age than in many. We shall have to seek other means of positive suffering.

This possible elimination of war is no disguised hope of "progress." Progress demands the elimination of suffering. Life does not; it demands merely that suffering shall be positive in its effects; thus it demands that means of suffering which have become preponderantly negative in effect shall be eliminated, but not suffering itself. It is a revealing paradox that, while suffering is one of our greatest spiritual needs, something in the human spirit continually urges suffering's mitigation, and rightly urges it. Thus we must

seek to eliminate war; but we must not seek to avoid whatever other means of suffering life insists upon offering us in its place. It is only in this way, perhaps, that we shall be able to speak truly of history repeating itself—repeating its inward content rather than its outward form. For in accepting positive suffering while yet rejecting war as too negative, we may approach again the condition of spirit, on another plane, and in other circumstances, in which Athenians and Spartans went to war. The point about history, if Sir Richard will forgive us, is not to look back to it as a thing of the past; the point about history is that it is at present in the making, and that in the making it must be redeemed.

R. H. WARD

The Meaning of Pakistan. By F. K. KHAN DURRANI. (Sh. Mohammad Ashraf, Kashmiri Bazaar, Lahore. Rs. 3/12)

That India is a geographical unity is also a fact which the Muslims must never forget. There is not an inch of the soil of India which our forefathers did not once purchase with their blood. We cannot be false to the blood of our fathers. India, the whole of it, is therefore our heritage and it must be *reconquered* for Islam....Our ultimate ideal should be the unification of India, spiritually *as well as politically*, under the banner of Islam.

The italics are mine but the words are Mr. Durrani's and the idea behind the words is shared by thousands of fanatically inspired young Muslims who interpret Mr. Jinnah's Pakistan demand as but the stepping-stone to "the reconquest of India" and the establishment of an Islamic empire.

It is this jingoistic spirit which characterises the whole book and vitiates the narration of events and circumstances that, according to Mr. Durrani, have led to the crystallization of the Muslim demand in the form of Pakistan. Mr. Durrani suffers from a superiority complex, speaks with contempt of the Hindu religion and philosophy, misinterprets (or misunderstands?) Congress policy and exaggerates isolated cases of miscarriage of justice into "atrocities" alleged to have been committed by the Congress Ministries. One can expect little of understanding and even less of a helpful analysis of the communal problem in such a book. Yet it is worth a perusal for it gives us a glimpse of the fanatical mind Mr. Jinnah's irresponsible and dangerous advocacy of Pakistan has produced among young and educated Muslims. I wish people like Mr. Rajagopalachariar and our Communist friends would read this book to realize the dangers of the Pakistan demand which they want the Congress to accept.

One must give credit to Mr. Durrani, however, that he has the good sense to admit in one of the earlier chapters that

the Hindus and Muslims, in spite of fundamental differences in the teachings of their respective faiths, could, by virtue of their traditions and those very teachings, live together as good neighbours and associate with one another with sympathy, courtesy and mutual regard.

Nothing that he writes later really proves that the Hindus and Muslims cannot continue to live like that for ever, without the necessity of vivisecting the country on a basis of exclusiveness and mutual hostility.

K. A. ABBAS

Food for the People. By SIR JOHN BOYD ORR. (Target for Tomorrow Series No. III, Pilot Press, London. 5*s.* 6*d.*)

With the aid of photos and diagrams, this book deals interestingly with food requirements, legislation, present conditions, committee reports, and the target of a universal food-planning policy, from the view-point of the nation and its health, of agriculture, industry, trade, organisation and international co-operation. It should be noted that the modern ideas on nutrition are not, as the book seems to imply, the last word on the subject, but only touch the fringe of it. The second point is whether, in all this planning, despite the excellence of the aims, the cart is not put before the horse.

Take this, for example.

> If the nations, as they must and they undoubtedly will, reach agreement on a world food policy based on human needs and proceed to carry it into effect on a world scale, they will take the first step in initiating a movement which will bring about a great advance in human well-being, and an expanding world economy that will bring prosperity to agriculture, industry and world trade. Further, in carrying out the policy, the nations will develop the spirit of the "good neighbour" in working together for a common world cause, and they will evolve a technique of international co-operation which can be used for the solution of all world problems.

How much hangs upon an "if"! Unless the "good neighbour" spirit is already active in the majority, the carrying out of the policy is bound to fail. While the will to co-operate, and the technique to do so, must develop together, the first is the key point.

Nevertheless, those who already have some good-will should be grateful to the author, in that he brings together facts and suggestions about the subject in so compact and readable a form.

E. W.

Srimad Bhagavatam: The Wisdom of God. Translated by SWAMI PRABHAVANANDA. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50)

In making readily available to English readers nearly half of this classic, as inspiring as it is beautiful, Swami Prabhavananda has made the West his debtor. It ranks next in authority, he writes, to the Upanishads and the *Bhagavad-Gita.* To read it is to be impressed anew with the characteristic Indian preoccupation with religion. Through story after story runs as *Leitmotif* the tireless quest of God. King, miser, prostitute, all find their way at last, through a profound *vairagya* for the things of sense, to union with the Self of each who is the Self of all.

Srimad Bhagavatam is said to popularise the Vedic truths but it goes beyond the Impersonal Deity of the Vedas. The Krishna of Book Tenth is God incarnate. He is the Lord of the Universe but he is also the teacher of the world, the tangible object of devotion. The stories of him as a child and as a young cowherd are given with rare tenderness and skill.

High ethics are exemplified and taught and the anecdotal form of much of the book has doubtless helped to fix these lessons in the people's minds.

E. M. H.

God's Innocence: Thoughts in Wartime. By BARON ERIC PALMSTIERNA. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Baron Palmstierna has a deplorable habit of writing "we" when he means "I." He begins by saying that

> in these years we hear voices from many sides, voices of sensitive and thinking people, who, in anguish and doubt, ask how a God of love, if existing, can allow the evil things that occur to go on without any interference from His mercy and might.

Sensitive and thinking people ask nothing of the kind. The question *is* asked—among the insensitive and the unthinking. Its appeal is to the literal-minded. It would gather a large audience in any of those sectarian bethels where intellectual eccentricity, decked out in a few borrowed quotations, is administered to the lonely and defeated.

The good Baron answers what we must assume to be *his* question, not ours, in the time-honoured way, that is, by dissociating the creator from his creation. He does it skilfully, calling in the services of Origen, Eckhardt, Augustine, Blake and Sri Aurobindo. God exists in the eternal serenity and beauty of innocence, and knows not evil, for which men alone are responsible.

One might think that this shut God off pretty effectively from his own cosmos. So it does, when it suits Baron Palmstierna's argument; but later in the book we find that this God, so remote in his love and innocent even of the knowledge of evil, is actually within us after all. How a God who is within us ["Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet"—Tennyson this time: a bit of a come-down] can be unaware of the evil which men do and of which they are the victims, is not explained.

But there are good things in the book, as when Baron Palmstierna suggests that evil cannot be vanquished by resistance but only by love; that what is needed is not the extermination of evil but the creation of greater good. Nor is he unaware of the limitations of orthodox Christianity; and one can only hope that some day he will be able to liberate himself from this Western mania for orthodoxies and systems and follow "the *via negativa* of the East, avoiding human descriptions of the Godhead." Meanwhile he has to offer us only the cold comfort that "the cause of chaos on earth must be sought for within mankind itself." He is rightly emphatic that all religions, of the East and the West, have a common basis; but in asking for united action he is, to put it mildly, optimistic. Nor does he give us the slightest inkling as to how united action, even from the most catholic platform, is likely to regenerate a world governed wholly, in the secular sense, by economic expediency.

J. P. HOGAN

The Poligars of Mysore and Their Civilization. By P. B. RAMACHANDRA RAO. Second Impression. (Palaniappa Brothers, Trichinopoly. Re. 1/8, 3*s.* or $.75)

This is a brief but well documented historical account of the Poligars, the feudal chieftains who occupied, through a long course of history, the territory which now forms the Mysore State. Such feudal rulers could be found over almost the whole of South India with a long historical past. The author's thesis is that these Poligars were not

the creations of the Vijayanagar rulers as is commonly believed but existed long before their empire was established. But admittedly their rights and responsibilities changed under Vijayanagar, when they were more or less vassals bound to render military assistance, whenever occasion arose, in return for concessions allowed them. The brochure is a valuable introduction to this interesting and important aspect of South Indian history.

V. M. I.

Vinaya-Pitaka (The Book of the Discipline). Part III. Translated by I. B. HORNER, M. A. (Sacred Books of the Buddhists, Vol. XIII, Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The Teachings of Buddha, first given in the Ardha-Magadhi dialect, have come down to us in two recensions, a Sanskrit and a Pali one. Of the former, most of the originals are lost and they are now available only in their Chinese translations. The Pali recension, which represents what is known as the *Hinayana* or Southern Buddhism, as contrasted with the Mahayana or Northern Buddhism preserved in the Chinese texts, comprises three collections called *Pitakas* (boxes), namely, the *Vinaya-Pitaka*, the *Sutta-Pitaka* and the *Abhidamma-Pitaka*. The *Vinaya-Pitaka* was edited in Roman script by Hermann Oldenberg in five volumes published between 1879 and 1883. The *Vinaya-Pitaka* consists of the *Mahavagga* (Vol. I), the *Sullavagga* (Vol. II), the *Suttavibhanga* (Vols. III and IV) and the *Parivara*. The work under review contains the concluding portion of the *Suttavibhanga*, corresponding to pages 124 to the end of the fourth volume in Oldenberg's edition. The *Vinaya-Pitaka* deals with subjects like initiation, duties and rules of conduct, expiation of sins represented by violation of these rules and the training of the religious order of *Bhikkus* (monks) and *Bhikkunis* (nuns).

It must be confessed that translations of Eastern literary works into a European language are mostly stiff and uneven. English and other modern European literatures developed with Greek and Latin thought as content. These languages have yet to be adjusted and adapted to the needs of Eastern thought and modes of expression. So long as such studies remain objects of curiosity for a few intellectuals, without access to the peoples of the Western countries, this inconvenience in translation must persist. Yet no one can fail to admire the magnificent work done by the scholars and by the academic institutions of European countries in promoting the study of Eastern literatures; and India and other Eastern countries are eternally indebted to Europe for this great service. The book under review, which keeps up the best standards of accuracy in rendering, has a scholarly Introduction and a few useful indices.

C. KUNHAN RAJA

Seeds in the Wind. By WILLIAM SOUTAR. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 5s.)

It is a difficult task to review a book in Scots for non-Scottish readers. The Scots dialect, or Doric, is not easily understood by English speakers, and unfortunately is becoming a foreign tongue even to many Scots also.

If it had been possible to write *Seeds in the Wind* in English this book would have achieved world-wide fame among lovers of poetry. But it never could have been written in anything but Scots for its very soul is Scots and its substance the peculiar quality of Doric which invests with charm and colour the simplest of everyday things.

These poems by William Soutar sing of things which interest children. They deal with the realities—the realities which only children properly perceive. Consequently they have a beauty which is untranslatable. One cannot translate the song of the nightingale into words. One cannot even imitate it in music. It is possible to translate meaning but not feeling and so the poems of William Soutar must be read in Scots. If a person were to learn Doric for no other purpose than to read *Seeds in the Wind* he would discover a treasure of language beyond estimation.

William Soutar was a master of the Doric and in *Seeds in the Wind* he has left a masterpiece. That the language of which he was such a master is dying fast only adds the beauty of pathos and regret to the loveliness of his work.

MILLER WATSON

Look On Undaunted. By P. R. KAIKINI. (New Book Company, Kitab Mahal, Hornby Road, Bombay. Rs. 2/-)

The six simple translations from Konkani folk-songs which follow the author's twenty-three poems in this slim collection afford a study in contrast in theme and technique, indicating the way modernist poetry is going. Shri Kaikini is surely one of the moderns with whom the trouble is always the choice of imagery from a purely personal world of associations. The result is occasional obscurity, through which the inevitability of Shri Kaikini's poetic emotion is able to show itself only in stray passages. But the genuineness of his feeling cannot be doubted; nor can his faith and hope. Prof. Amaranatha Jha contributes an appreciative foreword.

V. M. I.

Premchand. By MADAN GOPAL. (The Bookabode, 119, Circular Road, Lahore. *De luxe* edition, Rs. 3/8)

Not much of the late Premchandji's work has been translated into English. While his premier position in Hindi and Urdu fiction is assured, the wider recognition merited by both the volume of his work and its staunch idealist outlook has yet to be accorded. Premchand, therefore, has remained the critic's rare opportunity. Like a true journalist has Shri Gopal caught it but unfortunately the journalist has had the better of the critic in him. Though readers who cannot contact Premchand's work in the original will be thankful for this brief monograph on his life and work, the impression cannot be avoided that a closer analysis and estimate of his work rather than merely a descriptive account of it would have given weight to this admiring tribute to a great modern Indian *littérateur*.

V. M. I.

CORRESPONDENCE

CORRUPTION OF BUDDHISM

Mr. A. R. Wadia in "Liberalising Religion" (THE ARYAN PATH, March 1944) says that "Buddhism itself got corroded by caste." It is indeed a tragedy that the teaching of Gautama Buddha, which knew no caste and treated every human being as an equal, should have been corrupted by those very bhikkus to whom was entrusted the care of the Dhamma.

In Ceylon the bhikkus are divided into three castes. One of them, known as the "Siamese" caste, consists of people of the "high" castes while the other two sects are composed of people of the so-called "low" castes. Such is the exclusiveness of the teachers of the Middle Way—exponents of a teaching that knew no caste! The teachers are obstinately blind to the noble teaching of their Guru who said

> There is no caste in blood, which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears, which trickle salt with all.

J. C. MOLEGODE

Rikillagaskada,
Ceylon.

OBSCENITY IN LITERATURE

I am pleased to find that quite a large number of people despise obscenity in literature and that my article [*The Indian P.E.N.*, August 1943] which was intended as a reply to an individual has started a useful controversy. I did not take the long or broad view in writing my article; this has created some misunderstanding to which Mr. V. M. Inamdar has given expression in your Correspondence columns in June 1944. I agree with him that I ought to have based my refutation on "the unquestionable need for a sane and moral outlook in literature" but the trouble is that the people to whom my article was addressed do not attach any importance to morals. In fact, they regard God, religion and moral and social laws as opiates with which the poor classes are taught to remain content with their lot.

My reference to "grand old literatures" has been misunderstood. I never wanted them to be regarded as repositories of all possible good qualities or as checks in the form of tradition on the genius of the modern writers. I believe that every great man of letters has to create a taste in the public for his writings and if the literature of any nation is arranged chronologically, one is bound to find in the works of every master elements of revolt against his age as well as against literary traditions. Despite all these divergences, all of them agree to present some aspects of human life having permanent value, permanent appeal.

This view may be dismissed as subjective optimism, but the undeniable fact about them is that they have withstood the varying tastes of generations and ages and have been sifted of all dross by Time, the best of critics. It is this uniqueness which, in the absence of any set of values recognised by such writers, emboldened me to measure this new literature with reference to standards set by grand old literatures and to declare it "wanting."

New Delhi. ASLAM SIDDIQI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____*ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Verrier Elwin's renewed protest against the proselytising activities of Christian missionaries in the Wholly and Partially Excluded Areas deserves immediate attention. His account of proselytising methods, particularly in the Mandla District, appeared in *The Bombay Chronicle* of 14th June. Not only, he indicates, are conversions effected through the offer of facilities, *e. g.*, schools, but more objectionable methods are reported of exploiting the ignorance and poverty of the tribal people.

Money-lending in impoverished India offers great opportunity, no doubt, to disinterested philanthropy, but it does establish a hold on the borrower. It should, in their own reputation's interest, be eschewed by those who have a stake in getting helpless illiterates under their influence.

Mr. Elwin cites a case in which a too zealous missionary propagandist resorted to a threat of force against one of Mr. Elwin's own workers if he dared to oppose the Christians.

Already the Dutch Catholic missionaries are operating through more than a hundred minor centres, besides their Sijhora Training School with its thirty buildings. The withdrawal of part of the Government grant to this institution has apparently embarrassed them not at all. And Mandla is being invaded by Protestant missionaries as well.

Mr. Elwin charges openly that nearly every day he hears of new converts being "tricked, bullied or purchased into the Church." The fact that the areas are nominally segregated has been helpful in avoiding public scrutiny of proselytising methods "that would have been considered disgraceful in the Middle Ages." The ostensible segregation was designed to preserve the cultural and religious integrity of the aboriginal population, and this is the way their cultural interests are being guarded. Without imputing any deliberate connivance on the part of the Government, its allowing of foreign missionaries an almost free hand must lay it open to misunderstanding.

Mr. Elwin demands that all schools opened in Mandla District since the passing of the Act of 1935 be taken over by the Government and that missionary money-lending and proselytising activities generally be prohibited in all Excluded Areas.

Shri K. S. Venkataramani's *The Indian Village* (*A Ten-Year Plan*), now in its second edition though written twelve years ago, contains proposals which have not lost their relevance. Not because nothing very much has been done in the matter of rural uplift but because of his basic clarity and emphasis upon the fundamentals of the problem of the rehabilitation of our villages. Shri Venkataramani does not believe in the possibility of the success of rural reform imposed from above by some

high-seated authority. In fact he reaches back to the self-sufficient administrative traditions of ancient India. The village, instead of being a poor relation to be tolerated and supported by a supercilious urban civilisation, was the vital unit and the mainstay of the country's life. It is not merely the hope of recapture of the civic, social and economic self-sufficiency of the traditional village, therefore, that can justify the revitalising of our rural areas. The ideal of co-operative endeavour and mutual helpfulness which the Indian village in its ideal state enshrined makes its rehabilitation the prime step in national advancement. In its equality of work for all and the assurance of its benefits for all, not in cash but in kind, to each according to his needs, the village stood as the very foundation of a democracy that never cared how it was described, so long as it could keep its people happy and contented.

Today, when rural reconstruction is so much in the air, the truth needs to be stressed that the way of rehabilitation is not by urbanising the villages but by reviving those features of co-operative life. The villages were not only self-sufficient units. They were centres of self-administration that not only saved huge governmental expenditure but also avoided the practical ineffectiveness of a too centralised control.

Was it not Epictetus who advised that, when evil was said of one, one should laugh at it if it were false; correct oneself if it were true? But some false accusations are not humorous. Such was the serious charge which Mr. P. J. Griffiths, M. L. A. (Central) brought against India before the East India Association at a meeting reported in the April 1944 *Asiatic Review*. His address was on "The Indian Food Scarcity: Its Causes and Its Lessons."

His analysis of causes was superficial. He left out of account altogether the points to which Mr. John S. Hoyland attached such importance in his article "Why Famine in India?" in the May ARYAN PATH—the destruction of the communal village with its accompanying sudden rise of population and the consequent increased fragmentation of holdings and debt slavery. Mr. Hoyland claims that the chief food hoarder was the village money-lender, to whom the indebted peasants had to yield their crops. But Mr. Griffiths blamed, along with speculators, the cultivator's greed for higher profits, for the hoarding which undoubtedly did play a great part in the Bengal famine.

Apprehensiveness of the future in the face of the threat from Japan, Mr. Griffiths said, had caused householders in towns also to lay up such food stocks as they could. This, which he grants might well have seemed to them dictated by common prudence, helped to diminish stocks available for daily sale and to force prices up. It was in that connection that Mr. Griffiths made a statement which must not pass unchallenged. Through all these difficulties, he declared,

> the lack of a highly developed civic conscience has been one of the aggravating factors. You cannot deal either with speculative hoarding or with innocent and understandable holding on to stocks without the assistance of a strong and well-informed public opinion. In India as yet there is no such public opinion. India today is about to embark upon self-government; if she is to prosper and to grow in

stature, her first task will be to build up this sense of civic duty, and to engender in the minds of all her citizens a spirit comparable to that which saved Britain in the dark days of 1940.

It is not fair to compare the civic consciousness of an uneducated people under foreign rule with that of educated freemen. The statement, moreover, is unjust and its implications are misleading. The sense of civic duty has not been wanting in the past, when India was mistress of her own house. What, for example, but a high sense of civic duty engendered in the self-reliant rural democracies of the Punjab could have driven out the Greek invader Alexander in the third century B.C.? Centralised power under alien rule has dried up the very spring of civic consciousness—the basic, self-dependent, virtually autonomous village units that had survived so many centuries of changes at the top.

There is not, and there never has been, sufficient food produced in the world to feed all the people in accordance with the desired standards.

Thus Sir John Russell, long Director of the pioneer Agricultural Experimental Station at Harpenden, addressing the East India Association in London. Happily he did not say that there would never be enough to go around! *The Asiatic Review* for April publishes his address of January 28th on "The Hot Springs Resolutions: Their Relation to Indian Agriculture." Sir John spent some time in India not long ago and is familiar with our problems here.

According to the Fabian Bureau's *Hunger and Health in the Colonies*, the problem of malnutrition is even more urgent in the tropical than in the temperate zones.

While more work on nutrition problems is necessary, according to Sir John, "it is safe to say that the food of a considerable proportion of the population of India is lacking in first-class proteins, in vitamins and in minerals—calcium, iron and phosphorus." He emphasises that increasing grain consumption cannot make good these deficiencies. More vegetables, fruit and milk would be acceptable to every section of the population but their provision in sufficient quantity is a problem. Vastly increased production of vegetables and fruits would be required to provide the 10 oz. of vegetables and 2 oz. of fruits per person per day which Dr. Aykroyd has included in a balanced dietary. Sir John sees no physical reason why India should not produce all the needed vegetables and fruit—

particularly if the beneficent movement for improving the villages should continue, and carry in its train a further planting of fruit trees round the villages.

Increasing milk production presents more serious problems, including cattle grading and the growing of more and better fodder crops. The situation in regard to milk is definitely worsening instead of growing better.

The encouragement of mixed farming and the overcoming of the evil of fragmentation of holdings are both desiderata; problems of transport and distribution have to be solved; but Sir John sees the difficulties, while great, as not insuperable. They are not, if the will to solve them is sufficiently strong and sustained.

Over the broad and hospitable entrance of the great Carnegie Public Library at Washington is carved: "A University for the People." That is exactly what a public library should

be. And that even in the United States, with its high literacy figure, there is need for such post-school opportunity is apparent from the recent draft figures. Approximately 20 per cent. of those called up had not had more than a fourth-grade education, *i. e.*, were only one-third of the way to matriculation.

There are probably few donors and few charitable trusts that have done more for the infiltration of culture into the less educated strata of society than the late Andrew Carnegie and the Carnegie Corporation of New York. The belief of both in books and in making them available to all has played a large part in the building up of the great public-library system of the U. S. A.; and other English-speaking countries have also benefited. That Corporation's 1943 report shows that through gifts of forty-one million dollars its founder and the Corporation that succeeded him had provided 1681 communities in the U. S. A. with public library buildings. When Mr. Carnegie started his gifts for libraries there were only 971 free public library buildings in the United States. Now there are 6,880. The terms of the gifts were calculated to encourage local responsibility. Upon the support of 600 of these libraries their communities have spent 343 million dollars.

What would not such a system mean for India!

In the death of Acharya Prafulla Chandra Ray at Calcutta on June 16th at the age of eighty-three modern India has lost one of her greatest sons. The scientific achievements of the founder and first president of the Indian Chemical Society, the pioneer of this country's chemical industry, are well known. His devotion to his special subject was amply proved.

He died rich in honours. But he was more than a great educationist and research worker, more than a deep student of ancient Sanskrit lore, more than the founder of a great industrial enterprise. He was a foe of untouchability, a friend of the village masses, a true philanthropist, an ardent patriot. His life was an example of self-forgetting service.

His memory can best be honoured by service of the causes for which he spoke so eloquently on more than one occasion: the promotion of cottage industries, the meeting of the people's nutritional needs, the independence of his native land.