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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BASIS FOR A WORLD RELIGION

[**Mr. Hamilton Fyfe,** well-known author and journalist, and the uncompromising enemy of cruelty as of cant, suggests "Love is God" as the foundation of a world religion. For the production of the Saint the formula is unexceptionable; but the man risen to the full stature of humanity is necessarily a Sage as well. Gandhiji's formula is also correct: "Truth is God." There is no religion higher than Truth. A religious philosophy for world acceptance must show the self-compelling basis for true ethics. The teaching of Universal unity and human solidarity needs to be buttressed with the proofs which science offers and supplemented by the recognition of the just, unerring law and of its cyclic operation, as man evolves life after life towards ultimate perfection.—ED.]

Bagehot, as bold a thinker as he was cautious in his banking business, suggested in the middle of the nineteenth century, when philanthropy flourished as never before, that on the whole benevolence perhaps did more harm than good. He might have hinted also that religion lay open to the same criticism, because of the conflicting, dogmatic and mutually destructive views of its professional advocates.

Mankind has suffered, ever since history gives us any glimpse of its activities, from the absence of a faith that could appeal to all with the same force and the same beauty. Those of us who recognise this must be always on the lookout for a religion—that is, a bond, a tie, a fellowship—which might unify the whole human race, piercing beneath mere surface differences as Tagore put it, "down below race, rank, religion, to a fundamental humanity, man as man." We cannot be content to hope patiently for William Penn's millennium when "all Humble, Meek, Merciful, Just, Pious and Devout Souls shall know one another, though here the divers liveries they wear make them strangers." We want, we need, a world religion now.

I read, therefore, with eager interest a sermon kindly sent to me by the head of the Terapanthi Sect of Swetamber Jains, together with a

Short History of the Sect. I found in these publications much that seemed excellent to me, but I was disappointed not to find anything that pointed to Jainism (about which before I had known nothing) as a possible world faith. This disappointment I should have kept to myself but for the invitation given me to express a "considered opinion" on the matter. I shall be grateful to THE ARYAN PATH if I may do so in its widely-read pages.

The Jain system, as explained in the history, consists almost entirely of rules for the priesthood, or rather the preaching friars who travel about giving instruction, but not taking part in "any social, political or legal affairs" and paying "unstinted homage to their Head" who is described as "the highest living deity" and referred to as "Him" with a capital H.

In some ways the rules laid down are more severe than those under which Christian monks and friars were supposed to live. The Jains are not allowed, for example, to warm themselves at a fire in cold weather or to cool themselves with a fan when it is extremely hot. The reason for this is that "fire lives" and "air lives" might be injured. They are not to eat meat or vegetables: what they do eat is not stated. They must not drink unboiled water because there may be "water lives" in it; but why it should be more humane to boil these to death instead of swallowing them is not explained. It looks as if the idea was to safeguard the consumer's interior from the entrance of animalculæ rather than to show kindness to the animalculæ themselves.

Now it seems to me that any faith which can be offered with hope of acceptance to the mass of humanity in all lands must be of a social character and must, if conduct is shaped by it, lead to political action, using "political" in its proper original sense—"related to the well-being of the community." I feel also that to follow blindly, without reserve, the orders of any fellow-man as to what we shall think and believe is unworthy of intelligent men and women. To deify their chief, as Jains do, can be described only as relinquishing intelligence altogether.

In the sermon on World Peace delivered by this God-man I have looked vainly for any wisdom that is not contained in similar discourses by other religious leaders. Indeed, I find rather less, for the sermon asks us to credit the possession by certain people of "a Soul Force which can reduce to ashes sixteen provinces" and denounces the teaching of Evolution, calling for education concentrated on the Soul and the Afterlife, subjects about which we know nothing and which are seldom referred to nowadays in pulpit utterances elsewhere. This, by itself, makes it impossible that Jainism should exert any wide or deep influence over the peoples of the world today.

For education must deal, if it is to have any lasting and strengthening effect on character, with what

we know, not with what we imagine or fancy. Children should be told what theories have been put forward as to the nature of the universe and Man's place in it; but no theory should be represented to them as fact. To do that would be not merely immoral but futile. Most of us heard a good deal about the soul and the after-life when we were young, but very few indeed could now explain what are their convictions on these matters. The terms are but cloudy symbols of something they never really believed in—any more than their teachers did.

What we know about the world we live in is that it certainly was not planned as a habitation for Man. That is proved by Man's unceasing efforts to alter it, to make it suitable for him to live in. Man departs as far as possible from the natural order, in which all other living creatures live and move and have their being without any attempt to escape from it.

The force we call Nature must therefore be distinguished from the idea of God—unless we conceive of God as heedless of us and all other species; as coldly just in certain aspects and callously unjust in others; as almighty, but neither loving nor merciful. For that is how we are forced to conceive of Nature and, although they have never resolutely faced up to the problem of God and Nature, all religions that have spread widely assume that God is our Father, kindly, affectionate, tending us as a shepherd tends his sheep.

To pretend in schools and colleges, in temples, churches and mosques, that the world was designed for Man by a benevolent Creator is, I repeat, futile. Even while they are young, many boys and girls detect the falsity of it. If they think at all when they grow up, they turn resentfully against the religion that has attempted to deceive them. They find, if their reading is of any value to them, that the whole of the world's literature negatives the assumption that Man is a superior creature because he is gifted (or cursed) with self-consciousness.

This, the one attribute which sets him apart from other animals, is supposed to have been conferred on him as a special favour by a divine ruler. Yet throughout the ages Man has been depicted in literature as weak if not wicked; as greedy of power and wealth; as a victim to his own passions or to the cruelty of his kind. From the earliest recorded times Man's "crimes, follies and misfortunes" have been the theme of fiction, as Gibbon declared them to be the stuff of history.

From the author of the Book of Genesis describing how the human race was cursed by Jehovah; Homer perceiving "no more piteous breed that creeps on earth's crust"; Burton declaring in his *Anatomy* that Man had many enemies such as lions, wolves and serpents, but that the worst enemy was himself, "since no fiend could torment, tyrannize and vex as one man doth another"; to William James pronouncing Man

"the most formidable of all the beasts of prey and the only one to prey systematically on its own species," almost all writers of note throughout the ages have been in agreement as to Man—at any rate, civilised Man—being a misfit.

Yet, while we are compelled to admit that it is largely true, if not the whole truth, our observation notices a quality in Man which struggles towards a life at once more natural and more rational, to use Matthew Arnold's words. We can benefit ourselves by studying Nature closely and obeying its rules, reducing the artificial elements in our lives by reverting to natural conditions as far as we can. But in another direction this quality sets us against Nature.

Nature has no pity, shows no mercy, creates and destroys with the same disregard for suffering, seems at one moment to be a kindly parent and the next annihilates its offspring with unaccountable violence. In humanity there are chords of sympathy, of fellowship. Many animals, possibly all, have these in rudimentary, unconscious forms, such as mother love, such as the protection by males of their mates. These are instinctive. We are aware of our feelings; we can strengthen or weaken them at will—or by atrophy of will. If they were strengthened to the utmost, we should behave to all our fellow-creatures, non-human as well as human, "as we would have them behave to us," according to the rule Confucius formulated 500 years before Christ. That would be rational behaviour, the only firm basis for a society that could hold out hope of happiness, stability or long duration.

Here then is the divine element in Man; here the one result of intellect (sprung from self-awareness) which gives it value as an aid to living. This element, which we alone can cultivate and develop, contains all that was implied in the phrase "God is Love," which by experience we know to be untrue if God and Nature are one. Turn the phrase round; make it run "Love is God" and it seems to me we have hit on the right formula, the only possible formula, for a religion, a bond or tie which can unite all mankind.

I prefer the term "comradeship" to "love," which has been soiled and for many spoiled by being applied almost exclusively to one kind of love and disgustingly exploited by film producers and composers of songs for crooners. "Comradeship" strikes a healthier, sounder note. It gets rid of much smug pretence. We cannot say honestly that we love a thief or a murderer, but it is quite possible to feel towards them as comrades who have been unfortunate ("There but for the grace of God...") and, while we take away their liberty or their lives, to treat them as we should wish to be treated if we had sinned against comradeship.

This acceptance of equality and brotherhood was at the root of all great religions—when they were

founded. It was soon overlaid by forms and ceremonies, regulations and glosses; it was hidden away by hierarchies, made of small account by priests and presbyters. They spoke of "all men equal in the sight of God," though they professed belief in a God who had made them anything but equal. They meant that the society of comrades was to be looked for only in a world to come.

That form of religion, like all forms which depend on belief in heaven and hell, is dying. The world cries out for a faith, a rule of life, more substantial, more effective, more in harmony with its knowledge of itself. Offer "Love is God" to children for a generation and it would be well on the way to acceptance as a world religion. Children would go more than half-way to meet it. They are ready for comradeship, quick to make friends, to trust, to show sympathy. Sadly we can watch the spirit of comradeship being crushed in them as they become adolescent and usually disappearing when they have grown up.

It would be easier to keep it alive than to kill it; it dies hard. "Race, rank and religion," Tagore's three obstacles, have to be forced on young minds which instinctively repel them. What Jesus meant when he said we should all be like little children is clear to everyone who understands the child character. It was his child-like readiness to treat all alike, to be friendly and helpful, to be always the good comrade, that has kept his personality vivid and given his sayings power. The legends encrusted on him have hindered rather than helped.

"Get rid of your miracles and the whole world will fall at Christ's feet," Rousseau cried; there was truth in that. Nowhere can we build religion any longer on the miraculous, the supernatural. Nor is this to be regretted, for never have religions so based been efficacious. We can do better; we can use a foundation vastly more secure, base a rule of life, not on faith, but on certainty—the certainty that only through comradeship with all living creatures can happiness come to man, woman or child.

HAMILTON FYFE

"Unity of everything in the universe implies and justifies our belief in the existence of a knowledge at once scientific, philosophical and religious, showing the necessity and actuality of the connection of man and all things in the universe with each other; which knowledge, therefore, becomes essentially RELIGION, and must be called in its integrity and universality by the distinctive name of WISDOM-RELIGION."

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE YAZIDIS

[**Dr. Margaret Smith** writes here of an interesting religious minority, some of whose beliefs are linked with once universal tenets. It has been questioned whether the Yazīdīs are strictly of Kurdish origin, by those who trace their ancestry rather to Zoroastrian Fire-worshippers who, fleeing from persecution over a thousand years ago, joined the Kurds and embraced certain heresies. The charge that the Peacock Angel of the Yazīdīs, Malak Ṭā'ūs, represents the principle of evil has been discredited. The Peacock is the symbol of the hundred-eyed Wisdom, the bird of Saraswati as of all the gods and goddesses connected with the secret learning. It would perhaps be difficult to disprove, however, in the face of wide-spread rumours to the contrary, that at least a few of the sect have from time to time performed weird rites in propitiation of the powers of darkness.—ED.]

The Yazīdīs are a Kurdish people, numbering perhaps only sixty to seventy thousand souls, who call themselves "the worshippers of God" but their religion includes very special customs and observances. They are found in Persia, in Russian Armenia, in Diyārbakr and Aleppo, but chiefly in the Sinjār Mountains, a hundred miles west of Mosul, in the middle of the desert, and this district has been the centre of their efforts for freedom and independence. The language in general use among all the Yazīdīs is Kurdish, but Arabic also is used in their worship.

By those who have visited them and lived amongst them—and among these the English have been welcomed, as having put a stop, while they were in Iraq, to the murders and massacres of the Yazīdīs which had been so frequent before—they are reported to be a very industrious race, exceeding their neighbours in skill and activity. They are quiet and orderly, very gentle and courteous, and also generous, showing an open-handed friendliness and hospitality. To their guests they give of the best that they have, without looking for any return in money or presents, and they are of a high level of morality. Their women are neither secluded nor veiled nor are they expected to do hard manual labour. Those of high degree marry only those of their own rank so that these families are of very ancient blood.

The Yazīdīs have been frequently persecuted for their religious beliefs, but have never swerved from them and have shewn throughout their history a wonderful strength of character and resolution. Though they have a record of hundreds of thousands of martyrs, they have remained a separate group, holding fast to their faith.

Of their priesthood there are four classes, represented by the *Shaykh*, the *Pīr*, the *Qawwāl* and the *Faqīr*. The shaykhs are believed to be the

lineal descendants of the companions of the sect founded by the patron saint of the Yazīdīs, Shaykh 'Adī b. Musāfir and their chief is the "Baba Shaykh" or *mīr-i-shaykhān*, who holds the supreme spiritual power and takes precedence of everyone else. He has the power of excommunicating a Yazīdī, and exclusion from his people is the fate most feared in the group, because it also settles the fate of the soul.

Only the shaykhs are instructed in the inner doctrines of the faith: they exercise a great authority over the laity and enjoy great respect and reverence. The shaykhs and pīrs have the duty of teaching their people what is good and restraining them from evil. The orders of the priesthood are hereditary, and can descend to the women, who are then treated with the same respect and consideration as the men.

A boy who is to become a faqīr must be born into that rank, but he becomes one voluntarily. After instruction and initiation, he fasts three days and then is invested with the *khirqa*, a tunic made of pure lamb's-wool, fastened round the waist by a sacred girdle. This recalls the initiation into the Ṣūfī (Islamic mystic) brotherhood.

Each family of the laity is attached to some shaykhly family, and the Yazīdīs have a custom by which each boy or girl chooses an "other brother" or "other sister" from a shaykhly family, not necessarily the one to which his or her family is attached, and there is henceforth a close tie between the two. The "other" has duties to perform at marriage, and at death, while the lay sister or brother has to make the "other" a yearly present and serve and help him or her always. The Yazīdīs hold that this link between the two has existed before this life and that the two will be linked in future lives.

There is also a temporal chief, the Prince of the Yazīdīs, with authority, in temporal matters, over the whole community, and he can deal with any unruly member of it. The *mīr* represents the Yazīdīs in their dealings with the outer world.

The Yazīdīs have been defamed and accused of evil practices, and some who had no knowledge of their real religion have described them as "devil-worshippers," but these accusations have been proved to be entirely false. Their religion seems to include some old pagan elements, including perhaps their reverence for the sun and for running water, but there is no worship of the sun and moon included in their faith. There are perhaps some relics of Persian dualism, something is taken from Judaism and Christianity, and also from Islam and the Sabæans.

They believe in a Supreme Being, God, and that the Divine Will is carried out by an agent known as the Peacock Angel, Malak Ṭā'ūs, with whom the patron saint, Shaykh 'Adī, seems to be identified. The Peacock Angel is not to be regarded as the principle of evil, as some have held, but rather as a Spirit of Light.

He is called "Lord of the Moon and of the Darkness" and also "Lord of the Sun and Light." He is the active aspect of God and inseparably bound up with Him. The main prayer of the Yazīdīs is addressed to him. The problem of the origin and nature of the worship of Malak Ṭā'ūs is not yet solved. He is regarded as the chief of Seven Angels and one who visited Shaykh 'Adī's shrine was told by the priest in charge that God had given the complete control of the world for 10,000 years to the Bright Spirit, Malak Ṭā'ūs, and therefore he was worshipped. He was the Spirit of Power (not of evil as some said), and the ruler of this world. At the end of the 10,000 years of his reign he would re-enter Paradise as the chief of the Seven Bright Spirits and all his true worshippers would enter Paradise with him. So Malak Ṭā'ūs is regarded as God manifest in the world. It is to be noted that the peacock, regarded as a symbol of the sun and of immortality, from the legend that its flesh never becomes corrupt, plays a part in early Christianity and other faiths.

The Yazīdīs hold that evil comes from man himself and from his errors, but that by rebirth he can gradually attain to purification, or else, if he is irretrievably linked with what is evil, he will perish as illusion. An evil man may be reincarnated as an animal, but most will be reborn as men and those who are good as Yazīdīs. At the end of all things, when purification is complete, they are freed from the body and this world, and will be united with the Supreme Being and, attaining to beatitude, return no more. It is possible that Buddhist missionaries, passing through Persia and the Middle East, gained some adherents to the doctrines of reincarnation, or that they were derived from the Sabæans.

The Yazīdīs practise baptismal rites, which are held to confer purity, sanctity and a blessing, but are not regarded as securing admission to the sect or as necessary to salvation. This rite is perhaps taken from Christianity, for which faith the Yazīdīs have a high regard. They make use of the sign of the cross and when they enter a Christian church they put off their shoes and kiss the threshold.

There is a sacrificial festival in the spring, which, in time and also in circumstance, links them with the Jews, for scarlet ranunculus is then hung in bunches over the doorways and some households sprinkle the lintel and door-post with blood from the lamb sacrificed the night before. At this feast, too, everybody makes and receives gifts of coloured hard-boiled eggs, which links it with the Christian Easter also. From the Jews, too, they have learnt reverence for the Old Testament, which they consider to have equal authority with the New Testament and the Qur'ān, which they also respect. Texts from the Qur'ān are engraved on the walls of their temple and they regard Muhammad as a prophet, and

Mecca as a holy place. So they are a people who show religious toleration.

The Yazīdīs themselves possess two sacred books, *Kitāb al-Aswad* (The Book of Blackness) dating from the tenth century, and *Kitāb al-Jilwa* (The Book of Revelation) dating from the thirteenth. These are in Arabic. There is also a hymn of Shaykh 'Adī, which is regarded as a sacred book.

The patron saint of the Yazīdīs, Shaykh 'Adī b. Musāfir, was born at Baalbek in Syria. Of his life there, one writes:—

Often must he have passed beneath a portal of the temple of Bacchus at Baalbek upon which the poppies and wheat are sculptured with such tender and gracious skill, preaching the silent text that death is but a sleep and a forgetting, and that the life that is dormant must again, like the corn, press forward to the light.[1]

When he travelled to 'Irāq, no doubt he took these memories with him.

Shaykh 'Adī was a Ṣūfī who founded the order of the 'Adawiya, and he was famed for the holiness of his life, a fame which spread to distant countries, so that he gathered together a great number of disciples, who gave him great reverence. He travelled to 'Irāq, retired from the world and settled in the mountains of the Hakkārī Kurds, where he built a monastery for his followers. He died there in 1160 or a few years later. His tomb is in a valley there and is a place of pilgrimage.

In his hymn he declares:—

I am the Shaykh, the one, the only one;
I am he that by myself revealeth things;
I am he to whom the book of glad tidings came down
From my Lord who cleaveth the mountains....
I am he that brought from the fountain water
Limpid and sweeter than all waters;
I am he that disclosed it in my mercy,
And in my might I called it the white fountain.
I am he to whom the Lord of Heaven said:
Thou art the ruler and governor of the universe.
I am he to whom the flinty mountains bow,
They are under me, and ask to do my pleasure.
I am he before whose majesty the wild beasts wept;
They came and worshipped and kissed my feet[2]
I have made known to you, O congregation, some of my ways.
Who desireth me must forsake the world.
I sought out truth and became the establisher of truth;
And with a similar truth shall they attain to the highest like me."[3]

His shrine is a place of great peace, built on rock terraces hewn from the cliffs of the mountain side. It lies in a silent valley, a lovely and a holy place, and it is kept by white-clad nuns who are vowed to celibacy and spend their lives serving the shrines of Shaykh 'Adī. At sundown, each night, little lamps are lighted everywhere among the shrines and burn but a short time before they die down. "Perhaps," writes one who saw this,

[1] *Peacock Angel.* By E. S. DROWER. p. 152.
[2] There are many stories of the familiarity of the Sufis with wild beasts.
[3] *The Nestorians and Their Rituals.* By G. P. BADGER. I. p. 113 ff.

the mystics who once dwelt here saw in these flames a symbol of human life, a sixth of an hour of life and then black extinction until the Divine Servitor again pours in the oil of life from His inexhaustible store.[4]

An annual pilgrimage to this holy shrine is strictly enjoined on the Yazīdīs and the Feast of Assembly takes place in the autumn and lasts for eight days, being attended by all the faithful who can come. This pilgrimage is an expression of the isolation of the Yazīdīs, an isolation both national and religious. The feast includes purification, a procession, chants, dances (like the *dhikrs* of the Ṣūfīs), the kindling of lamps, the offering of special foods and a sacrifice. Men and women from the Sinjār and from the northern districts of Kurdistan leave their tents and pastures in order to attend. All, before they come into the holy valley, purify themselves, both their garments and their persons, in the stream flowing from it. The entire hill-side is covered with stone huts, built to house the pilgrims. When twilight fades, the faqīrs come out from the shrine, each with a light in one hand and a pot of oil and wicks in the other. Then the lamps are filled and trimmed and set in niches in the walls of the courtyard and in all the shrines,—for there are many little chapels on the sides of the valley, and lights are even placed on rocks or in the hollow trunks of trees. So that thousands of lights are seen everywhere, reflected in the streams and fountains and shining among the leaves of the trees. Then the voices of men and women are raised, singing in chants, in Arabic, in harmony with the notes of many flutes.

The Yazīdīs are pantheistic mystics. God, to them, is omnipresent but reverenced especially in the sun, the planets,the pure mountain spring, the green trees, and even in the stones, in which some of the Divine mystery is held to lie hidden. The sun, that great Light, one of the most potent means by which the Divine power and goodness are manifested, is looked upon by them as the purest symbol of Godhead and honoured as such. At its rising the Yazīdīs kiss the ground, with their faces turned to the East and do likewise at its setting, with faces turned to the West. Fire and light are also held by the Yazīdīs to be symbols of the Deity, and reverenced accordingly.

Water, too, is regarded by the Yazīdīs as a visible sign of God, the Giver through its means of so many blessings to mankind, and every fountain or spring is held to be sacred and a lamp is left burning nightly in some adjacent niche or cave. Beside most of these sacred springs and streams is to be found a sacred tree or trees, which are usually fruit-bearing, fig or mulberry or olive.

So the Yazīdīs feel that God is present in His gifts and to be reverenced in them. The Yazīdīs worship God after their own manner, but it is a faithful worship, by those who, in the visible, see the Invisible.

MARGARET SMITH

[4] *Peacock Angel*, p. 166.

SOME SANSKRIT PROVERBS

[Limited as is necessarily the scope of this short article by **Miss Sudha Bose,** it is both interesting and suggestive of the gems of homely folk wisdom that could be profitably sought and brought together from the vast quarry of Sanskrit fictional and dramatic literature.—ED.]

All races, languages and countries produce their crops of proverbs, which are the natural products of the experiences of life, as well as gems among the by-products of literature. "Proverbs," Whately wrote, "are somewhat analogous to those medical formulas which, being in frequent use, are kept ready made up in the chemists' shops, and which often save the framing of a distinct prescription." They are, in other words, the patent medicines for many of the ills of life. They are often the by-products of life's bitterest experiences—wisdom gathered from the living of life,—wisdom concentrated in pithy sayings and in tabloid form, easy to store and easy to repeat, easy to remember and easy to recite. A proverb is, as Earl Russell wrote, "the wit of one man, and the wisdom of many." Tennyson has called proverbs "Jewels five words long, that on the stretched forefinger of all Time sparkle forever."

Proverbs have been called by Joubert "the abridgments of wisdom"—or, as Cervantes puts it, "short sentences drawn from a long experience." "Proverbs," declared Disraeli, "were anterior to books, and formed the wisdom of the vulgar, and in the earliest ages were the unwritten laws of morality." "The genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs," Bacon wrote. Brevity and point are the elements of a good proverb. Proverbs are, in fact, the cream of a nation's thought. "The study of proverbs may sometimes," Motherwell declared, "be more instructive and comprehensive than the most elaborate scheme of philosophy."

And if "proverbs were bright shafts in the Greek and Latin quivers," as Disraeli wrote, they are equally shining in Sanskrit ones. I am not aware if proverbs in Sanskrit have been collected and put together by any scholar, as scholars have assembled proverbs in other languages. Anyhow, I am taking the liberty of presenting to the readers of THE ARYAN PATH a few gems from Sanskrit literature, casually gleaned from well-known and well-read classics. Though picked out and separated from their context, they seem to sparkle all the same and show no signs of losing their lustre.

My first few examples are culled from that great Sanskrit collection of folk-tales known as the *Kathā-Sarit-Sāgara* (The Ocean of Story) which in its present recension dates from about the twelfth century. The

proverbs occur, in this text, as moral reflections on some story or on some particular situation in a story.

"Mud thrown at the sky falls on the head of the thrower."[1] This recalls the well-known Bengali adage: "If you spit at the skies, you spit at yourself."

A Sanskrit proverb equally inelegant has it that "Before one has plucked out one pimple, another has put in an appearance." It is indeed a true adage that says: "When cracks appear, misfortunes multiply."[2] This echoes the well-known proverb in the *Hitopadeśa:* "Misfortunes multiply through existing holes."

Sometimes proverbs take the form of queries suggesting negative answers. Thus: "Who can, when blinded by passion, distinguish between right and wrong"?[3] Similarly, "Who can deprive fire of its tendency to burn?"[4]

Sometimes impossible motifs are conveyed by absurd suggestions, *e.g.*, "The country where the mice eat the iron balance,"[5] which is to say that the country is so poor that mice have to gnaw iron in desperation. One recalls the English saying: "Lean as a church mouse." There is also a Latin proverb: "Where mice nibble iron."

Many proverbs grow out of reflections on fallen women and prostitutes: "A woman who has lost her virtue does not distinguish between high and low."[6] Winding up the tragic story of an innocent and virtuous man, come to grief by the machinations of a lewd woman, the following reflection is made in the succinct form of a proverb:—

"That Shiva still retains his crescent, or that Hari still keeps his Kaustubha jewel is due to the fact, I am sure, that they did not fall into the clutches of a bawd."[7]

Many of our old Sanskrit proverbs have recognizable parallels in European adages. Thus the following *gāthā* (doggerel) easily recalls the absurdity of "Carrying coals to Newcastle" or of "Pigs buying pork": "You must be mad or in a state of unconsciousness that you have come to sell needles at the booth of an ironmonger."[8] A common Bengali

[1] *Panko hi navasi Kṣiptah Kṣeptur patati murdhaṇi.*

[2] *Eko nāropito Yāvadutpanno'yam vraṇo'parah*
Satyah pravāda yat chidresvanarthāh Yānti bhūritān.

[3] *Kohi mārgamamārgam vā Vyasanāndho nirîkshyate?*

[4] *Ko hi tyajayitum śakto vanheḥ swāṃ dahanatmya-tāṃ?*

[5] *Musakaih bhakshyate lauhî deśe yatra mahātulā.*

[6] *Na strî chalita-charitrā nimnonnatamavekshate.*

[7] *Sa chandrārdhah Shivo'dyāpi*
Harir-yasca Sa-Kaustubhaḥ |
Tattayor-vedmi Kuṭanyā-
gocharā-patane phalam ||

[8] *Unmattakastvaṃ Katuko'thavāsi achetanaḥ*
Ayaskār-grihe yastvaṃ Suchiṃ vikretuṃ āgataḥ (Divyavadāna).

proverb uses the similar motif of "selling needles to a blacksmith."

In the well-known drama *Priyadarśikā*, Act II, the Jester is made to remark: "Sir! now you are crying after breaking your doll yourself."[9] This recalls the English proverb: "No use crying over spilt milk." In the same drama, a proverb is founded on fondness for the son-in-law:—

Vāsavadatta: "Good madam, it is well-known that everyone is fond of a son-in-law."[10]

This is equivalent to one of the Marathi proverbs: "A mother-in-law is lenient to her son-in-law."

"When the water is gone, what is the use of a bridge? When the marriage is over, what is the good of looking at the stars?"[11] The saying: "Bangle on your wrist, no need of a mirror,"[12] appears to be the source of the Marathi proverb: "Why do you want a mirror in which to see your bracelet?"

The Jester in the *Karpūra-manjarî* very skilfully suggests the absurdity of the situation of the marriage being fixed up when the bride, Ghana-sāra manjarî, is actually in Guzerat, many miles away.

The Jester: "The marriage is fixed today while Ghana-sāra manjarî is away in Guzerat. This is an instance of that old saw: "Snake on your head, and the doctor away at a distant place."[13]

This recalls the very common Bengali saying about the dearth of money when the expensive day of the ceremony is quite near [*sire saṃkrāntî*].

SUDHA BOSE

[9] *Viduṣaka: Bho tumam jevva Puttaliam bhanjiya idānim rodasi.*

[10] *Bhaabhadi Savvassa Vallaho Jāmadā bhodo.*

[11] *Kiṃ gate salile setu bhandhanena?*
Kiṃ gate vivāhe nakshatra-parîksayā?

[12] *Hatthe Kankanaṃ Kim dappanena?*

[13] *Edam tam sise sappo disantare vejjo,*
Idha ajja vivāho Lādadese Ghansāra-manjarî.

MEDICAL MONOPOLY AND MEDICAL RESEARCH

[We bring together here two articles on related themes. **Alan Moyle,** a Naturopath who has also studied Osteopathy and is a Council Member of the British Health Freedom Society, warns pertinently of the monopoly threat inherent in proposed health legislation in Great Britain. And **H. Fergie Woods, M.D.** (Brux.), **M.R.C.S.,** challenges the exploitation of helpless creatures in the vivisection laboratories as not only immoral but also futile as far as any substantive bearing upon human health is concerned, a view in which we heartily concur.—ED.]

I.—THE MEDICAL MONOPOLY

Under the proposed bill to extend and unify the medical services at present available we come under a medical monopoly. It is stated, for instance, that payment of any sick benefit is conditional upon accepting the treatment and advice given by the new unified service. That is to say, if you do not believe in medical treatment, you must still pay the weekly contribution and yet receive no benefit. A penalty is thus imposed upon the person who has found medical therapies unavailing.

It is anticipated, however, that the full development of the health service will have to await such time as the shortage of medical doctors is made good. This is an admission, therefore, that the present quota of doctors is inadequate to deal with current health—or is it that they are working on the wrong lines? Now, if we agree that there are too few doctors to commence the new service fully, a loophole is left to the authorities for procrastination. The Government can say : " We will keep our pledge, but first we must train the medical staff. "

But why should there be a shortage of doctors ? Medical students have been exempt from war work and war service. Admittedly, they have joined the Forces or otherwise been directed when their period of the training expired. The fact remains, however, that the war never interrupted medical education to the same extent as it did other training. And who dictates the theory that the required number of doctors are not available ? Why, the physicians themselves. It is, therefore, to the advantage of both Government and doctors to pursue the argument of a doctor shortage. On the one hand, the authorities can produce medical evidence to show why time is required to train doctors and thus proffer an explanation for delay ; on the other, the medical profession can advance its claim for a greater measure of freedom for itself and for wider controlling powers.

The vexatious part of the problem

for the public is that, in so far as they and their representatives in Parliament are concerned, the medical people have the complete whip-hand. The final evidence that can be taken, apart from certain statistics, *i. e.*, cost of buildings, non-medical administration, etc., must inevitably arise, as it were, from the medical bench. No matter how much this is glossed over; even if reports of discussions which have a strong bias in favour of the public, between medical representatives and Government officials, frequently appear in the press, there can still be no guarantee that the public interest will be served. The one factor of paramount importance is that, however unpalatable the situation may be to earnest officials, the medical profession has a complete strangle hold on the position. Nothing can be achieved without their sanction or good-will. Can it be expected, therefore, that the doctors will accept a minor rôle in the proposed State health service? Certainly not. That will be their opportunity to enhance the strong position of the allopathic trade and to gain what they desire—*a complete monopoly of the art of healing*.

Let us revert to the doctor shortage. Britain, it is implied, will be a healthy nation after a few years of medical service on the State plan. But we must wait awhile—we must be patient—remember, doctors are scarce. The doctors trained, the buiidings erected, the people properly educated (which includes being vaccinated, inoculated, injected, drugged and—if still alive—appropriated; the latter arising from the fact that if sufficient strength is left to refuse medical attention no benefit is paid, then the work of creating a healthier Britain will begin. Now, if the theory proves correct, we should be healthy within a few years. But if that is so why wait for more doctors? Surely they will become redundant almost as fast as they are turned out. A healthier Britain won't need more doctors, we'll need fewer; otherwise the theory is wrong from the beginning. If 200,000 doctors can build a healthy nation in a few years, why have the existing 100,000 (or whatever the number may be) allowed the health of the country to deteriorate?

I don't believe it. Not even 500,000 doctors will make us healthy. Consider the possibilities of more doctors, more chemists and more drug and medicine makers. A vast investment in orthodox medical treatment and all it entails is not going to be further enlarged for a limited period only. A lot of profit made from human misery will not willingly be sacrificed. The health, or the ill-health, of people forms a prosperous market. One could easily visualise the alarm which would be created in certain quarters if disease were to become no longer commonplace.

Examine the record of the medical profession. Rheumatism, nervous disorders, diseases of the digestive organs, chronic complaints, infertil-

ity, etc. are constantly increasing. Even the doctors' own statements prove this. What can they claim to demonstrate on the credit side? Certain nutritional diseases (rickets, scurvy, beri-beri) are almost extinct. But much of that work was achieved against medical opposition or antagonism. Infectious diseases, now rare, were never overcome by doctors. Environment in the form of better housing, improved sanitation, education and a more generous diet (bad as it was and still is) conquered infectious ailments. *It has been more a process of evolution than of medication.* What has been demonstrated, however, where infection has reared its ugly head, is that medical interference has caused more deaths than the actual disease. This occurred recently in a big Scottish city. Surgical advances, marvellous as they are, are mainly of a negative nature.

In the Rhondda Valley, silicosis is the dread of all miners. The year 1937 saw 69 miners offering themselves for inspection for suspected silicosis. In 1944, however, 4,000 miners had suspected silicosis. Why the increase? Where does the success of medical treatment lie in this case?

The recurring fashions in medicine are no mere accident or any sign of progress. All the time some large drug firm is drawing profits from these wasteful momentary modes. Why should there be a fashion in sickness? The fact that a fashion dies out quietly to be replaced by another suggests the doctors' continuing failure, since disease remains unchecked in most instances. Why, doctors even fail to cure the common cold! I hesitate to recall the number of "cold-cures" that have been elaborated and have failed.

How, then, since their record is so bad, can doctors lay claim to a monopoly of healing and to treatment as demi-gods? How did Hitler ever Nazify the German people? The answer is, by propaganda—continuous, insistent propaganda. In a thousand and one ways we are bamboozled into thinking that doctors—and doctors only—know all there is to know about healing. In this they have the willing co-operation of the huge drug firms who draw large sums from the public. Do not believe the nonsense about the medical profession's being too dignified to advertise. Theirs is a more subtle method of instilling propaganda into people—a method which, over a period of time, has entirely deluded both the public and the doctors.

If the money to be spent on the new State health service were to be put towards abolishing slums, providing steady employment at good wages, supplying adequate food of the right kind and educating people along the true lines of health, then health would abound in Britain and would be the normal state. Spend the money on the health service, increase the number of druggists, and *more disease*—not less—will result.

Medicine has failed, despite all its

good intentions. It will continue to fail because doctors are working on wrong lines. Remember one thing, however, that failure will be all the more disastrous and costly with the enlarged powers that the doctors hope to get through the new service.

One last note. How many doctors are drawing attention to or protest against the progressive ruination of our soil and the reduced food value of agricultural produce resulting from intensive chemical fertilisation? Reflect on this point. Endeavour to ascertain your doctor's views on the subject. Present opposition to the suicidal treatment of the land arises from non-medical sources—with the unorthodox practitioner as the chief advocate of proper natural treatment for the land and all it supports.

Do you want a complete medical monopoly? If not, then tell your M. P. about it.

ALAN MOYLE

II.—THE MORALS OF MEDICAL RESEARCH

Medical research nowadays almost inevitably implies vivisection, or animal experiment.

The argument against vivisection is twofold—moral and scientific. The two are interwoven, but the moral aspect is the fundamental, the all-important one, firstly, on the general principle that in every question, in every sphere of life or action, the moral should take precedence over the material, and, secondly, because vivisection represents an attempt to escape our responsibilities, to evade the results of our wrong ways of living by putting the sacrifice on the innocent lower creatures. This attempt at evasion at the expense of the weaker is cowardly and immoral.

Vivisection is also immoral because it is cruel.

Now, a good definition of cruelty is, "The wilful infliction of unnecessary pain." We know that pain in animal experimentation in England is often denied, but the Report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection, and the Minority Report of the same Commission, leave no doubt as to pain being caused by vivisection.

There is the added fact that certificates can be obtained by experimenters, allowing the performance of painful experiments without the use of anæsthetics.

All therefore hangs on the question whether vivisection be necessary.

Now, the term "necessary," if the consideration of it be carried far enough, will be found always to have a moral significance. This is why one can never entirely separate the moral from the material.

Vivisection can, however, be shown to be unnecessary on purely medical grounds, in spite of the oft-repeated assertions that neither can medical science progress nor the sick be treated unless it continues.

Medical science is not an end in itself, neither is even the curing of

the sick. What are those words about gaining the whole world and losing the soul?

Material gain at the expense of moral principles is *not* gain—not even material gain in the end. For unless a thing be morally right, it can never be either permanent or useful.

The fact remains, moreover, that an increasing number of medical men and women practise very successfully without recourse to vivisection or its products. There are qualified practitioners who have never used such measures as insulin and diphtheria antitoxin, and whose results are no worse than those of the doctors who do employ them.

The familiar argument as to whether you would rather sacrifice your child or a dog has no vestige of truth in it.

Is then, nothing gained by vivisection? One kind of knowledge is gained that cannot be gained by other means—the knowledge of the reaction that an animal under abnormal conditions offers to abnormal measures imposed upon it.

This is not going to help to cure sick human beings. It is the investigation of results, artificially induced results, not of causes.

Lord Horder evidently did not consider that cessation from vivisectional research would cause the collapse of medical science and of the treatment of the sick, when, a few years ago, he advised that animal experimentation be stopped for a period of years, so that we could take stock and try to assess of what value it had been.

Moreover, a very famous vivisector himself declared that the final experiment must be on man.

Why, then, does vivisection continue and increase? What are the bed-rock springs of this cruel and unnecessary practice? The same that lie at the root of wars, crime and all hateful things—fear and greed. The fear of facing the results we have brought upon ourselves, and the greed of attempting a way out at the expense of other living creatures.

The ultimate removal of vivisection from our age will rest on the change of heart, on the stirrings of moral responsibility, not on scientific argument—though the latter may prepare the way.

We cannot call ourselves truly civilised so long as we exploit the weaker, man or animal, for the sake of the stronger.

H. Fergie Woods

ON RELIGION

[**"Kumara Guru"** is the pseudonym under which a South Indian writer has come to be known and we respect his wish for anonymity. It is not against the basic principles of Christianity that the opponents of proselytism justifiably range themselves, but against sectarian and exclusive claims. Truth must agree with truth. That which is true in every religion agrees with that which is true in every other. The claim that is exclusive is *ipso facto* open to suspicion. The followers of other faiths do well to resist efforts to force such claims on them.—ED.]

It was a common observation of the educated Hindu of a generation previous to my own, that Jesus Christ would have been raised to the Hindu Pantheon and hailed as an avatar of Vishnu—just like Gautama Buddha, supposed to have been born to subvert the Vedic ritual and animal sacrifices—if only, simultaneously with the authorised version of the English Bible, there had not come into India the British trade and sword and the spirituous liquors of the West.

I mention this because, amidst the war, into which both Eastern and Western nations had been drawn, there had been talk in the West of the spread of *Christian* civilisation, in regard to the relationship which should subsist between the different peoples. The recent great war would not have happened, if, in the last two thousand years of Jesus' teachings, the idea of human brotherhood had taken sufficient root in the minds of the Christian peoples.

Modern Hindu India does not perhaps realise the mental anguish through which youngsters passed in their school education, say, towards the close of the last century, owing to the teaching of Christian dogmas in mission schools, which spread to students of the Hindu schools. It may be that the older generation had understood the self-denying spirit of Jesus, but the later generation met with an onslaught on Hindu self-respect, when everything Hindu in spirit was held up to ridicule and scorn by Christian missionaries, both Indian converts and Europeans, who were in an assertive and proselytizing mood, besides being conscious of the fact that their religion was that of the latest conquerors of India.

Let not the Hindus get away with the idea that, even today, Hindu youngsters are left without distraction of mind on the subject of religion. The Christian Literary Society of India publishes Tamil books for schools. Even in elementary Tamil texts that society infuses Christian dogma, as for instance, the idea of "original sin" in which man is supposed to be born—an idea very repugnant to the Hindu mind. Let alone the puerile translations into Tamil of the parables of Jesus; the explanations in Tamil, offered for the

understanding of the child, bring to the forefront this Christian dogma. The commentary in one such elementary reader, on the parable of the piece of silver, reads thus:—

We are fallen into the huge mire of sin and Jesus is ever anxious to lift us from the mire; and He was born on this earth for that purpose.

The equivalent of the word "Sin" or *Pāpam* in Sanskrit and in the Indian languages generally conveys the meaning of the evils, or the not understood pain from which man suffers, supposed to be due to wrong actions in previous lives.

The principal tenets of Christian culture may be summed up in the following New Testament sayings:—

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; and...thy neighbour as thyself.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.

If Christians believe that these ideas were propounded for the first time by Jesus, it is colossal ignorance. In the *Gita*, the Lord says to Arjuna:—

"Merge thy mind in me. Be my devotee; sacrifice to me, prostrate thyself before me, thou shalt come even to me. I pledge thee my troth; thou art dear to me."

Again, the love of one's neighbour has been taught as well by the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, in a practical manner, in the following words in his *Analects*:—

"Is there any maxim which ought to be acted on throughout one's whole life?"

The master replied "Surely the maxim of loving-kindness is such: Do not unto others what you would not they should do unto you."[1]

Buddha's precepts in the *Dhammapada* are quite comparable to the quotation from St. Matthew:—

Render hate to those who hate you,
Deeper rolls the stream of strife;
Render love and healing kindness,
Hatred dies and sweet is life.[2]

All these are sayings of great men, who lived long before the birth of Jesus. It is not that men imbued with high moral purpose have not laid down, off and on, ever since the dawn of history, what they conceived as the principles of the good life, for humanity to follow. The fault for not living up to the ideals lies in man himself, and in the institutions which he has created.

The Hindu mind will not accept the doctrine that belief in Jesus Christ alone, as Saviour who died on the Cross, would redeem man, or that the central fact in the history of man is the divine incarnation of Jesus. Nor will the special Christian doctrines of repentance, whereby all sins are forgiven man, and of the day of judgment, when the dead shall arise from the grave before the throne of God, be accepted by the Hindu, who finds his haven in the principle of *Justice*, which will not

[1] *Sayings of Confucius* (Wisdom of the East Series), p. 69.

[2] *Indian Poetry*. By Romesh Dutt, p. 66.

be mocked. The Hindu cremates the dead body, and the ashes are mixed with the minerals and the waters of the earth to replenish vegetation; and there is no rising from the grave for him. He believes, rightly or wrongly, in reincarnation, satisfying his craving for divine justice and providing for the individual soul a succession of opportunities for being made "perfect."

In the Hindu's idea of Justice, there is no vengeful spirit whatsoever. His God is not a jealous God like that in the Old Testament. The word "Dharma" is a comprehensive one in Sanskrit. According to derivation, it is that which sustains the world. It connotes not merely the law of one's being, or individual evolution, but means also righteousness and charitable-mindedness. The principal meaning, however, in relation to social life, is justice. The enunciation of the principle of Justice dates far back, in the history of India, as it is codified in the *Laws of Manu*:—

> The only firm friend, who follows man even after death, is justice: all others are extinct with the body. Where justice is destroyed by iniquity, and truth by false evidence, the judges who basely look on without giving redress shall also be destroyed. Justice, being destroyed, will destroy; being preserved, will preserve; it must never, therefore, be violated. Beware, O Judge, lest justice being overturned, overturn both us and thyself.
>
> (Sir William Jones's translation)

Why should Hindus embrace other faiths, rejecting their own?

The *Republic* of Plato starts with a discussion on the definition of "justice" by Socrates and his friends. Justice in regard to the human individual is finally defined as that virtue of the human soul, without which the soul's work cannot be well done, and the soul itself cannot be happy. Justice in regard to the State is defined as the virtue which remains after eliminating wisdom, courage and temperance and which enables these qualities to take root in the State and preserves them intact therein.

The appalling general poverty in the world has to be set right. Just stretch a point in Manu's definition of justice or substitute the words "World-State" for the word "State" in Socrates' definition. Immediately, Roosevelt's first freedom, freedom from hunger, is the result. It is the elementary principle of the dispensation of justice by one man to another, that he should feel the right of every individual not to suffer hunger. Plenty of food exists—or at least enough could be produced—for all, but it is ill distributed. As Bernard Shaw says in his *Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism*, the poverty of man is the one cause of man's weakness or helplessness. The Law today has given man some liberty, but has not established justice in this world.

"KUMARA GURU"

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MYSTIC*

Thomas Traherne as poet and author of *Centuries of Meditations* is widely known to-day, more widely perhaps than Miss Wade will allow, and she herself extended that knowledge by editing more than ten years ago the definitive volume of his verse. But she is right in saying that hitherto he has remained at best

> only a disembodied voice, coming thinly across the centuries. The biographical facts are bare bones, lacking the flesh and blood of life. His rare jewels of idea and inspiration seem but ghostly moonshine; they cannot win our acceptance, they seem too far sundered from the harsh realities of our daily life.

In this volume she has supplied the human substance which was lacking, reconstructing Traherne's life with a scholar's accuracy and acumen and a devotee's sympathy and insight. The scholar preserves her from indulging in any weak conjecture but also provides her with some remarkable new discoveries which fill in the gaps that existed before and enable her to mould her material into a coherent and convincing pattern. Even so, as she admits, much of Traherne's personal history remains shadowy. The wonder, indeed, is that so much has been recovered from the oblivion in which it was submerged for two and a quarter centuries. Traherne lived and wrote between 1638 and 1674. And it was not until 1895 that a browsing book-lover, William T. Brooke, chanced on two old manuscript volumes, on a barrow in a dingy London street, and not until eight years later that Bertram Dobell, into whose hands they had deviously come, published the poems.

And now after fifty years Miss Wade has completed that strange recovery of the long-hidden, not only by linking with those manuscripts all the other writings of Traherne which can be traced, but by shattering the fiction that he "was an amiable, simple soul who sentimentalized prettily over green fields and children." Certainly, if this fiction did exist, Traherne's prose works, as she presents and expounds them, utterly disprove it. They reveal a man of shrewd intelligence and highly trained judgment, whose ecstatic mysticism was as rationally informed as it was poetically inspired, a man to whom the religious life was the only reasonable life, as it was to the Cambridge Platonists with whom he was akin, and whose learning was always a necessary part of living. The man to whom religion is a real and original experience is an exception in any age, particularly perhaps if he subscribes to some organised faith, or lives in an age as corrupt as that of Restoration England. Traherne's purity of motive and of mind is the more impressive. It was no accident that in his first prose work, *Roman Forgeries*, he exposed the deliberate falsification of historical records by the Roman Catholic authorities, in support of the Papal régime. His aim was, of course, to strengthen his readers' loyalty to the Church of

* *Thomas Traherne.*—By GLADYS I. WADE. (Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J., U. S. A.; Oxford University Press, London. 20*s.*)

England, but his motive seems to have been singularly disinterested, as was his conception of what the Christian faith meant.

His Christian Platonism will not satisfy a non-Christian as completely as it does Miss Wade. But it would be absurd to expect a seventeenth-century Englishman to see beyond the closed circle of a Hebraic-Hellenistic culture. And within that circle Traherne was exceptionally enlightened. He owed this primarily to the fact that he was a mystic and a poet. He subordinates his powers as philosopher and theologian to the ideal of life as awareness of a full response to all experience which he expressed in the words:—

> We should be all Life and Mettle and Vigour and Love to everything; and that would poise us.

Yet he owed it, also, to the fine balance of reason and faith in his nature. He did not achieve this balance easily, as Miss Wade shows in tracing the two crises of disillusionment and scepticism through which he came to illumination. The qualities of his poetry, which she admits to be not of the first order, and even of the *Centuries of Meditations*, rare and enchanting as they are, hardly suggest that he trod quite as profoundly as she claims the three stages of the mystic way, through the Dark Night of the Soul, to Union. The lost innocence that he recovered lacks something of that deep integral simplicity which shines in the utterance, as in the being, of the greatest mystics. Perhaps it was that Traherne was too angelic to go down into the abyss and emerge from it.

But as a poet-mystic and a philosopher-mystic he was a pioneer in insisting that true religion and the truths of science and history could not be in opposition. From childhood he had felt wonder and delight in "corporeal things" and at Oxford he studied them scientifically. This fidelity to the natural world saved his mysticism and his ethics and theology from the dualism of medieval Catholicism and of much Protestant thought which viewed the body as evil and the physical world as something to be shunned by the Soul in quest of perfection. Traherne affirmed the oneness of spirit and matter, the rightful possession of all things by joy, and that was how he experienced life himself. This, as Miss Wade writes, is the secret of the strange effect of beauty his writings have. "The part, every tiniest fragment of it, is for him flooded by the light of the whole"; so that indeed his writings

> put the earth and its wonders before us in a new and entrancing fashion: there is no one in the whole range of mystics who looks on nature just as Traherne does; we take a fresh breath, rub our eyes, and get our gratitude newly back again, as if indeed we were abroad with him in some sunlit down, seeing with him God's grace in every "spire of grass" and in His "orient and immortal wheat."

Traherne was perhaps not quite so singular a mystic in his vision as this suggests, but as one who believed that "Felicity is a glorious though an unknown thing," and who applied his belief to the everyday affairs of life as well as to the realm of religion, morals and philosophy, making all one in a joyous adventure of holy living, he redeemed religion from its prevailing vices and reconciled it with both poetry and pure reason. Miss Wade has brought him attractively to life whether as a child or a young man in

the green fields of Herefordshire or in the dark streets of Restoration London as private chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Lord Keeper of the Seal. Few men can have combined so fruitfully an inspired innocence and a penetrating mind. He died young and that, perhaps, was appropriate to one who had become so triumphantly happy, so securely a "Friend of God."

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

THE DEMAND FOR JUSTICE *

The Negro problem, although essentially racial, is not one that can be settled by reference to the principles of the Atlantic Charter. Here there is no question of self-determination, no suggestion of segregating the peoples involved, by settling them in the Republic of Liberia, or even, as has been proposed, in a new forty-ninth State of the Union. The Negroes do not desire that solution, and American opinion regards it as impracticable. "What the Negro Wants" is, in the briefest summary, recognition and equal rights with the white people in the United States.

This claim is set out in six clauses by Mr. Rayford W. Logan in the first of the fifteen essays that make up this volume. They are (1) Equality of Opportunity, (2) Equal Pay for Equal Work, (3) Equal Protection of the Laws, (4) Equality of Suffrage, (5) Equal Recognition of the Dignity of Human Beings, and (6) Abolition of Public Segregation. And, *prima facie*, no humanitarian would hesitate for a moment in declaring that all these claims are just, and that the civic rights demanded are such as the Negro race in America has good reason to demand.

There are, nevertheless, certain American arguments that deserve our consideration, the first of them being that, although there have been many instances of outstanding ability among American Negroes, the race as a whole does not conform to what we regard as the general level of ethical and social culture. The Negro reply to this is that these shortcomings are solely the result of suppression and lack of education, and that, given the proper environment and opportunities, the Negro race as a whole could demonstrate its complete equality with the whites in the course of, say, a couple of generations.

This contention, however, is not one that can be demonstrated *a priori*. It is not true, for instance, that all races have the same potentialities. Would it be possible, even in the course of centuries, to bridge the intellectual and spiritual gap between the Hindu and the African pygmy? Is it only the long tradition of culture and a highly idealistic religion that separates such races as these? Or are we justified in assuming that in the long course of human evolution, some types must be counted as definitely recessive and uneducable? I do not suggest for a moment that the African Negro is one of these: but it is as well to remember that neither all men nor all races are born equal, and that it is dangerous to base every claim to equal rights on the

* *What the Negro Wants*. By RAYFORD W. LOGAN. (Oxford University Press, London. 21*s*. 6*d*.)

grounds of our common humanity. The question for the psychologist, in this connection, is that of *potentiality;* and we have a right to enquire what would be the immediate effect upon the average Negro mind of granting the six demands set out above.

It is not difficult to imagine the kind of answer that would be given by the ordinary American. Whether justified or not, he regards the Negro as an inferior race, and believes that the members of it, given full rights of citizenship, would abuse them. The leaders, the kind of men who have contributed to the essays in this volume, are no doubt to be trusted fully, but are they representative of the eleven million people of whom they form such a tiny minority? Can the average "darkie," in fact, be trusted to mix freely with the white population of the United States, or will he be likely, if too generously treated, to conduct himself like "a beggar on horseback"?

This is, finally, an empirical question that can be decided only by experiment. The leaders of the Negro race will give one answer and the cultured American another. And the humanitarian, all of whose sympathies are with the oppressed, would do well to hesitate before he goes out to battle in the great cause of human wrongs. We freely admit the justice of the Negro cause, but might it not be as well to proceed with caution, to grant some items of the charter as soon as may be, withholding the others until such time as the claimants have demonstrated their worthiness to complete equality of citizenship? We may remember that not quite all the suffrage reforms demanded by the English Chartists a century ago have yet been granted.

I have not a doubt that this suggestion would arouse the anger of the Negro leaders. For in this highly disturbed world of ours, every nation is instantly clamouring for its rights. The Indonesian attitude in seeking to free itself from Dutch rule is representative of that of many other small states all about the world, which are fretting under any kind of foreign administration; and the smaller nations in Europe are all agog for self-determination and the expression of national culture. The pressure of impending necessity having been released by the end of the war, individuals and nations alike have no longer a common cause to hold them together, and are eager to be free from the long endured restrictions of regimentation. As I write (January 1946) there are more than a million and a half workmen on strike in the U. S. A., and labour in England is so uneasy that its representatives in Parliament are being goaded to press on with their programme of Nationalisation before they have prepared the machinery to operate it. The outbreak of crimes of violence in Europe has far exceeded that which was manifested after the war of '14-'18. And all these symptoms of individual and national revolt arise from a single cause, namely, the expression of personal and national "wants."

But what hope can there ever be of a sane and peaceful world while these individual and national egotisms occupy the first place in our attention? What hope that the United Nations Organisation will in the end succeed where its predecessor, the League of Nations, failed? In our intense preoccupation with detail, we are perpetually involved in local quarrels, as we must inevit-

ably be while the common good of everyone is always submerged by the clamour for some particular "right," no matter how just it may appear to be. Never in recorded history has there been such a universal expression of suspicion, rivalry and anger, manifested by these racial antagonisms, all of it based on the assumption that in some relation or other, religious or national, the claimants have a peculiar cause for demanding justice, freedom of self-government and opinion. And if by some miracle of generosity displayed by the greater Powers, each nationality were allowed to segregate itself and develop its own ideals of racial culture, the result could only be an aggravation of the underlying evils of nationalism and patriotism that lead to war. The cure for that is co-operation, unification, the active desire for the common good, without respect to race, creed or colour.

In conclusion, however, it must be admitted that the Negro claim, as set forth in these essays, is for assimilation into the corporate life of the white man, rather than for racial segregation; and, so far at least, they are in the right line of development. Unfortunately, there was never, as I have pointed out, any period in history at which the current of world opinion has set more strongly in the opposite direction.

J. D. BERESFORD

U. S. S. R.: The Story of Soviet Russia. By WALTER DURANTY. (Thacker and Co., Ltd., Bombay. Rs. 11/8)

This story of the birth and adolescence of Soviet Russia will be read with great interest and it will be found that light has been thrown on many obscure points.

Mr. Duranty spent many years in Russia as a foreign correspondent. Not all will agree entirely with his opening remark, which he admits "sounds like a sweeping statement," that "the first thing to know and understand and remember about Russia is that it is utterly different from the Western world, and that our standards of comparison cannot be applied to it." That Western standards of comparison are applied all too easily in foreign affairs is doubtless true. Yet when the publishers of this book refer to the story of the U. S. S. R. as "twenty-six years of drama unparalleled in history" it suggests that both author and publishers would make of Russia a world apart. This cannot be, for the Russian Revolution must be regarded as a phase in human evolution, a phase which certainly has a parallel in India today and which also has its parallels in history. The Emperor Napoleon wrote of the Roman Empire at the time of the young Julius Cæsar when events, he said, were like a torrent bearing all things with it. It was Cæsar alone who attempted to dig a bed for the torrent. Lenin and Stalin bear the stamp of Julius Cæsar. And if the story of the U. S. S. R. is a story of pulling down and building up, France too provides a parallel, for of her it has been written "She has found the only method of immortality, she dies daily."

This is a timely book for India when planning is the talk of the day and when opportunities of real national planning are, we may perhaps hope, not far distant. Much may be learned from Russia.

IRENE R. RAY

Does God Exist? By A. E. TAYLOR. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. *7s. 6d.*)

Dr. Taylor, the Gifford Lecturer, is too well known in the philosophical world, Indian, European and American, to need any introduction, and in this volume he has argued energetically and effectively for Theism, for absolute certainty, factual and conceptual, of the existence of God in whose hands lie the destinies of the cosmos and of cosmic evolution, though permanent evil, maladjustment, Nature's colossal mass-scale destructions, like wars and epidemics and so forth, may seem incompatible with the Omniscience, Omnipotence, Mercy, Goodness and Benevolence of the Almighty.

In eight sections, the case for Theism is presented with logical illumination and philosophic precision, the main motive of the author being not a demonstration of the existence of God, but a reasoned vindication of belief in God's existence against unreasonable onslaughts from so-called scientific quarters. The objections that can possibly be urged against belief in God from the side of physics, chemistry, biology and allied disciplines are critically examined in the language and idiom understandable by the average religious-minded person, and their hollowness and their untenability exposed. I shall make only one extract which contains the theistic doctrine in quintessence, as it were: "Serious consideration of the moral life of man...leads to belief in a Providence concerned with the destiny of every individual person...."

Without disparagement to the excellent work of Dr. Taylor, I may point out that students of the Vedantic systems of thought would find in the present volume a striking instance of carrying coals to Newcastle. The Vedantic systems are uniformly theistic, with this difference, that in the Monistic system of Sankara God is assigned a degree of reality metaphysically lower than that of the Absolute. (Brahman *Saguna vs. Nirguna*) The most remarkable testament of theism is the *Nyaya-kusumanjali* of Udayana, which, without the slightest exaggeration, has made metaphysical mincemeat of all the subtle and specious arguments advanced by atheists and nihilists against belief in the existence of a Creator. The Starry Heavens above and the Moral Law within, to which Kant referred with such unerring certitude, could not derive their own existence from nothing, nor could they function *in vacuo*. That is why the author of the *Vedanta-Sutras* (apothegms) deliberately defined Brahman in terms of the Creatorship, the Preservership or Protectorship and the Destroyership of the Universe. Further, the extract cited above makes it clear that Dr. Taylor does not countenance any monistic merger of finite personality into the Absolute (spiritual swooning into the Absolute) when the cosmic curtain falls on the drama of finite existence and individuality. Dr. Taylor is careful to emphasize that the theistic belief is by no means confined to Christians.

Dr. Taylor's is a splendid and stimulating volume. It powerfully reinforces and vindicates the theistic system of Madhva, developed in India about the twelfth century.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

Guiseppe Mazzini: Selected Writings. Edited by *N. Gangulee.* (Lindsay Drummond, Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Mazzini occupies a curious place in the history of great men. Most great men succeed. They are famous because they have succeeded. I mean success in the attainment of power in the material and dramatic sense. There are young ambition, high ideals, great expectations, early struggles, failure, error, poverty, hardship and at last the ultimate reward and crown. The biographer of Mazzini has no such story to tell. Mazzini failed all the way through to the end. His purpose was to unite Italy and to bring about the necessary insurrections against the French. His first attempt at a rising was in 1833. It failed. His next was at Milan in 1853. It ended in fiasco. In 1859 he tried again in Florence, and failed again. He made another attempt with Garibaldi at Rome in 1866, and again failed. Two years later he died. Hence there is no dramatic curve upward in his life. Did he succeed as a great writer? Not from a literary point of view. He is scarcely readable now. Was he a good prophet? No, again.

As the Rome of the Cæsars, having united a vast zone of Europe through the power of action, was succeeded by the Rome of the Popes which united Europe and America through the power of thought; so will the Rome of the people succeed the other two, and, in the religion of thought and action conjoined, unite Europe and America, and the rest of the terrestrial world.

That is the kind of prophetic rhetoric that falls very flat today. It reveals in the writer lack of foresight into historical forces and lack of insight into human nature.

How then explain his fame and his influence? He was a great patriot. Such men are extremely rare. Most famous men are primarily great egotists. Mazzini was primarily a lover of Italy. In her struggle to become a united nation Italy needed such a man as this. When a man fulfils a need his influence is in proportion to the urge of that need. Mazzini cared for nothing really save the unity in nationhood of his beloved Italy. No man can pretend to love. He must be genuine. When he is genuine he becomes the pivot round which the new forces assemble. To be such a man is to be great—perhaps the rarest of all kinds of greatness. "A low knock was heard at the door, and there he was in body and soul, the great magician, who struck the fancy of the people, like a mythical hero. Our hearts leaped and we went reverently to meet that great soul," writes an Italian working-man. Such is the effect of a disinterested Personality. His personal triumph may not materialise, but his influence becomes enormous. It spreads beyond his own corner in the world.

Thus during the last part of the nineteenth century the influence of Italian patriots became a potent factor in rousing a sense of national unity in India. Writes Sir Surendranath Banerjee:

It was Mazzini, the incarnation of the highest moral forces in the political arena—Mazzini the apostle of Italian unity, the friend of the human race, that I presented to the youth of Bengal. Mazzini had Italian unity. We wanted Indian unity. Mazzini had worked through the young. I wanted the young men of Bengal to realise their potentialities.

Professor Gangulee in his excellent introduction to this volume points out how, just as Italy, after dominating the culture of the Western world from 250 B. C., to 1550 A. D., lost her way in the

European upheaval, so India, faced with the crucial problem of assimilating the Islamic culture, at last gave way to forces of disintegration. In the succeeding anarchy the disunity amongst social groups made possible the intervention of that famous trading company. It held sway until the administration of the country passed to the British Crown which had and could have no organic relation to the life of Indian society. In claiming liberty and independence, the Indian National Movement took as object-lessons the life and the life-work of Garibaldi and Mazzini, and when the phase of open rebellion broke out Mazzini was one of the chief European patriots whose writings became popular amongst Indians. Such is the influence of this man, this one great patriot.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

Young People in Trouble. By SIR ROBERT MAYER. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

This is a very handy book, giving a survey of the whole problem of juvenile delinquency in Britain, seen through the eyes of one to whom it is a relatively new spectacle. The various methods of treatment of juveniles and the relevant statistics are carefully selected in order that the actual worker may study the subject early and work for improvement from the point already reached. The portions dealing with "Mothers at Work," and "Equal Pay," give us an insight into the various difficulties that crop up when women take to work outside the home and we are put to the necessity of solving those problems.

The difference between boys and girls in the criminal statistics has been well explained by a Magistrate; "When girls get into trouble it is more on the ethical than on the criminal plane. During the war years life has deteriorated and restraints of all kinds have loosened."

The chapter dealing with "Juvenile Courts," their methods and procedure, and the comparison with those in the U. S. A. gives the administrator and the statesman a bird's-eye view of the valuable experience gained by the workers. The various graphs and charts and diagrams give succinctly an idea of the rise and fall in juvenile offences and of the various methods of treatment, like the Remand Home, Probation treatment, the Borstal system for older youths etc. The methods by which attempts are made to prevent offences—the Nursery School system, "Service of Youth" organisations, supervised employment of school children during holidays, etc. recalls the Basic Education of the Congress in India.

This is a valuable handbook for educationists, old and new, Indian and English, for the psychiatrist, the scoutmaster, the club leader and the worker in a remand home, to give them all a wider view of the subject. "Social reform of all kinds is, like peace and prosperity, indivisible," Sir Robert writes, and this book supplies the facts readily to all.

M. A. JANAKI

Education and Ideology: Lecture delivered on May 24th, 1945, to the Austrian Democratic Union at the English-Speaking Union in London. By STEFAN KIMMELMANN. (Author, Master of Economics, French and German at Sir John Dean's Grammar School, Northwich. *2s. 6d.*)

Dr. Kimmelmann states his belief that, as a general rule, Ideology determines world history and "that the Philosophy of Life and World-Events are related to each other as Cause and Effect." He continues, naturally, to show how important it is to develop the right ideology in order to bring about the true brotherhood of man. This, in its turn, necessitates a discussion of education in its broadest aspects.

In this closely reasoned lecture Dr. Kimmelmann gives us a brief survey of the ideas of some of the most important thinkers on education, ranging from Plato, Rousseau and others of the earlier philosophers to the moderns such as Bertrand Russell and H. G. Wells. What is of particular interest is his division of educationists into three groups according to their conception of Man's nature; that is, those who believe him to be fundamentally good, although in need of education, those who believe the intellect needs education for its proper development and the third group, who believe Man to be born vile. Somewhat surprisingly we find Wells in this last group.

After a helpful discussion on various educational theories and practices (with some discussion of Marxism) the author comes to the conclusion that nothing but the noble and godly principles of religion can be a safe basis for education. All other aims and ideals are but partial, and can become a danger to the world (witness National Socialism which, in its own way, attempted to become a substitute religion). Naturally Dr. Kimmelmann is no advocate of the so-called religion that is exclusive and parochial; rather does he indicate the fundamental truths revealed through all the great religions.

The only criticism one might make of the argument is that the author appears to feel that education is bound to succeed if it begins early enough. He does not claim, perhaps, that Man can be changed, or even imply this necessity, but he seems to believe that right or *convenient* conduct can be attained. Thus he suggests that, as the Nazi education was so successful, therefore the German people should be equally susceptible to a more enlightened type of education. But is it not possible that certain types of education are so strikingly successful because they appeal to innate tendencies? Many practical teachers, including those with experience of very young children, will admit failure to modify some natures, and how often different natures respond only to one type of upbringing! Therefore it is not always easy to educate towards a higher goal.

This lecture would provide a useful basis for discussion, not only for those directly concerned with education but for all with a serious interest in the future of civilisation.

ELIZABETH CROSS

Hinduism Outside India. By SWAMI JAGADISWARANANDA. (Sri Ramakrishna Ashram, Rajkot, Kathiawar. Rs. 2/8)

This book belongs to a series of publications intended to bring about cultural understanding between India and the outside world regarding various aspects of progressive evolution, social, religious, philosophical, political etc. As Mr. Mojumdar observes in his Introduction, the part played by India in the construction of the civilization of Northern and Eastern Asia is akin to that of Greece in the building up of the civilization of Europe. The book is a collection of several contributions of the author to technical philosophical periodicals, and, on the whole, it may be taken to give a correct picture of "Hinduism outside India." *i. e.*, in places like Burma, Ceylon, Malaya and the two Americas.

The volume is noteworthy more for the explanation it gives for the decline of Hinduism than even for its exposition of the principal tenets of Hinduism. The causes assigned for the decline are : narrowness of the Brahmanical aristocracy, want of organisation, rigidity of rites and rituals, and lack of intellectual freshness. Whether or not, however, one accepts the author's analysis of the causes contributory to the decline of Hinduism, as he has understood and presented it, exception cannot but be taken to some of his sweeping generalizations. For instance, it is impossible to admit "Sankara seems to have said the final word on the philosophical speculation of mankind," as the systems of Ramanuja (Visishtadvaita) and Madhva (Dwaita), to mention but two, are philosophically as important as that of Sankara. The author's attempted harmonization of the three schools is untenable and unphilosophical. The statement that Dvaita is on the body-plane, Visihtadvaita on the soul-plane or the *Jiva*-plane, and Advaita on the Atman-plane is metaphysically unsound. The distinction between the three, Body, Jiva and Atma is the common property of all three systems and would not serve as a principle of classification. The statement of Hanuman cited supports only Monotheism and not Monism.

On the whole, the author is to be congratulated on the publication of this volume. It is a pity that there are several typographical errors, even simple terms like "Sankara," and "pursuit" having been printed wrongly.

M. A. RUCKMINI

Some Non-Political Achievements of the Congress. By H. C. MOOKERJEE. (Hamara Hindostan Publications, Bombay 1. As. 8)

The programme of the principal political party in the country, namely, the Congress, has been much more than a mere plea for securing certain fundamental rights for the citizens. This booklet is a balance-sheet of the achievements of that body in social, moral, economic, industrial, educational and rural reform. The cumulative effect has been both the breaking of "the mental bond of servitude" and "the forging of all-India unity." By-the-by, in future more efficient proof-reading is necessary on the part of the publishers.

G. M.

The Wisdom of the Fields. By H. J. MASSINGHAM. (William Collins, Sons and Co., London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Massingham's work should find a good soil in India. He would be preaching there to a people who have not yet committed themselves to modern technical civilization, and who need not do so unless they wish. In England he stands frantically waving a red flag. Quite a lot of people see the flag, approve of waving it, and join with him by waving others; but all the time the Technical Forces in the hands of a Few who are as careless of fundamental values as they are mighty in the service of mammon, dash forward, and no man knows what the end will be. To thousands the prospect seems hateful, deplorable, but many despair of being able to stop the process.

We look abroad. We see the huge, rootless American civilization, truly built upon, not soil, but *sand*, so that when the winds come the foundations are blown away. It seems plain that America will be the shortest-lived civilisation in history. We turn to Russia. We see her imitating America in technical values. How long will she last before her rivers wash away her cities and her soil is blown away? We turn to China. She lasted for æons precisely because she conserved her soil. But today her Few powerful men, as in Russia, decree the march towards total industrialism for the helpless Many. We turn to India. And what do we see? The same attraction towards the Machine? Perhaps; since it seems to be natural. But her powerful Few have not yet committed her to this course; and one Original Figure, still wielding a vast influence, has no use for any engine except Madame Singer's sewing-machine. India has still a chance to stand aside; before her still lies the possibility of a sane civilisation based upon a total agriculturalism. True, her population problem may make this difficult, but *what real happiness has industrialism brought to the masses, albeit under the sign of that maddeningly empty phrase, "a higher standard of life"?*

The works of Mr. Massingham might well help Indians to make up their minds on this fundamental problem. Few men know more than he concerning the Old England, not insignificantly Merry England, when craftsmanship was the norm. Followed the enclosing of the free open spaces, the introduction of a more "efficient" agriculture and the steady abandonment of little holdings by free men, while the revolution in industry brought in machine-made goods to replace the hand-made crafts. Few historians know more about this than Mr. Massingham; none have brought to their studies a greater appreciation of what was entailed in the change. Hence it is not idle to suggest that a study of his work in India at the present time would be really worth while.

The present volume is based upon a study of that great countryman and farmer, William Cobbett, who was born in 1762 and lived to see all that he stood for swept away in the foul torrent of the revolution in industry. He was a fertile writer and an untiring campaigner in the cause of Rural England, his most famous book being *Rural Rides*. Mr. Massingham starts with a study of Cobbett and of his meaning for today. He follows this with personal descriptions of craftsmen who are still maintaining Cobbett's

doctrine as expressed in his *Cottage Economy*. From this he proceeds to speak of various farmers who "both as unconscious survivors and conscious pioneers, have carried on the Cobbett tradition as it appears in his *Rural Rides*." He went on a rural ride himself in order to gather his material at first hand and stayed and corresponded with the men of whom he writes. It is amazing, some of the things he tells us about—a thatcher, for instance, able to earn £500 a year at his delightful job, unable to get an assistant, who could have a permanent job, because all the young men simply want to drive tractors. Mr. Massingham tries not to be pessimistic. "The spirit behind these people and things," which he has written about, is, he says, "more modern than the moderns, because it is the promise of the future no less than the salvage from the past." But it is hard to reconcile that with his old thatcher over against the young tractor drivers.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

Picture of a Plan. By MINOO MASANI; illustrated by C. H. G. MOORHOUSE. (Oxford University Press, Bombay. Rs. 2/-)

In 1943 eight Indians formulated "A Plan of Economic Development for India." With the skilful and attractive simplicity that marked *Our India* Minoo Masani here describes the Plan, gives his own views, and depicts what India could be like in fifteen years' time.

The importance attached to small-scale and cottage industries, which have a very high social value, is a striking feature of the Plan. Development must be many-sided and simultaneous. At the end of fifteen years, industry (both large and small) will contribute 35 per cent. of the national income, agriculture 40 per cent, and services 20 per cent. "Services" is a compendious term to cover a multitude of occupations including trade, transport, communications and the professions. "Someone has pointed out," writes the author, "that the higher the proportion of people engaged in services, the higher the standard of living in a country."

At this point very careful and clear thinking is required regarding what is meant by a high standard of living. It is necessary to consider whether what has so far been regarded as a high standard in the West is really so and whether, in any case, it is desirable to reproduce it in India. Those who are now planning the economic development of India (and that such development is urgently necessary no one can deny) would do well to bear constantly in mind India's unique contribution to world thought embodied in her cultural and religious history. This is no phantasy. India has her own idea as to what constitutes a high standard of living, and, while this in no way precludes the careful application of modern science, it must inevitably be something very different from the present so-called high standards of living in Western countries.

IRENE R. RAY

High Are the Mountains. By HANNAH CLOSS. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The Crusade against the Albigensian heresy in the early thirteenth century is one of the darker episodes in the blood-stained record of the Christian Church. Even if the Manichean strain in the Catharite faith, the denial of the flesh through spiritual intoxication, was a perversion of a truth, the faith itself and very many of its devotees were a light in the darkness of the corrupt and worldly ecclesiastics and the fanatical zealots who blasphemed the name of Christ in justifying the ferocity of their attack on it and them. As a novelist it is not for Mrs. Closs to take sides and, although she has obviously steeped herself in the history of the time and the records of the chief characters in the lurid drama, her aim has been to recreate it all imaginatively and in the language of today. In this she has brilliantly succeeded. Occasionally she strikes a wrong note in modernising the diction, as when Agnes of Montpellier is made to say to her lap-dog. "Oh dear, oh dear! Gogo doesn't like music, does he? It always gives him a nasty-wasty pain?" But such lapses are quite exceptional and, like a tendency to high-pitched diffuseness in the dialogue, are defects of the compelling vitality, the passion and pictorial richness, which characterise the whole crowded narrative. There are times when it seems to be only a vast and fantastic masquerade and one is almost stifled by the sensuous fever of this Southern world of Languedoc, with its luxury and ease, its other-worldly idealism, and its corrupt materialism. But this conflict of extremes that belongs to the exotic landscape no less than to the characters, so extravagantly diverse in the way they react to it, is the very core of the book's meaning, and culminates outwardly in the Crusade and the historic siege of Carcassonne.

The scene in the Chapel of Vaux-Cesnay, where Simon de Montfort is flattered, threatened and cajoled by the fanatical Abbot and a crafty Cistercian Monk to launch and lead the Crusade, is perhaps the most compelling moment in the story and the finest example of the dramatic intensity with which Mrs. Closs imagines and writes. Her description of the burning of Béziers is almost equally memorable. But the drama of most of the book is that of human beings, not of ecclesiastical savages. It is seen mainly through the eyes of the young Wolf of Foix, natural son of the Count of Foix, and nephew of the Countess Esclarmonde, one of the noblest of the Cathars. He grows up from boyhood to manhood while the storm is gathering and in his passionate idealism is unknowingly in quest of the Grail. In the sequel which is promised we may hope that he comes nearer finding it, perhaps in the citadel of the Cathar faith, the mountain stronghold of Montségur. In this book we see the first stage in the conflict of life and death, of a true self-affirmation and a morbid craving for self-destruction. Neither side can be said to stand purely for the one or the other and each character embodies the conflict differently. And, because it is a perennial and never resolved conflict, Mrs. Closs's novel, beneath its astonishingly colourful surface and mordant glaze of history, has much contemporary meaning.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Life and Works of the Honourable Robert Boyle. By LOUIS TRENCHARD MORE. (Oxford University Press, London. 21s.)

Novelist, essayist, theologian, alchemist, chemist and man of science, Robert Boyle was a great scientist, judged by any age. Professor More has rendered good service to literature by giving us this excellent book dealing with his life and works.

Boyle has been called the "Father of Chemistry." This most undoubtedly was a worthy title, but at the same time we should remember that he was also an alchemist; that is to say that he accepted the old doctrine of the transmutation of elements. In fact, Professor More makes it abundantly clear that Boyle was at one time convinced that he had actually solved the problem of the transmutation of gold. Indeed, so confident was he of success that he petitioned Parliament and succeeded in having the act of Henry IV, against "multipliers of gold," repealed in 1689.

In spite of this it fell to Boyle and his fellow workers to deal a mortal blow to the old régime with its mumbo-jumbo of mythology, mysticism, magic and astrology. A new spirit of reasoning was abroad, for too long had the alchemists made their experiments fit in with their own preconceived ideas.

Against a vivid background of England under the Stuarts and the Commonwealth, we get the life story of this rather staid and earnest scientist. Boyle came of a noble family, he was a son of the great Earl of Cork, and being amply supplied with this world's goods he was able to pursue his scientific studies without let or hindrance except that of indifferent health.

Professor More with practised hand gives us the whole story from childhood and early youth; through maturity to Boyle's death at sixty-five in December 1691.

The book is very complete. It may be criticised for having a wealth of foot-notes which are slightly irritating to the reader; but there is no doubt that it fills a gap in supplying the only complete life of a man who "by his achievements in chemistry won for himself a legitimate place in that dynasty of intellectual giants which began with Copernicus and included also Kepler, Galileo, Descartes and Newton." Boyle can well be said to have helped to usher in the Scientific Renaissance.

A. M. Low

Shadows and Other Poems. By CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS. (The Favil Press, Ltd., London. 5s.)

"The starved and grey futility of war" darkens not a few pages of this collection but that Mr. Christmas Humphreys has lengthened his plummet, since he published *Seagulls* in 1942, is one of the war's compensations. In these last years the poet's Buddhist faith has passed through the London Blitz and emerged clarified and stronger—more compellingly articulate. Some of the "Poems of the Inner Way" are very fine, notably "Anatta" and "One." Poems like these are Mr. Humphrey's forte. One grudges pages to his versatility. There are so many who can write as well as he of earth, so few to bring us echoes of the cadenced chanting of the marching stars!

E. M. HOUGH.

Makhzanol Asrār: The Treasury of Mysteries of NEZAMI OF GANJEH. Translated by GHOLAM HOSEIN DARAB, M.A. (Probsthain's Oriental Series Vol. XXVII, Arthur Probsthain, London. £1/4/-)

By the efforts of Mr. Gholam Hosein Darab, the key to the above-mentioned treasure has been put into the hands of the Europeans.

As a rule, criticism or appreciation of a literary work, whether original or an extract from various sources, demands consideration of two things, *viz.*, (1) The subject-matter and (2) the personality of the writer. In the case of a translation another factor also draws the attention of the critic to itself. Thus with regard to this translation of *Makhzan-ul-Asrar*, these three main points are to be considered: (1) The personality of of Nezami, (2) the subject-matter of the book and (3) the ability of the translator.

With these three points in view, one should admit that this book is a sort of jewel, composed of three valuable component parts—each a gem in itself; and all the three beyond the reach of my appreciation. But I have studied minutely the chapter about the life of Nezami, and compared the translation of verses one by one with the text corrected, annotated and published by Aqa Vahid Dastgerdi. This, of course, gave me immense pleasure. In fact, I met two delights at one and the same time, an experience which could only be felt, and is beyond all explanation or praise.

Gholam Hosein Darab, in this valuable work, has done full justice to the greatness of Nezami, his noble sayings and maxims of life. The fluency and smoothness of his style while translating this book, without interfering with the annotation of Vahid in his English text, is indeed admirable, especially when we consider the difficulties in translating a book like *Makhzan-ul-Asrar*. No doubt, Nezami's verses, like a clear sea, seem to be bright and fluent, and in eloquence and rhetoric its beauties are a touchstone of value and a standard of excellence, but, as Shaikh Jami himself admits, most of them cannot be grasped properly, and for their real meaning we should wait till the Day of Resurrection and then make the author explain them.

The second beauty of this work is this, that Mr. Gholam Hosein Darab herein explains fully the historical events coincident with the life of Nezami. This fact not only acquaints the reader with the relevant events of the times, but is an impressive digest of accounts which is of invaluable importance to non-Irani readers.

Another valuable point is this, that, through the efforts of Mr. Gholam Hosein Darab—he himself refers to it in the preface—a new field has been opened to the lovers of art and literature all over the world, and especially for the English poets.

In my opinion the best encouragement and appreciation to Gholam Hosein Darab is his natural gift, with which he and people like him are endowed, so that they may enrich the treasure of knowledge by writing such literary works.

Yes, God's elect is the people's elect and popular with everyone.

S. M. SAJJADI
(TAMADDUN-UL-MULK)

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

Sir Mirza M. Ismail, Prime Minister of Jaipur, in his broad-based and thoughtful Convocation Address at the Sir Dorabji Tata Graduate School of Social Work, Bombay, on April 12th, coupled praise of the non-partisan basis of all the Tata benefactions with a warning against party or sectarian influence. The very essence of social service is, as he said, "a wide and eager generosity" quite antipathic to "the hatred and malice that have been in these days the key-note of our politics." Discontent, which existed throughout the world, was the mood of many in India today.

It would be a lamentable thing if the people of our country were contented, for a healthy, normal, rational and intelligent discontent is the mainspring of progress. But if discontent is not manifested in a fashion tending towards the general good, if there is no understanding, no co-ordination, then the discontent finds its expression in ways that will be injurious to progress and civilisation.

Not only were many of the working-class so affected but also students in many places were "out to fight and to destroy." There is nothing of the divine about that kind of discontent. Iconoclasm is a blind, destructive force, it can give nothing, but can only raze. The patient work of years can be destroyed in seconds. But are such demonstrations surprising when for so long the energies of the leading nations have been turned to destruction? Forces have been set in motion which are not yet spent. Meantime it is imperative to set in motion contrary forces, to demonstrate the will to justice, tolerance and brotherhood. Wild words, even wild thoughts, in these days are true poison seeds, from which wild deeds are almost sure to spring. Fortunately there are some, even in politics, to whom hatred and malice are utterly foreign. But every man of good-will must pull his full weight, if only with right ideation and considered speech, if the bark of our hopes of freedom with stability is not to founder in the back-wash left by the passing of the man-of-war.

Many five-year-old's doubtless saw the devastation wrought by drought upon Wisconsin farms in 1932. In one, the sight awakened something, and then and there she vowed herself to a scientific career. At the age of seven she was raising chickens; at nine she gave her first lecture on parasitic diseases of poultry; at twelve she began, in school vacations, answering calls for diagnosis and advice from poultry breeders in different parts of the State.

"Heredity," that almost unknown quantity so often vainly invoked to explain individual psychological and mental traits and aptitudes, conspicuously fails to explain Doris Gnauck's career, described by Luby Pollack in *Collier's* for 23rd February. On neither side of the family have there been, so far as is known, any farmers or poultry breeders. Yet eighteen-year-old Doris Gnauck, now a student in the State

University, is a chicken fancier and a non-professional authority on poultry-breeding, with a State-wide reputation.

The infant prodigy, even more strikingly than the mature genius, challenges materialistic explanations. The small slave boy, Blind Tom, with his innate ability to play the piano; the child Mozart demonstrating his acquaintance with orchestral score; Horace Greeley, later a famous American editor, reading aloud before the age of two, without having been taught even his ABC's, the young mathematical marvels, the child chess wizard, and how many more! How account for any of these except in terms of memories and skills, somewhere, somehow acquired and brought over from a prior life on earth ?

The proposal for compulsory military training has aroused liberal thinkers of the United States to the defence of democratic values. Several University Presidents have declared in a published statement that " military training offers no real solution to national problems of education, health, or responsible citizenship in a free society." Mr. Arthur E. Morgan, long President of Antioch College and more recently Chairman for five years of the Tennessee Valley Authority, writes incisively in the February *American Mercury* on " Conscription and the West Point Mind."

West Point is, he charges, " an anti-democratic outpost....West Point should be Americanized before it Prussianizes America." Not only are the morals and the habits commonly formed in the Army and the Navy not uplifting. The spirit of blind obedience and arbitrary power fostered by training of the West Point type is claimed to be fatal to the initiative and " self-directive freedom " on which democratic advance depends. " By tradition, outlook, training, and on the basis of its record," he declares, the Army is not qualified to devise a programme which will take account of the total national interest.

Is not indeed what is needed, not by America alone but by all countries, that which he urges on the U. S. A., to " study most carefully the conditions necessary for peace, not only the conditions necessary for waging war " ?

The menace of Roman Catholicism to human freedom is bluntly charged by Mr. Archibald Robertson in *The Rationalist Annual* 1946. Those, Mr. Robertson says, who deplore attacks on the Church of Rome as fanatical and intolerant " do not know what they are talking about. The Catholic Church is not just one of many religious denominations." In the Middle Ages it had vast power and wealth and it has never acquiesced in equality of status as a system of thought with other faiths.

> Religion for it is not a private matter.... The Church lays down faith in its dogmas as a duty, anathematizes liberty of conscience, and defends to this day the right to punish heresy with death.

Powerless to persecute without the support of the secular arm, its policy, Mr. Robertson assembles evidence to prove, was consistently favourable to Fascist rule in Italy. Mussolini restored the temporal power of the Pope in 1929 and reinstated religious teaching in the schools. Not surprisingly, the Church did not condemn Italy's cowardly attack on Abyssinia. It withheld its fulminations against Nazi excesses until after the death of Hitler, who,

having been baptised a Roman Catholic, could have been excommunicated, but was never even censured by the Church in his lifetime. As complaisant as the Roman Church was to Fascism, it has, Mr. Robertson charges, been consistently hostile to Socialism and especially to the Soviet Union. The Roman Catholic Press refers constantly to the Soviet Government as "'the anti-Gods' for all the world as if God were menaced with assassination and needed police protection." Is the explanation of the agitation against the relations of Russia and Poland to be found partly, as Mr. Robertson suggests, in the fact that "the Catholic hierarchy invariably considers itself persecuted if it is not allowed to persecute"? "Catholic Propaganda and the World War" is not a reassuring article.

Has the new psychology represented "gain to the imaginative writer and only gain?" The question is raised editorially in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 16th February. It is conceded, by the critics who would answer in the affirmative, that some great writers of the pre-Freudian age, *e. g.*, Shakespeare, Emily Brontë and Hermann Melville, were "subconsciously aware of the subconscious." But added richness and depth are claimed to have been added by psycho-analytical theory to the creative writer's output. To the *Supplement* editor's mind, the art of the novel has, rather, been stultified by the attempt to substitute schematisation of the workings of the mind for the "imaginative insight which almost always works on the subconscious level." He claims that psychological science, with the burden of self-consciousness it lays upon the writer, "always threatens to carry the portrayal of human nature into mechanistic regions and towards the negation of life," towards, in short, imaginative sterility.

There is pertinence in the old jingle:—

The centipede was happy quite until the frog for fun
Said "Pray, which foot comes after which?"
She lay distracted in the ditch,
Considering how to run.

This is a real danger from the new psychology, and it is not confined to the writer. Psycho-analysis, by dragging the subliminal into the focus of consciousness, not only awakens sleeping dogs that popular wisdom recognises may better be let lie. It also must enormously increase self-centredness, already, in all conscience, strong enough in most!

"Great days are coming to our country. Let us be ready for them," wrote Sir Mirza M. Ismail, Prime Minister of Jaipur, in a statement issued to the press March 23rd, in which he urged the need for positive amity between the two great Indian communities and the desirability of equal partnership in the British Commonwealth of nations. Particularly timely was the note he struck about our need for readiness to meet the future. Are we ready?

There has been too little talk of preparedness to measure up to our imminent responsibilities. In the clamour for just rights the still, small voice of duty has been shouted down. Are we ready to wield wisely, competently, justly, the power now on the point of being given us? The recent indiscipline in the forces, the irresponsible talk of popular idols and their unthinking

followers, the shocking excesses of mob fury in the urban riots and the dark stain of the Black Market on our escutcheon—these are ominous portents. The habit has become ingrained of blaming all our difficulties on the foreign rule. We need to dust our mirrors. Is it the British who today are bleeding India white, piling up illegitimate profits while the masses face starvation?

Our long struggle for freedom seems almost over. In a tug-of-war, unless the winning side has a firm footing, the sudden ceasing of resistance sends the victors sprawling. It is probably too late for even eleventh-hour formal preparation for assuming the reins of government but, the moment Indians have the power, steps must be taken to raise the general level of administration and of statesmanship towards that on which the very few now stand. There must be Institutes of Political Science for intensive courses and Schools of Government in connection with our Universities. But even more than these we need—and this we need not wait to set about—the stiffening of moral stamina that shall stand like a rock against corruption, against malfeasance and against the exploitation, official or private, by Indians, of Indians or others.

The day is past when the white man can hope to put the Negro "back in his place." The Negro's place is by the white man's side.

This, Mr. H. A. Overstreet writes in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for 9th February, is proved with utter clarity by two recent books: *Marching Blacks* by the Negro Congressman, Mr. Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., and *Negro Labour: A National Problem* by Mr. Robert C. Weaver. The latter furnishes the economic confirmation of the former's more militant picture of exploitation.

Mr. Powell rightly sees the American Negroes' struggle as part of the world fight for freedom. Every right-thinking individual must deplore the undermining of America's free institutions in the name of white supremacy; the battle even for the Negro's right to fair employment practices is not yet won.

It is the dignity of man that is affronted in injustice shown to any man or any race, and whether in America, South Africa or the long-suffering East.

But none can read without misgivings of the race solidarity which Mr. Powell claims has been achieved in his country. The "mass Negro" holds power but also menace. One of the greatest evils that could overtake our wretched world would be a general hostile alignment along lines of colour.

Fortunately for the future, however, Mr. Powell's book makes it plain that even in the U. S. A. the Negro does not stand alone. A growing number of whites, who stand today for the ideals for which their country has traditionally stood, are marching at his side, making his crusade for justice and democracy their own. Principles, not pigment, are the issue for sane men.
