"God help our dear brothers and co-workers in the Transvaal. That same struggle of the tender against the harsh, of meekness and love against pride and violence is every year making itself more and more felt here among us also, especially in one of the very sharpest of conflicts of the Religious law with the worldly laws, in refusals of Military Service. Such refusals are becoming ever more and more frequent. I greet you fraternally and am glad to have intercourse with you."

"Your activity in the Transvaal as it seems to us at the end of the world., is the most essential work, the most important of all the works now being done in the world, and in which not only the Nations of the Christians but of all the world will unavoidably take part."

(A letter to M. K. Gandhi)

LEO TOLSTOY.

If Gandhi Succeeds.

"The universal topic of the hour is Gandhi. In house-holds, schools, colleges, offices, courts, railway trains, trams and footpaths, one hears words of admiration, approval, criticism or fear or expectation concerning the hero of the hour, the leader of the Nation. It is interesting to note the variety and gravity of the consequences bound to follow. "If Gandhi Succeeds :" and I mention only a few samples more commonly heard than others.

IF GANDHI SUCCEEDS,

1. Our starving millions will get some food,
2. Our cattle will be spared from slaughter,
3. Our young ones will get some good milk,
4. Our lands will yield more corn,
5. Our liquor-shops will grow fewer,
6. Our weavers will get living wages,
7. Our mill-shares will rise in value,
8. Our cottage industries will revive,
9. Life's necessaries will be cheaper,
10. Plain living and high thinking will be easier,
11. Spirituality will replace Materialism.

"THE KARNATIC"

M. K. GANDHI

(THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.)

"GANDHI SAHIB."

"THE GLASGOW HERALD."

Who is this "egregious Mr. Gandhi" whose quaint designs, propounded with all solemnity, to bring the British Government to its knees and hasten the establishment of complete Self-Government in India, arouse the enthusiasm of Indians and the ridicule of Europeans? He is the soul of India in revolt, the spirit of Indian discontent, the assertion of the East's equality with the West, the most powerful and at the same time the most puzzling personality in India to-day. Physically, he hardly counts scarce 5ft-6in in height, frail of body, humble in dress and, devoid of good looks he presents an altogether undistinguished figure; but a light in the eye and a spring in the step, mark him off from the common herd. Birth and caste yield him little prestige: his father was an obscure official in a Native State, and he himself is a barrister who ceased to practice some years ago. He comes not from the proud ranks of priest or soldier: his

caste is that of the trader, but seven years in England and twenty in South Africa have familiarised him with the wider world of men and affairs and given him a knowledge of the English language possessed by few of his countrymen. He is no orator and yet he commands the ear of India. He lays no claim to scholarship, he has written nothing with any prospect of immortality, he is the nominee of no party, and yet to-day at the early age of 52 he holds first place in the hearts of his countrymen. Where-in lies his power? The answer is obvious—in the man himself. This man of humble birth with the light in his eye and the step of a pioneer, this saint turned politician, this returned exile breathing the doctrines of Tolstoy and Ruskin, this "egregious Mr. Gandhi" is the biggest man in India. We have nobody in this country to whom we can liken : a General Booth turned politician or a Reverened Roth Smillie might serve as a possible approach to a Western comparison, but even there we should be far from the real Gandhi. He baffles classification. Here for example, are a few estimates that came within my own knowledge. "Sir, he is a God," was the reverent verdict of a Bengali stationmaster ; 'God has given only one Gandhi Sahib in this millennium," was the fine tribute of an unlettered villager ; "Gandi is our Mahatma" (our superman) was

the faith of a student disciple ; "This man reminds me of the Apostle Paul," said a shrewd Government official who had evidently been to Sunday School in his youth. "Beware of Gandhi," wrote a valued friend, "He is a revolutionary of a most dangerous type". I have heard him further described as a "charlatan", a "madman." a "visionary," a "menace to British rule ; " an "astute politician who hides his real designs under a mask of guileless simplicity" ; an "irresponsible and unscrupulous agitator," a "country cousin," the "saviour of his country," and the "egregious Mr. Gandhi." This then, is no common man, be he revolutionary or revolutionary prophet or politician, saint or sinner, agitator or statesman, madman or wiseman, saviour or wrecker, mere man or superman : come he in peace or come he in war, he arrests attention and demands a hearing. He is not to be dismissed by the fine sarcasm of an editorial in an English newspaper nor rendered ridiculous by the foolish worship of admiring disciples, in him the current discontents of India begotten of certain unpopular legislative measures, agrarian and industrial grievances, social inequalities at home and abroad, the implications of the great war and the aftermath of martial law in the Panjab, find expression and he can only be silenced when these are remedied or allayed.

But what manner of man is that? He is a patriot. I have never known more an Indian Indian. He is moreover, a man of the people. Poverty is the badge of his tribe; the clothes he wears, were probably woven by himself—one, of his hobbies is handloom weaving; his wants are few—he exists mainly on nuts and fruits: he always travels third class on the railway—a sure token of humility in India, and he is big enough and human enough to break through the conventions of caste and custom in order to eat with pariahs. He will even dine with a Christian missionary! Either "a touch of nature makes him wondrous kind" or diplomacy drives him to strange companionships and unlikely dinner parties. He is a saint in homespun; but the man is never lost in the saint, for this strangely assorted democrat maintains against heavy odds, a keen sense of humour. Then he is a man who bears in his body the marks of suffering. Here, if anywhere, we light on the secret of his power. This man has suffered for being an Indian; his patriotism has been put to the test time and again, notably in South Africa, where he surrendered a lucrative practice at the Bar in order to share the affliction of his people, and where his championship of their cause led him frequently to prison and on one occasion to the verge of a violent death at

the hands of a misguided countryman. These marks command respect. He is the stuff of which martyrs are made.

A partisan in politics, Gandhi is no bigot in religion. He calls himself a Hindu, but that is a term exceedingly broad, and in many matters he shares common ground with Christians and Mohammedans. In fact, his ardent sympathy with the latter contributed largely to the gravity of the Khilafat agitation. He is a disciple of Tolstoy and Ruskin ; but he reverences the Christ, and quotes as freely from the Sermon on the Mount as from the Gita. He sees in the Apostle Paul's eulogy of love a foreshadowing of his own doctrine of " soul force " and Calvary as the supreme symbol of sacrifice, is to him holy ground. Familiarity with the Christian Scriptures is a remarkable feature of this remarkable man. Courage and sincerity are closely allied and Gandhi fears neither friend nor foe. He speaks his mind with refreshing candour ; and herein he is a man apart, for Indians generally are inclined to say what they think will please and shrink from stating unpleasant truths. Determination is another arresting characteristic. Determination is not far removed from doggedness and we must confess that the " egregious Mr. Gandhi " is a " thrawn devil." Once set on a certain course nothing moves him but

disaster. This was tragically illustrated in his advocacy of " passive resistance ", which led, in some measure at least, to the outburst of mob fury that ushered in the reign of terror in the Punjab. Notwithstanding this obstinate strain in him he knows the value of compromise, and has proved himself more than once a shrewd man of affairs. Few practical politicians at the age of 52 have a better record of " something attempted, something done." His record in South Africa will bear the closest scrutiny, and all who read it must bear tribute, however reluctantly, to his resource as well as his patriotism. Returning to India late in life, he plunged with eager spirit into its problems, and many hailed him as the natural successor of Gokhale—one of the greatest Indians of all time. For a time social and economic question claimed him : he intervened effectively in agrarian troubles in Champaran and Kaira, and showed no little resource in handling labour problems ; he advocated the revival of cottage industries, notably handloom weaving, and pleaded earnestly for the recovery of self-respect among his people ; female emancipation found in him an ardent champion, and education, on Indian lines, a powerfull advocate. Ultimately; impelled by the sovereign motive of patriotism, he entered the troubled arena of Indian politics, and

he stands out to-day the acknowledged leader of the extremist wing of the Nationalist Party and the author of the policy of Non-co-operation. This is frankly a policy of boycott, and its avowed object is by rendering the present Government futile and impossible, to win complete Self-Government for India. Primarily it had in view the modification of the Peace Treaty with Turkey and reparation for the alleged miscarriage of justice in the Punjab; but these minor claims are now merged in the supreme claim for immediate and complete Home Rule.

We do well to remember that this Non-co-operation movement has behind it not only the dominating personality of Gandhi but also the following sources of discontent:—(1) The Rowlatt Act—a measure designed to deal immediately and drastically with sedition, but carried through in the teeth of the vehement opposition of educated India. (2) The Peace Treaty with Turkey the terms of which, by their alleged unfairness to the Sultan of Turkey and his Empire, aroused the deep resentment of Indian Mohammedans. (3) The unfortunate and tragic happenings in the Punjab in April, 1919: "martial law and no damned nonsense" may be a sovereign remedy in desperate emergencies, but in the Punjab if it averted a mutiny, as its defenders claim, it left behind an embittered populace

and wounded the heart of the province. (4) The treatment of Indians in South Africa and elsewhere —the badge of inferiority is harder to bear as the national consciousness in India gains in strength. (5) The acute economic pressure created by the war and the apparent helplessness of Government to relieve the situation. (6) Ever-recurring agrarian and industrial troubles, turned so easily to political account, since the grievances, as a rule, are genuine; and (7) The universal spirit of revolt against things as they are in the world to-day, and vocal in India as elsewhere. Bearing these things in mind, it is not altogether surprising that ardent spirits like Gandhi have come to the conclusion that British administration in India has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Things, they argue, could not be worse under Indian rule. That they are mistaken hardly affects the issue ; they are out to make India mistress within her own house and the spirit of haste now dominates their counsels. Hitherto the goal of educated India has been Self-Government within the Empire, to-day the extremist wing of the Nationalist Party define their objective as Self-Government by "all legitimate and peaceful means." The reassuring words, "within the British Empire" are dropped, and the possibility of separation must therefore be faced. In the meantime India may become a vast Ireland. I am of opinion,

however, that the policy of Non-co-operation will fail in its immediate objective for two very good reasons. (1) It runs counter to human nature. It asks the lawyer to give up his practice, the trader to confine himself to Indian goods, the politician to shun the Councils the patrician to renounce his titles, the student to withdraw from Government School, and the parent to cease propagating his kind till Home Rule is won. This is magnificent, but it levies an impossible tax on Indian human nature as at present constituted. (2) It is dictated by no overmastering need. It overlooks the salient fact that the peasant, the man that really matters in India, and to whom political power must ultimately pass—has yet to be persuaded that Home Rule is a good thing, far less an immediate necessity. But whether Non-co-operation succeed or fail Gandhi himself will triumph, for he represents the soul of a people and the man is bigger than his methods. Ere we part from him let us remember that his campaign is inspired by love of India rather than hatred of Great Britain. He is singularly free from race prejudice. He was with us heart and soul in the struggle with Germany as he was with us years ago, when as captain of an Indian Company of stretcher-bearers, he helped us against the Boers. He counted among his friends the late Lord

Robert; he may find another in Lord Reading. When in course of time the "United States of India", come into existence, I hazard the opinion that history will regard the spectacle as an outcome of the work and worth of the "egregious Mr. Gandhi," as well as the crowning triumph of British statemanship in India.

J. Z. HODGEND.

GANDHI

AS AMERICA SEES HIM

"New york Herald"—March 6, 1921.

while the troubles of the British Empire appear to be centred in Ireland at the present moment, India presents a problem which is probably more far-reaching in its effect upon the fortunes of the Brtish Empire. News despatches from India are fragmentary, but they suggest a situation varying little in degree from the condition of a revolt in Ireland and more serious because the Indian situation suggests the activities of more than 300,090,000 people. With it is connceted the maintenance of Britain as a world empire upon which the "sun nevet sets."

Lord Reading, former Chief justice of England and former Ambassador to United States, has been chosen as the "strong man"to save the Empire which was won for Britain more than hundred and fifty years ago and where exploits of Clive and Warren Hastings were enacted.

LORD READING'S MISSION.

The mission of Lord Reading is important. It is acknowledged to be nothing more or less than an effort to "save India." Upon the the success of his mission depdends the continuity of Eastern influence which Britain has established as a result of the war which starts with "the rock" at Gibralter, extends through the Mediterranean and pursues its course through the Near East by way of Mesopotamia and Arabia, through Persia and intervening regions of India itself.

Napoleon early recognized India as the "heel of Achilles" in the British Empire and sought to attack the Briton in that quarter. Nelson and Sir Sidney Smith defeated his ambitions, compelling, the substitution of Austerlitz for the attack on India.

But the same elements of weakness to the Empire which existed in Napoleon's day are present

now and Soviet Russia has been quick to recognise the fact.

Soviet and British influence are combating for influence and power in the Near East and in the region which Alexander the Great traversed at the head of the Greek phalanx with India as the goal.

In the midst of these projects Great Britain has undertaken to solve the problem which its domination of India thrusts upon it by deliberately disturbing the age-long acquiescence of the Indian people and proposes to call its huge population to life througn the medium of political interest.

BRITAIN PLANS SELF-GOVERNMENT

Under the parliamentary enactment resulting from the Montagu-Chelmsford report submitted a year before its enactment, Britain proposes to start India along the line of self-government. British absolutism is to be exchanged for a from of representative government in which the Indians shall participate, but which shall be so weighted that the British will be able to determine political and legislative problems whenever it wills. It is des-

cribed as a beginning in self-government, during which period the Indian is to be put to school so that he may learn the elements of democracy.

The suggestion is met with threats of open revolt and a demand for complete separation under the leadership of an amazing ascetic whose monk-like demeanour, coupled with an eloquent tongue has thrown India into a seething state of unrest.

Outside of their own island home there is no name with which the English are more familiar to-day than that of Mohanchand Karamchand Gandhi and the cult he represents in India has taken his name. Gandhism is to-day an open threat against continued British rule in India.

It is this situation which Lord Reading will have to face, a situation which will call for all the powers this eminent man possesses. With its success or failure will mean the continuation or the end of the Asiatic Empire which British leaders, under the aegis of sea power, have endeavoured to construct. No man within the last hundred years has been called upon for a performance of greater import to the British Empire.

THE FAR EAST PROBLEM.

Interest in the success or failure of Lord Reading's mission is not confined to how it may affect the British Empire. World politics is involved in the problem and the cry of Asia for the Asiatics —the seemingly approaching contest between the Occident and Orient—is an inevitable corollary of the situation.

The spirit of Nationalism which is sweeping India to-day is part of the nationalistic movement which was let loose by the war and its peace slogan of self-determination. It is an outstanding example of the irony of contemporary history which has witnessed the most intense nationalistic world-spirit growing out of an attempt to settle world problems in terms of inter-nationalism.

But as always there are added influences in the motives which actuate the movement of peoples, and those of India are no exception. Her leaders and thinkers have witnessed the rise of Japan as a great world power, and what Japan has accomplished, the native Indians believe, they may achieve. There goes with this thought the ideal of Pan-Asia and the possibility of political union in some form or another of India with Japan is one that appeals to Indian leaders. The Japanese are not oblivious

to the same possibility and it is this harmony of Indian and Japanese thought which gives the Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance such vital interest to the British. It is a weapon which the Japanese hold over British diplomats and India is always in the minds of British thinkers whenever their thoughts revert to the alliance with Japan.

This political value in a vastly complicated world interrelation is not without interest to the United States, while it offers another problem to the British in dealing with the dominions of the Pacific, south of the equator.

While premier Lloyd George announced he had invited the Irish to participate in a partnership of the British Empire in the proudest days of the British Empire, the triumphs of the Peace Conference which had appeared to open up a British pathway to India was probably in his mind.

Since that statement, much has occurred to dampen enthusiasm over the victories attained at Versailles. At the time the statement was made, the Anglo-Persian Treaty had been negotiated. By its terms the partnership between Britain and Russia in the control of Persia was to have ended and sole British influence was to have been substituted. But Bolshevist influence, by a clever appeal to the spirit of Persian Nationalism has

Prevented ratification of the Treaty by Persia. Soviet envoys, seeking commercial and political recognition from England have used the Persian situation as a club to which Lloyd George has nearly succumbed. It is still being used in the pending negotiations which Leonid Krassine is understood to be conducting with the British Government. It is not only in Persia that Bolshevist influence has threatened the line of communication with India, its disturbing influence being equally evident throughout the Near East and more especially in Turkey.

Within this entire region, largely Moslem in character, the Turkish problem has been of immense value to Russia, since it suggests the possibility of stirring up a holy war against the British, and the succession to the Caliphate is being held in abeyance pending the final settlement of problems more pressing to the Soviet leaders.

Bolshevist influence has extended to India itself, where propagandists are daily urging the Indian Nationalists to greater extremes and where the Moslem inhabitants have been brought in line to a limited degree in support of a Nationalistic movement by appeal to the prejudice of the Moslem religionists.

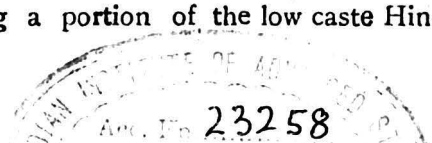
It is the complexity of this background which renders a clear understanding of the local Indian

situation difficult but which is necessary even to a limited comprehension of events there.

India is a small world in itself, with a background of history which promises little success for an experiment in democracy. With a population of approximately 313,000,000, the prevailing popular element is Brahmin, which in itself is divided into a number of castes from which escape for withdrawal is impossible. Its lowest rung is the large class of Pariahs, or "untouchables," who to the high caste Hindus is all that the description implies. The Moslem is a comparatively small portion of the population, but he exerts an influence greater than his numbers would warrant. The Moslems of India are approximately 60,000,000 in number, comprising one-sixth of the entire population.

Heretofore Nationalistic movements have been opposed by the Moslem and by the low caste Hindus who have not relished the prospect of being subjected to the harsh and arbitrary rule of the high caste Hindu. It was from this rule that British control rescued them.

The appeal to religious prejudice has jarred a portion of the Moslem leaders from their opposition to Nationalism, while the influence of Gandhi, leader in the movement against the British has succeeded of developing a Nationalistic sentiment among a portion of the low caste Hindus.



GANDHI AN EXTREME RELIGIONIST.

It is the strange influence which Gandhi exerts which makes him so dangerous an element from the British view point. Gandhi is 51 years old and is described as an extreme religionist with a sweetly beguiling tongue. Although he walks about like a mendicant, with bare feet and the clothing of the humblest, his influence extend from the bottom strata of society upwards.

His philosophy prompts him to believe that modern civilization is a curse. In modern appliances, in modern machinery, in railroads and telegraphs he professes to see nothing but the works of an evil one. In the industrial city in which he makes his home he has developed a social cult which professes to find its chief satisfaction in primitive agriculture and in the simplest forms of industry. The machine is discarded and the hand is exalted in their ideal of industry.

Gandhi, the man of mystery in dreaming India, describes himself in this sentence :

"Most religious men I have met are politcians in disguise ; I, however, who wear the guise of a politician, am at heart a religious man."

UTILIZE THE MODERN INVENTIONS.

While scorning modern inventions, Gandhi is understood to utilize railroad trains and automoblies in travelling about India, spreading his doctrines wherever he can, with the result that his popularity appears to have attained almost Messianic proportions.

At a Congress held in Nagpur at the close of last year, Gandhi, while pleading for non-violence called for the destruction of the British Empire and declared that success of the movement might involve "wading through oceans of blood." This was but a sample of the utterances that were made at this Congress, which declared loyalty to Great Britain optional and constitutional methods matters of expediency. The Congress declared for non-co-operation with the British Government in the establisment of its new system and for non-co-operation with the British under any form except in the case of schoolboys under 16 years of age.

This attitude suggests a resemblance to the Irish movement which is startling.

Ferment in India commenced before the world war and there were disturbances during the war. In spite of this the British with the aid of its vassal

princes, 112 in number, succeeded in quieting most disturbances. Indian troops were taken to Europe, resulting in another complaint on the part of the Indians on the ground that their soldiers should not be asked to serve outside of India.

REFORMS FAIL TO CHECK DISTURBANCES.

In an effort to solve the situation the Montagu-Chelmsford report was submitted to Parliament, and envisaging Home Rule as an eventual goal, providing a limited degree of self-government. This measure became a law in 1919, eighteen months after the report had been submitted. During this period unrest broke out again, resulting in rioting and disturbances of various kinds, until the British Government was moved to adopt a stern repressive measure, known as the Rowlatt Bill in England but described in India as the "Black Cobra" Bill.

These repressive measures were vigorously enforced, finally culminating in the so-called massacre at Armitsar where several natives were shot down by order of Gen. Dyer, and many more wounded. The Amritsar episode is described as "revolution" by certain authorities and British

press has generally shown a disposition to commend Gen. Dyer for the course taken. Possibly yielding to expediency, the Government censured Gen. Dyer severely and re-called.

In the meantime, the Indian Nationalist movement appears to be growing rather than diminishing and the activities of Gandhi and his successes in creating unrest are increasing. With Russian Bolshevist influence pressing from the North, and with revolutionary activities working from within, the British authorities are confronted with a problem of tremendous difficulties.

The British position in India is not without its supporters within India itself, and it is significant and a tribute to British rule that the poorer elements of Indian society the Pariahs and intermediate low caste Hindus appear loth to join the revolutionary movement.

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TILAK & GANDHI.

Sir Valentine Chirol, in the course of his articles in the "Times" writes thus :

Mr. Tilak belonged by birth to a powerful Deccani Brahman caste with hereditary traditions of rulership. He was a man of considerable Sanskrit learning whose researches into the ancient lore of Hinduism attracted respectful attention amongst European as well as Indian scholars. Whatever one may think of his politics and of his political methods, he was an astute politician skilled in all the arts of political opportunism.

Mr. Gandhi is none of these things. He is not of high caste, but only the son of a "bunnia" merchant. He does not come from the Deccan but from Gujrat, a much less distinguished part of the Bombay Presidency. He does not claim to be anything but a man of the people. His frame is small and fragile and his features homely. He lives in the simplest native way eating the simplest native food, which he is believed to prepare with his own hands, and dresses in the simplest

native homespun. His private life is as unimpeachable, as for that matter, Mr. Tilak's was. His language is as replete with references to Hindu mythology and scriptures, but more direct. His manners are gentle and free from affectation. In private he will meet even officials in a friendly way and deliver himself of his opinion in fluent but quite uncompromising English. In public he blurts out the truth as he conceives it with as little regard for the feelings or prejudices of his supporters as for those of his opponents. No one can suspect him of having any axe of his own to grind. He is beyond argument because his conscience tells him that he is right, and his conscience must be right. His austere asceticism and other-worldness have earned for him the name and reputation of a "Mahatma"—*i.e.* of one on whom the mantle of wisdom of the ancient Rishis of the Vedic age has fallen. As such he is outside and above caste.

He read for the Bar in England, whence he brought back to India where he practised for a time, the contempt for Western civilisation which he now preaches so vigorously. He first caught the public eye as a passionate champion of his fellow-countrymen in South Africa, where he led in person some eight years ago a sensational campaign of "passive resistance" to the harsh differential laws imposed upon them in Natal. The study of Tols-

toyan literature the one product of western thought which finds favour in his eyes—and Tolstoy was a Russian and as such half an Oriental—has had a profound influence in shaping his life to self-renunciation and imbuing him with a deep distrust of European civilization, of which he can see only the materialistic side.

He threw himself into Indian politics just when the promise of very liberal reforms was driving the Moderate and the Extremist schools of Indian Nationalism apart, and after a local "no rent" campaign, the Rowlatt Acts, of which, by the way, provisions, most generally dreaded at the time, have never been applied, started him on the inclined plane of "Satyagraha," "civil disobedience." He urged his followers then as eloquently as he does to-day to "refrain from violence." The terrible outbreak in the Punjab to which that movement directly led, gave him pause, but only for a short time.

THE CALIPHATE AGITATION.

Deeply shocked at first by the horrible outrages committed by Indian mobs that cheered his name, he soon forgot them, as indeed almost all Indians have forgotten them, in the bitter resentment provoked by methods of repression which he and they

regard as designed to terrorize and to humiliate a whole people rather than to punish the actual criminals. Just at this juncture too, the fanatics of the Caliphate agitation pursuaded Mr. Gandhi that the peace terms imposed upon Turkey were designed in the same spirit not so much to punish the Turks as to humiliate the whole Islamic world and destroy the spiritual influence of a religion professed by 60,000,000 fellow Indians.

He resumed his campaign more wildly and blindly than ever, and translated his doctrines into more impracticable commandments, ready to justify them out of the Coran, and out of the Bible too, as well as out of the Hindu scriptures. He appeals to all creeds and castes and classes, but chiefly to the masses. Always emotional, intensely ignorant, depressed by two appalling epidemics of influenza far worse than the plague, grievously harassed by the appalling increase in the cost of living, haunted in many parts of the country by the fear of short crops ; if not famine, owing to the shortage of rain, and agitated in the towns by the novel excitement of strikes. Wherever he goes, and he is untiring in his journeyings vast multitudes to whom politics mean little unless quickened by religious emotion flock to hear him or rather to worship him, for it is no mere political leader but a saint who speaks to them. We have

never yet had to reckon with a Hindu saint as a political factor, as a Hindu saint too who, man of peace though he may be, is ready to walk arm in arm with such a fiery Mahomedan as Mr. Mahomed Ali, assuredly no man of peace. The more stolid Western mind may prefer to dismiss Mr. Gandhi as a mad man, but in the East a touch of madness is apt to be taken for an additional sign of inspiration from the gods.

The crown of martyrdom, Mr Gandhi however still lacks He constantly invites it. In nothing else does he betray so much of the serpent's guile—one might almost say such a theatrical pose—as in his repeated suggestions that Government will surely arrest him. But in vain so far has the snare been set before Government who pin their faith on the gradual return of the Indian people to sanity. In spite of Mr. Gandhi's exhortations, and however sincere they may be any strong action taken against him at the present juncture would almost certainly produce at least some local explosions, and with the memory of the Punjab still fresh in India, that is not a risk to be lightly taken.

Nor, even were we not taught that faith transporteth mountains, is it at all necessary to despair of Indian sanity? Not merely is the official world—too often unduly optimistic, it must be remembered,

in the past—satisfied that there are already signs of a distinct reaction against Gandhism but in one of his latest utterances Mr. Gandhi himself betrays a note of unaccustomed depression. Another year, he declares, will bring "swaraj" (home rule), if India be true to herself—*i.e.*, to him, but he adds significantly that her response has not yet been all that he could wish.

SIR VALENTINE CHIROL.

AN ESTIMATE OF Mr. GANDHI.

HE HAS NO PARALLEL IN THE WORLD TO-DAY."

Perceval Landon in the "Daily Telegraph."

(Here is the report of an interesting interview that the British journalist, Mr. Perceval Landon of the "Daily Telegraph" had with the Mahatma recently in Calcutta. This together with a leading article of the "Daily Telegraph" on the interview, which also we reproduce, will be read, no doubt, with considerable interest.)

Yesterday I spent a long time in the frankest conversation with Mr. Gandhi, and at length succeeded in forming a complete though almost incredible, estimate of his attitude to the campaign to which he has devoted every faculty and every moment of his life. "No one understands

Mr Gandhi's crusade" said a sage man to me in Bombay, "who does not know Mr. Gandhi." What I have to say, therefore, may probably seem impossible to those who have never met this amazing and dangerous man, who in solitude bestrides the field of Indian sedition like a Colossus. In truth he is alone. He does not seem to need lieutenants or councillors, who embarrass him with their practical suggestions as much as Mr. Gandhi bewilders them by his pure Utopianism. Whether they remain or desert him makes no difference ; his appeal is to the lowest of the population and his strength lies precisely in the fact that his teaching is a visionary reconstruction of the Golden Age based upon universal loving-kindness. He preaches to the heart and despises the head. And, therefore, he has no parallel in the world to-day either in the semi-divine character of his influence or in the magnitude of the disaster which will attend his success.

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

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

AN IDEAL WORLD.

The achievement of an ideal world built upon selfiessness and governed by loving-kindness alone, which has proved too much for the Christian nations, seems to Mr. Gandhi a self-evident possibility.

The danger, the very real danger, of the man lies in the fact that his belief is exactly that best calculated to appeal to the Oriental, and most certain, if adopted, to lead in India to internecine bloodshed and disintegration and—should our long patience become exhausted—to Indian servitude to some other power more willing than ourselves to keep the sabre rattling in its sheath. It is precisely his idealism which makes him the worst enemy of his own people.

Courteous, implacable, and refined, Mr. Gandhi explained to me the faith that was in him, and as he did so, my hopes of an understanding between him and the English grew less and less. The hated civilisation and rule of England must go. I suggested the unprotected state of India, should our work come to an end.

"If India has sufficient unity to expel the British, she can also protect herself against foreign aggression ; universal love and soul force will keep our shores inviolate. It is by making armaments that war is made."

"But what of the religious antagonism between Hindu and Moslem ?"

"No trouble will come."

I thought of the transfigured face of a certain distinguished Moslem follower of Mr. Gandhi, in the Punjab, and his eager anticipation of the day when the coast would be clear and Islam would crush Hindu opposition and re-establish India as the Sovereign Moslem State—and I renewed the question to which he replied.

"If trouble should ensue I shall be ready to accept it. If even all India were submerged in the struggle it would only be a proof that India was evil, and it would be for the best."

His attitude not unnaturally made me ask what he thought about Lenin. He said he did not know enough about Lenin, but in any case he would prefer Bolshevism to British rule. Unless what has been said before is borne in mind, this answer might seem to justify much that has been charged against Mr. Gandhi but I am convinced that idealism uncontrolled, and now uncontrollable, is at the root of every extravagant view enunciated by Mr. Gandhi. We agreed that Western and Eastern standards were irreconcilable, but I asked him if he could find no good in Englishmen and English civilisation. He said, it was not against individual Englishmen that he directed his campaign. He admitted that several Englishmen had shown a willingness to work unselfishly for India, and ins-

tanced Bradlaugh, Jardine, Wedderburn and Montagu. Asked why, then, he opposed the reforms, he said that the justice they intended, had been whittled away by those to whom their application had been entrusted. He would not admit that he should have carried on his campaign inside the Chambers by sending deputies—a remark which gives food for thought. Either he believes that the intense centralisation of the non-co-operation movement would be destroyed thereby or he wishes as yet to avoid a definite issue between himself and the moderates. In any case his famous justification of his use of such bad products of British civilisation as railways and post offices, on the ground of helping the cause, should apply here also. His policy in this matter suggests weakness in political organisation.

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

His bitterness against modern civilisation is at once the strength and weakness of his campaign. Presented as the protest of Hinduism against the Black Age in which we are now living, it makes a direct appeal to the country districts, whose antagonism to the large towns is one of the disregarded factor in the present Indian situation. He

frankly admitted that in two matters, sanitation and organisation, he admired British methods but he did not seem to realise that the latter covered almost the whole ground of our administration of India. Similar inconsistencies between Western and Eastern standpoints account for much in Mr. Gandhi's teaching. Listening to Mr. Gandhi, one was again and again reminded of the beautiful vision of a world of selfless kindliness that Gautama inculcated twentyfour centuries ago—a world that never existed, a vision which has left human nature unchanged.

Coming to essentials, I asked him directly whether he did not see that his campaign of non-violence as he conducted it, must inevitably result in violence for which he must be held responsible.

"There will be no trouble unless the Englishmen begin it." This was so like the German contention that France began hostilities, that I asked him if he had said that he believed that the Government at Behar had recently provoked violence. He said, he did not believe it, and added, with a smile, that much was alleged of him that he had never said.

Courteous and refined he remained to the end but implacable he remained also, and I could only sum up my impression of my visit in the conviction that a pure idealist whom the people of India reverenced as a god, must through the very qualities which had enthroned him, end by delivering them over to bloodshed and misery.

"NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD."

(The "Daily Telegraph," Feb. 5.)

The illuminating character-sketch of Gandhi which we have received from Mr. Perceval Landon will be read with painful interest. Mr. Landon has talked with the Indian "Mahatma" face to face ; he has sat in the bare, poorly-furnished room of this formidable ascetic, and entered into frank conversation with him. As a result, we are able to publish the fairest and most penetrating account of Gandhi which has so far been laid before English readers. It is one which is worth their attentive consideration for it deals with a very remarkable man whose personality is among the most significant factors in the most serious of our political and administrative problems. Gandhi cannot be waved aside as a mere visionary fanatic or a dangerous agitator. He is both these things, but he

is also something more. The description Mr. Landon gives of him is in some respects favourable ; our correspondent came away with the impression of a forceful, but also of a rather fine individuality very much out of the common run of sedition-makers in India and elsewhere. Gandhi we observed the other day, is probably sincere in his perversions. Mr. Landon confirms this estimate. He finds in Gandhi none of the sordid self-seeking the chicanery, the vulgar ambition, of the typical mob-leader. The "Mahatma" is gentle, kindly, refined, transparently candid, a thoroughly implacable and uncontrollable idealist.

He is conducting his pernicious crusade in which all the passions of wrath, racial feeling, savage social prejudice, are being unleashed, in a mood of spiritual exaltation and altruistic fervour without haste, without hate, and without the smallest regard for expedieney. He has modelled himself on some of the greatest religious teachers of the past—even on the greatest of all. For, though his ultimate aim is to root Christian civilisation out of Asia, he has been deeply influenced, consciously or unconsciously by the example of its Founder. He is an admirer, if not a worshipper, of Christ, and looks, as he professes, to spiritual

weapons for the regeneration of mankind. And he comes to bring not peace upon earth but a sword.

The virtues, as well as the designs of this strange being, make him dangerous. From Mr. Landon's portrait we might imagine him a kind of Indian Tolstoy, in his professed aversion from force and his contempt for realities. But he is a Tolstoy with a difference, and he moves in a different atmosphere. The Russian prophet was content to preach and write, he detested practical politics too much to meddle with them. Gandhi translates his spiritual faith into crude and violent action or his followers do it for him. In effect his teaching is a little like Gautama Buddha's as it is like the Sermon on the Mount. He holds that all modern civilisation is a black and evil thing, and ought to be extirpated, but he confines himself for the present to that which Britain has planted in India. With England and the English he will admit no compromise ; their Government must be overturned, their institutions upset, their influence extinguished. No Indian must have part or lot with them ; their Administration must be rendered impossible by the refusal of the natives of the country to take any share in it, or, indeed to recognise it in any form. This is non-co-operation,

which is in fact, a scheme of rebellion and revolt, even if it complies with Gandhi's assumed objection to the use of carnal instruments of offence. Like most idealists, he is not strong on the logical side, and is able to believe what he wishes. It is obvious that the "Swaraj" gospel can not be spread by the spiritual arm alone. Preached among town mobs and the ignorant peasantry, it will be, and is being, supported by *lathis*, and axes, and pistols, by the stopping of trains, the wrecking of houses, by assaults on unprotected Europeans and by such other outbreaks of lawless force as are seen in Oudh and other Provinces.

Gandhi has written courteously to the Duke of Connaught to tell him that the demonstrations he is attempting to organise do not express any personal resentment, against the illustrious traveller. With the Englishman, with individual, the "Mahatma" declares, he has no quarrel; he will let him go quite peaceably if he will only be good enough to abandon India and all his work there. But in India the Briton is an excrescence, a poisoned growth, which it is a sacred duty for Indians to stamp out. That is the Gandhi creed, perilous not so much by its novelty as by the character and methods of the evangelist. Gandhi is something more than what we should call a religious reviva-

list, he is more than a saint; he is a "Mahatma" to whom semi-divine attributes are ascribed, and his appeal is not to the sophisticated inhabitants of the towns but to the villagers scattered over India in their tens of millions. He is playing upon their superstitions, their deep-seated sectarian feelings, their racial prejudices and their sheer agrarian greed. Hinduism with all its goods and rites, is invoked along with the very natural and human repugnance to the payment of rent and taxes. Gandhi works on the ryot as those other "realists", the Bolsheviks worked on the Russian peasentry; but whereas Lenin and his crew set covetousness in opposition to religion and tradition, the Indian revolutionist brings them all together. He has fomented a movement which can hardly end without bloodshed and very grave disorder. For that the Indian Government and the people of this country must be prepared.

CONGRESS AND MAHATMA GANDHI.

(By Mr. Ben C. Spoon M. P.)

The Nagpur Congress is over. Looked forward to with apprehension in certain quarters and with anticipation in others, one wonders how far it has justified either fear or hope. Columns of news-

paper comment—some informed and reasonable, some prejudiced and foolish—have been written about it. Controversy regarding its significance will continue for some time. Only the march of events will determine the wisdom or unwisdom of its decisions.

As a more or less detached participant in its deliberations it has been suggested that I might record my impressions. My sympathy with Indian Nationlist aspiration will not, I hope, unduly prejudice my judgment nor my connection with the British Labour movement disqualify me from viewing the Congress from a place above that of party politics.

SPECTACULAR EFFECT.

I understand the Nagpur gathering to be the largest ever held in the history of Indian nationalism ; indeed, it is easy to believe that it was the biggest political assembly the world has seen. Nearly thirty thousand people drawn from all parts of India crowded the pandal each day. Men and women of every social station and of every creed were there, High-caste Brahamins rubbed shoulders with "untouchables", cultured Indians mingled freely with those who have been denied educational oppor-

tunity. Doubt has been caste on the representative character of the Congress and it is unfortunately true that certain well-known Moderates indicate disapproval, of the present policy, by absenting themselves. But their refusal to "cooperate" can hardly be said to destroy the really representative composition of the gathering. Moderate opinion was there and found utterance in more than one able speech. It had however to subordinate itself to the overwhelming volume of contrary opinion. And because the tide appeared to be running strongly one way, it is as unfair as it is incorrect to allege that the Congress was solely "Extermist" in character. Those who make the allegation apparently forget that the majority of Indians under the pressure of circumstances are rapidly becoming "Extermist". In India as in Ireland, Government policy or lack of policy is driving steady, moderate men and women into the ranks of the advanced political army. At all events the Nagpur Congress showed a solidarity in purpos that is bound to impress the world. Extremism is becoming the normal and the cry "Bande-Matarm is fusing the most divergent elements in Indian life. As a spectacle the Congress was profoundly impressive ; was it not also prophecy of an India so united as to be irresistible?

MAHATMA GANDHI.

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

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

THE CONGRESS CREED.

The two vital decisions reached related to the Creed and the Principle of Non-coo-peration. Of the former one need only say that whilst it was

agreed to demand complete Swarajya and to leave the question of the Britlsh connection to be determined when that was secured, no single speech showed a desire to bring about a severance of the people of India and the people of Britain. Distinct hostility to the British Government was of course indicated although it is doubtful whether the criticisms of British policy were any more severe than those made at the Madras Conferrence of the Moderates. The fact is that the "Micawber-like" attitude of the Government has alienated *every section* of Indian opinion. The months drag by, but no attempt is made to deal with either the Punjab question or the Khilafat difficulty. Mean while the wounded self-respect of India is unhealed. If Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, the British Government and many of its representatives in this country sleeps calmly on, while the very foundations of the Empire are being destroyed. The Congress decision does not for a moment even imply a break in our association with India. What it does imply is that only by terms can that association be sccured and indeed strengthened. And those terms are equality and mutual respect.

NON-CO-OPERATION.

Personally I am not enamoured of Non-co-operation as a weapon any more than I like the Strike as a method of securing industrial reform. But some times the Strike is the only weapon available. Now what has the Congress done? It has simply reaffirmed, unanimously, its belief in the principle, leaving, in my opinion wisely, the rate of application to the judgment of the All-India Congress Committee. This latter is a deliberative body unlikely to act precipitately. It can modify or accelerate the pace as events warrant, knowing full well that, the solid opinion of the Congress is behind it. With some knowledge of the composition of the committee, I feel sure, it will not lightly engage in carrying out those parts of the program that, while weakening up the Government once and once for all may plunge India into chaos. The Congress leaders are not irresponsible fanatics lacking sense of the direction in which things are moving. They are sincere patriots, smarting under a sense of cruel injustice. Acting with a deep sense of responsibility they will undoubtedly fight to the bitter end unless the Government take that step which is necessary to the opening of negotiations on honourable terms.

UNLESS.

Unless the Government take the step ! All trust in the Government seems to have disappeared in India. Men who once were proud to work with Britain, men who still are intensely anxious to maintain the British connection have assured me that their faith in the present Government has been destroyed. Can that lost trust and shattered faith not be recovered ? And not in the interest of India and Britain alone, but to secure the peace and progress of the world. Certain preliminary conditions must be complied with. These are so well known as to need no statement here. But chief of all, the Government must drop once and for all its attitude of patronising indulgence. Indians are not to be treated as naughty children. They are a people struggling bravely to Freedom. They are led by men who in character and capacity are, to say the least, the equals of their present ruler and who have in most cases a background of religious idealism that their rulers lack. The Government, if it wishes to preserve one shred of respect, not only in India but in the wider world, if it wishes to maintain that prestige of which Britons have always been proud, must come down from its Olympian heights and mingle with the people. Theirs is the demand, theirs is the struggle, theirs shall be

the victory. If the Government is big enough to do this, it may save India, the British Commonwealth and incidentally its own soul.

BEN C. SPOOR.

GREATEST MAN ON EARTH TO-DAY.

The thing that is to me so wonderful, the thing that is touchingly beautiful, so significant of the fundamental spirituality of our people is their devotion to Gandhi. All the intelectual subtleties, and expediencies, the trained eloquence that serve the successful modern statesman go for nothing with them. They follow Gandhi implicitly, and for one reason, only—that they believe him to be a saint. To see a whole nation of different races of differing temperaments and ideals joining hands to follow a saint, that is a modern miracle and only possible in India. I don't agree with Gandhi in many things but I give him my utmost reverence and admiration. He is not only the greatest man in India, he is the greatest man on earth to-day. One of the most striking fruits of the moment is that it has practically killed the drink-trade. It is amazing

to find how people who have been tempted and lured into drinking habits give them up just because Gandhi asks them to do so. Confirmed drankards find strength through their devotion to Gandhi to entirely forego alcohal in any form. They say simply "Mahatma Gandhi forbids it" and the evil chains of a lifetime are broken. The Government are getting very much annoyed at this wholesale suppression of a fruitful source of revenue and pretend that there is some seditious implication and are persecuting many. But the people do not mind, they will go cheerfully to prison for the sake of Gandhi and Indian liberation

"The Venturer", May 1921. London
RABINDRA NATH TAGORE.

WHO IS THE GREATEST MAN IN THE WORLD TO-DAY ?

I am going to speak to you this morning upon what I hope will be the interesting question as to who is the greatest man in the world to-day. In seeking an answer to this inquiry, I imagine that all of our minds instinctively go back to the days of the Great War, and run over the names of the

men who held positions of vast responsibility and power in that stupendous conflict. Especially do we think of the great gathering of the war-leaders in Paris, in the opening months of the year 1919. Two years ago, at this time, we would all of us have agreed that if the greatest man in the world was anywhere to be found, it was in this council of the premiers and statesmen of the Allied governments. These were the men who had been tested by the most awful peril which had ever threatened the civilization of the world, and who had brought out of that peril a victory which was as complete as it was sudden. Now they were being tested by the challenge of peace—by the great problem as to how to use a victory after it has been won. And it is just here, in this most rigorous of all tests, that these leaders of the nations failed. Who can say, in view of what happened at Versailles, and especially in view of what has happened since the signing of the treaty, that any one of these men responsible for the great disaster of the peace, has any substantial or permanent claims to greatness, in the true sense of the word? Of all the men who sat in that Peace Conference two years ago, there is only one, it seems to me, who still preserves a reputation that is without serious question. I refer, of course, to General Smuts, the Premier of South Africa. General Smuts is a great man—

the only great man who is left to us to-day out of the wreckage of the war. All the rest of those leaders, who filled the world for a little time with the noise of their fame, have faded, or are fading into oblivion, never again to be restored, I believe, to the reverence of men. Ours to-day must be the cry of David, after the battle of Mt. Gilboa—"How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished !"

I turn away, therefore, from the storm of the Great War, and from the men who rode that storm to power and place ; and I look elsewhere for that man who impresses me as the greatest man who is living in the world to-day. And immediately I hit upon three men, very different from one another in origin and character, who I believe may not unworthily qualify for this position.

The first man whom I would name is the Frenchman, Romain Rolland, author of that immortal novel, *Jean Christophe*, pacifist exile from his native land during the Great War, the leading inter-nationalist in this perplexing period of the aftermath of the War. Rolland is supremely great in the field not so much of achievement as of ideals. I can best indicate my estimate of him by stating that I always think of him as the true successor, in character and influence, though not

of course in personality, of Leo Tolstoi, who was himself the greatest single moral influence produced during the whole course of the nineteenth century. Like Tolstoi, Romain Rolland lives a life of rigorous simplicity. Like Tolstoi, he unites a gigantic intellect with a soul of ineffable beauty and power. Like Tolstoi again, he lives and moves and has his being in that sublime realm of moral and spiritual idealism, where love is recognized as the perfect law of life, and the brotherhood of man as the fulfilment of this law upon the earth.

Rolland remained true to his ideal, served it with a flawless courage, and therewith did a work which marked him as a spiritual genius of the first order. If he falls short, as I think he does, it is in what we may term the realm of practical affairs. In this he does not fail ; he simply does enter at all. For Rolland is an artist, an intellectual, a man of the utmost sensitiveness and delicacy. It is difficult to conceive of him as dwelling among the trodden ways of men. He could never be the leader of a revolution, the moulder of great masses of the common people to a world-up-heaval, the builder of the structure or the writer of the constitution of a new political and social state. Rolland by the very necessities of his nature, as Tolstoi by the deliberate plan

of his life, must move " above the battle," and not in the midst of its bloodshed and afright. For Rolland is an idealist and not a realist.

The mention of the contrast between the idealist and the realist, brings me to the second name. I refer to the Russian, Nicholai Lenin, premier of the Soviet Republic, a man who weilds a greater degree of personal power than any other man in the world to-day. We may think him the vilest monster alive upon the earth to-day, if we so choose, but there stands the fact of his greatness all the same. This man moves among his contemporaries like a giant among pygmies. He is at the moment the centre of the world's life. The affairs of the race moves round his central figure like the rim and spokes of a wheel about its axle. I am not at all sure but what in future ages, this present period, which has followed upon the close of the Great War, is destined to be described by historians as the age of Lenin, just as we speak to-day of the age of Elezabeth or of Louis XIV.

If we would seek for evidence of the surpassing greatness of Lenin, we have only to cite the testimony of those who have seen him and studied him at close range. At first, he seems to make little impression upon those who meet him, for

his personal presence is evidently one of utter insignificance. He does not look like a hero, he does not walk the stride of a hero. The only thing impressive about Lenin's appearance, so far as I can judge, is his head, which is that of a stupendous intellectual genius. Aside from this single feature, however, Lenin's presence is apparently as unimpressive as his bearing is modest. That Lenin is a great man, however, is admitted by everybody who has seen him.

What moves all these persons who have seen or studied Nicholai Lenin, to speak of him in laudatory terms, is undoubtedly the consciousness of the stupendous things which this man has accomplished during the last three years. His deeds are almost unparalleled in history. In the first place, he has beaten back upon every front, the attacks bruoght against him by the enemies of Russia at home and abroad. Army after army has been organized and led against Moscow, only to be destroyed by the "red" armies fighting without resources, in a distracted. country, and amid a starving population. It is the fashion these days to compare Lenin with Robespierre, Danton and Marat, the leaders of France in the bloody days of the "Reign of Terror." The true comparison, however, is with Carnot, the great war minister, who raised the

levies of the Revolution, and hurled back triumphantly the invading armies of autocratic Europe.

Secondly, Lenin and his commissars have saved the civilization of Russia from the utter collapse which was threatened, and is still being threatened, as a result of the catastrophe of the Great War. What happened in Russia in 1917, was only what would have happened in France had the war continued another year, and in Great Britain had it continued another four or five years. The first revolutionary government which succeeded the Czar, tried to control the situation, but ignominously failed. Then came Kerensky, who likewise failed. Then came Lenin, who put his mighty shoulders beneath the toppling fabric of the state, and had thus far prevented it from failing. That Russia is not to-day a realm of utter chaos, that its cities are not empty, its railroads streaks of rust running across vast wastes of desert country, its people swarming hoards of wandarers trooping madly to the west in search of food—all this is due more to Nicolai Lenin than to any other single force in the world to-day. If H. G. Wells is right in his surmise that the fate of Europe is identical with the fate of Russia, I venture to prophesy that the time will come when this man will be remembered not as a destroyer, but as the savior of the social structure of civilization.

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

These are the deeds of a man of the first order of practical genius. If Lenin falls short anywhere, and I am certain that he does, it is in the field of moral idealism. He seems to be absolutely devoid, not in character but in thought, of everything that we mean by ethical or spiritual principle. He boasts of the fact that he has no religion but lives contentedly in the realm of materialism. He denies that that there is any such reality as a moral law to which it is proper or necessary for him to give acknowledgment. What we ordinarily describe and recognize as a system of ethics, calling for the allegiance of all right-minded people, he regards as an artificial code created by the strong, and imposed by them upon the weak for the better protection of their property and privileges. To Lenin's way of thinking, anything

is right that serves the class interest of the workers ; by the same token, anything is wrong that delays or hinders the emancipation of the workers. In his activities as leader of the proletariat and chief executive of the Soviet Republic Lenin acts upon exactly the same law of necessity which holds sway upon the field of battle. Like the soldier, in other words, he does anything which it is necessary to do in order to defeat the enemy and thus clinch victory for his cause. " The end justifies the means !" Lenin is seeking a great end of human redemption and social liberation ; any means which are necessary for the attainment of this end, are justifiable in the period which must intervene before men are ready and able to reach the goal. It is this realist point of view of life which explains the extraordinary contradictions in Lenin's career. Thus Lenin is a democract ; but he sustains one of the most absolute tyrannies that mankind has ever known. He is not a terrorist, and yet he carried through the six weeks of the " red terror " with ruthless severity. He is not a militarist, and yet he has builded on the foundation of universal conscription, the most powerful and successful military machine in the world to-day. What we have in Lenin is a phenomenon which has never before appeared in history, so far as I know—a reformer of unques-

tioned personal integrity, rigorously pure in private character, simple and unpretentious in his ways of life, devoted to the ideal of a better world, seeking nothing for himself and everything for his fellow-men, and yet a man arrogant, autocratic, stern, hard in outline, untouched by any softness save a love for children. At bottom, there is nothing gentle or lovely about this man ; he suggests only the strength of granite, and the coldness of steel.

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

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

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

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

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

Gandhi was born some fifty odd years ago in India, of a rich, clever and cultivated family. He was reared as the sons of such families are always reared, possessed of everythtng that money can

* The author does not know the full name of the Mahatma correctly.

buy and the imagination of devoted parents can conceive. In 1889, he came to England to study law. He took his degree in regular course, returned to India, and became a successful lawyer in Bombay. Already, however, he had found that religion was coming to have dominant place within his life. Even before his journey to England, he had taken the Jain vow to abstain from wine, flesh and sexual intercourse. On his return to India, his asceticism increased. Finding that money was inconsistent with his ideal of spirituality, he gave away his fortune to good causes, keeping only the barest pittance for himself. Later on, he took the vow of poverty, and thus became, what he is still to-day, a beggar. Later still he became converted to the doctrine of non-resistance, which he calls "the root of Hinduism," and therefore abandoned the practice of the law as "a system which tried to do right by violence." When Gilbert Murray saw him in England in 1914, he ate only rice, drank only water, and slept on the bare boards of wooden floor. "His conversation," says Professor Murray, "was that of a cultivated and well-read man, with a certain indefinable suggestion of saintliness." Gandhi was indeed become a saint. He had deliberately swept out of his life every last vestige of self-indulgence, that no slightest desire of the flesh

might stand in the way of devotion to his deals. From early in his life he was a man apart, with every last energy of soul and body dedicated to the service of humankind.

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

In South Africa, in the early nineties of the last century, there were located some 150,000 Indians, chiefly in the province of Natal. The presence of these aliens had led to a situation very similar to that now prevailing in California as a result of the influx of the Japanese. The color question, in other words, had become acute, and the South African Government determined to meet it, first by forbidding the immigration of any more natives from India, and secondly by expelling the Indians who were already there. This last, it was found, could not legally be done ; it violated a treaty, was opposed by Natal where industry was dependent upon cheap " coolie " labor, and was objected to by the Indian Government. The first proposal, of course, could easily be met by the passage of an exclusion act. At once began a long and bitter struggle. The whites of South Africa, baffled in their desires, did what the

whites in all parts of the world have always done under such circumstances—namely, persecuted and outraged those whom they detested as so-called inferiors. Systematically they undertook to make life in South Africa as miserable an affair for all Indians, especially those above the labor class, as malice and cruelty could provide. Thus, these Indians were burdened with special taxes; they were forced to register in degrading ways; their thumb-prints were taken as though they were criminals; they were publicly insulted and discriminated against. In cases where the law could not be conveniently utilized, the South African whites did what we do so proudly here in America —organized patriotic mobs, to loot, burn and lynch. Nothing was left undone to harry these unhappy Indians, and drive them in wretchedness and horror from the land.

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

he began his fight against the Asaitic Exclusion Act, and won it, in the face of most bitter and unfair opposition, on grounds of constitutionality. Then came the terrific battle for equitable political and social recognition—a struggle faught from beginning to end with the weapons of passive or non-resistance. Not once in all the years of the protracted struggle, was there resort to violence, or yielding to the temptation of retaliation and revenge.

Acting as the leader and counsellor of his people, Gandhi founded a settlement in the open country, just outside the city of Durban. Here he gathered the Indians, placed them on the land for self-support, and bound them by the solemn vow of poverty. Here for years these organized thousands of resisters, suffering constant deprivation and frequent outrage carried on their struggle against the government. It was in essence, I suppose, a strike—a withdrawal of the Indians from labour in the town and villages, and a paralysis, therefore, of the industrial and social life of the republic. It was such a strike as Moses declared in ancient Egypt, when he led the Israelites out of the land of Pharaoh into the vast reaches of the wilderness. But this strike, if it may so be called was in one thing different from any previous strike

in human history. Universally in movements of this kind, the resisters make it their business to take quick and sharp advantage of any difficulty into which their opponents may fall, and press their claim the harder for this advantage. Gandhi however, took the opposite course. Whenever, in these years of struggle, the Government became embarrassed by unexpected troubles, Gandhi, instead of pushnig the fight ruthlessly to victory, would call a truce and come to the succour of his enemy. In 1899, for instance, the Boer War broke out. Gandhi immediately called off his strike, and organized an Indian Red Cross unit, which served throughout the war, was twice mentioned in despaches, and was publicly thanked for bravery under fire. In 1904, there came a visitation of the plague in Johannesburg. Instantly, the stirke was "off" and Gandhi was busying himself in organizing a hospital in the pest-ridden city. In 1906, there was a native rebellion in Natal. Again the strike was suspended, while Gandhi raised and personally led a corps of strecher-bearers, whose work was dangerous and painful. On this occasion he was publicly thanked by the Governor of Natal—and shortly afterwards, on the resumption of the resistant movement, thrown into a common jail in Johannesburg ! It would be impossible for me to tell this morning the indignities and cruelties which were visited upon Gandhi

during these years of intermittent resistance and forgiveness. He was thrown into prison countless times, placed in solitary cofinement, lashed hand and foot to the bars of his cage. He was again and again set upon by raging mobs, beaten into insensibility, and left for dead by the side of the road. When not outraged in this fashion, he was insulted in public mortified and humiliated with the most exquisite pains. But nothing shook his courage, disturbed his equanimity, exhausted his patience, or poisoned his love and forgiveness of his foes. And at last, after twenty years of trial and suffering, he won the victory. In 1913, the Indian Case was taken up by Lord Hardinge, an imperial commission reported in Gandhi's favour on nearly all the points at issue and an act was passed giving official recognition to his claims. I know of no more astonishing illustration of a battle own by doing no wrong, committing no violence, but simply enduring without resentment all the punishment the enemy can inflict, until at last he becomes weary and ashamed of punishment!

The second period of Gandhi's life began in 1913, and is at this moment in the full tide of its career. This period, of course, has to do with the great revolutionary movement in India, which

had been slowly developing during his years of absence in South Africa. Immediately upon his return, he took the leadership of this movement; but in 1914, with the outbreak of the war with Germany, suspended all operations against English rule. To strike at England at such a moment, he contended, was to strike her in the back; and it was as reprehensible to strike a nation in this cowardly fashion, as to strike a man. Throughout the war, therefore, Gandhi gave enthusiastic support to the Empire in every way not inconsistent with his religious ideals.

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

In the first place, it is a movement directed straight and hard against English rule in India. There is no concealment of Gandhi's determination to free his people from the injustice and cruelty

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

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

Secondly, Gandhi's movement is a revolution

which has no place for force or violence of any kind. "Non-violence" is its most conspicuous motto and slogan. For Gandhi, as we have seen, is a non-resistant ; and in India as in South Africa, will win his victory by peaceful means, or not at all. "Violence," he says, "whatever end it may serve in Europe, will never serve us in India." We must fight our battles with cleaner weapons, on a nobler plane of combat. Thus, "we (must) meet their ungodliness. We (must) meet their untruth by truth; we (must) meet their cunning and their craft by openness and simplicity; we (must) meet their terrorism and frightfulness by bravery and patient suffering." Further, he says, "We must bring no violence against those who do not join our ranks"—how well were it, if Lenin practised this rule of conduct ! And he adjures his followers to hold "every English life, and the life of every officer serving the Government, as sacred as those of our own dear ones"—think of what it would mean to Ireland if Sinn Fein observed this precept ! "As soon as India," says Gandhi, "accepts the doctrine of the sword, my life as an Indian is finished. Then India will cease to be the pride of my heart."

In advocating thus the policy of non-violence, Gandhi takes pains to emphasize that he is not doing this because the Indians are weak. On the

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

At bottom, of course, Gandhi advocates and practises non-resistance because he thinks it right. "The true thing," he declares, "for any human being on earth, is not justice based on violence but justice based on sacrifiee of self." Again he says, "Non-violence is noble and right.....Forgiveness is more manly than punishment. Forgivensss adorns a soldier." It is from this pcint of view, I take it, that Gandhi refers to his movement as "this religious battle!" He is insistent, however, that non-resistance is not only right but expedient. It is the one sure way of attaining a triumph

that will endure. "The condition of success," he says, "is to ensure entire absence of violence." Again, "India might resort to destruction of life and property, but it could serve no purpose. You need but the one weapon of suffering." Such truth is obvious to any one, says Gandhi, who understands the laws of a universe which is spiritual. "If we would realize the secret of the peaceful and infallible doctrine, we will know and find that we will not want to use even an angry word when they lift the sword, we will not want even to lift a little finger."

Non-violence, however, is not enough. Non-resistance means something more than mere acquiescence in suffering. It must have a positive or aggressive policy—and it is this which Gandhi provides in what he calls "non-co-operation." To all his followers, Gandhi recommends refusal to co-operate in any of the political or social functions which are essential to the continuance of British rule in India. He urges that the Indians boycott everything English, and thus paralyze the whole English system of control. Thus, he advises that his countrymen refuse to sit on the local Councils; that native lawyers refuse to practise in the courts; that parents withdraw their children from the schools; that title-holders give

up their titles. On the occasion of the recent tour of the Prince of Wales, he urged all Indians to refuse welcome or recognition to the royal visitor. Even a boycott of English goods is under consideration, but of this Gandhi voices his disapproval. Such policy, of course, if effectively carried out on a large scale, would destroy English rule in India; it would little by little bring paralysis to the government as the hemlock brought inch by inch the chill of death to the limbs of Socrates. "The peacefullest revolution the world has ever seen" would be triumphant.

Lastly, as the crown of his great movement, Gandhi seeks the moral and spiritual regeneration of India on the lines of Indian thought, Indian custom, and Indian idealism. This means the exclusion, so far possible, of the influence of the west, with its industrial slavery, its materialism, its money-worship and its wars. The first step in his endeavour, is to wipe out the barriers which divide the Indians from one another, and make them one great united brotherhood. Thus, he seeks the obliteration of caste distinction and religious differences; Mohammedan must live peaceably with Hindu, and Hindu with Mohammedan. Then must come a leadership of mankind in ways of peace and amity. "I belive absolutely," says Gandhi, "that India has a mission for the world."

His idealism, therefore, transcends the boundaries of race and country, and seeks to make itself one with the highest hopes of humanity. My religion" he cries, "has no geographical limits. If I have a living faith in it, it will transcend my love for India herself."

Such is Mahatma Gandhi ! In this great spirit, he lives among the people. As he moves from city to city, crowds of thirty and even fifty thousand people assemble to hear his words. As he pauses for the night in a village, or in the open country-side, great throngs come to him as to a holy shrine. He would seem to be what the Indians regard him—the perfect and nniversal man. In his personal chracter, he is simple and undefiled. In his political endeavors, he is as stern a realist as Lenin, working steadfastly toward a far goal of liberation which must be won. At the same time, however is he an idealist, like Romain Rolland, living ever in the pure radiance of the spirit. When I think of Rolland, as I have said, I think of Tolstoi. When I think of Lenin, I think of Napoleon. But when I think of Gandhi, I think of Jesus Christ. He lives his life ; he speaks his word ; he suffers, strives and will some day nobly die for his kingdom upon earth.

Do you recall how it is told of Jesus, that one day, as he was journeying, he heard his disciples

quarrelling? And he said, "What were ye reasoning on the way?" And they said they had disputed, who was the greatest. And Jesus said, "If any man would be first among you, let him be the servant of all."

John Haynes Holmes

GANDHI AS LEADER

Gandhi is not an "intellectual." We were perfectly aware of that before the opening of the present session of the National Congress at Nagpur. We had heard of the fact deplored by some as detracting from his value as a leader, by other cited as a reason why he could not be accepted as a guide at all. But what is an intellectual? Usually we believe, a person who attaches quite undue importance to his own attainments and watches, and expects the world to watch, his own intellectual gymnastics with amazement and delight—a lover of conundrums and subtleties which only irritate the highest type of mind, a person who may excite and entertain but cannot really move the multitude, much less control it. The strongest impression

left upon a profoundly interested witness of the proceedings of the first few days at Nagpur is that of Gandhi's intellectual superiority. His speech on Tuesday in the Congress was a masterpiece of pure thought, the kind of thought whtch is acceptable to peasant and philosopher alike, but not to those whose minds have been perverted by a false convention and the text book claptrap of the schools. He has restraint. His statement was a statement for all time. The speeches which followed, though good speeches by good men, suffered the fate of anticlimax by comparison ; and Col. Wedgwood's flippant and uncalled-for outburst jarred on everyone. Supporters and opponents of of Mahatmaji alike suffered from the unavoidable comparison in the minds of the audience; and the unfortunate intellectuals, it seemed to us, were conscious of shortcoming without recognising it like a singer who sings on although his voice is flat. We have heard but few words from Gandhi. Others have spoken at great length and cleverly. But we are always conscious of the white cap there beside the President, the small bowed figure and the patient smile are there among us, if for a moment they are absent we feel that the mind has gone from the assembly; and it annoys us to observe from the remark or the demeanour of a neigh-

bour here and there, that some people are not aware of it as we are. They call him the Mahatma, the great soul, but pityingly. They do not know that mind and soul are one, that unrestrained facility of speech is not the sign of intcllectual greatness and that those who keep an open mind when right and wrong are in dispute give proof of intellectual, no less than spiritual weakness.—

(Bombay Chronicle.)

GANDHI, THE MYSTIC.

An extraordinary man has arisen in India.

The other day a New York divine astonished the city with an anthem in praise of a revolutionary leader of India, M. K. Gandhi, whom he compared to Christ. The name of Gandhi had been heard at intervals linked with the rather enigmatic non-co-operation movement in India, but no suggestion put forth to Indicate that a new Titan had arisen. I went questioning.

Three rooms, two for offices and one for a library in a building on Broadway south of Fourteenth Street, are the headquarters of the Friends of

Freedom for India. Two Hindus courteous, and cultured sat at desks; a dark-eyed giarl worked at typewriter.

I was told that little was known of Mahatma Gandhi, even among the East Indians in America save that he is a saint whom the millions of India revere like a second Buddha, and who aspires to lead the old land of Asoka and Akbar to freedom and glory. I could go into their library, among books, pamphlets and Far-Eastern newspapers, and find much political writing about Gandhi, but little that was personal. However, there was a gentleman coming to the office presently who had just come from India and knew Mahatma Gandhi and had seen his marvels. I waited.

The man from India came, a short slender Hindu with a scrubby mustache and the black, supersensitive eyes of his race.

"Do you know Gandhi personally?"

He made a deprecating gesture, and spoke like one starting a holy thesis.

"I do not know Gandhi personally. No one knows Gandhi personally He is too great, too high."

That was the motive that sounded endlessly in his talk, an impassioned mystic reverence for the saint which I gathered, was the feeling of the millions of

India, from the drudging laborers on rice plantations to the Hindu graduates of English universities. The figure of Gandhi appeared not that of an earthling of bread and salt, but of a holy one on a shining height, and recalled the ascetic who walks in penance and truth and behind whom trail worshippers by thousands, a picture forever known to India. Said my informant:

"He is a small man, very thin. He eats only fruits. His head is shaven. His voice is strong. He is always ill. Hardships and prisons have broken his health. When he speaks to the people he remains sitting on a chair like one very old, though he is not much past fifty. He uses no oratory and pretends no miracles but commands the multitudes by the power of unselfishness and truth."

My informant spoke with smiles of quiet exultation.

The sharp contact with Western reality came in the fact that this new prophet of India entered upon his manhood as a lawyer before the courts in London. Still history reads a rational progression.

He was born the son of a Prime Minister at the court of a native prince in the Bombay presidency, was given all the schooling that India could offer

and was sent to England to complete his studies. He specialized in law, took a degree and became associated with a British firm of solicitors. He was sent to South Africa to conduct a case on trial there. That was twenty years ago.

An anti-Asiatic movement was afoot in Cape Colony. A great number of East Indians had been brought in as labourers, and now, through local prejudice and the agitation of the South African trades-unions, laws were passed against them. They were forbidden to own land, were segregated and placed under various humiliating restrictions. They protested, but were strangers and helpless.

Gandhi was prosecuting his case before the Cape Town courts, was beginning what he thought would be a career of eminence in British jurisprudence and the legislative administration of India. The wrongs of his fellow Hindus in the colony engaged his compassion, his sense of justice and his racial pride. He became their defender and led them into a course of passive resistance, a refusal to work for or have any dealings with the South Africa.

The Boer war came, and Gandhi enjoined his followers to yield. A strike behind the lines in wartime, he said, would be equivalent to an act of

violence. With the return of peace he again preached his nagative rebellion. He was thrown into jail and his wife and son, with him.

In prison he continued his non-violent recalcitrance even to the extent of a refusal to take food—a hunger-strike It is said that Gandhi was the first to practice that mode of revolt against imprisonment which has made European sensations in recent years. He was forcibly fed and kept in confinement for two years, and it broke his health. After his release he continued his agitation, and ended by formulating the principle:

It is impossible to gain rights for East Indians outside of India, so long as the Indians of India are ruled as a subject race.

He conceived of a grandiose non-violent revolt of India against the British Empire.

All the passivity and endurance of the East lay in his doctrine. It was not new. The boycott was known in the Orient. It is one of the first manifestations of Asiatic quietism matched with Occidental agressiveness. It has long been preached as India's best weapon against England. In his plan Gandhi amplified the boycott into a complete gospel of non-co-operation. It should be a sin for a Hindu to use British made or handled articles.

It should be a sin for Hindus to work for British employers, or serve England in any manner, or for a Hindu to have recourse to the British courts, or accept British protection.

It should be a sin for a Hindu to pay taxes to England, except when compelled by force. With the acceptance of these tenets by the Indian masses, the position of the Viceregal Administration at Delhi would become imposible, the British-India Army would melt, and the English be glad to leave India to itself. And so India would de-Europeanize itself and return to his ancient culture.

This was Gandhi's vision. He renounced Western dress and manners and returned to India to realize it.

The World War had come. Again Gandhi delayed his preaching. With peace, strikes and riots broke out in the province of Birbar (the writer obviously means Behar) among the indigo-plantation-workers. Gandhi went with his gospel of non-violence and non-co-operation. The uprising was quieted but non-co-operation began.

Gandhi carried his propaganda throughout the length and breadth of India. The country was full of discontent and small insurrections. Gandhi's principles of quietistic revolution, backed by his manifest personal sanctity and abnegation,

suited the temper of the Hindus better than a general armed uprising, and the devotees of non-co-operation began to number hundreds of thousands. Islam in India, despite the old hostily between Mohammedan and Hindu, embraced the movement, angered by harsh treatment of Turkey in the Treaty of Sevres. And last year non-co-operation captured the previously Moderate All-India National Council, and Gandhi became the first man in Hindustan.

To-day, I was told, three millions of East Indians have pledged themselves to non-co-operation, and the doctrine is spreading in the Sepoy army. Gandhi holds that only three years more will be necessary to organize all India firmly to non-co-operation, and the Delhi Administration, will no longer be able to function. He believes, in profound idealism, that with the millions of India in earnest in the spirit of non-violence, the British too will be swayed by that spirit and will become India's friends and allies.

The British Indian Government hampers the spread of the non-co-operation movement as much as it can by preventing mass meetings and imprisoning minor leaders, but it has left Gandhi free. The saint holds a position like that of Tolstoy in old Russia. Apropos of this it is said that Gandhi

corresponded with Tolstoy in the years past, and perhaps was influenced by the Russian sage, who likewise preached non-violence.

My informant told me of Gandhi's most recent triumph.

"The Prince of Wales was to visit India during his tour of the British Dominions. India now was quiet—it was menacingly quiet in the spell of Gandhi and non-co-operation. The dignitaries in London did not understand and advertised the Princes Indian parade. Gandhi issued a mandate that wherever the Prince appeared in India every Hindu should turn his back on him. The Indian Administration, learning this, cancelled the Prince's tour. It was announced that His Royal Highness had been called home by his Imperial father and that the Duke of Connaught was coming in his place. Gandhi planned that the Duke's ceremonial disembarkation at Calcutta should be transformed into a demonstration for non-co-operation.

"On the day when the Duke landed at the port Gandhi too came into the city. The Duke paraded through one section of the town. Gandhi held a mass meeting in a park in another section. The Duke's procession went through empty streets. Shops were closed, Houses were deserted. Every body had gone to hear Gandhi.

"In the centre of the swarming throng they placed a table and on the table a chair. Mahatma Gandhi was raised on to the table and sat on the chair, and preached to the thousands the doctrine of non-co-operation."—*World Magazine" New York (May 22).*

PROSPER BURANELLI.

INDIA OLD AND NEW.

PEACE OR A SWORD.

Many and strange are the ways of a Mahatma who embarks in politics and many and strange the electioneering tactics devoloped in an election campaign, when the whole aim and object of one political party is not to gain votes for candidates of its own, but to prevent the elections from taking place at all, or at least to make them look ridiculous by refusing to take any part in them and by preventing the electorate, by persuasion or intimidation, from recording any votes for the candidates put up by its opponents.

When the elections for the new Councils took place in the United Provinces, Mr. Gandhi arrived

at Allahabad, two days before the polling to throw the whole weight of his mesmeric influence into the scales for Non-Co-operation. The Extremists had prepared the ground for him in the rural districts by an intensive agrarian propaganda against the landlords and they had put it about that the Mahatma was coming to lead a great onslaught upon them. Arrangements were made for a mass meeting of the peasantry at Partabgarh, the centre of the agrarian movement in Oudh, some 30 miles out from Allahabad, and it was finally announced to take place on the Monday afternoon, i. e., on the eve of the polling—an astute move which would make it impossible for many of the voters attending it to tramp back to their homes in time to record their votes on the following day.

Immense crowds, estimated at 30,000 to 35,000 gathered to-gether from far and near to worship the Mahatma and hear his message of deliverance to the oppressed tillers of the soil. Motoring out with Mr. Shaukat Ali and others of his Mahomedan retinue—for Non-Co-operation does not include any boycott of Western forms of locomotion—he was welcomed with boundless enthusiasm and much waving of Swaraj flags. He spoke at great length and with all his prophetic fervour.

The next day showed how potent his spell could be. I drove out to a polling station in an important village about 15 miles from Allahabad on the road to Pertabgarh. It was about noon, and only a few creaking bullock carts and "the foot-fall mute, of the slow camel"—neither of them suggestive of a hotly contested election—disturbed the drowsy peace, which even at this season of the year falls on the open country when the fierce rays of the sun pour down out of the cloudless sky. Here, at a roadside shrine, a group of brightly-dressed village-women were trying to attract the attention of a favourite god by ringing the little temple-bell. There some brown-skinned youngsters were driving their flock of goats and sheep into the leafy shelter of the trees. But the fields, now bare of crops, were lifeless, and the scattered hamlets mostly fast asleep.

When we reached the big village—almost a small township—of Soraon, there was still nothing to show that this was the red-letter day in the history of modern India which was to initiate her people into the great art of self-government. Only the little Court house, we found, had been swept and garnished for use as a polling station .

WHERE THE BOYCOTT SCORED.

Inside, the presiding officer with his assistants sat at his table with the freshly-printed electoral roll in front of him and the voting papers to be handed to each voter before he passed into the inner sanctuary in which the ballot-boxes awaited him. But from 8 in the morning till past 12, not a single voter had presented himself out of over 12.00 assigned to this polling station, nor did a single one present himself in the course of the whole day. Nowhere else was the boycott quite so effective.

This was clearly already known to Mr. Gandhi when I had an opportunity in the evening, of meeting him at the house of an Indian gentleman whom I have known for sometime past—Mr. Motilal Nehru, one of the few amongst his disciples, who has made great worldly sacrifices to follow his call.

Mr. Gandhi professed to have no doubt that his followers could have swept the board at the elections had he not enjoined the supreme duty of Non-co-operation. But would any victory at the polls, he asked, have provided such an imposing demonstration of the will of the whole nation to Swaraj as the deliberate abstention of the vast

majority of the electorates created to delude the Indian people with mock assemblies, predestined from their birth to slavery, had not Indian patriotism been manful enough to destroy them before their birth ? I ventured to warn Mr. Gandhi that, even if Non-co-operation proved more successful than still seemed to be likely either in regard to the elections or in other matters the British public whom he chose to ignore might see in the "imposing demonstration" merely a proof of India's unripeness for democratic institutions. But argument is difficult with a visionary whose mind moves on such an elusive plane as Mr. Gandhi's.

In one of my earlier letters I attempted to describe from his writings and speeches and from the evidence of those who believed as well as of those who disbelieved in him, what manner of man Mr. Gandhi is and what is the sort of gospel he is preaching to-day all over India. After spending more than an hour with him here I have little to add or to withdraw. Of his earnestness and sincerity no one who listens to him, can enterain much doubt, nor of his child-like simplicity if he can persuade himself that all those hehind and beside him are inspired by his own idealism.

BACK TO THE VEDAS.

With a perfect command of accurate and lucid English, and in a voice as persuasive as his whole manner is gentleness itself, he explains, more in pity than in anger, that India has at last recovered her own soul through the fiery ordeal which Hindus and Mahomedans had alike undergone in the Punjab, and the perfect act of faith which the Khilafat meant for all Mahomedans. Not, however, by violence, but by her unique "soul-force" would she attain to Swaraj, and purged of the degrading influences of British rule and Western civilization, return to the ancient ways of Vedic wisdom, and to the peace which was hers before alien domination divided and exploited her people.

As to the form of government and administration which would then obtain in India, Mr. Gandhi would not go beyond a somewhat vague assurance that it would be based on the free will of the people expressed by manhood suffrage, for which Indians, he assured me, were already fully ripe if called upon to exercise it on traditional Indian lines. When I objected that caste, the key-stone of Hindu-social and religious life, was surely a tremendous obstacle to any real democracy, he admitted that

it would have to be relieved of many deplorable excrescences, but he upheld the four original castes as laid down in the Vedas, and even their hereditary character; though in practice some born lower-caste might always rise by their own merits and secure the respect of "the highest caste," just as for instance, I may in all modesty, quote my own unworthy case, the highest Brahmanas spontaneously bow down before me to-day, though by birth am only of a lowly caste."

I tried to get on to more solid ground by urging that whatever views one might hold as to his ultimate goal, the methods he was employing in trying to break up the exsiting schools and colleges and paralyse the Law Courts and all the many administrative services on which the healthy and peaceful everyday life of the people depends, were destructive rather than constructive.

No (he rejoined)—and I think I can convey his words pretty accurately, but not his curious smile, as of infinite compassion for the incurable scepticism of one in outer darkness—no, I destroy nothig that I cannot at once replace. Let your Law Courts, with their cumbersome and ruinous machinary and their alien jurisprudence, disappear, and India will set up her old Panchayats, in which justice will be disposed in accordance with her inner conscience. For your schools and colleges

upon which lakhs of rupees have been wasted in bricks and mortar and ponderous buildings that weigh as heavily upon our boys as the education-all processes by which you reduce their souls to slavery, we will give them, as of old, the shaded groves open to God's air and light, where they will gather round their gurus to listen to the learning of our forefathers, that will make free men of them once more.

Not that he would exclude all western literature —Ruskin, for instance, he would always welcome with both hands—nor Western science, so long as it was applied to spiritual and not materialistic purposes nor even English teachers, if they would only become Indianised, i. e; be reborn of the spirit of India.

A STRANGE ALLIANCE.

Mr. Shaukat Ali sat all the while beside him, and there could be no more striking contrast than his great burly figure and heavy jowl, his loud voice and rather truculent manner, and even his more opulent robes, embroidered with the Turkish crescent presented to the slight ascetic frame and mobile features of the Hindu dreamer draped in the simple folds of his white home-spun. Parhaps Mr. Gandhi read what was passing in my mind when

I asked him how the fundamental antagonism between the Hindu and the Muhammadan outlook upon life was to be permanently overcome even if, for the moment, a common cause and I ought, I suposed, to add, a common enmity held many Hindus and Muhammadans to-gether as never before. He pointed at once to his "brother" Shaukat as the living proof of the change of hearts in the two communities.

Has any could ever arisen between my brother Saukat and myself, during the months that we have now lived and worked together! Yet he is a staunch Muhammadan and I a devout Hindu. He is a meat-eater, and I a vegetarian. He believes in the sword ; I condemn all violence. What do such differences matter between two men in both of whom the heart of India beats in unison ?

I turned to Mr. Shaukat Ali and asked him whether, according to Muhammadan doctrine, at least in the extreme form in which the champions of the Khilafat professedly hold it, the world is not divided into two parts—Dar-ul-Islam or world of Islam under Muhammadan rule, and the Dar-ul-Harb, or world of war in which infidels may rule for the time being, but only till the hour has struck for the sword of Islam to subdue them. To which of these two worlds would India belong when she

has attained to Swaraj? Mr. Shaukat Ali evaded the question by indignantly repudiating the notion that under Swaraj Hindus would ever do any wrong to Islam but he admitted that if they did, the Mahomedans who could never renounce their belief in the sword—and it was because Turkey was the sword of Islam that they could not see her perish or the Caliphate depart from her—would know how to redress their wrongs.

I wondered, as I withdrew, how long that particular Mahomedan would keep his sword sheathed. Even now did he not feel that his own personality or that of his brother, Mahommad Ali, would count for very little without the reflected halo with which the saintliness of Mr. Gandhi's own simple and austere life, so different in every way from their own, has at least temporarily invested them ? This much must, indeed, be said to Mr. Gandhi's credit, that his constant reproval of violence, though, as we know from last year's experience not always effective, has probably done not a little to restrain his Mahomedan allies from giving a free rein to the turbulent proclivities of a large section of the Mahomedan masses behind them.

Sir Valentine Chirol.

INDIAN NATION-HOOD AND MR. GANDHI.

We are a constant and careful reader of Mr. Gandhi's paper *Young India* and however much we may differ from its political anticipations, we can not but admire the sturdy virility that informs its pages. We do not belive that the Indian people's readiness for independence can be measured in lakhs of rupees, that whereas they are not ready for Swaraj with the Tilak Fund standing at forty lakhs, they will be ripe for it when it will reach a crore ; but we do beleive that if Mr. Gandhi succeeds in hammering his psychological ideals into his countrymen, there is not a nation on earth that will dare to lay hands on the Indian people.

Had India been Christian, India would have stood free long ago, for the Catholic sacramental system is a source of soul-force no human conception could ever rival. But of its human substitutes, Mr. Gandhi's system is certainly the best, and it were mean to close one's eyes on its beauty.

It tells the Indian to build his nationhood on the strength of his character rather than on that of his weapons ; to keep his hands off what he

considers evil, to respect his inferiors, to honour manual labour, to be sober, self-reliant, self-possessed not to claim respect but to command it; to refuse to submit to the materialism and industrialism of the West and above all to sink his virtues into his politics.

What, however, we fail to understand is Mr. Gandhi's promise of Swaraj for to-morrow certainly before the Indian has done with his schooling; and what we hope Mr. Gandhi will gradually aim at is the Swaraj of the French Canadian who, without surrendering an atom of his dignity, can still remain within the British Empire.

—The Catholic Herald of India.

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MAHATMA GANDHI AND MODERN CIVILISATION.

(*From the Modern Review*)

An article has appeared in the public press, concerning Mahatma Gandhi's views, which has one signal advantage. It is a candid and self-revealing document. It shows, with remarkable

clearness, what the author's own views are with regard to civilisation and progress, in contrast to those of Mahatma Gandhi.

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

The answer runs as follwing:—

"A veritable dog's life !"

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

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

There is a world of meaning in that one phrase about the 'comforts,' which I have italicized. Life bccomes a veritable dog's life—when? When we cannot have our own motor-cars and all the comforts, which modern civilisation brings in its train.

This view is becoming more and more the practical outlook of those who are called the educated classes in India chiefly owing to the prevalent conditions of life under which we spend our days. But have we ever stopped to consider, what these motor-car-comforts of the few imply in actual practice, for the many ? Mahatma Gandhi has again and again referred to the poverty,

vice and misery of our great modern cities. We cannot separate these evils from the wealth and comfort of those segregated areas where the rich and educated live. We have to go to the slums to understand the full significance of modern civilisation.

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

I have myself, often aud often, watched Mahatma Gandhi, in the heart of the great city of Durban, in the south Africa, with hundreds of poor indentured Indian men and women and children about him. Apart from his aid, these poor labourers might have been driven back to work on the sugar plantation at starving wages while the asbentee shareholders, with their motor-car-comforts, were reaping their unearned increament out of this servile labour. I have dwelt with Mahatma Gandhi in the Indian "location" at Pretoria, and in other different places where the Indian poor people,—the washermen, the vege-

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

We have not been able to live this life, men who own motor-cars and all the comforts of modern civilisation; but poor people all over the world are asking the insistent question,—'why should we the poor, starve, why should we have to pay the price for such luxuries of these".

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

Let me repeat my one point, for the sake of absolute clearness. These slums of our great

cities all over the modern world,—these areas of squalid, disease-striken poverty,—are the dark side of the picture of the comforts of our present civilisatton. They cannot any longer be banished out of sight and forgotten, while the rich enjoy their luxuries. They appear to be the inevitable consequences of the whole capitalistic system. And so long as that system, which is bound up with civilisation, as we use the word to-day, cotinues to operate, this slum-poverty will continue to operate also. This is the plain and open indictment of 'civilisation', that is being made not merely by a Ruskin, or a Tolstoy, but by nearly all the sanest thinker of the present age in the West;—by men as different in temperament as Romain Rolland and Kropatkin, as H. G. Wells and Anatole France.

Furthermore, this same capitalistic civilisation, which is now running riot over the whole world, has not been a growth of the modern age alone. It has swept over the earths' surface many times before, like some fell disease, leaving decay and ruin and death, behind whenever it has come to the full.

There was a civilisation of Pharaoh in Egypt, which manufactured, on a large scale, comfort and luxuries of the few, while the multitudes sweated and starved. But one man, who loved

the poor among his own people, named Moses, stood out against the court of Pharaoh and threw in his lot with the oppressed Hebrews. For this reason, to-day, while the names of all the Pharaohs are forgotten, this one man is honoured, by Christians and Musalmans alike, as a Prophet of God.

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

But turning from these wealthy cities with their gold and marble, their luxury and banqueting,

he spoke his message of peace and sympathy to the poor :—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We pass rapidly down the centuries to the Byzantine Empire with its centre in the luxurious city of Constantinople, and its emporiums at Alexandria and Antioch. Wealth on the one hand and servile labour on the other were eating like a canker at its heart. And in contrast to all these in far distant Arabia we see one who lived the life of the desert, the life of the open air amid bracing poverty and a freedom from luxury of any kind whatever,—Muhammad, the Prophet of Islam. Men have wondered at the marvellous advance of the "Arabian" adventurers, as they swept forward to the conquest of Syria and Egypt. But their secret lay in the simplicity of their life, their power of joyful endurance of hardship, their new found brotherhood of faith in God, untainted by the luxury of the Byzantine Civilisation and unstained by its servile misery. They came, not merely as conquerors, but as redeemers.

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

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

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

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

Those who regard all the comforts of modern civilisation as necessaries,—if man's life is not to be "a veritable dog's life,"—can hardly appreciate the bracing atmosphere which a man breathes, when all these outword comforts are abandoned and the soul of man is set free. The Great Renunciation of the Buddha under the Bodh tree, the Ultimate Faith of Muhammad in the cave, are acts of joyous victory. They reveal spiritual powers which, in the average man, are as yet almost wholly undeveloped. They have a strength

and an inspiration which is of of infinite value. And Mahatma Gandhi is bringing home to us this truth in singular and unheard-of ways. His voice with its strange accent, appears to me to be strikingly in harmony with ihe voice of Jesus of Nazareth, who said,—"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

"God is with us."—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."—This is the same eternal, word of Truth which each new age of faith brings back once more, with living power, to the heart of mankind.

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

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

Let us be careful, when we find ourselves rejecting the madness of a Mosses or a Muhammad

or a Buddha or a Christ. Let us not forget, that history has finally proved their madness to be the very Truth.

Insistent voices are calling to us do-day, both in the West and in the East. They tell us plainly that merely to build up another civilisation like that of Rome, out of the oppression and servitude of the poor is to court the same disaster which over-took Rome itself. They tell us,—these prophetic voices—that we must turn resolutely away from the choking, stifling un-natural and artificial atmosphere of our own age and go back to the bracing air of the desert which nourished the simplicity and faith of Muhammad and his early followers; to the fields of Galilee and the open sky beneath which Jesus of Nazareth taught his first disciples the love of God to mankind; to the forest hermitages of ancient India where the true nature of the spirit within man was first revealed; to the viharas of the Buddhist monk's, where men learnt to return good for evil and to have sympathy with all God's creatures.

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C. F. ANDREWS.

GANDHI : INDIA'S SAINT.

India is drifting into anarchy. To understand what is now happening in India one must first understand Mahatma Gandhi, and then the state of the clay which he is moulding. The Saint or Mahatma has India at his feet ; the *intelligentsia* differs from him in private rarely in public ; property differs from him and trembles ; the Government, any Government, differs from him (because he goes to the root of all Government), and thinks it best to—wait.

The last time I saw him he was sitting cross-legged on a mattress on the floor, eating a dish of rice, and surrounded by a semi-circle of squatting disciples. All he wore was his small white convict cap and a pair of coarse white trousers. "Why have you not brought Mrs. Wedgwood ?" said he. On the whole, I was glad I had not, for I know few things more unpleasent than being perched upon a chair, in boots, when all around are silent strangers on the floor.

Gandhi specializes in giving up, in reducing his wants ; his recreation is fasting, and making

his disciples fast. He looks so physically frail and weak and small that one could carry him as one does a child, and he makes one feel like that towards him. He is as serious as any child, and as pure. All this has captured India. One does not feel it blasphemous to compare him with Christ ; and Christ, too, one suspects gave infinite trouble to reasonable and respectable followers. For Gandhi is a philosophic anarchist—a new edition of Tolstoy's past, and a Tolstoy who has long since subdued Nature and shrunk into simplicity.

He tells me that when first he came to London he took lessons in dancing and elocution to fit himself for the polite world. But he is a Jain peculiarly averse to taking life; and while still a child, he had already found the efficacy of non-resistance ; he now came upon Ruskin's "Unto this Last," and the dancing lessons ceased. A loathing of civilization, especially Western civilization, grew up. He read Tolstoy's "The Kingdom of Heaven is Within you," and it fitted in. In South Africa, in the early years of the century, he was still nominally a lawyer, but practice died out, and instead the gaols of the Transval and Natal began to be full of his disciples. The last cure for oppression by Government is to be completely indifferent to whatever Government may do. Non-recognition of

law, non-co-operation with the State which is the embodiment of civilization, was born in South Africa. It is a terrible weapon, but it can be used only by those who are prepared to lose all. That is a condition which is just beginning to be understood by Indian Nationalists, and they are beginning to be shy. It does not deflect the Mahatma. Three times he was gaoled; once he was left for dead, murdered by his own followers for imagined treachery.

In South Africa, too, he wrote his first book "Indian Home Rule," and sketched the same scheme. If you would destroy English rule, you must go to the root—cease to use the schools and law courts, refuse to plead, go to gaol gladly. "The Western civilization has corrupted you. Cast it out—by non-co-operation." But he is not so much interested in destroying Western rule as Western civilization, Western wants, and the parasitic work of towns. Such cotton clothes as he has are hand-spun, hand-woven; and hand-made. His food (when not fasting) is too simple to create fear of gaol fare. [Only, he does use a high-powered motor and the railway train (third class), and the Philistines jeer !]

All this shows why he has such a hold on India, the land of resignation, and also why the fear of him grows too. He takes the

students away from the colleges without asking the parents' leave, saying, " Follow me." Education may be a universal need, but educationalists are a Western product, and they squirm. Pandit Malaviya will even fight for his child, the Benares University. Parliaments and Councils are the machinary of Western government. " Do not join them !" and the Indian politicians, exasperated by Punjab Martial Law, give up them, too, and hand the Councils over to the Moderates. They do not like it, but they obey. I fear he tolerates Democracy as little as Autocracy on account of their last two syllables. Only he cannot get the lawyers to leave their practices or officials to leave their posts. Only—Gandhi himself is not mighty enough to destroy Western civilization, even by precept and practice, or by his hold on the masses crying, " Mahâtma Gandhi ki jai "—" to Gandhi the victory," —though that victory lead them they know not where. Gandhi alone is not enough to drive India to anarchy. There are his allies, the Moslem fanatics; and there is Government, which, for fear of prestige dare not apologize.

The Saint's allies are not of his own sort. Saukat Ali is his stable companion, and Saukat Ali, once a cricketer and now a fanatic, seven

feet high and five broad, in a great green cloak and a high, white astrachan cap. Saukat Ali is a likable, big bluff, hearty man, when you meet him, but his ideas of the virtues of passive resistance are hardly skeen deep. He works up the Moslem "Ulemas" and "Peers". and procures "fetwas" and get the whole of religious fanaticism boiling. He calls the mixed crowed "brothers", but the only brothes he recognises are brothers in the faith. The Sultan of Rampure (his native State) has taken from him his family, his goods, and home. He has lost all except his sixteenth century faith. "Tell the Goverment that I am too fat to run," he says to those who warn him of imminent arrest.

A revision of the Serves Treaty will hardly appease Saukat Ali. For him the British are kafirs for whom there is no place in India. And the strength of the non-co-operation movement is among the Moslems. It is the Moslem collages that the students have deserted or captured. It is the Moslem seats on the Council that find no electors or candidates. It is the recalcitrant Moslems who feel the first and full weight of the social boycott. The Hindoos, writhing under memories of Martial Law, understand neither the man nor the cause, and are a little nervous of the whirlwind, while the Saukat and his brother,

Mahamed, would even stop cow-killing to cement the alliance and remove the rule of those who have trampled on the Khalifat and on the people of God.

The clay in the hands of these men is India.

—COL. WEDGEWOOD. *The Nation* (London).

APPRECIATION OF MAHATMA GANDHI.

" It is only India that knows how to honour greatness in rags " said a friend to me one day as we watched Mahatma Gandhi, cleaving his way through the assembly at Lucknow last year. For surely the sudden appearance of Saint Francis of Assisi in his tattered robe in the fashionable purlieus of London or Milan, Paris or Petrograd to-day were scarcely more disconcerting or incongruous than the presence of this strange man with his bare feet and coarse garments, his tranquil eyes, and calm, kind smile that disclaims even when it acknowledges a homage that emperors cannot deny.

But India, though she shift and enlarge her circumference, age after age, keeps true to her spiritual centre and retains her spiritual vision undimmed and eager to acclaim her saints. Let us

not follow the conventional mode of the world and wait for a man to be dead to canonise him; but rather let our critical judgment confirm the unerring instinct of the people that recognizes in Mahatma Gandhi lineal descendant of those great sons of compassion—Goutama Buddha, Chaitanya, Ramanuja, Ram Krishna. He is not less than they in his intensity of love, his sincerity of service and a lofty simplicity of life which is the austere flower of renunciation and self-sacrifice.

There are those who impatient and afraid of his idealism would fain ignore him as fanatic, a more fanciful dreamer of inconvinient and impossible dreams. And yet who can deny that this gentle and lowly apostle of passive resistence has more than a militant energy and courage and knows, as Gokhale says, how to ' mould heroes out of common clays ?'

Who can deny that this inexorable idealist who would reduce all life to an impossible formula, is a most vital personal force in national movement and the prophet of National self-realisation ? He has mastered the secret of real greatness and learnt that true Yoga is wisdom in action and that love is the fulfilling of the law. (Foreward to Mahatma Gandhi.—Ganesh & Co.) Sarojini Naidu.

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GANDHI AND TAGORE.

AN AMERICAN OPINION.

We in America know that Dr. Tagore cherishes nothing but veneration for Mahatma Gandhi, and looks forward to Swaraj, because we know that Dr. Tagore believes in freedom for India; but from his three letters in the "Chronicle" reprinted from the 'Modern Review' (May), one might get the idea that he was in disagreement with Gandhi—and wished for something more than "rejection," something more positive.

Every true lover of humanity must believe with Dr. Tagore that no nation of the earth can work out its own salvation by detaching itself from the others. Thousands of Americans— members and friends of the Friends of Freedom for India and others—who believes in world peace based on justice and liberty are anxious to serve the cause of Indian independence because they believe that India under the leadership of prophets like Gandhi and Tagore has much to contribute to present-day civilization.

POWER OF "REJECTION."

Dr. Tagore himself has admitted the strength of the power of "Rejection" as a preparation for something higher—by giving up his title long before Non-co-operation became the vogue. Gandhi simply says *that this rejection must be practised on a large scale*—that it must be nation-wide! He sees that the iron of subjection that England has driven into the soul of India must

be removed before she can make her full contribution to world politics and world culture. Only the surgeon (as Mr. Andrews puts it) can accomplish this result. The knife that he is forced to use, is Non-co-operation, an instrument that can cut to save as well as to kill.

Gandhi saying Leviticus-like " Thou shalt not expect the broken and plundered and tortured to live side by side with their persecutors. It is confusion, it is abomination"—would accept rejection and make temporary use of it in the form of Non-co-operation in order to free his people from the alien rule that is sapping the moral and spiritual energies as well as destroying the material potentialities of the Indian people. In the spirit of constructive good will, he says to the people of India—refuse to help England to make you dependent, to make you a " conquered nation." Then after you are free, open your arms to the English. Like Tagore, he too would have his country " offer the great idea " to the world—the idea of harmony and co-operation among all peoples, but he says that only after India becomes a free nation will she be able to do this.'

N-C-O NOT A NEGATIVE POLICY.

After reading what Gandhi has to say on the subject of Non-co-operation, we in America, cannot see it merely as a negative policy, but a policy that advocates at once both the rejection of slavery and the achievment of Swaraj,—the latter being the positive part of the programme. " Rejection, is only one part, acceptance—the building up a free, virile, independent India—is the other part, and these two parts are

inseparable. The "rejection," a phase of the Non-co-operation movement may be compared to the clearing of a swamp which is spreading malaria—thus removing the cause of the plague so that a beautiful stream of clear water may flow through and vitalize the people. The positive side of the movement seems to us to be the crowning success of the whole programme. It has given India a new psychology of action—the will to live as a free nation, to create arbitration courts, to build up the Panchayat system to start new schools, to revive Indian industries, in short to hope and plan for a better life, new life, and more life for the down-trodden masses of India.

WHAT IS NON-CO-OPERATION.

This Non-co-operation movement, as we see it, is a call to the Indians not to co-operate with present environment, in order that they may build a new one, through co-operation with all that is inherently constructive in Indian national life. In short, Non-co-operation is a call to India to return to itself, and it is bound to result in the creation of a free Indian state to supersede the present dependent state wherein is being destroyed all that makes for human freedom and dignity. More than that it must result in taking the British people themselves from under the thraldom of Imperialism and all the injustices that it connotes ; and in the end we hope it may rescue the whole world from the toils of a system of exploitation that is as widespread as it is vicious and demoralizing —a system which has shaped a civilization (?) that permits a general acceptanee of the idea that it is right for an individual to exploit another.

individual—for a nation to exploit another nation for profit! And a civilization that permits the acceptance of an idea, that encourages Child and Mother labour, that believes in the inferiority of certain races, that sets its scientists at work to discover the means of destroying human life, that makes Money its God and tacitly accepts a caste system founded on dollars and cents, a civilization that defends and supports and glorifies war—such a civilization deserves any condemnation that may be pronounced upon it.

MODERN CIVILISATION.

Gandhi sees far more clearly than do most of us in the West, that the logical result of such a system is War, which is destructive of the true civilization. He understands that as long as India pays financial tribute to England she is but strengthening the power of an Imperialism that—more than any other factor to-day—is a standing menace to the future peace of the World. Moreover he sees that unless and until India can cut the connection through which her vitality is drained away for the support of her oppressor, there can be no recovery of self-respect and manhood and independence—no possibillty of an Indian nationality to a degree that should make the world ready to accept or even to listen to any message, it should

send forth. That India has such a message, who, that has read her history, can doubt? We cannot conceive that he desires a splendid isolation for his great country. He realized too well the truth that has been expressed so beautifully by Dr. Tagore himself,—in the words "—the meeting (of the East and the West) will be all the more fruitful, because of their differences, leading both to holy wedlock before the common altar of humanity."

GANDHI AND TAGORE WILL AGREE.

We in America are convinced that Mahatma Gandhi and Tagore are agreed on all these points as they are agreed that India must have complete independence. Is this not the time then for Dr. Tagore to proclaim to the people of India and to the world that he is with Gandhi? Has not the time come for Dr. Tagore to work side by side with Gandhi to build up the structures of a free India, to draw out the real self of the nation, and—more than all—to break the power of alien rule that is sapping the vitality of a great people? The present status of India points inevitably to the destruction of its physical body and spirituality as well. Gandhi would stop this—Non-co-operation will stop this—it is the only means to the desired end. This much should be clear, for co-operation with the British Government

means a continuance of such "destruction." Co-operation with that Government is as unthinkable now, as it will be advisable and necessary in the future after India has proved its worth and taken its place in hierarchy of nations. It seems inconceivable that Dr. Tagore could at present co-operate in any way with an alien government which aims to degrade his people, thwart their desire for self-expression and ultimate freedom,—a government that passed the Rowlat Act and precipitated the massacre of Amritsar. And we hope that he is saying to-day, and that all India is saying with him and with that great soul and fine Christian—Mr. Andrews:—"Our duty,—the duty of us who are ordinary people is to use to the full, the God-given opportunity when it comes."

For, as he well says, only with an inner spiritual power like that of Saint Gandhi, can the vicious be broken and the soul of India be set free.

Such a one as Gandhi comes at long intervals to this planet, and then when humanity is in dire need! Let it not be said of him in the future—as the clear visioned Christian of to-day must sadly say of Jesus of Nazareth—that he came, before his people were ready for his teaching and leadership!

B. WATSON. (New York. July 4.)