THE ARYAN PATH

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

—*The Voice of the Silence*

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RELIGION
THE SPRING OF SOCIAL CONDUCT

The influence of religion on social conduct is recognized by everyone as important. That that influence has not been wholly good is also acknowledged by all thoughtful men. But the fact that religion is different from theology, foreign to ecclesiastics, distinct from sacerdotalism, is not very generally recognized and the sins of theological polemics, of ecclesiastical exclusiveness and of sacerdotal ritualism are visited upon religion. Similarly fanaticism, bigotry and dogmatism are supposed to be products or associates of religion while in truth they are born of irreligion. Thus, in Christendom, the religion which Jesus preached and exemplified is supposed to be that which the many churches who quarrel in his name are upholding. The churches have never seriously and sincerely tried the preaching and the practising of the religion of Jesus and today when people speak of the failure of Christianity they often overlook the fact that the churches have failed and failed badly to exert an enlightened influence on the people of Christendom, and that the Light of Christ has never been allowed to shine save and except by a very few individuals in their own personal lives. This view is implicit in the able review, of an important volume, which Mr. John Middleton Murry contributes to this issue of THE ARYAN PATH.

Coming nearer home, to India, we should enquire if here too the genius of religion is not wholly misunderstood. This land of a million shrines, this country where all the great religions of the world have followers, and whose most ancient culture is philosophical and mystical, this country also is overrun with theology, ecclesiastics and sacerdotalism. One may well pause to enquire—is all that is called religion really religion? Or is it more often the manifestation of that which is the reverse of religion? Are not men mistaking ritualism for religion, just as they mistake Kama-atman, the passion-self, for Paramatman, the Divine Self? To what extent is it true of India, as it is true of Christendom, that priestcraft, the organized trade of the purohits, the mobeds, the moulanas, the padres, is

exploiting the religious feeling of the human heart and leading it astray? The priest class does not set out to lead human beings astray, but in effect it does so, endeavouring to maintain its hold on the mind of the people.

Who can doubt that in India religious exploitation takes place on a very large scale? How else can we explain the *Gita*-loving and the *Gita*-reverencing Hindu community upholding for long years the practice of untouchability? How else can we understand the phenomenon of the Parsi community—called so often an "enlightened community"—accepting superstitions of ritualism as truths of religion? The hold of the priest class on the Muslim community is even stronger than on the others, inasmuch as education has penetrated less among the masses of that community, but here, too, the reaction has been setting in and is growing, and, tired of superstitions, of rites and of ceremonies, the intelligent are discarding the life of religion.

From one point of view the priest has ever been the opponent of the prophet. Modern men, mistaking the priests for faithful exponents of the prophets' teachings, have rejected religion. Many such men have become crass materialists and even atheists; only a very few among them have been true rationalists, holding in their hearts the value of the sublime virtues—sacrifice, altruism and philanthropy. Very large numbers of the former class have taken to sensuous living—we do not mean evil living, but living in terms of the senses, using the physical brain which they fancy each man to be, and nothing more. India, following in the wake of Europe, is also evolving this class of sense-living folk who have thrown away the *Gita* and the Upanishads in driving the purohit out of their homes; many Parsis who have rightly closed their doors to *mobeds* have wrongly discarded the practice of noble thoughts, true words, good deeds; the "emancipated" Muslim has little use for the mysticism of the Sufi and the Dervish; and so on.

Just as some people insist on industrializing India on the Occidental plan so there are those who would like to see India religiously developed along mechanistic and materialistic lines. That this is a fatal policy is sensed by only a handful. Among the educated class here no more than elsewhere, does that which Mr. John Middleton Murry calls "the religion of the new society" find a proper channel, for men and women consider political action and social reform to be basic and religion to be the progeny of these parents. In truth religion is the source; if people would only study with care the history of human thought it would not take them long to perceive that religious ideation creates, sustains and transforms society. Just as modern knowledge reverses the fact and calls human soul the product of the fleshly sensorium instead of the creator of the latter, so also it values socio-political action as the primary cause and religion as the secondary product.

A man's religion is the expression of his soul, but that religion must not be mistaken for the creed of his body, which creed is imposed upon him by the family into which that body is born. It seems very necessary that the Indian masses should be taught to distinguish between the Inner Faith of which man is made and the outer creed in which he acquires sundry beliefs. Without this starting-point we are apt to go wrong in India in the sphere of philosophy and religion, as we are going astray in so many other fields, following the pattern of the Occident.

Religion is the way of life but that way has to be walked by the light of Wisdom which mellows the mind and of sacrifice which illumines the world of actions.

THE MIRACLE OF SIKHISM

[**Sir Jogendra Singh** prefaced the discourse which we print here, originally delivered as an address at a conference, with a disclaimer of qualifications for historical research, "as the problems which confront us from day to day have always provided me with ample food for thought and study". He has, however, devoted much effective effort with pen and voice to acquainting the world with the religious and social contribution of the faith promulgated by Guru Nanak and his followers. His latest book is *Sikh Ceremonies*, published by the International Book House, Bombay.—ED.]

Some one has said, "A historian is a prophet with his face looking backwards". This cannot be true. The study of history would fail in its purpose if its light afforded no guidance for planning the future.

The search for facts has its value but things are not always as they appear to be. We only see what our "self" represents; the seeing eye lacks photographic accuracy. Scientific research, if it could lift the veil and reveal not only the course but also the cause of national upheavals, would discover invisible and irresistible forces of which facts are an imperfect expression. The historians of our times do not find it easy to patch together the story of twenty years ago. Today, when unpalatable events are unrecognisable in the garb in which the skilled purveyors of propaganda present them, the difficulties of sifting the truth are even greater. Future historians may have to search in vain in the gilded ore for nuggets of gold. The art of telling the truth is at a discount. Historians will collect and classify according to their predilections and will produce pictures which, seen in silhouette, will represent projections of their own minds.

Looking backwards, what do we find in the art gallery of historians? Paintings of marching armies, of battles won and lost, the delineation of towns and villages conquered and laid waste, portraits of kings, good and bad, with their deeds as a background. This is what our historians have saved out of the darkness and oblivion of the past.

This afternoon, I do not propose to join them by reviewing the march of events or by wearying you with dates and names. In the search of simple truth I have emptied my memory of much which in early years I carefully stored. I will, however, try to give you an impressionist picture, based on the history of my own community, of the influence of faith and heroism on the development of a people and, in doing so, will trace in outline in my humble way, the rise, the arrested development and the future hope of the Sikhs.

It is one of the most remarkable phenomena of human society that it moves only under an urge or an impulse which a prophet or a great leader communicates to it. Its movement has something of the tidal wave about it. It moves forward with a great rush and then gradually recedes. Sikh History began with the coming of Guru Nanak in the fifteenth century of the Christian era. He appeared in a small village not far from Lahore. There was nothing mystic or majestic about this village which stood completely isolated from all the centres of ancient culture. From this ant-hill of a village came a great

teacher who gave a new religion to India, if religion can be called new, for truth is as old as God Himself and yet as new as the dawn of a new day.

It is said that with his coming the mist of disbelief disappeared and the sun of truth shone again. Historians may not believe it, scientists may shake their heads, but it is none the less true that as soon as he could express himself, he began to deliver his message. He expounded to the Pandit who came to teach him and to invest him with the sacred thread, that "a sacred thread should be spun out of the cotton of charity into the thread of contentment and, twisted with the thread of self-denial, such a thread alone can hold the mind in restraint". To those who believe in prophets there is nothing strange about it. A prophet speaks from the certitude of his soul; he needs no assistance from ancient literature or from the groping of the intellect which passes for philosophy. Indeed, only those who know God can speak about Him.

I will not weary you with a narration of the events of Guru Nanak's boyhood, manhood and old age, though every act of his, from his youth until his departure from this mortal world, has its own significance and meaning in the making of Sikh History.

Guru Nanak wandered forth from his village, carrying his message to the farthest corner of India; he even visited Mecca and Medina. Wherever he went, he touched the hearts of men with truth and called forth faith in One God, awakening sleeping souls to godliness. Wherever he went, the mist of disbelief melted away, superstitions and mere formalities could not endure the sunshine of truth. With the awakening of the soul the sense of fellowship gained in strength and with that gain came the courage to fight all tyrannies, social and political.

He declared that he was neither a Muslim nor a Hindu; indeed, he affirmed that true Hindus and Muslims were rare, but that wherever they existed, they were bound by the closest links of brotherhood, as the sons of One God. The true test of a religious man, according to him, was not his profession but his acts. He held that without purity of body and mind and a sense of brotherliness godliness was beyond the range of attainment. He did not aim at proselytizing but wanted men to live the religion that they professed. On the banks of the Ganges and on the holy soil of Mecca, he revealed that the temple of those who worshipped God was the universe itself. Men gathered round him as thirsty travellers gather round a spring.

Such was the success of his mission that when he died Muslims and Hindus divided the funeral sheet, the former to bury and the latter to cremate it, as his body, by a strange miracle, had resolved itself into the elements and could not be found. Those who feel interested will find in *Thus Spoke Guru Nanak*, which I compiled, some of the sayings of this great teacher.

It is thus that the History of the Sikhs began. The seed of God's name, sown by Guru Nanak, was nursed by his nine successors, who in some strange way reflected the spirit of Guru Nanak; the Guru Granth Sahib, which enshrines the hymns of all the Gurus, speaks with one voice—the voice of Guru Nanak.

Meditation on God and his Name transformed simple villagers into wise and heroic men. Whatever the world may think, said Bishop Berkeley, he who

hath not much meditated upon God, the human soul and the supreme good may possibly make a thriving earth-worm, but must indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman.

The disciples and devotees of the Gurus grew strong in devotion by meditation on God and human good and, as they gained in unity and in strength, the authorities in Lahore became nervous at their increasing power—the inevitable consequence of the launching of a new spirit on the stagnant waters of this vast subcontinent. Guru Arjan and his followers extended the hand of true fellowship to men of all creeds and classes, but the ruling powers saw in the new religion another heresy and a danger to established order. Guru Arjan, the fifth in succession to Guru Nanak, was hauled up for trial by the Governor of Lahore. He was offered the option of renouncing his religion or forfeiting his life. Guru Arjan, without hesitation, gave himself up as a non-violent offering on the altar of freedom of thought and worship and suffered martyrdom. He had to show his disciples by the only way that carries conviction, namely, by setting an example himself, how to replace self-regarding instincts by a resolute will to sacrifice. The soul which is not master of itself is not fit for freedom.

Most of the followers of the Guru were drawn from the fold of Hinduism, which fails because it draws its followers to no single centre. In it every one can seek and follow his own belief. Sikhism draws the heart to one God and those who believe in One God become of one mind and are inspired by a sense of unity and by the will to act together for the common good. I feel that, if non-Muslim India had accepted Sikhism as some other Asiatic countries accepted Islam, India today would have been self-governing and a power for good in this troubled world.

The strength of a people is in their readiness for sacrifice and suffering. Those who cannot follow the path of sacrifice must submit to slavery. By his silent suffering Guru Arjan communicated to his followers the secret of power. His successor, Guru Har Gobind, added the sword of earthly power to the spiritual sword and gave battle to the Imperial Armies with success. This is an event of deep significance in Sikh History.

The scene changes. Guru Teg Bahadur, the ninth in succession, occupies the seat of Guru Nanak. There comes to him one day a deputation of Pandits from Kashmir. They plead that a heavenly voice has told them to repair to the Guru and that, if some pure soul gives his life for their sake, they will be saved. The young Guru Gobind Singh, still in his teens, steps forward and says, "Who but you, dear father, can help the helpless?" A new light shines in the Guru's face. He knows his hour has come and he prepares himself for the great, the final, act. A few days afterwards we find him at the gates of Delhi; he is persecuted and tormented beyond measure. Bhai Gurditta, his devout follower, can endure his sufferings no longer. "Permit me", he cries, "and I will destroy this Empire!" "How did you get this power?" asks the Guru. "At your feet", replies the disciple. "Touch my feet", commands the Guru. Bhai Gurditta does so and finds that his power has vanished.

The Guru in this way tells him that men of God cannot interfere with the working of Divine Law and must submit joyfully to it. He allowed his

bodily garment to be broken but his spirit nerved his followers to fight the tyrants with the weapon of their own forging.

It was Guru Gobind Singh, his successor, who decided to organise his followers into two classes—the Civilian Sikhs and the Warrior Singhs, the Civilian Sikhs forming the basis of the community and the Warrior Singhs its protective shield. Those who came into the fold of the Khalsa came from all castes and classes. The menial and the depressed classes took an equal share both in the Civilian and the Warrior sections with men of higher castes.

It was thus that Anandpur witnessed the miracle which transformed lowly devotees into men of action. There was a great assemblage of Sikhs. The musicians were playing and singing hymns. The Guru suddenly rose from his seat and demanded, "I want the head of a Sikh!" As he spoke, his sword flashed out of its scabbard. The Assembly was struck dumb, the music ceased, but a humble Sikh stood up saying, "All is thine, my master. Need'st thou ask for what is thine? Do thy will." The Guru took him inside a tent which had been pitched for the purpose, killed a goat and with his sword dripping with blood appeared and asked for the head of another disciple. A second disciple obeyed his command; he took him into the tent, killed another goat and asked for a third disciple. He repeated the demand till five Sikhs had followed him. Then he appeared with the five radiant with joy and exclaimed, "Behold the beloved immortals!" He baptised them as warriors and then asked them to baptise him, thus becoming not only the Guru but also a disciple himself. Henceforward, he declared, Guru Granth Sahib was the Guru and in all temporal matters the Khalsa itself had the power of decision.

Even when fighting the Mughal armies, he retained the confidence of his Muslim friends. He proclaimed the unity of God in words which admit of no misinterpretation: that God is one; that mosque and temple are His; that Puja and Nimaz are the same; that difference arises from the distinctive ways of thought and action which prevail in different countries. He aimed at welding Muslims and non-Muslims into a nation. Alas; his dream still remains unrealised!

Another scene in the drama of Sikh History opens. We find Guru Gobind Singh opposing the might of the Mughal Empire at Anandpur. We see him, when hard pressed, marching out and taking shelter at Chamkaur. We find him again standing with upraised arm and proclaiming, when his four sons laid down their lives in the cause of freedom and independence:—

> I have sacrificed my four sons
> For the sake of these thousands.
> What matters it if four are gone?
> May these thousands live!

All alone, he leaves Chamkaur and then we find him at Mukhtsar, asserting his freedom. The question of defeat and surrender does not arise. Even when his followers desert him, he remains unconquered and unconquerable. Then we see him again in far-off Hyderabad on the banks of the River Godavari, pitching his tent for the last time.

Guru Gobind Singh passes away, leaving a rich heritage behind, rich in selfless service for the Motherland, rich in its faith in the future, rich in the ideals of realised nationhood. He left a following of hard, but God-fearing men, thirsting for action and animated by a

true sense of duty, devotion and discipline.

The will to victory that Guru Gobind Singh awakened animated them. A small band started back from Nander to the Punjab and fought many a victorious battle. They opened a new chapter in the History of the Sikhs—a chapter no less resplendent in the realisation of truth than in the realisation of power. This group of wise heads and brave hearts gathered strength and confidence as they opposed the armies of their opponents. They formed themselves into bands and learned to obey their leaders, thus slowly acquiring all the attributes of a disciplined army. These bands were called Misals and consisted mainly of horsemen who lived in their villages but who, at the call of their leaders, came together and marched under the Guru's banner.

It was a great life that the early Sikhs lived ; they fought to help the weak and the distressed ; they prayed morning and evening and wielded their swords in the name of God. They greeted each other with " The Khalsa belongs to God and to God is the victory." They were true as tempered steel. The common life they lived, sharing fearlessly common perils, strengthened the ties of brotherhood and helped in the evolution of a democratic constitution. All important matters were decided in a Gurmata or Council of Elders, generally held in front of the Akal Takhat at Amritsar.

The followers of Guru Gobind Singh, disciplined in sacrifice, shared with each other their poverty and their wealth. They regarded money as his who could use it, spend it or give it away. Guru Nanak himself had shown that the most profitable bargain was to feed the hungry. Every evening the Khalsa prays :—

> Grant us the gift of true discipleship,
> The gift of discipline, the gift of discrimination,
> The gift of trust and faith in each other
> And above all the gift of Thy Name.

The Khalsa invokes the congregation to

> Meditate on the deeds of those
> Who wielded the sword in defence of the defenceless,
> were blind to the faults of their brothers,
> surrendered their all for the Dharma.

The prayers are offered with malice towards none and with charity for all ; and the blessings of God are called down on the whole world.

The early Sikhs framed rules of conduct and enforced discipline for leaders and camp-followers alike. Even Maharaja Ranjit Singh, at the height of his power, was hauled up for a breach of discipline.

Nations must have leaders just as any army must have officers. The Sikh leaders upheld the highest ideals of democracy but did not believe in a fictitious equality of unequals. The jathedar was held in the highest respect and invariably obeyed.

The Sikh Misals were dominating the Punjab when young Ranjit Singh appeared to unite and to lead them. In the words of Shah Mohammad :—

> Young Ranjit Singh came,
> And with force of arms he conquered from Kashmir to Kangra.
> His coin circulated everywhere.

Then there came a change. Continuous success contaminated the mind of the Khalsa. Greed for power replaced hunger for service. Sikh Sirdars began to fight amongst themselves ; the gatherings at Gurmata no more exhibited the true spirit of Sikhism, but imported into their deliberations considerations other than those of selfless service. The Khalsa rose to power when it fought to end all tyrannies. It lost all along the

line when the microbe of self-aggrandisement infected the community.

Some people hold that the Sikhs lost more than they gained by coming under the sway of a single ruler and that his autocracy killed the democratic constitution. They forget, however, that Sikh Misals, fighting with each other, were in no position to take united action in offence or defence. Even if victorious in the field, they could not establish a good, just and generous government for the whole province.

Maharaja Ranjit Singh held the disruptive forces in leash. With his death anarchy prevailed. The panth destroyed its own leaders. Each regiment had its own Army Council—a kind of Trades Union Executive—which sapped the discipline of the Army. It lost the inspiration of ideals which had converted the humble and the meek into dauntless warriors.

The Khalsa made one final stand against the British and Sikh soldiers and fought—even when betrayed by their own Government and their own leaders —with gallantry which won the admiration of the British, but, for the time, the sun of the Khalsa had set.

I now come almost to the beginning of our own times.

For me, history has only one meaning. It is like a beacon on the road of life but, alas, there are not many who profit by its light. Men grope their way as if its rays cast no light on the path. Sikh history has much to teach our nation builders. The Maulanas and the Mahatmas can find in it the way to power. There are examples in it of Ahimsa which are unparalleled and of gallant defiance of tyranny which have rarely been equalled.

The British Government not only won the Sikh Wars, but they won the hearts of the Khalsa ; they established a rule of law and recruited the Civil and Military Services on the ground of personal merit. They lightened the burden of taxation. I remember seeing the instructions which Lawrence issued to his Settlement Officer. He told them to assess low ; he did not aim, by introducing a sliding scale, at scooping any small benefit that a rise in prices might bring to the primary producers. Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria proclaimed equality of treatment for all—irrespective of caste, creed and colour. The Khalsa found that the ideals of the Gurus—justice, tolerance and freedom—were to some extent followed by Her Majesty's Government. It was this which formed the link of Anglo-Khalsa co-operation. It inspired the Khalsa to fight on almost all the far-flung battlefields of the Empire. Those ideals and those standards have vanished. The India Act of 1935 buried the British tradition and signed away the Divine Charter which had conferred on the British the great trust to lead India from poverty to power. In the name of protection of minorities, sanction has been given to divisions in the Legislatures, the Cabinets and the Services. The result is that the British administration itself is in liquidation.

This is, however, a digression ; the impact with Western thought awakened a new spirit of enquiry. The sons of the Khalsa eagerly searched for the causes which had brought about its downfall and had worked towards its disintegration. They discovered that Hindu superstitions and practices had slowly invaded Sikh homes and were undermining the foundations of belief in one God.

It was then that the Singh Sabha Movement was started to rid the Khalsa of these debilitating influences. The Khalsa College was founded and the upper classes sent their sons to the Chief's Aitchison College. Government then recognised the need of helping the higher classes to take their share in the making of a new India.

It was due to the Singh Sabha Movement and to its success in bringing back the community to the source of its spiritual strength that the Khalsa again gained in purity and in power and displayed its will to sacrifice and to suffer in the Gurdwara Movement.

The work of reforming the community continues. Many well-meaning persons, under the urge and stress of modern times, are attracted by new solutions of social problems. They are beginning to find that materialism inspires the new creeds and that politicians control these movements. *The socialism of today promises rewards according to the need and not according to the value of works. The Guru's socialism depended on the conversion of the heart, a willingness to share with others the fruit of one's own labour.* The Guru's commonwealth provided for disciplined action with definite responsibility to God. The new creeds own responsibility neither to God nor to man.

At the invitation of my friend, Sirdar Sampuran Singh, I paid recently a visit to Nankana Sahib. I watched the crowds which gathered during the day in the streets, and in the evening in the vast courtyard of the Gurdwara listened to hymns and speeches. Here the spirit of Guru Nanak prevailed. A Muslim musician discoursed on the greatness of Guru Nanak to a Sikh audience which enjoyed the discourse in unbroken silence. The crowds in the streets were physically fit and, if properly led, capable of surmounting all difficulties. I came away with the impression that the Khalsa will live and make history.

In conclusion I must apologise for my ignorance of the science of history, but it appears to me that historical events are but the expression of the spirit. The times change but the spirit is unchanging. This is the reason why history repeats itself. The human mind soars to heaven and falls again to earth owing to its own limitations. Destruction and reconstruction succeed one another in endless continuity. I have, therefore, dwelt on the spirit of the Khalsa and on how that spirit was awakened. I believe in the power of a leader

> Who in a nation's night,
> Hath solitary certitude of light.

I have faith in the future. I feel that the Khalsa will be given a leader, when the time and the opportunity come for it to serve the Motherland. Then its name will again be resplendent in the annals of India.

JOGENDRA SINGH

In the arts of life and the arts of death, Europe is supreme, but where the object of human life, *viz.*, human happiness, is concerned, she is a failure....Let us lead ourselves and think out ourselves what is required for India.—S. SRINIVASA IYENGAR.

THE CRISIS OF INDIAN INDUSTRIAL ART

[Dr. Hermann Goetz, an authority on Indian art, deplores in this article the lack of good taste which has invaded our cities and towns. This unfortunate phenomenon is the result of the Eurasian mentality which prevails and which evinces its ugliness and discord in other spheres of our life besides that so ably described by Dr. Goetz.—ED.]

India's fine industrial art tradition has in the last few years been dying fast. In the bazaars the old textile designs which had made the fame of India all over the world have been disappearing at an alarming pace, the old furniture has been deteriorating, the metal ware degenerating, the pottery declining in type and in quality. No, Indian industry is not dying, as it had threatened some decades ago to do. The schools of arts have saved the old technical traditions from oblivion, and in the long run the local industries have adapted themselves to the new situation created by the rise of modern industrialism in this country, not least because of the support which they have received from the nationalist movement. Today the markets are again full of Indian goods, from great mills as well as from small local industries, and the rôle and assortment of foreign goods has become approximately the same as in South-Eastern Europe or in Latin America.

But what is dying is the good taste of the public. This is the more curious as India has seen a great revival of artistic consciousness in the same period. Though we cannot yet pretend that she has arrived at a new art style expressing the new developments in Indian life, there is at least a vivid consciousness of the beauties of old Indian art and an endeavour to revive it. In the last years this revival has been progressing to a still tentative adaptation of this "Classicism" to the problems of the day. It is, however, just this growing interest in the "new" India which destroys the popular art tradition. It is true that certain famous articles, *e.g.*, the beautiful Benares textiles, are still a pride in every household and their manufacture is still flourishing. Connoisseurs and artists are enthusiastically collecting samples of the fine old traditional Indian textiles, bronzes, ceramics. The new modern middle class, however, especially most of the young intellectuals, are rather ashamed of the old fashions and everywhere desire modern goods. And where such a demand appears, industry of every type, of course, tries to satisfy it. So we see new sari borders, new designs for printed cloth, new types of furniture everywhere, and with every year these dominate the market more and more. In many towns it is no longer possible to buy the old patterns at all, except a few which are to be had in the Khadi Bhandars; which, in spite of all encouragement, are few compared with the shops dealing in Indian and foreign mill cloth and perhaps also in some hand-woven materials.

Some of the more expensive fashionable articles created in leading centres of social life are indeed exquisite. But the overwhelming majority betray a deplorable decay in, if not complete absence of, good taste. As far as the old traditions have been modernized, the designs have become crude and the colours ugly

and strident. Where new ideas have been taken up, they are superficially adapted from European and American models. But what models ! These new fashions fall back on the very refuse of Western manufacture. I remember with shame to have been shown in a leading shop of a not unimportant Indian town " fashionable " bedspreads decked with designs such as the scum of Western life, sailors on tramp ships, prostitutes and criminals, like to have tattooed on their bodies ; and to have seen, in " modern " Indian houses, furniture resembling that in the servants' rooms of Europe, and, in the durbar-hall of one of the greater maharajas, ventilators designed for a factory.

The reason is not difficult to discover. A demand for new fashions cannot be completely satisfied from the old traditions ; it will always be inspired partly from outside and—not in India only—always by the foreign countries which most hold the public interest, in this case by Europe and America. In a number of cases the Western model is adopted together with a new technical process, *e.g.*, photographs on lacquer work ; in others, in connection with new habits, *e.g.*, cigarette boxes, etc. Now, the average small producer in India has no first-hand knowledge of good Western industrial art, and the big mill manager generally does not care. Thus the models copied or slightly " Indianized " are the average import articles. As, outside a very small class of rulers, landlords and financiers, the standard of life in India is very low, only the cheapest articles can be thrown on the market with any chance of competition with the local manufacturer, models out of fashion or designed for the lowest and most backward classes in the West. It would be unfair to condemn the European or American manufacturer or exporter. Japan and China have equally flooded the Western markets with cheap articles, and also with many so-called art objects which must arouse the disgust of any Japanese or Chinese connoisseur ; nor can the articles generally sold to tourists in this country be regarded as real representatives of Indian art. Trade simply follows economic laws, and cannot be held responsible for artistic points of view. The artistic standard is dictated by the public.

But how can a country which has had one of the finest art traditions now accept such a flood of local and foreign production that is in such bad taste ? It is only in times of quiet development that the public taste is sufficiently sure to create those perfect masterpieces of popular art whose recent rapid disappearance we regret so much ; during a cultural revolution such as that of our time public taste must be guided by an artistic élite able to distinguish the conscious restrictions of real beauty from the unrestrained gaudiness of the gewgaws of the new technical procedures. Such an élite exists in India and is doing admirable work. But they make the same mistakes as the first reformers who started to drag back European industrial art from a similar decline in the second half of the last century. In England, for instance, William Morris and his followers set to work to revive the old handicrafts, and they succeeded in fact in producing marvellous books, textiles, furniture, pottery etc., which could vie with the finest masterpieces of the past. But their products could never compete with mill articles, and their revival of the art of the past appealed only to a small class of connoisseurs and snobs. They did achieve the growth of better taste

amongst the upper classes, but only their successors, who made designs to be multiplied by the factories and who, inspired from many sources in many countries and times, tried to express, in their new artistic creations, no more the well-interpreted ideals of the past, but ideals of the present and of the future, brought the final revival of industrial arts in the West.

The Indian reformers, too, have neglected two fundamental facts : first, the quick progress of industrialisation, and, secondly, the spirit of a new time, the expectation of a future which can never be a simple revival of the past. The question is not whether we are in sympathy with industrialisation or not. The fact is that industrialisation is progressing every day, and in just those fields of production which satisfy the artistic instincts of the middle class and of the masses. It is true that the decline of handicrafts has been arrested. But it is also known to every expert that this has been possible only by a certain adaptation, by concentration on the mass production of very simple articles, or by specialisation in certain luxury industries which possess an assured if a restricted market. This is the case with the pet child of handicraft reformers, Khadi ; its present chief products are the coarse but strong cloth worn by the peasants and a very limited output of finer textiles with beautiful popular designs, bought generally only by the best-educated section of the Indian upper class and by foreign connoisseurs. The luxury articles of the majority, however, are increasingly becoming the products of factories which cater for the demand for modern, fashionable articles.

This demand for new things is, as such, a quite natural and universal sign of national health and energy ; it is, on the one side, the visible expression of peaceful competition in an active and enterprising society and, on the other, the result of a curious and vivid spirit. This spirit of novelty has not been lacking in India in the past. It is true that the pedantic handbooks which tried to fix the hieratic tradition of mediæval Indian art tend to convince us of the opposite ; but the works of the poets and the historians, of Kalhana, Bana, Taranatha, the *Arthasastra,* etc., mention the repeated change of dress, furniture and other fashions in ancient India, not to speak of the evidence of the monuments of sculpture and of painting, or of the immense wealth of various local costumes etc. in this country, the sediment of as many historical fashions. Look at the dress, the furniture, the crockery, etc. depicted on the Bharhut railings, on those of Sanchi and Amaravati, in Ajanta, on the donator groups at Mount Abu or in the Mughal and Rajput paintings, and you will see a never-ending change of fashions and of tastes, ever new, not seldom also foreign forms, but never a pure revival of the past ! That certain fundamental types have hardly changed does not matter, for that is as true in the West and in the Far East. In Europe, with all its bustle, trousers, for example, are at least as old as 2,500 years ; coats, about 600 ; top-hats, 400. Only fundamental changes in living conditions can alter these ; the ordinary change of fashions is far more subtle, an expression of changing religious, social and cultural moods and ideals.

But a demand for new things cannot be satisfied simply from indigenous tradition ; it implies the constant assimilation of new impressions, though not without selection and within the limitations of the national and social ideal. In present-day India these inspirations are drawn generally from the cheap refuse of Western industry. And this is inevitable as long as Indian artists do not try to create a really modern Indian decorative art for daily life, as long as the wealthy classes do not encourage such a movement.

In other countries artists are support-

ed in this activity by the museums, as storehouses of works of art of their own and of foreign countries, of the past and of the present. They provide the artist with that universal wealth of impressions which frees the mind from the bonds of tradition, binds him again by the love of beauty and thus finally unfolds his inspiration. But unfortunately the Indian museums have, with rare exceptions, not yet consciously set about this task. We have quite a number of comparatively complete collections of Indian industrial art. All of them were, however, founded at a time when, in many parts of the country, the fine old traditions had already succumbed to the impact of the West and were being artificially revived by the schools of arts. Thus, besides genuine objects of Indian industrial art they contain a high proportion (about 40 per cent.) of things which, no doubt, represent the output of genuine Indian local handicrafts, but which are in fact nothing but superficial adaptations of products of a European everyday-life art which was then under the same disastrous influence of the early stage of industrialisation as Indian applied art is in our own time. Especially Jaipur, Lucknow and Bombay have exercised a deplorable influence with such adaptations. And the bad influence of these exhibits is enhanced by the examples of so-called Western industrial art which generally fill the museums of this country. Only Bombay, Baroda and Jaipur have somewhat systematically built-up collections of foreign industrial art. All, however, leave very much to be desired with regard to selection and cataloguing. What we generally find are gifts of pieces discarded from the palace of some maharaja, sardar or rich banker, furniture or decorations often pompous and costly, but in most cases ugly or at best indifferent.

This long neglect of foreign art collections in India is closely connected with the endeavours to revive the old national hand industries. But, as experience has shown elsewhere and is daily making more evident in this country, it is not possible, except within very narrow limits, to revive the past; it is possible only to develop it in contact with tendencies in the world which are similar to the current tendencies of the country. Foreign models slavishly copied mean the cultural ruin of a country; foreign models used as a source of free inspiration to the creative spirit have always been the great regenerators of national art traditions. The neglect of really good collections of representative foreign art in the Indian museums as a source of additional inspiration throws the manufacturers of modern articles by necessity back on the models of the cheap Western or Japanese imports. Practically all leading countries have good collections of foreign art and art industries, and their artists and art patrons make no secret of the fact that they draw much successful inspiration from their visits to the museums. This, of course, does not mean that the Indian museums should return to the policy of those days when everything European was proclaimed the authoritative model. Nothing could be worse! There can be only one criterion: Quality and usefulness. And if it is desirable that the Indian museums should offer at least a limited space to really good examples of Western industrial art, not only British, but also French, Dutch, Italian, Danish, Swedish, American—all best selected by experts of their respective countries—the non-Indian arts of Asia and the arts of Africa also should not be overlooked, the silks, the lacquers and the porcelain of China and of Japan, the carpets, the embroideries and the encaustic tiles of the Muhammedan countries, the gilded lacquer and wood of Siam and Indo-China, the batiks of Indonesia, etc. A strong revival of Indian industrial art can result only from a development of the old traditions in contact with the world; it can materialise only when the Indian designers have an opportunity to know not only their own traditions, but also at least something of the good art industries of other countries, and when the chief producers of cheap luxury articles, the factories, are not ignored by the reformers.

HERMANN GOETZ

WORDSWORTH AND YOGA

[Katherine Merrill is a teacher by profession and a citizen of the United States. In this article she uses her knowledge of Theosophy to evaluate Wordsworth's poetry and his spiritual affinities.—Ed.]

If by Yoga is meant postures, breathings and exercises that bring about certain psycho-physiological states, the English poet Wordsworth knew nothing of it. But if Yoga means some measure of conscious inner union with the great Soul of the World, through unusual native purity within and without, through extraordinary response to the beauty of Nature and through an inherent power of profound meditation, then Wordsworth possessed a degree of spontaneous Yoga that raised him in this above most men of his race and time.

In early years he lived outwardly the life normal to families poor but not ignorant among the high-minded people of Northern England. Apparently he was like the others and might have become as typical a Dalesman as any of his neighbours. But besides these qualities, Wordsworth possessed an innate elasticity of mind and of soul that often in his childhood and youth opened his inner being, and through the grandeur of the mountainous region around him lifted him at unexpected moments to a Yogic state—a conscious communion and self-identification with the Infinite One Spirit that shines through the manifested world.

This capacity for deific union was an inborn power, showing itself while he was far too young to have acquired it by any self-conscious effort. In his preface to the ode on Immortality, describing himself as a child, he said :—

" . . . .from a sense of the indomitableness of the Spirit within me. . . I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as inherent in my own immaterial nature."

Also as a child he felt, though he could not express or analyse, a tutelage exercised over him by the " Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe " and by the " Presences of Nature ". He believed this tutelage was purposeful, and it aroused within him a conscious response.

> . . .from my first dawn
> Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
> The passions that build up our human soul,
> . . .with high objects, . . .
> With life and nature—purifying thus
> The elements of feeling and of thought,
> And sanctifying, . . .until we recognize
> A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
> . . .can I think
> A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed
> Such ministry . . .
> Haunting me thus among my boyish sports ?

Through his earlier work he scattered expressions of those upward flights of soul—reminiscences, yet rich with the power of immediate experience ; records that are fusions of many such moments. He lifted a veil too on the upbuilding of these moments—their feeling-thought substructure and their process of unfoldment.

First and lowest were the nature-joys touching the body—the keen wind, the sparkling snow, the challenging immensity of the mountains and the summer radiancy of the atmosphere,—these lifted his chest and quickened his breath. Those physical joys were his " coarser pleasures " ; yet not only so. For in the midst of them came solemnity and awe

—Nature taking a place as master and admonisher rather than as mere source and accompaniment. Even in the midst of boyish play again and again the majesty around him led him above his sense-delights,—as when while rowing

...from behind that craggy steep, till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And...after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being.

This joining of the deeper with the superficial in his early life was followed by an intense emotionalism, a psychic exuberance :—

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion,
...a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.

At this time Nature was foremost and sufficient. Yet those "aching joys and dizzy raptures" were mingled also with a "sanctity given by Nature to man" —at first man moulded and transfigured by Nature, as the shepherd was.

I felt his presence in his own domain,
As of a lord or master, or a power,
Or genius, under Nature, under God
Presiding.....
His form hath flashed upon me, glorified
By the deep radiance of the setting sun,
Or him have I descried in distant sky,
A solitary object and sublime,
Above all height !

Only later, as the feeling-element in his mentation lessened and the thought-element increased, did the sight of all men's sufferings in mind and in body lead him to extend his humane feelings to men in more ordinary conditions. He needed to hear the sad as well as the grand music of humanity before he could place man and Nature in their proper relation and become a lover of both.

Then it was, with understanding deepened, that even in absence from the beloved scenes, he could enter into

...that blesséd mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened.

So high and quieting was this transit of soul that he became aware of the All-Presence.

...with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still ;
O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought
And human knowledge, to the human eye
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart.

With such vision of a vaster Cosmos, he was able to perceive the operation and the universality of pure Spirit.

...I felt a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

Thus perceiving and profoundly feeling, he became oblivious of the physical, and could think of himself and other Souls as lifting and transmuting sense objects and experiences into that realm which is their Transcendental Origin, and fusing them in one grand unitary harmony.

...the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
One song they sang, and it was audible,

Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear
Forgot her functions and slept
undisturbed.

Such total oblivion of sense objects was rare. More often he was, as he said of his skylark, "true to the kindred points of heaven and home". Yet in those moments of sense-oblivion he did in fact enter some of the upper planes of being to which true Yoga leads. But just as the fleshly ear "slept undisturbed" on those planes, so the power of speech was silenced, and Poetry became impossible. Only here and there occurs even mention of those experiences or records of the last ideational processes anterior to them. Such passages are the grains of purest gold that will in time be sifted out from the heavy sand of the rest of his work.

For without minimizing the greatness of Wordsworth's soul-perceptions or the poetical power that expressed them, a student of Theosophy learns that Raja Yoga properly followed produces a soul-development far transcending even such elevated poetry. Poetry belongs to the Psychic World, or—because of its idea-content—to the Psycho-Manasic. But the World of pure Spirit and of its primary vehicle, the highest Intellection, is superior to these. And it is *that* world which the true practiser of Yoga enters in his most transcendent states.

Furthermore, Wordsworth's soul-exaltations were too often an end in themselves, like exquisite flowers that produce little seed. Also, with the passing of youth his power of soul-perception lessened. His work proves that then he did not know how to increase or even to continue such power. His Yoga, or deific union, had been spontaneous. To replace that with states consciously wrought, he had too scanty a basis of philosophical understanding—the understanding that a Yogi has as he consciously and voluntarily passes from lower to higher states; the kind that may be taught to others, and in plain prose. Wordsworth was philosophical without being a philosopher or possessing genuine philosophy. Psychic as he was, he knew little indeed of psychology. He recorded his mental action without in deeper truth comprehending it and without ability to reproduce it, still less to apply it helpfully to the minds of other men, though he frankly declared his purpose to be that of a teacher. Nor did he realize that one having such instructional purpose and hence needing to understand human nature, has to make constant general comparison and identification of oneself with all men, not merely with those of one's own type. Otherwise one's range of experience remains too limited.

Moreover, as a philosophic thinker this poet made too little distinction between his lower and his higher self. He was not governed by the motive of mastering his lower unspiritual nature because he thought he had mastered it sufficiently. *All* that he found in his mind seemed valuable. Thus he became an example of the fruitlessness of self-absorption and of analysis when these are not based on actual understanding of the great cosmic Principles manifesting and correlating in Nature and in Man.

Wordsworth was far from so intending, but he gave the key to his life in the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*. Close and deep as was his feeling in and for that poem, he was nevertheless unaware of what a self-revelation it was. For the fact-basis of it goes back into pre-existences which he himself, *in prose*, was not ready to avow. And so he failed

to pursue these thoughts to their satisfying conclusion,—that is, to full outward acceptance of the law of reincarnation as a logical necessity. His own Yogic experiences led him to declare with profound feeling :—

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
> The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar.

Intuitionally and in the depths of his consciousness he knew the truth. On the surface of his mind he evaded it. The conflict in all men between awe of the conventional and desire for the spiritual, faced him in that particular form. He perceived and expressed the spiritual, but also he feared to hurt " pious persons " (as he showed in his preface to the Ode) if he staunchly maintained as reason and philosophy what his higher nature secretly taught him as Truth and Poetry.

Insistence on the fact of his reincarnating soul is what he needed philosophically to complete and to explain those unsought and unexpected Yogic exaltations of his youth. Had he dwelt with " true devotion " on the facts he stated in the lines just quoted, instead of partially repudiating them and letting them be regarded as " only poetry ", he would have brought back more of " that knowledge which was his in former births " and which comes with honest acceptance of reincarnation and its philosophic implications.

It may be that in his past he had sought Yoga—deific union—not so much to share its bliss with others as to bask in it himself. He may have been a recluse seeking such happiness in Nature, for he showed in Book Eighth of *The Prelude,* that his spontaneous " love of Nature " was the primary force " *leading* to love of man ".

Had he remained wholly loyal to his true Self, he might have raised his uplifts of soul far higher and seen with indubitable certitude what had before been within his reach and what it was his simple clear duty to become in his present life,—namely, much more than a poet expressing with very great power the qualities and influences of Nature. Certainly he would have perceived that instead of mourning, as he did in the *Ode,* over the loss in later youth of those Yogic powers brought with him through Death, he could as an adult have directed his will, his perception and his meditation into still more elevated states whence he could bring back a sense—not of irreparable loss, not of " Fallings from us, vanishings ", but of conscious victory and progress into that Mastery of life and death which is the far-off but final destiny of every soul. The " master-light of all his seeing " would not then have been a somewhat fruitless dependence for himself and others on the recollections of a glorious childhood such as few actually experience. Rather, his light would have become a conscious purposeful effort to re-establish yet superexalt the endowments he brought as a child from the past, and at the same time to apply the vision from these heights of soul for the benefit of men less advanced.

Such human service was in fact Wordsworth's actual intention when he adopted his life of simplicity and retirement in order to compose poetry. His purpose was to speak

> On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
> ....to give utterance in numerous verse
> Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love and Hope,
> And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith ;
> Of moral strength and intellectual Power ;
> Of joy in widest commonalty spread ;
> ....and the law supreme
> Of that Intelligence which governs all.

Nevertheless, despite the height of this

loving purpose, despite the evident call and its urgency, the call came muffled. Karmic checks from his race and his own past and present were indeed heavy, and they resulted in ignorance in this life of genuine psychological philosophy. He was even misled by his very reverence for the work of Poet, which seemed so great to him. Focusing too much his attention on his individual mind, he invested it with a sacredness it could not possess, and thus came to revere himself as a special instrument and embodiment of his Cause. In this way he acquired an extremely complacent unquestioning self-regard and self-satisfaction. These unrecognized errors blinded his Soul. They allowed far too much of his later life and work to run into almost arid wastes, where only scattered places were made green by some outward rush of that "indomitable Spirit" which had governed him in the spring of his existence. Dry-rot attacked and weakened the growths in his fields of wisdom. Instead of writing on really philosophical and universal themes, he wrote meditative recollections of travel, or composed long disquisitions, as in *The Excursion*, presenting characters, ideas and arguments like his own; or he tried, as in the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, to poetize the history of the Church of England!

How could his soul-life be unfolded in the ways normal to the upper planes of man's being? All unintentionally, he remained on the middle and lower planes; remained a fine narrative-descriptive-meditative poet; but also too often a merely self-centred prosaic verse-writer; —this, instead of being to the extent of his power a true instructor and practiser of soul-development.

He was so near the time and the work of a GREAT Teacher!

He did indeed help to prepare the way for that Teacher by opening men's minds to the sanctities of Nature. Yet if his Yogic attainments had been freed from stultifying errors, he could have given far greater aid as pioneer, road-breaker and coadjutor. Of his accomplishment it may be most compassionately and regretfully said :—

A little more, and how much it means,
A little less, and what miles away.

KATHERINE MERRILL

Indians in olden days had gone to other lands, but ours was a peaceful mission, of conveying new ideas to the countries to which we overflowed. We traded with Europe for centuries, but that trade was not the type of trade which brought Europeans to the East. War was not our aim, nor aggression. We adopted a policy of toleration, of live and let live, a policy of recognition of the right of other people to live according to their ideas. On the other hand, wherever the Europeans had colonised, the indigenous population was wiped out—SHRI T. R. VENKATARAMA ŚASTRI.

THE FIRST TEACHER

THE LIFE AND RELIGION OF AKHNATON

[Clive Sansom is a writer and a lecturer on Phonetics and the Speaking of Poetry. In this article he reconstructs the life of the Egyptian King Akhnaton. Ancient as the civilisation of Egypt is, India has greater claims to be the oldest cradle of human civilisation and Egypt herself derived her inspiration from old Aryāvarta.—Ed.]

I breathe the sweet breath that comes
from your mouth;
I behold your beauty every day;
I desire that I may hear your voice
Even in the north wind,
That my limbs may be made young
through love of you.
Give me your hands, holding your spirit,
That I may receive it and live by it.
Call on my name through all eternity
And it shall not fail.

A party of excavators, breaking into a rock-tomb in the Valley of the Kings in 1907, found these words engraved in gold at the foot of the coffin.

The man who wrote them had been dead 3,000 years. While he had lain there, Buddha, Sophocles, Plato, Christ and Mohammed had lived and died; the armies of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne and Napoleon had subdued the world and vanished into obscurity again; Greece, Rome, China, Spain and many smaller empires had grown and dwindled. And all that while the bier on which the body rested had slowly decayed, and his mummified skin had rotted under the moisture which seeped through a fissure in the rock. ...

These excavators, breaking his long silence, discovered round him none of the magnificence that was to be found a few years later in the tomb of Tutankhamon. Only a few jars and ornaments, and the crumbling body cased in golden bands. Yet this king was Akhnaton—"the first individual in human history",[1] "the first of all human founders of religious doctrines. ...the first idealist."[2]

He came inexplicably into history, like some rare bird that settles for a moment on one's roof and then is gone. He was king at a time when kings were worshipped as gods, but he refused to be deified. All the pleasures and extravagances of life were his for the asking, but he preferred poetry and sculpture, and the birds and flowers in his gardens. He was born into twenty centuries of military tradition, but he allowed his empire to be taken from him rather than resort to war. He was born into fear and superstition and the tyranny of priesthoods, yet he formulated one of the purest religions that the world has ever known.

At a time when there were hundreds of Egyptian gods, he worshipped one God, Aton, from whom he took his name. When gods were imagined as being lustful and vindictive, he worshipped a god of love and anticipated Christ in the use of the words "My father" to describe him. And when the priests' views upon religion were universally accepted, he insisted that religious experience was a direct personal communion with God and needed no interpretation :—

"His words are before me. My father taught me their essence and revealed them to me. They were known in my

[1] *A History of Egypt.* By J. H. Breasted.
[2] *Life and Times of Akhnaton.* By Arthur Weigall.

heart. I understood."

When he was still not eighteen years of age, he decided to abandon the ancient city of Thebes and to build a new royal city miles away, where the influence and the associations of the priesthood might lose their hold on the people. It was to be called the City of the Horizon of Aton. He chose a site for it near the present village of Tel el Amarna.

"I will make the City of the Horizon of Aton in this place....I will build a temple for the God, my father, in this place. ... The words of the priests are more evil than any words I have heard spoken."

In three years the city was built and he was living there with his Queen, Neferiti, and their three daughters. His dedication of the city is still recorded on a boundary-stone that has been discovered :—

"All things which are in the City of the Horizon shall be for the father, the living Aton. They shall be for the temple of Aton for ever and ever. They are all offered to his spirit."

Here, in this new city, among gardens, and villas and palaces open to the sun, the new religion grew. "No such theology had ever appeared in the world before", says Flinders Petrie.[1] "It was the forerunner of the later monotheistic religions." Akhnaton was the prophet of Christ as surely as was John the Baptist.

He is sometimes dismissed in casual history books as a "sun-worshipper", but nothing could be farther from the truth. The sun was merely the symbol of his faith, as the cross is the symbol of Christianity. It was not an object of worship in itself. God was "the power behind the sun"—the spirit which used the sun as a creative agent on earth, as it used all the forces of life. It was the essence that instilled itself in the whole of nature—in animals and birds and flowers, in wind and trees, in water and sunlight and in the hearts of men. God was in all these things, "the Father and Mother of all he had created".

It is life to see him.
There is death in not seeing.

Arthur Weigall comments :—

"For the first time in the history of man, the real meaning of God, as we now understand it, had been comprehended, and the idea of a beneficent Creator who, though remote, spiritual and impersonal, could love each one of his creations, great and small, had been grasped by this young Pharaoh. God's unspeakable goodness and loving-kindness were as clearly interpreted by Akhnaton as ever they have been by mortal man."

With this love for God and for all that he had created, went a love of art. For it was man's privilege above the animals that he had, in himself, the power of creation. Everything that was produced through the creative spirit of God within him was an act of worship. Believing this, Akhnaton filled his palaces with floor-paintings and portrait sculpture of a simplicity and a power that have never been surpassed, even in the art of Greece. In England we have to be content with the few reproductions (of work mainly in the museums of Cairo and of Berlin) in such books as Flinders Petrie's *Tel el Amarna* (1894) and *The City of Akhnaton*, which was compiled by several authors after the excavations of 1921-1932. But they are breath-taking even in reproduction. For a dozen years Akhnaton infused the sterile, formal art of Egypt with a new

[1] *The Religion of Ancient Egypt.*

life. He inspired artists with something of his own love of God and his sense of wonder at the things round him. It is not surprising that one of his courtiers called the city "a glimpse of Paradise".

But his delight in the city was short-lived. The preference he showed for religion, peace and sculpture over the arts of war and of hunting earned him the contempt of many of his subject princes. They sent insulting letters, which any other Egyptian king would have answered with the despatch of armies and the execution of the writers. Finally, in the last years of his reign, the Hittites invaded the Egyptian dominion of Syria, and tribes in all parts revolted. Pathetic letters, still extant, tell of the appeals made to him for help against the rebels and invaders :—

"The King's whole land, which has begun hostilities with me, will be lost. Behold the territory of Seir, as far as Carmel, its princes are wholly lost, and hostility prevails against me. Let the King take care of his land, and let him send troops. For if no troops come in this year, the whole territory of my lord the King will perish."

These and similar appeals have been preserved on tablets that were found when the city was unearthed. But the king took no action. For action meant war, and war, in his belief, was contrary to the spirit of God.

Lebanon, Askelon, Tyre, Sidon, Tunip and Jerusalem fell one after another, but he made no move against the rebellions he could so easily have quelled.

"One stands amazed at the reckless idealism, the beautiful folly, of this Pharaoh, who, in an age of turbulence, preached a religion of peace to seething Syria. Three thousand years later mankind is still blindly striving after these same ideals in vain. Nowadays one is familiar with the doctrine : a greater than Akhnaton has preached it, and has died for it. Today God is known to us, and the peace of God is a thing hoped for ; but at that far-off period, thirteen hundred years before the birth of Christ...one is utterly surprised to behold the true light shining forth for a short moment like the sun through a rift in the clouds, and one knows that it has come too soon. Mankind, even now not ready, was then wholly unprepared, and the price which Egypt paid for the ideals of her Pharaoh was no less than the complete loss of her dominions."

With the fall of the last city, in his thirty-first year, Akhnaton died—it is thought from an apoplectic fit occasioned by his mental conflict. He was buried in the tomb he had prepared for himself in the rock-hills beyond his city. His successors went back to Thebes. Their armies marched again into Syria and established their rule there. The priests of Amon regained the power which Akhnaton had taken from them, and Egypt returned to her old gods.

Akhnaton had come too soon. There had been friends to love him as a man while he lived, but there were no disciples to follow him as a prophet after he died. The City of the Horizon was deserted. Its gardens grew wild again. Its houses and paintings were covered by the desert and lay forgotten through thirty centuries. By all material standards, Akhnaton had failed.

But in the world of thought nothing dies, or anything dies only to be reborn out of its own ashes, and the impact of his faith upon our imagination today is as strong as when it was first conceived. Looking back at Akhnaton's life over this stretch of years is like seeing a candle in a dark room. One knows that ultimately his faith must triumph. And in a civilisation which seems fated to share the end of Egypt and of Rome, his words offer a prophecy of civilisations beyond, which will be constructed, not on fear or compulsion, but out of the creative spirit in man :—

Give me your hands, holding your spirit,
That I may receive it and live by it.
Call on my name through all eternity
And it shall not fail.

CLIVE SANSOM

SCHILLER'S CONCEPTION OF BEAUTY AS A MEDIUM OF CULTURE

[Dr. S. Vahiduddin, whose interesting article on "Schiller's Philosophy of Education and Culture" appeared in our March issue, writes here on that great German thinker's contribution to Æsthetics.—ED.]

The influence of Kant in his own country showed at first in the unfruitful tendency to bring into opposition several facets of the personality. The theory of Knowledge was rent by a conflict of reason and understanding; ethics suffered from an irreconcilable struggle between inclination and duty. It was in the philosophy of beauty that he finally attempted to bring into harmony the elements at war in his epistemology. The faculty of judgment was the mediator between the world of understanding and the supersensual world of reason. But ethics remained to the last the ethics of discord. The conflict of inclination with the categorical imperative was too strong for the synthetic efforts of the philosopher; they could not stand together. A poet was now needed to fulfil the mission left uncompleted by a master of systematic thought. In other words, a philosophy of culture was wanted to restore the equilibrium, and Schiller, with his idea of a beautiful soul, attained at one stroke that harmony between divergents which his master vainly sought for.

Man's straying from the path of his destiny can be of a twofold character. He can be nature alone, a devotee of the senses; or reason alone, a slave of maxims. It is Beauty's great function to forestall these deviations. What a wonder it is then that it is not infrequently held responsible for an alienation from reality! An appeal to history unfortunately confirms an unfavourable verdict.

"The Romans, we know, had first to exhaust their energy in civil wars, and, enervated by Oriental superfluity, had to bow to the yoke of a fortunate dynast before Greek Art could be seen to triumph over the rigidity of their character. Culture dawned upon the Arabs only when the energy of their warlike spirit flagged under the sceptre of the Abbasides. In modern Italy fine art showed itself only when the glorious association of the Lombards was dissolved, Florence subjected to the Medici, and the spirit of independence in all those brave cities had given place to infamous resignation."

Experience is not encouraging. If æsthetic culture can be bought only at the expense of force of character it is not worth having. But experience is not the tribunal to which we have to appeal. The beauty we are speaking of is a concept of reason and has other sources than experience.

These philosophical reflections led Schiller to expound a remarkable theory of play. It must be noted that Schiller's theory is not to be confused with those empirical theories, Spencer's for example, which find so much favour among psychologists today. The instinct of play, says Schiller, is that *via media* we have been seeking all along the course of our history. It is the unity and reconciliation of the material and formal forces of human nature. The material instinct excludes from its object all self-activity and freedom. The formal instinct excludes from its

object all dependence and suffering. The exclusion of freedom is the physical, the exclusion of passivity the moral necessity. Both these instincts compel the spirit (Gemüt): the one through the laws of Nature, the other through the laws of reason. The instinct of play, where both of them work in co-operation, frees the spirit (Gemüt) morally and physically at the same time. While it lifts up all contingency it will also set aside all necessity and bring freedom to man, morally and physically. When we cling to a man who is worthy of our contempt, we feel painfully the compulsion of nature. When we are inimical towards another to whom we are forced to give our respect, we feel painfully the compulsion of reason. But the moment he interests our inclination and wins our respect simultaneously, then the compulsion of the senses as well as that of the conscience vanishes, and we begin to love him, that is, we play with our inclination as well as with our respect.

Schiller inquires into the objects of the two fundamental instincts which he elaborates in detail. The object of the material instinct is life in its widest sense, which includes all materiality and all that is presented immediately through the senses. The formal instinct has as its object what may be called "form"—that is, all the formal qualities of things and their relation to the power of thought. The instinct of play refers then neither to form simply, nor to life simply, but to the form which is pregnant with life.

"A block of marble, though lifeless and remaining so, can still become a living form by the will of the architect or the sculptor. A man, though he lives as a form, is not therefore a living form. For that it is necessary that his form should be life and his life should be form. So long as we think only of his form, it is lifeless, a simple abstraction: so long as we feel its life, it is formless, mere impression. Only so far as its form lives in sensation and its life forms itself in our understanding, is it a living form, and this will be the case whenever we judge it as beautiful."

Schiller himself anticipates the doubt which might rise in many minds, namely, that to think of beauty as an object of play does not conform with the dignity of beauty, which is after all taken to be the instrument, and the only instrument, of culture. To confine it to the beautiful at the same time contradicts the general notion of play.

"Of course we should not think of the plays which are in vogue in real life, and which are directed to some material object, but in real life we seek in vain the beauty which we desire.... When the Greeks amused themselves in the Olympic tournaments, a bloodless competition of power and alacrity, and in the nobler competitions, and when the Romans enjoyed themselves in the deadly struggle of gladiators or their Lybian enemies, it becomes clear of itself why we should seek the ideal form of a Venus, a Juno, an Apollo, not in Rome but in Greece. In a word man should play with beauty and with that only."

The whole structure of Schiller's thought owes much to the Greek ideals of culture, and no less than his friend Goethe he sees in ancient Greece the highest realisation of the ideals which bestirred their souls. It was for Holderlin later to give the most fervent and tragic expression to this attachment and passion for Greece. What was it in the land of Plato and of Homer that so fascinated the humanists and the romantic poets of the early nineteenth century? The Greeks above all saw

harmony everywhere, and they hoped their educational ideals would produce a like harmony in the soul. It was not in parts but in the whole that their spiritual metaphysics centred. It was not on multiplicity and division, but on the unity which supersedes them that the seemingly antagonistic schools of Plato and of Aristotle laid stress. It was reserved for Hegel to give a most systematic and comprehensive expression to this feeling of unity, which not only replaces manifoldness but transcends it. The truth is that all education must conform to the metaphysical structure of the soul and of the world. At what else but unity and harmony has it to aim? Throughout, Schiller raises his voice against the superficial utilitarianism which is the bane of modern life. Culture, as he understands it, does not culminate in making man happy or practical, but stands quite indifferent to these aims. Kant, the philosopher who most effectively banished the notion of utility from the domain of Ethics, was of the opinion that it was not happiness as such that man should desire, but that he should rather prepare himself to deserve happiness! Schiller, while giving full justice to the demands of reason, saw in culture the reconciliation of the senses and reason. But the world of facts and experience shows us men either in a state of tension or in a state of relaxation. It is for beauty to restore harmony in tension, and energy in relaxation.

All things can be considered in one of the four relations. A thing can relate itself to our sensual conditions (our being or well-being) : this is its physical quality. Or it can relate itself to our understanding and can impart knowledge to us ; this is its logical quality. Or it can relate to our will and can be regarded as an object of choice for our reasonable being ; this is its moral quality. Or, lastly, it can relate itself to the totality of our manifold powers, without being an object for any of them ; this is its æsthetic quality. A man can be agreeable to us in his readiness for service : he can make us think through his conversation : he can inspire us with respect through his character : and lastly, independently of all these and without our taking into account any law or purpose—he can please us in our contemplation of him and in the way he appears to us. In this last quality only do we judge him æsthetically. There is then an education of health, an education of insight, an education of morals and an education of taste and beauty. This last has for its purpose the cultivation of all our sensory and spiritual powers in the greatest possible harmony.

For Schiller there is first a state of man when beauty has not yet begun to work. Man is only a slave of needs and desires.

"In this epoch the world is only fate (*i.e.*, something unalterably given for him) not yet an object. All has an existence for him so far as it makes possible his existence ; that which does not give anything or take anything from him is not at all present to him."

He sees in all the wealth and luxury of the world only something to exploit and in its majesty only an enemy. This is the primitive condition of man when he is not yet chastened by beauty. He lives in the present and is isolated there. He is indifferent to the dignity of himself and to the dignity of others.

"Man, we can say, was at no time completely in such a brute-like condition but he has not yet extricated himself

therefrom. Even in the most uncultivated subjects we find undeniable traces of rational freedom, just as in the most cultured there are moments which remind us of that dark period of nature. It is peculiar to man to unite in his nature the highest and the lowest, and if his dignity rests on the strict distinction of one from the other, so his happiness rests on the removal of such a difference. The culture which has to bring into harmony his dignity and happiness will also have to see to the preservation of both principles in their unity."

It is here that reason makes its appearance for the first time. It is the function of reason to raise man from the immediacy of the present to the realm of eternal ideas. But by a curious misunderstanding, reason, instead of raising itself to the eternal, makes endless all desires and passions, all needs and wants. "The first fruits which a man earns in the world of spirit are anxiety and fear; both are the results of reason, not of sensuality, but a reason which misses its object." In the end it comes to the same whether man is ruled by reason or by the senses. In the first place he is a rational animal, in the second, an irrational one. He should in fact be neither. Nature should not rule him exclusively nor should reason control him unconditionally.

Schiller further examines the question of beauty and knowledge. Wherever there is a question of knowledge, thought and feelings stand apart. Feeling associates with thought as something accidental. Beauty, on the other hand, rests on the synthesis of activity and passivity, of thought and feeling. "We need not therefore be at a loss to find a transition from the compulsion of the senses to moral freedom, when in beauty we find that the first can exist with the last." The Romantic School which followed Schiller and advocated the independent claims of feeling in face of the one-sided domination of reason, had its forerunner in Schiller. Unfortunately even to-day psychologists show a deep ignorance of the emotional depths of man, and their usual division of feeling into pleasure and pain is highly debatable.

It is therefore in the interest of culture that a sense of beauty should grow in us and free us from the shackles both of the senses and of reason. The primitive mind pleases itself with what it touches by the senses, or, in other words, with the brute reality of facts. It has not yet gained a feeling for what simply appears. But beauty is only in the ideal, in appearance, not in reality. We have to enjoy the beautiful without asking why it is so, without having recourse to the category of purpose. The world of beauty is the world of play. We see animals play. Why do they play? The psychologists have ventured different and highly doubtful answers. Schiller already sees that freedom from compulsion which terminates in the æsthetic play of man. "Indeed nature has raised even the irrational brutes above physical needs and has inflamed the spark of freedom in the dark life of the brute. At a time when no hunger torments the lion and no animal challenges him to fight, leisurely strength creates its own object; with an audacious roar he fills the echoing woods and without purpose his overflowing energy expends itself. The insect enjoys life in the sunshine, and certainly it is not the cry of passion which we find in the melodies of the singing birds. Freedom is undeniable in their movements, not a freedom from de-

sires in general, but only freedom from particular needs. An animal works when physical want goads it to activity, and it plays when it is stimulated by the overflow of energy, when the overabundance of life becomes an incentive to its own activity. Even in lifeless nature such an abundance of energy and laxity of determination show themselves as may well be called play in the material sense. The tree produces numerous seeds which die undeveloped, and shoots forth many more roots and branches and leaves than can be made use of for the preservation of itself and its species. We find ourselves already in the freedom of movement which is its own purpose, and in the realm of matter we have a foretaste of the unlimited and the infinite. Reveries and the free association of ideas have in themselves that freedom which is characteristic of æsthetic play, though in this case it is only a freedom of material art. Another step and we play with beauty.

"If it is need which forces men into society and reason which endows him with social maxims, beauty alone can invest him with social character. Only taste can bring harmony into society, while it sets up harmony in the individual. All other forms of ideas separate man, while they establish themselves exclusively on the sensual or on the spiritual part of his being. Only the beautiful idea makes a whole of him where both these natures harmonise. All other forms of expression separate society, while they rest on the private receptivity of certain parts, or, in other words, they have to do with what differentiates man and man. Only beautiful expression unites society when it conforms to what is common to all. The pleasure of knowledge we enjoy only as a species, and in so far as we set aside assiduously from our judgments every trace of individuality. We cannot, therefore, make the joys of reason universal, for we cannot eliminate the traces of individuality from the judgment of others as from our own. It is only the beautiful we enjoy both as a species and as an individual, that is, as a representative of the species. The good of the senses can make one happy while it rests on appropriation and exclusion. It can make one happy one-sidedly, for the personality does not take part in it. The absolute good can make us happy under conditions which cannot be presupposed universally. Truth is the reward of self-denial, and in purity of will only a pure heart believes. It is beauty only which blesses the whole world, and every being forgets its limitations as long as it feels its charm."

Schiller's philosophic thought aims at restoring a totality. Man, Kant had said, is a citizen of two worlds, one of the senses (*mundus sensibilis*), and the other of reason (*mundus intelligibilis*). It is in beauty, says Schiller, that both these worlds are reconciled. Man is no more a stranger in Nature, or unfaithful to the realm of freedom. Like Shelley's skylark he soars aloft but never loses his relation with the world. Hegel spoke of the unhappy consciousness, the feeling of inner discord and the pang of incompleteness; but now that beauty by her magic has brought extremes to meet, personality is at peace. What else is culture but this inner peace, this beauty of the Soul?

S. VAHIDUDDIN

Sanskrit....had an unique elasticity and power of expression, a mellifluousness and grace which few other languages could claim. It was a language which should be preserved for the good of mankind for all time and certainly for the good of India.—Mr. Justice K. S. KRISHNASWAMI IYENGAR.

THE TYRANNY OF POSSESSIONS

[Elizabeth Cross is a frequent contributor to our pages. She utilizes the experiences through which the whole world, but more particularly Europe, is passing, in a thoughtful and earnest manner which enables her to plan constructively for a better future, drawing special applications for the education of children.—ED.]

Today we are all being forced to reconsider our scale of values and, in Europe especially, to prepare ourselves to lose not only our lives (which so many of us value lightly !) but also our homes, furniture and jewellery (which are clung to with tenacity !). We have seen the not very edifying spectacle of many wealthy folk hurrying to the doubtful safety of the New World, and others, also well stocked with the goods of this world, busy finding safe hoarding places for valuable treasures that they have accumulated.

In fact, all except the almost destitute have some reason to worry about their possessions, for at any moment a bomb may deprive them of what has taken years of work and struggle to attain. At the same time we must note that the majority of the working-class have the good sense to rate the health and the safety of themselves and their families well above the safety of their goods and chattels. Why is this? It cannot be that they hold their goods less dear than the rich hold theirs, for they have had to fight hard to achieve them at all and, in proportion, they are ten times as valuable. The answer must lie in a totally different attitude to life, an attitude that has grown up with a sense of insecurity.

This attitude of insecurity in the worldly sense is one which we might all do well to develop. Paradoxically enough, it is the key to a sense of true security, to a sense of proportion and to real freedom.

In the majority of great religions the teachers have emphasised the dangers of wealth, the tyranny of possessions and the need for self-discipline. Throughout the New Testament we find Jesus stressing the need for freedom of spirit, in the advice to the Rich Young Ruler to sell all he had and give to the poor, in describing the difficulty a rich man finds in entering the Kingdom of Heaven and in the reference to the lilies of the field which were better arrayed than Solomon in spite of their lack of ambition ! His words " Take no thought for the morrow " have been debated many times and differing interpretations have been offered, but if the words are considered in their context it seems possible that he was advising an effort to be free of worldly ambition and warning against laying up so much earthly treasure that we become mere slaves to our own goods. The same spirit pervades much of the teaching of Buddha and in his own voluntary sacrifice of possessions lies his most potent lesson.

It seems unlikely, however, that the great teachers were pointing the way to the extreme asceticism recommended by some of their followers. In the enthusiasm of the converted and of the natural fanatic we have the original teachings distorted until warnings against, for instance, " the *love* of money " become a warning against money itself. The ascetic realises only too well (as his ascetic code is merely the swing-back of a nature intrinsically overindulgent) the dangers of material luxuries and joys,

realises the slavery imposed by habit and by treasuring what may at any moment disappear and is determined to avoid these dangers and this slavery. His is rather the attitude of one who realises he has a headache and so cuts off his head ! It is, of course, something to recognise an evil, but that recognition is of little value unless wise steps are taken not only to minimise the evil for oneself but also to plot a course that is worth while for others to follow. The majority of ascetics, however satisfactory they may have found their own solution, have made little appeal to other people and have often merely antagonised those most in need of their help.

What can we do for ourselves, now, realising the present particularly urgent nature of the case ? We who, in spite of our duties and our desire to do what we think right (or perhaps because our duties have waked us up), want to make the best of our time while we have it ? What are we to do for ourselves and, particularly, what are we going to teach our children so that they may face an uncertain world with courage and happiness ?

The only safe way would seem to be that of very dull common-sense—to train ourselves to be adaptable, to perceive wider values and to love best those things which are indestructible. It is easier for those of us who have never had very much, or for those who have had plenty and have grown out of subjection to it by realising that it is possible to be as unhappy in a ten-guinea hat as in a shilling one. It is also easier for children to learn wise values, or rather to manage to keep their own intact, for few children judge by money ; most have an understanding of more intangible things.

It is impossible to get rid of one set of values without adopting another ; one treasure must be replaced by a different one consciously, or something less desirable will creep in by the back door. To take a practical example ; there is the woman who is immensely house-proud, loving the house, the actual rooms and furniture above everything. She will be heartbroken if something happens and she has to give up her home or if it is destroyed, for she loves it for its own sake, not because it shelters her and her family. The only possible solution for her is to be persuaded, somehow or other, to make the effort to turn her house to some real use, either by giving a home to some child she may grow to love, or by using it as a centre for a working party or perhaps as a hospitable place where neighbours may meet for quiet and rest. This kind of sacrifice must be arranged so that the use made of the house provides the woman with some genuine interest, so that her heart begins to become set on some activity rather than on mere possessiveness. Then, if her former treasure goes she will not mind unduly, and if her new interest is broken up in any way she will have acquired the habit of *activity* in a creative manner and will be able to start some other type of activity.

This creative activity does seem to be the one real weapon we all possess against the tyranny of possessions. Look around you and you will find, in general, that the more creative a person is (in the world of ideas, in art, in poetry, in music, in home-making or in any other medium of expression) the less possessive he or she is. The true artist is proverbially careless and generous, wandering at will and never worrying about where the next meal will come from. He is confident in his own capacity and needs very few material

goods to keep up his courage. The truly possessive person is a complete contrast ; he is, fundamentally, full of a feeling of inferiority and needs to have a large powerful car or a string of superb horses in order to face his neighbours. He is afraid of losing things, of thieves, of bombs, of being laughed at, of doing the wrong thing or of wearing the wrong clothes. If only he could find some creative outlet, some interest that would make him feel as good as or better than his neighbours, he would begin his cure.

The present state of the world, when many warlike movements are either in full swing or steady preparation, makes it important that we should reorganise our own values, should find out what each one of us can creatively contribute to make the universe better and, more urgent still, should train the younger generation in wise living so that they may do better than we have done.

Those of us who have studied and cared for young children know that in them we always have two strong tendencies at work : the possessive and egoistic, and the creative and gregarious. All children are the centre of their own worlds and resent competition ; they grab and clutch, identifying themselves with their own small possessions and feeling emotionally deprived when these are taken from them. At the same time, and growing stronger with each month of physical and mental growth, the child is creative, always wanting to make and to do, to alter his surroundings, to build with bricks, to construct with mud, water and all the other materials he can find. Even the destructive phase is, in a manner, constructive ; he merely breaks things in order to investigate their nature. With this growing creativeness the child becomes more gregarious ; he likes to have companions to share and to fight with. With wise handling this group spirit increases and helps the child to a real sympathy for others and a realisation of common needs and aims.

In homes today there is all too much encouragement of the possessive and egoistic trends and too little help given to the child when he is creative and gregarious. It is easy to keep a toddling child shut up in a nice hygienic nursery with countless clean playthings and a nurse and a mother to wait on him, to read him stories and to keep him helpless and a rather fascinating pet. It is not so easy to allow the little one to wander about a wild garden, getting dirty with mud, climbing trees and tearing his clothes, or to welcome various other similar babies in to play and to cope with their occasional squabbles, tumbles and general rowdiness. Yet, as proved by many large country families, and by countless successful nursery schools, the latter is the best way for a child to grow naturally and creatively, to learn something of the rights of others and to understand the joys of *doing* as opposed to the timid pleasures of acquiring possessions and fearing for their safety.

Asceticism is not a solution for the majority of us, but a wise use of possessions is. If we can learn to use things as *tools,* instead of worshipping them as *false gods,* we shall be safe. The more creative each of us becomes, using our capacities to the utmost, the more independent we shall be of the props provided by good clothes or smart cars. If we become people that are worth something for our own qualities of mind and heart we shall rely on them for our welcome and not on money or possessions that may be gone with the wind any moment when the storms come.

ELIZABETH CROSS

BERGSON AND SANKARA

[Shri P. Nagaraja Rao, M.A., is a Research Fellow of the University of Madras. To point out, as he does here, the affinities existing between individual thinkers of East and West is to contribute to the greatly to be desired Occidental-Oriental *rapprochement*.—ED.]

The demise of Henri Bergson removes from the philosophical firmament of Europe a notable star whose claim to original thinking and scientific equipment is second only among contemporaries to that of Prof. A. N. Whitehead. This great master of French prose, the Nobel laureate of 1928, attempted with great success the philosophical interpretation of the findings of Biology in his *magnum opus, L'Evolution Créatrice* (1907). The publication of this work secured a permanent place for him in the history of European philosophical thought.

Bergson was the sworn enemy of the mechanist hypothesis of Biology. With massive erudition and keen insight he attempted a detailed refutation of Materialism, and thus inaugurated the age of creative evolution. Reality for Bergson is one continuous flow which is alive. It is neither material nor mental in the ordinary sense of the term, because both Matter and Mind are derived from it. Reality is a change, a flow of events, a surging of life, moving incessantly to new forms. It is not static in the sense the Absolute is. The world of Matter and Life are thrown off like fireworks in a vast illumination. Even the centre of Reality is not an unchanging entity. We never step into the same pool twice over, because the second time we step into it, it is no longer the old stream. The evolutionary process brings with it its past. *Duration*, which for Bergson is the real time process, is the continuous progress of the past which gnaws into the future and which swells as it advances. It is this principle of interpretation that is responsible for the creativity and freedom in evolution. Evolution is not the mechanical unfolding of the past. It is the creation of the novel. This novelty is due to the past being present, not in the form of mechanical memory but in the form of consciousness, in the process of Evolution. The mechanist hypothesis in Biology is alleged by Bergson not to explain the phenomena of *transformism, mutations* and *metamorphoses*. So he poses a non-mechanical principle as the driving force of the evolutionary process, *i.e.*, the famous *élan vital*. It is the thrusting force behind evolution. Bergson believes that the biological facts can be satisfactorily explained only on the assumption that the universe is the creation and expression of the vital force.

The conception of Reality as an ever-changing flow is not without its parallel in the history of Indian thought. All the schools of Buddhism have regarded Reality as a flow of perishing particulars with nothing abiding. The evolutionary process which, according to Bergson, is the very nature of Reality is not the same as the *Kṣanika vāda* (the doctrine of momentariness) of the Buddhists. To the Buddhist every particular perishes and nothing endures in the universe. According to Bergson, the evolutionary process conserves everything; the past grows with the process and is telescoped in the present. The preservation of the

saṁskāras (the impressions resulting from actions) of the past in the universe is secured. Like the individual, who according to Hindu ethics carries his past karma with him, so does the universe in Bergson's view carry its past. Hence we cannot compare with any profit Bergson's philosophy with that of Buddhism.

Nor can we compare Bergson's thought with the Sāṅkhyan philosophy. The evolution of the *prakṛti* in the Sankhyan system is built on the mechanist hypothesis. The evolution of the twenty-four categories from the unmanifest inert *prakṛti* (matter) is secured, not by infusing any principle of life into it, but by merely positing the presence of the inactive and unacting *puruṣa* in front of the *prakṛti*. The *puruṣa* of the Sāṅkhyans is not the *élan vital* of Bergson. Besides, the uncompromising dualism between *prakṛti* on one side and the plurality of *puraṣas* on the other, militates against the monistic spirit of Bergson's thought.

A great part of Bergson's philosophy is an inconsistent version of the traditional Advaita of Śrī Śaṅkara, expressed in novel language with unmatched rhetorical skill. Śaṅkara and his followers have explained the foundation of Advaita metaphysics with the aid of skilled dialectics and cogent arguments. Any one who reads the dialectics on the category of difference (Bheda), or the inferential proof adduced to establish the illusory nature of the universe, cannot avoid the conclusion that Advaita "is not a variety of facile intuitionism based on alleged scriptural declarations."

But Bergson stops a long way short of the conclusions of Advaita because of the lack of rigour in his logic. Bertrand Russell makes this point quite clear when he speaks of *L'Evolution Créatrice* as a book that contains less argument and more rhetoric.[1] The doctrine that Reality is an ever-changing flow is criticised *in extenso* in Indian thought. The concept of change is unintelligible except against the background of something that is unchanging. If the unchanging core too be changing, we cannot intelligibly interpret the concept of change. Memory, inter-subjective intercourse, recognition, etc., would be impossible, says Śaṅkara, if we admitted Reality to be a perpetual Becoming. It must be some sort of Being within which all change is possible. The world of plurality could not exist but for the background of the unchanging Brahman. The relation between the world of plurality and Brahman is indescribable in terms of the Real and the Unreal. This, in short, is what is meant by the term Māyā. The doctrine of Māyā does not deny the reality of the world, or its pragmatic value. The Advaitins, however, hold the view that this world of plurality is not real in the sense that Brahman is.

Bergson's premise that Reality is one ever-changing flow of consciousness is no doubt indicative of a definite leaning towards a monistic metaphysics. But the inconsistent elements introduced in his system are responsible for the exclusive stress laid on the irreconcilable dualism between Matter and Life, Intellect and Intuition. According to Bergson, Matter and Intellect are collateral evolutes in the process of evolution. Evolution is said to proceed only in the presence of a resisting medium, *i.e.*,

[1] For a frank Rationalist criticism of Bergson refer to Russell's article "Philosophy in the Twentieth Century" in *Sceptical Essays*, pp. 63-68.

Matter. It is through the interaction of Matter and Life that the universe arises. In man, as well as in the cosmos, the discord is always between Spirit and Matter. Bergson posits that evolution is impossible without the resisting medium and in the same breath explains the evolution of Matter as arising from the central stream of Reality. He does not feel the logical need to reconcile Matter and Spirit in something that transcends them.[1] The Advaitin explains the presence of Matter and Spirit as superimposed manifestations arising on account of the self-limiting nature of Brahman. To say that life first throws out matter and then makes a play of opposing it does not satisfy man's rational demand.

Curiously enough, in all critical situations Bergson resorts to metaphors. Life is likened to a rocket whose extinguished remains fall to the ground as Matter. In another place life is compared to a fountain, which, expanding as it rises, partially arrests or delays the drops which fall back. The jet of the fountain is the vital activity ; the drops which fall back are the creative movements dissipated ; in short, they are matter.

Bergson explains the static view of the world as due to the functioning of the intellect, of which he is distrustful. The genesis of Intellect and that of Matter are correlative. He believes with the poet Wordsworth that "our meddling intellect misshapes the beauteous forms of things, we murder to dissect." His masterly diatribe against the trappings of intellect has become a byword with the Anti-Rationalists. He regards intellect as a tool-making machine. The reportings of the intellect give us only a vision of the cross section of Reality, and not an entire apprehension of it. He compares the intellect to the pantomime of the players in a drama. It is obvious, of course, that there is much more in a play than the pantomine of the players. In another metaphor he compares the intellect to a cinematograph. It takes the snapshot view of things. You can keep the photographs in perfect juxtaposition, but you can never recreate in them the movement of the original. Hence intellect is said to give us a false view of Reality.

The Indian idealists have denounced and warned men against the limitations of intellect. But they have not distrusted the intellect so unqualifieldly as Bergson does. It is one thing to say that intellect is not an adequate instrument to apprehend Reality and quite another thing to hold that it gives us a false view of Reality. The Vedāntin has repudiated the capacity of Reason to give us the knowledge that is conclusive and final. The *Védanta sūtras* (II, i, 11) express the view that intellect cannot give us the conclusive proof of anything. *Tarkā pratiṣṭānāt*..... The Advaitin postulate that Reality is one indivisible whole is highly useful in reconciling the rival claims and the false dichotomy between intellect and intuition. The final intuition is the fulfilment of Reason. Intuition is reason in its exalted mood. In Advaita there is no room for extreme opposition between intellect and intuition as in Bergson's thought. In the final intuition the agent is aware of Reality not as something distinct from him but as a part of himself. It is not *an aware-*

[1] For an elaborate examination of Bergson's thought in the light of Absolute Idealism, refer to Sir S. Radhakrishnan's *Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy*, pp. 148 to 221.

ness of truth but it is *awareness as truth.* Such a final intuition cannot at all be in conflict with Reason though it cannot be reached by it. Bergson's antithesis between intellect and intuition leads one to suspect that his intuition is more akin to instinct. To the Indian metaphysician intuition is trans-intellectual and not infra-intellectual. "Where intellect ends there intuition begins." The deliverances of intuition are proved and tested by logic.

It is not without a certain trepidation that we have to class Bergson as a idealist in view of his immoderate distrust of intellect. He says we must catch reality on the wing, without reflection to settle on it, to reduce it to a series of states. We need somehow to bring intuition nearer intellect if we want to make sense out of it. Bergson is right when he contends that intuition alone gives us adequate knowledge of Reality. But he is not right when he effects a division between intellect and intuition and discredits the former. Śaṅkara observes that the fruit of knowledge is integral intuitive experience. Our faith in Reason in the last analysis is due to its intrinsic and self-validating nature. Intuition claims the immediate awareness and certainty of experience. So, by hypothesis it cannot be anything opposed and contrary to the dictates of Reason. It is these few germs of monistic thought in Bergson that make one believe that a close affinity exists between Bergson and Śaṅkara.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

MENTAL MISTS

There is a world of truth in the homely saw "Give a dog a bad name and he'll earn it". The modern psychologists, by disparaging reason, have given human nature a bad name and so, as Dr. Gilbert Murray brings out in *The Rationalist Annual,* 1941, have played an important part in turning "a decent and humane world into an ill-managed lunatic asylum". It is not that man has not before been unreasonable, been dominated far too much by lower impulses, but at least their inferiority and the need for their subordination to the guiding principle of reason has been recognized. It is the prestige of that principle which the psychologists have challenged, and by concentrating attention on the lower self-conscious elements in human nature they have made these more important and more powerful.

> Impress on a young man that what he took to be unselfish or æsthetic enthusiasms are mere self-deceptions; he is really only occupied with desires for sexual gratification, or perhaps for revenge for personal slights, and in course of time he will believe you—nay, in time what you say will be true. Though to some extent you put him on his guard, to a greater degree you fill his mind with the thought of these lower things and make him cynical towards all ideals.

Recourse to comforting superstitions is not the solution, as Dr. Murray rightly maintains. "Must you be mad in order to fight a madman?" The emotional subconscious nature is satisfied if a belief be inspiriting, but reason demands truth. There are two main strivings, Dr. Murray finds, to which mankind owes all its advance and which in this age of moral chaos must be defended at all costs: "the striving to know the truth about the world about us, and the striving to do what is right towards our fellow men".

Dr. Murray renders a distinct service by lifting the issue to a plane above the miasmal mists spread by the psychologists' substitution of emotional for moral and spiritual values.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE CITY OF GOD *

"It is none of my business", says Mr. Cochrane in his preface, "to pronounce upon the ultimate validity of Christian claims as opposed to those of Classicism." Yet the reader who comes to the end of his deeply interesting book will not credit him with quite so much detachment. He will seem, like Dr. Johnson, to have taken care that the Whig dogs get the worst of it. Perhaps the impression was inevitable, for he is contrasting a religion and a philosophy which received political expression in the Roman Empire with a religion and a philosophy which, so far as his narrative goes, received no political expression at all. His book ends with a lengthy and somewhat disproportionate exposition of the philosophy of St. Augustine. By St. Augustine's time the Constantinian attempt to renovate the decaying Roman Empire by making Christianity the state-religion had visibly failed. The process of disintegration was being accelerated. An analogous process of decay and disintegration was to overtake the political expression of the Christian philosophy. But the rise and fall of Christendom are outside the scope of Mr. Cochrane's book. So the impression with which it leaves us is of the ephemerality of secular classicism, and the finality of trinitarian Christianity. If Mr. Cochrane himself refrains from pronouncing upon the ultimate validity of Christian claims, he appears to let history do so instead.

Mr. Cochrane's fundamental thesis is that the disruption of the Roman Empire was in the last resort due to the inadequacy of classical religion and philosophy. It is easier to accept the negative element in such a thesis than its positive implication. For it seems, at any rate, to imply that there is a religion and a philosophy which can serve as the foundation of an enduring political society. History, certainly not excluding contemporary history, does not offer much confirmation of this theory. However much we may accept Augustine's criticism of secular society, that it is really based on self-interest (*amor sui*) which is in itself a principle of disruption, and that the only way to overcome it is by "sticking to God" (*adhaerere Deo*)—to a God of love who sends us the grace whereby we may believe in him and love him and love our neighbours as ourselves—the grim fact remains that such a religion has never been accepted as the basis of any political society. Rome endured for a thousand years: it is fifteen hundred since Augustine promulgated the principles of the City of God. That would seem long enough to have given them a fair trial. But the condition of Europe today does not suggest that they have worked any better than the secular and empirical religion of *Romanitas*. Where is the City of God today? It cannot be recognised in the existing European anarchy, in which the political societies are engaged in annihilating one another with all the infinite resources of modern science. Neither can it be recognised in the Christian Church, which, in spite of all its universal pretensions, is as deeply implicated in the prevailing anarchy as the secular powers themselves.

It may be true—I believe it is true—that the establishment of the City of God has been "retarded" (though the word seems very mild) not "by any fault on the part of the divine schoolmaster, but solely by the blind and obstinate resistance of mankind". But that does not take us any further. For that blind and obstinate resistance cannot be otherwise regarded than as one of the data of political society. If it

* *Christianity and Classical Culture.* By CHARLES NORRIS COCHRANE. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 30*s*.)

has not been broken down by religious truth in fifteen hundred years, what chance is there of its being broken down by that means in fifteen hundred more? Christian truth has had a long innings. After a millennium and a half of it, a great wave of naked political secularism is sweeping, apparently irresistibly, over Europe; and whatever remains of organized Christianity there are, are quite ready to make any kind of judicious compact with the new *regnum diaboli*.

That would be the criticism of the realist on Mr. Cochrane's presentation of his history of the Roman Empire. However much he might believe that Christian principles are in fact the only sure foundation of an enduring and evolving political society, he is forced to accept the evidence of history that they are beyond the capacity of average mankind. As far as human insight can tell, the terrible dilemma dramatised by Dostoievsky in the Legend of the Grand Inquisitor, is as valid as ever. The gift of Christian freedom is an intolerable burden to man, because freedom within the political society is the opportunity of indulging self-interest. The only means of restraining the anarchy created by self-interest is power, and the exercise of power is itself the supreme opportunity of indulging self-interest.

To struggle beyond that political pessimism we need the sustenance of faith or fact; and faith was much easier for Augustine in the fifth century than it is for us in the twentieth. In the fifth century, the Christian Church was growing. Amid the gathering anarchy, it seemed to offer a new and different and finer organisation of society. The City of God was a city of hope and of refuge; and it was a visible city, set upon a hill. It is not visible today.

That need not make it less true that the City of God may still be the only hope and refuge; but it does profoundly change our capacity for recognising the City of God in the existing Christian Church. *To identify the City of God with the existing Christian Church (as Augustine could do) is frankly impossible; it is difficult enough to discover in the empirical Church any of the elements that might go to the making of the celestial city.* It was, we agree, no part of Mr. Cochrane's purpose or plan to contrast the position in fifth-century Europe with the position today; but the resemblances are too striking to be ignored. By all the signs, the Western world is on the brink of a new epoch of Caesarism. What grounds have we for hoping that the outcome will be better than it was before?

Here enters a new fact to give substance to a new faith: the advent of the machine. We need not expect five hundred years of Caesarism this time: the machine has made the economic basis of human existence far too unstable, too inherently revolutionary for that. One may prophesy that it will be relatively short-lived. As its power of oppression—owing to modern technology—will be extreme, so will be its incapacity for endurance.

There is some solid ground for our feeling that we are witnessing and are involved in the last despairing upsurge of political secularism; and that the humanity of men will revolt against this appalling objectification of their own spiritual inertia. Probably they will see—indeed it will be only too apparent—that *it is plain madness to revolt against the new tyranny by violence.* Even the simplest man will know that, this time, Satan cannot even pretend to cast out Satan, as Augustine believed he could. Then, it may be, the fatal cycle will be broken finally: and the foundations of the enduring city be laid. But that its religious expression will be the trinitarian Christianity of Augustine is not probable. That will not be forgotten in the religion of the new society; but neither will it exclude other ways of approach to the truth.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

ABOUT INDIA *

These three books dealing with India from a predominantly Indian point of view, published at this juncture in England, constitute a magnificent testimony to the heroic spirit of the English in the cruelest crisis of their history. We gladly pay our homage to the publishers for indulging in such a disinterested act of faith at a time when they are confronted by more urgent and intimate problems of their own.

India To-day is a formidable achievement—impressive in its documentation, imposing in range and sweep, and superb in style. It is an encyclopedia of Indian history, economics and politics from the beginnings of the British connection up to date. The writer is evidently young, but only in years. For he has read his Carlyle and his Macaulay to some purpose, since he has made the dry bones of the past come to life with flaming energy. Withal, there is a controlling impulse behind a delightful blend of urbanity, humour, irony and satire.

The book contains 544 pages divided into six parts of equal length. Most of them make a powerful, because a coldly objective, indictment of British rule in India. As far as possible, the indictment is based on the utterances, admissions and denials of the rulers themselves. The evolution of British imperialism is traced through a thousand ramifications with a patient thoroughness that contributes to the cumulative effect. The present *cul de sac* in the country furnishes a drab setting to a sombre picture which, in happier conditions, could have had only a remote academic interest. The concluding sections deal with the national challenge to British imperialism, the non-co-operation movements and the personality of the Mahatma and take a peep into the future of a Free India.

The author's approach is that of the orthodox Marxist. Marx himself is quoted in support of the thesis that the British Empire marks one stage in the evolution of pluto-democracy, and that it carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction, the extension of industrial activity in India calling into existence the nucleus of the proletariat. Marx's letters to an American newspaper in the middle of the last century, copiously drawn upon, are extraordinarily apposite. (By the way, it is curious that these letters have not previously been made such good use of as now by the author of this book.) But notwithstanding the author's heroic consistency, the Indian problem bristles with too many loose ends to fit into the compact framework of the Marxist cultus.

In the later parts of the book, the Marxist bias is even more obtrusive. Gandhiji's non-co-operation movements are looked at from the wrong end of the telescope. The place of honour is given to workers in the cities, although the author has devoted the most telling parts of his economic survey to emphasising the gravity of the Indian agrarian situation. It is still a far cry from the landless, unskilled worker to the gospel of class war which is the corner-stone of the communist ethic.

That the author should have no sympathy with Gandhiji's philosophy is only to be expected ; there he is in a crowded, if not good, company. But his assertion that Gandhiji's mystic muddles paralysed the national movement every time it was on the point of achieving a crushing victory seems more a piece of Gilbertian extravagance than a serious contribution to an understanding of actual tendencies. And what is said to be the reason for such a stultifying course ? Why, nothing but Gandhiji's fear of a proletarian inundation of all his bourgeois ideals and auxiliaries ! If this were true, it is very curious in-

* *India To-day.* By R. PALME DUTT. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 9*s.*) ; *Enlist India for Freedom.* By E. THOMPSON. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 2*s.* 6*d.*); *Nehru : The Rising Star of India.* By ANUP SINGH. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 5*s.*)

deed that the proletariat should still be so bemused with the man who had betrayed it again and again with such malice prepense !

The author's vision of the future is of a Marxist millennium, after an impartial liquidation of both the foreign power and its indigenous supports. The author's attitude to Gandhiji is not so crudely hostile as that of many other Marxists. But he considers him a definitely reactionary influence, although he has admittedly done wonders—so far !

The book has, on the whole, the virtues of its defects. A rigorously materialistic view has yielded astonishingly good results in the first part. But, with tragic incomprehension, it passes by such heart-breaking problems as the communal one. The course of the present war has proved, not for the first time, that people would fight, in the last resort, for the most hare-brained idea more zealously than for bread and butter. Many who still believe that Marxism is not ineluctable think it possible to achieve freedom and retain it, without making a holocaust of our fellows in the name of necessity, analogy or precedent !

Much of Mr. Thompson's pamphlet has already found its way into the daily press. It is a passionate plea for treating India fairly, and is addressed to the Englishman at home. The book has now no more than a melancholy interest ; for the Moving Finger has writ—and passed on ! Instead of statesmanship's taking charge of events, events have taken statesmen aback, and the voice of wisdom is stilled for the moment. (A nation as a whole rarely gets into the confessional. But Mr. Thompson does it here vicariously for his country.) We pray that his gallant but unheeded attempt may be remembered in favour of Britain against the day of judgment.

The pamphlet records the impressions of a tour of the country in the early part of last year. Its analysis of internal politics and communal acerbities is masterly. There are many anecdotes, thumb-nail sketches and *bon mots* salvaged from private conversation which lighten the gloom cast by the main theme.

The last book, *Nehru : The Rising Star of India*, by Anup Singh, is largely a *réchauffé* of the autobiography of Jawaharlal Nehru, but brought up to date. The author writes in an easy, pleasant and conversational style that establishes personal contact with the reader. There is the, by now, hackneyed contrast between Gandhi and Nehru, amounting to an over-simplification of emotional and spiritual complexities to suit a predetermined political pattern. Let us say it bluntly—all talk of a rising star is but a case of the wish being father to the thought. The author's journalistic weakness is also indicated in a curious remark that Indian politics will in the years to come be swayed more and more by personalities, apparently not by principles or ideologies. This is to give undue importance to the head-lines of to-day's newspaper.

However that may be, we may take heart of grace from the brief introduction to the book by Lin Yutang, a Chinese writer of whom the present reviewer unfortunately knew nothing, but for whom he must henceforth entertain the highest respect. Within a short compass, he has achieved admirable modulation, a serenity truly Oriental and a subtle perception that is uncanny. Apropos of rising and setting stars this is what he says :—

> As the situation...stands to-day, the picture is this : the people listen to Nehru, Nehru listens to Gandhi, and Gandhi listens only to God.

As an epitome that is dazzling and—final.

P. MAHADEVAN

The Social Function of Religion : A Comparative Study. By E. O. JAMES, D. LITT., PH. D., F. S. A., HON. D. D. St. Andrews. (London Theological Library, University of London Press, Ltd., Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

It is not often that we come across such an excellent study of religion and its institutions. It is mature and scientific with a useful blibiography appended to each chapter.

If social institutions yet withstand the onslaughts of criticism and possess a fundamental hold on the minds of the people, it is not because of any unconscious conditioning of consciousness at some primitive period of man's history, but because of the belief in Providence, by whatever name called. This seems to be the real element in religion, however much overlooked or criticised by thinkers like N. Söderblom and Rudolf Otto. The fact that, as Professor James points out, the modern political dictatorships, of whatever stamp, are all patterned on the theocratic State, though in direct conflict with the doctrine of Providence, shows that the psychological basis of attraction of any political theory can be only Providence or God. But all modern political theories, since they do not possess that unique power or fundamental quality of religious consciousness, dependence on the Supreme in all activities, are bound to fail.

The failure of religion is referable to its lack of initiative and of vision. If any institution is capable of being totalitarian, it is the religious one, but it is essentially because the religious consciousness sought to become a temporal power that it came into conflict with the State and lost all its prestige and power, till today we witness its failure. Scorned and ridiculed, religion today is in a pitiable, if not actually in a decadent state. It is necessary to regain for religion its essential quality of dynamic *spiritual* activity, which of course can come only out of personal experience of Providence. It is impossible easily to induce confidence even in the existence of Providence, not to speak of revelations and rituals and moral conduct and the institutions of society. All these things are breaking up under the strain of modern economic and political ideologies. Professor James's work is welcome in so far as it, more clearly than many works of its class, represents the views of a religious scholar who believes in the renewal of the forces of religion through the understanding of the true principles of Christianity.

> The spiritual factors that determine the social structure are not mere functions of society. They are autonomous principles which transcend the social order and its modes of organization.

The first of the eight chapters deals with the nature of Providence in all religions. The idea of Providence is not identical in all groups but it is there in all. This belief involves belief in eternal life, a life of participation in Divine life or companionship with the Divine, and in the continuity of life after death. It involves also belief in revelation and in scriptures traditionally handed down to us. The idea of such a Providence is gained progressively by the individual, and cannot be made out to be a Deity who comes into being as a product of evolution, as Samuel Alexander and others hold. The author takes the reader through the evolution of ritual in almost all religions but makes the point that

> for the prophets worship was a subjective experience arising out of the sense of man's dependence on an all-righteous God Who is more concerned with ethical conduct than ritual practice.

The chapters that deal with marriage, the church and nationalism in the light of the concept of Providence form excellent reading. Students of Indian religious thought would find many interesting points of contact, once again proving the intimate unity of all men in God despite racial theories to the contrary. The analysis of the modern theories of the State, all totalitarian in spite of the different labels under which

they parade, and the hatred of religion exhibited by them in common, is superb. Dr. James rightly concludes :—

> In a distracted age religion will achieve its purpose and function only if it is presented, not as an ethical ideal or aspiration, not as an intellectual proposition or pragmatic system, not even as an evangelical acceptance of Christ as Saviour and King ; in short, not as anything less than the inbreaking on human history of God incarnate bringing to the world undone the gift of a new and endless life.

There may be differences as to the nature of the inbreaking and the incarnation of the Divine, but there can be none in regard to the need. We recommend this book to the readers of THE ARYAN PATH.

K. C. VARADACHARI

Stoic, Christian and Humanist. By GILBERT MURRAY, D.C.L., LL.D., LITT. D. (C. A. Watts and Co., Ltd., George Allen and Unwin. Ltd., London. 5*s.*)

In this collection of essays, Professor Murray takes the reader through the fundamental conceptions of Stoicism, Christianity and Humanism. The book has its appeal in this, that it is not merely a history, but gives the author's convictions, his doubts and his difficulties. His is a free spirit. He has been shocked by the prevailing confusion caused by the clash of beliefs and of interests, by the want of a genuine spirit of catholicity. The struggle today really represents the struggle between Liberalism and Militarism. When the free spirit is overshadowed by dogmas, be they those of Socialism, of Religion, or of Philosophy, it is likely to be restricted in expression ; though, no doubt, according to him, it is possible to preserve a free spirit even when yoked to a belief. From this position Professor Murray has judged the ethics of Paganism, of Christianity and of Positivism and has reached the conviction that the moral adventure consists in doing what is right, not in the hope of results, either here or hereafter. He therein finds the true beauty of Positivism ; his outlook is essentially humanistic.

Professor Murray refers to the gregarious nature of man and holds that the moral being cannot grow without social environment. Mankind, even in its earnest seeking, cannot outgrow this nature which finds its projection in one form or another. In Stoic or in Christian ethics the truth is represented in the conception of " A Friend behind phenomena " or of a righteous God. The honest seeker projects another society to counterbalance the society he rejects. " The Stoics were so far right. There is another tribunal." It is ultimately the tribunal of a man's soul. In our moral and spiritual seeking we do not transcend our nature and the conception of the life beyond is only an ideal extension of the present one.

This is the central theme of the book. The author believes that religions have not been able to transcend Humanism. If one looks through it, it will be evident that in morals Positivism has served as the true key-note. Man is man ; in his adventures of the spirit, he remains man with some of his instincts sublimated.

The book is small but is replete with information ; Professor Murray's treatment of the Stoic ethics with its doctrine of *Phusis,* his presentation of the concept of inward and untroubled life and some of his observations on the Ethics of Plato and of Aristotle will be read with interest. One may differ from the author on his overemphasis upon Humanism, and on his resolving of the urge to serve the Human and suffering God to man's *humanitas.* Professor Murray does not see much in the metaphysical implications of ethics. One feels that in his treatment of spiritual and moral problems he is not a little led by wish-fulfilment psychology.

MAHENDRANATH SIRCAR

After the War: A Symposium of Peace Aims. Edited by WILLIAM TEELING. (Sidgwick and Jackson Ltd., London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

The difference between the last Great War and the present one is that then no one dared to speak or write about peace aims—or even war aims! Even today it is sometimes stated (as Lord Halifax observed in an interview with American journalists) that the main war aim of the British is to win the war. But that, then, is also the Nazi war aim. And Hitler has made no secret of what he would do if and when he should win the war. Why should, then, the British, who are manifestly fighting for a juster cause, hesitate to lay down the lines on which they would reconstruct the world after the war? After all, it should not be forgotten that the rise of Hitler and, consequently, this war, were caused by the extremely slipshod and short-sighted peace plan that was prepared at Versailles. If it is true that the world cannot afford another war, equally true it is that we cannot afford another Versailles.

Though many of the British official spokesmen continue to talk as if survival were the only aim for which they are fighting, there are others who are boldly discussing, analysing and formulating peace aims and preparing in advance the blue prints of the post-war world.

"It is the youth of Britain who are going to put a stop to German aggression and it is the youth of Britain who will dictate the terms of the peace. What are they going to do after this war? What is in the minds of our young men?" It was to answer these vital questions that Mr. William Teeling invited thirteen junior politicians, most of whom are under forty, to state their peace aims. The contributors to this book hold widely differing views—from the Labourite Earl of Listowel who wants "restoration of some degree of prosperity to the millions who have been sacrificing comforts and necessities to feed the ravenous engines of war" and who is the only one to urge acceleration of the pace of self-determination in India, to the conservative Captain Alan Graham who wants increased powers for the House of Lords and who thinks that in India "climate, temperament and tradition point far more naturally to autocracy"; from the Liberal Sir Richard Acland who thinks that "common ownership is an absolutely essential part of any coherent peace aims" and who wants an international army in which "private soldiers of all countries shall meet and rub shoulders, learn one language, and receive the wide education in internationalism and liberty", to the Earl of Ross who urges the establishment of a Federal Union.

On one thing, however, they are all agreed—the necessity of economic and political changes as conditions precedent to the establishment of permanent peace. It is the privilege and the duty of a democracy to determine the nature of such changes by free and open discussion.

K. A. ABBAS

The Christ at Chartres. By DENIS SAURAT. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 4*s.*)

This small book of only forty-six pages is rather strange and difficult to understand. The author, a distinguished French literary critic and now a brilliant prophet of true Anglo-French concordance, seeks to show from his intimate knowledge of the spirit of France, especially as it survives among the peasantry of Southern France, that "profound and powerful religious forces are at work in the soul of France, under the surface of mixed Catholicism and materialism". The mountainous districts of Southern France, he points out, have never been wholly occupied by Catholicism nor have the deeper intuitions of the people there been wholly submerged by orthodox religion or secularist Science. "Perhaps a regeneration of the French", he suggests, "will come from stranger sources than we have yet dreamt of."

The title of the book is taken from

an amazingly beautiful sculpture of the Creation of Adam on the North Portal at Chartres, which is reproduced as the frontispiece of the book. This heretical representation of Christ the Crucified as the Creator—for orthodoxy makes a subtle distinction between the Father Creator and the Crucified Son—is typical of the vagrant intuitions of the French soul illustrated in this book.

The author narrates his conversations with a series of individuals : an old canon, a high official, a peasant and a University professor. Each has his own mystic experience, which transcends ordinary conceptions of time and space and which finds its centre and explanation in Christ. The canon's theory, corroborated by the official's testimony, that creation started with Christ, and that the era B. C. is simply Time rolling back from him, is difficult to follow but may have light to throw on the newer conceptions of Time and Space that are now emerging. We are on more familiar ground with the peasant's experience of Telepathy, so common among the people of his acquaintance that he doesn't worry about it, and the official's conviction about his previous births. All except the peasant have come consciously to accept "the intuition of the Centre", which is the burden of the book, the intuition of Christ being the pulsating centre of Creation. It may be as one of them says that one can come to it, not through the mind, but through many joys, many sufferings, many deaths. "Men learn only when they have been shaped by life and death into receptivity."

The lessons of the experiences narrated in the book are sought to be commended by apt quotations at the head of every chapter from William Blake and Victor Hugo.

S. K. GEORGE

The Inductive Conception of Life. By ENZO LOLLI. Translated by H. E. KENNEDY. (Rider and Co., London. 4*s.* 6*d.*)

The term *inductive* is used not in the logical sense, but in a sense familiar to scientists. Just as an object in the magnetic field of an electric current acquires an *induced* current, so organisms, according to Signor Lolli, are energised by neuric energy. Since neuric rays manifest something existing beyond time and space, comparisons with things known to science cannot take us far. Lolli visualizes a principle, not reducible to physico-chemical elements, which manifests itself through matter in forms common to the energies of a physical order, matter itself being an earlier modification of the same principle. The resemblance of this theory to Bergson's conception of the *élan vital* is striking.

Lolli agrees with Descartes that the sole certain reality for man is his thought, but the inference is the very opposite of *cogito, ergo sum.* That an individual thinks is the proof of the existence of, not himself, but of a universal mind which, as it were, thinks in him. What seems to be his thought is really induced thought. Induced thought can, in its turn, be inductive. All this is in complete agreement with the *Yogavasishta* which says that the activity of a Cosmic mind induces thoughts which different human minds consider to be their own, and that these minds, in their turn, start a similar process.

Much of modern scientific research seems to support this theory. An examination of isolated cells as well as of multicellular organisms shows that life is intrinsic movement ; experiments like Pavlov's suggest that the movement is rhythmic ; and phenomena like suspended animation indicate that the movement is induced.

Lolli's theory runs counter to the tendencies of this age. Almost all the doctrines that dominate modern man—Gentile's actualism, Lenin's materialism, Hitlerism, Freudianism, utilitarianism, subjectivism and solipsism—are based upon the exaltation of the ego. The

basis of modern thought and feeling is the ego. On the contrary, the kernel of Lolli's theory is that the ego is not the centre. The psychological resistance to this doctrine must be stiffer than the resistance encountered by Copernicus and Galileo who said that the earth was not the centre of the world; but, till this resistance is overcome, the problems that puzzle us today will not be placed in proper perspective. Signor Lolli has administered a much-needed corrective to this age.

C. NARAYANA MENON

'The Most Haunted House in England': Ten Years' Investigation of Borley Rectory. By HARRY PRICE. (Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

No one can read this book, not even the greatest of sceptics and disbelievers in ghosts, without becoming convinced that Borley Rectory is haunted. Mr. Harry Price, the well-known psychical researcher, presents in this monograph a collection of evidence, gathered during the ten years of his investigation of the Borley mystery, which proves, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that, for about half a century, the Rectory has been the playground of invisible forces and entities causing strange manifestations which cannot be explained in terms of laws known to modern science. Not less than one hundred witnesses, among whom are five Rectors and their families, the present owner of the place, Mr. Harry Price himself and his staff of official observers, including doctors, university men, engineers, army officers and business men, testify to having seen one or another of the Borley phenomena of human apparitions, wall-marking, stone-throwing, furniture-moving, bell-ringing, door-locking, etc. It is the best documented case in the annals of psychical research.

In the chapter "Can the Phenomena be Explained? Mr. Price outlines several theories and presents his own personal belief that the major and most spectacular of the Borley manifestations were the work of *Poltergeister*, whereas other phenomena such as apparitions, code-tapping, wall-writing, footsteps, thuds and thumps were caused by the persisting remnants of personalities once associated with the Rectory. The book is well worth studying, especially by those who doubt the reality of the occult world.

That the Rectory is being visited by objectionable entities is not surprising to the student of Occultism if one takes into account some of the events which are said to have occurred at the place. In a Benedictine monastery on the site of the present Rectory, a legend has it, a monk was hanged and a nun bricked up alive as a punishment for having broken their religious vows. (Among the apparitions seen are a headless man and a nun.)

The Rev. Harry Bull, Rector at Borley for a period of thirty-five years, was a fervent Spiritist who built a special summer-house in the garden in order to "communicate with the spirits" and declared during his lifetime that if he was discontented after his death he would try to communicate with the inhabitants of the Rectory. Several attempts have been made, through spiritistic séances, to call back his departed "spirit". His phantasm is also visiting the place.

It is also interesting to note that the records show that the phenomena were most frequent, most varied and strongest when the place was occupied by persons possessing some psychic faculty and that after the recital of prayers and the undertaking of a Novena manifestations usually broke out with greater violence. Many of the phenomena, says Mr. Price, seem to be connected with Roman Catholicism. It is time the clergy began to recognize the danger and responsibility involved in dabbling in psychism and necromantic practices!

M. L.

The Architecture of the Intelligible Universe in the Philosophy of Plotinus: An Analytical and Historical Study. By A. H. ARMSTRONG. (Cambridge University Press. Cambridge Classical Studies VI. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

European critical judgment on the philosophy of Plotinus has violently oscillated between two extremes—that it represents the high-water-mark of the rise of Neo-Platonism and that it marks the final breakdown and collapse of speculation by the letting of the life-blood of ancient Indian and Greek thought. This study of A. H. Armstrong's has, therefore, to be welcomed in the hope that it may throw some light on the corners of Plotinus still remaining dark and unilluminated. The reviewer is not disappointed. Attention may be invited particularly to the concluding chapter in which Armstrong sums up his definite and decided views on Plotinus.

His determined assertion at the same time of the reality of human free will and of the universal order seems most worthy of praise.

Considerable havoc has been wrought in European thought by idealistic attempts like those of Parmenides, Spinoza, Kant, Bradley and others to reduce the status of finite being and of the Universe to "total unreality and illusoriness", as Armstrong puts it. Similar attempts in Indian thought by certain sections or schools of Buddhism and Advaita will immediately suggest themselves. Armstrong points out that the philosophy of Plotinus represents the most vital connecting link between the Hellenic thought at its best metaphysical and spiritual development and the "beginnings of Christian philosophy".

Many statements made by Armstrong are controversial, but, within the war-time limits set by the Editor, I cannot discuss them or demonstrate their utter untenability. I shall refer to only two. Plotinus is said to be "neither a pantheist nor a dualist", though both types of "passages are to be found in the *Enneads*". I am sure Plotinus would disavow this description, exclaiming that he should be saved from his friends and admirers. A protest should again be lodged when Mr. Armstrong describes "Theosophy" as the "decadent Europeanized version of Indian thought". If he had been in regular touch with THE ARYAN PATH, he would have seen that many modern attempts at interpretation of Indian thought to the West have been outrageously Europeanized, let alone Theosophy.

But the crux of the philosophy of Plotinus should be deemed "Mysticism". In what sense was Plotinus a Mystic? Did he believe that it would be possible for an aspirant to realize the Immanence of the Infinite? Did he advocate or frame any psycho-physical discipline like the Yoga, the practice of which would ensure realization of the goal contemplated? Armstrong's discussion leaves these and allied questions unanswered. Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to welcome the work as a sustained attempt to focus attention on the elements of permanent philosophic value in the speculative system-building of Plotinus.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

The Problem of Pain. By C. S. LEWIS, M.A. (Christian Challenge Series, The Centenary Press, London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The general problem of evil, of which pain is only a part, must be accounted for to our satisfaction in any intelligible system of philosophy. But the fact is that the problem of pain or evil is the stumbling-block of almost all philosophical systems. True, Pantheism explains it in a way. But in a way that does not satisfy our hearts. It gets away by saying that evil appears such only because you look at it with the erring eyes of men, and that once you see it with divine eyes it ceases to be evil. An explanation which is perfect,

but incredible (as Mr. Somerset Maugham would say).

The problem is very annoyingly prominent in Theism. Theism harps on the goodness of God, but if God is good, why does He permit evil? Either God is not good, or He is not omnipotent, runs the age-old dilemma. The way out is in an unsatisfactory Dualism (as in Zoroastrianism) or an inconsistent Monism (as in Christianity). Inconsistent because, in its efforts to preserve the omnipotence of God, it throws the blame for pain on the free will which is given to men. If that free will was to be real, God had to give us a reality of choice between good and evil. (We can still ask, why did He permit evil to enter into the constitution of this world?) We chose evil, and pain was introduced to bring us back to God. Pain is necessary because it shakes us up from our contemptible smugness, self-complacence and forgetfulness of God.

This explanation, again, fails to account for the sufferings of children. As Bertrand Russell says somewhere, any one who has been to a children's hospital will disbelieve in a good and kind God. Again, animal pain is ignored. One of the most unconvincing chapters in Mr. Lewis's book is on animal pain. Reading it, one would feel that Christianity was really pre-Copernican.

It is surprising to note that the Western mind has always been hostile to Karma. But the fact remains that only Karma (with Samsara) affords any reasonable explanation of the problem of suffering in children and animals. But, as Prof. A. R. Wadia used to say, Karma does not explain the problem of the origin of evil. Either the process of referring one's present pain to a past life is endless, or pain had its origin ultimately in human free-will. We are back at the old question: Why did God create a world in which such pain and misery are possible?

The position taken by Mr. Russell in his *Free Man's Worship* is plausible, but it is a counsel of despair.

Mr. Lewis's book is a very sincere attempt to explain the problem of pain from the Christian stand-point. Many portions of the book are vague and none so vague as the one relating to the mythical Fall of Man. But the book is timely, and a reading of it is necessary in these days.

M. N. SRINIVAS

CORRESPONDENCE

MORE ART EXPERIENCE

The January number of THE ARYAN PATH contains an excellent article about "Art Experience" by M. Hiriyanna.

After reading it, one continues ruminating, musing. In the words of Socrates to the youthful Theactetus :—

> I mean the conversation which the soul holds with herself in considering anything. I speak of what I scarcely know; but the soul when thinking appears to me to be just affirming and denying. And when she has arrived at a decision, either gradually or by a sudden impulse, and has at last agreed, and does not doubt, this is called her opinion. I say, then, that to form an opinion is to speak, and opinion is a word spoken, I mean, to one's self and in silence, not aloud or to another.

One is grateful to Shri M. Hiriyanna for opening the conversation in one's soul.

Art is classified by M. Hiriyanna as *attractive*, drawing to it others from outside, but deeper, more intrinsic is that urge from within to find the one in the many, the harmony, rhythm, balance, the law of being.

To search for this law of beauty-truth-goodness is the life-work of the artist and fortunate is he who chooses this path, which is more and more beautiful as he goes on into wider beauty. Truly he reaches *moksha,* liberation. In so far as he is an artist concentrated on beauty instead of on himself, he is freed from the three *hetus,* greed, hate and ignorance, into nibbanic consciousness.

Although physical experience is transient, that recollection of perfect beauty is the heritage of man. His power of imagination gathers up the scattered, precious fragments and pushes on with intuition beyond the immanent into the transcendent ; the wise say, " from a blade of grass to the Brahma-world ".

A contemporary philosopher, A. N. Whitehead, recognizes God as " the poet of the world, with tender patience leading it by his vision, of truth, beauty and goodness ".

It is significant that Gotama the Buddha's search for liberation was finally rewarded through the memory of the beauty of a day in spring, in his early childhood, when under a rose-apple tree he watched his father plough the royal furrow.

Likewise with Shri Ramakrishna's first experience of *samadhi,* the inception was in response to beauty. It is said that at the age of six, when the cloud-dappled sky was glorified by a flock of wild cranes flying in rhythmic beauty, Shri Ramakrishna became one with that transcendent beauty.

AELISAH BREWSTER

Almora.

WORTH DYING FOR

World Digest for January condenses from *This Week* a notable article by Channing Pollock, " Things Worth Dying For ". He deprecates a fear of death so strong that compromise of conscience, dereliction of duty, loss of liberty and of self-respect—anything, in short—seems preferable to loss of life. To have to live with oneself knowing that when the test came one played the coward's part—death in the fulfilment of duty is surely preferable to that ! Mr. Pollock contrasts the fate of the single deserter who fled the Alamo with that of the gallant men—one of them desperately ill—who would not surrender. Those men, he declares, " outlive the man who escaped to walk the earth a few days longer ".

Mr. Pollock draws a gloomy picture indeed of what life would be if everyone were unwilling to die for any ideal or achievement or principle. There would be no doctors or nurses for sufferers from contagious diseases ; no bridges or railroads or tall buildings " if no one thought doing his job more important than personal security ", no devotion to duty like that of the old telephone operator in Folsom, New Mexico, who, when the dam up the valley broke, stuck to her post, warning family after family to run for their lives, till she and her cottage were swept into the flood.

No wonder fearlessness appears in the *Bhagavad-Gita* as the first of the god-like qualities ! The normal response to the exhibition of courage is first a lift of the heart, an exultation in the potentialities of our common humanity and, secondly, reverence for the hero's Inner Self, the divine captive who has succeeded in expressing his will through the man of clay. Mr. Pollock concludes :—

> There must be a last trench beyond which the human spirit will not retreat. Whatever we have of security and dignity and well-being, for ourselves, our nation and our race ; all that separates us from savagery, everything of the mind and heart, and of aspiration and accomplishment, has been won and held by men and women who, wanting to live, still " dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die ".

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."

—HUDIBRAS

The first anniversary of the death of C. F. Andrews falls on the fifth of this month. It is not for his sake that we take advantage of the cycle to recall his life of selfless service but for the inspiration and the encouragement that his example offers to the rest of us, the example of an ordinary man like ourselves, but one in whose life an ideal was a living power.

The example of the great Teachers of the race, who from age to age have given the world the benediction of Their presence, blazes on the summits like a great beacon fire to guide men's striving towards the heights. But there are lesser souls who have kindled their own small tapers at Their fire and have lovingly cherished the spark until it has grown strong enough to help to light the way for their fellow wayfarers. Such was Charles Freer Andrews, the faithful follower of Jesus Christ and the friend of every man who needed a friend.

Charles F. Andrews was the foe of dogmatism, of race prejudice, of oppression, and he did not, like so many, rest content with deploring these evils. He stood ever ready, like King Arthur's knights, "to ride abroad redressing human wrongs", and no victims of injustice were too obscure or too distant to receive his sympathy and such help as it was in his power to give. He was a poor man, in terms of this world's goods, but "there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches". He was the readiest to acknowledge the extent of his indebtedness to his life in India for the deepening of his spiritual realization and India is the richer that his best years were spent here.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

The Rev. Dr. H. H. Rowley, writing in the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, Manchester,* for last October on "The Chinese Sages and the Golden Rule" attempts to establish the uniqueness of the formulation by Jesus of the Golden Rule: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them." (Luke VI, 31) His detailed examination is confined to the sayings of three sages of ancient China: Lao-tse, Confucius and Mo-tzŭ. He admits—he could hardly do otherwise—analogies in Lao-tse's "Recompense injury with kindness" which he finds, however, prompted not by love but by complete indifference to the injurer; in Confucius' teaching of reciprocity, which he claims was, however, to apply only to the five relations of society as enumerated by Confucius and not to all men; and in the spirit of Mo-tzŭ's teaching of universal love, though the Golden Rule was not specifically formulated by him.

The chief reason, apparently, why the pronouncements of all three fall short, in the Rev. Dr. Rowley's eyes, of the implications of the Golden Rule of Jesus is the absence from their teachings of the idea of a personal God, to the love of whom love of one's neighbour, he claims, is only a corollary.

When he concludes that "in such a context the Golden Rule of the New Testament, and its kindred teachings, are lifted far from any of the sayings of the Chinese sages, and the mere attention to verbal similarity misses the spirit in the letter", he evades retort by shifting the argument to a plane whither only those who agree with him could follow. But when he includes India in his generalization that "all of the parallels which have been adduced stand in the negative form" he makes,

however unwittingly, a misstatement that is easy to refute. The Shanti Parva of the *Mahabharata* presents not only the negative injunction, "Let not any man do unto another any act that he wisheth not done to himself by others, knowing it to be painful to himself", but also the very positive command, "And let him also fashion for another all that he wisheth for himself." If that is not the Golden Rule, what is it?

The Buddha's statement that "hatred ceaseth by love" is elaborated in the Buddhist Sutras thus :—

> If a man attempts to do me wrong I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him the more good shall go from me.

And India's great Buddhist Emperor Asoka enjoined :—

> When thou plantest trees along the roads, allow their shade to protect the wicked as the good. When thou buildest a Rest-House, let its doors be thrown open to men of all religions, to the opponents of thine own creed, and to thy personal enemies as well as to thy friends.

India ranks unenviably high among the countries of the world in the ratio of the undernourished to the population as a whole, but poverty, like death, knows no frontiers. The Surgeon General of the Public Health Service of the U. S. A. is authority for the statement that in that country, plutocrat among nations, something like ninety lakhs of school children are not getting a diet adequate for health and well-being.

Dr. Thomas Parran declares roundly —and if his words are true for the U. S. A. they apply with even greater force to impoverished India :—

> We are wasting money trying to educate children with half-starved bodies. They can't absorb teaching. They hold back classes, require extra time of teachers and repeat grades. This is expensive stupidity, but its immediate cost to our educational system is as nothing compared to its ultimate cost to the nation....Malnutrition is our greatest producer of ill-health. Like nearly fresh fish, a nearly adequate diet isn't good enough. A plan to feed these children properly would pay incalculable dividends.

Mr. J. D. Ratclif, who quotes these words in his article "Eating Their Way to Health and Learning" in *The Kiwanis Magazine*, backs up his claim that "bad diet causes more misery and death than all microbes put together" with statistics showing seven times as much tuberculosis in the lower-income groups in proportion to their numbers as in the nation as a whole, and three and a half times as much pneumonia.

But in the U. S. A. they are not content to accept semi-starvation as resignedly as they accept the weather. Mr. Ratclif reports that a free hot-lunch programme for undernourished school children, sponsored jointly by the Federal Government and by tax-supported bodies with help from public-spirited local organizations, is functioning now in all but one of the forty-eight States, though only about 18,000 schools and one-sixth of the undernourished children in the country have so far been brought under its operation. The results of the one adequate meal a day are claimed to have been spectacular in many cases, including weight recovery, academic improvement and a striking decline in truancy figures.

The difficulties in the way of such a programme in India may well appear almost insuperable, but much can be done even here if public, and especially official, opinion can be brought to admit the existing situation as intolerable. Free lunches for needy school children would touch only a fringe of the problem—so many millions of our children, alas, lack both schooling and lunches! But inability to accomplish all that is desirable is no excuse for failure to do all that is possible. Supine acquiescence in the slow starvation of millions is not venial weakness; it is positively inhuman. If there is a will to remedy the situation, the way *can* be found.

The Rev. C. T. Harley Walker is quoted in the February *Moslem World* as urging that missionary effort in the Near East be intensified because, it is alleged, due to the secularization of Turkey, the reversion of the Persians to pre-Islamic cultural traditions and reform movements in Islam "doors

are open which were previously closed ....Moslems are more open-minded."

The enfranchisement of human minds anywhere, the shaking off of the fetters of blind belief by the followers of any orthodox creed must give cause for rejoicing to everyone convinced of the importance of freedom of thought in the quest of truth. It is sad to find that rejoicing shared by some whose motives are not disinterested, namely, by the propagandists of an alien faith who see in the dropping away of one set of fetters only the opportunity to clamp on a different set. But the soul hunter must not brandish the new fetters or rush alarmingly upon the intended victims, but rather must creep up on them and catch them unawares. The "missionary effort....should be wisely conducted so as to attract and not to irritate."

That evangelization is the underlying motive in the conduct of mission schools no less than in more frankly propagandist lines of missionary activity was brought out in these columns in our February issue. If any fancied, because the quotation offered in substantiation was from a Protestant organ, *The Moslem World*, that perhaps the stricture applied only to Protestant mission schools and that Catholic educators in India are more disinterested, let them turn to the March 1941 issue of the Jesuit-edited *New Review* of Calcutta, where Mr. T. N. Siqueira writes on "The Secret of Jesuit Education." He states unequivocally that "Jesuit education is only a means to a higher end, the object of the whole Order and every activity of its members—the spread of the knowledge and love of God among men".

The very first among the Constitutions of the Jesuit Order which deal with the education of boys gives "the object which the Society of Jesus aims at in its schools" as "to win its pupils to the knowledge and love of God". "Religion", Mr. Siqueira declares, "permeates the Jesuit school and everything else is subordinated to it." And religion, to every orthodox Catholic, means Roman Catholicism.

The Society of Jesus was founded in 1539 and its educational efforts date from the following decade but what—in the name of history, with its stormy record of the expulsion of the Jesuits from country after country—can Mr. Siqueira mean by his bland reference to "the uninterrupted success of Jesuit education down these four centuries"?

Is it generally realized that there are 1300-odd Jesuit Fathers and Brothers at work in India? That they have schools and colleges in no less than twenty-one places in this country? And that about a million boys are under their tuition?

The Indian Social Reformer in its issue of February 22nd makes a plea for a non-sectarian spirit in welfare work, commending "the readiness and cordiality with which non-Catholic and non-Christian institutions and workers" had responded to the request of the Catholic Woman's Welfare Society of Bombay for co-operation in the rescue of unfortunate women and also that Society's expression of readiness to help other workers in a like spirit.

The genuine humanitarian does not restrict his benefactions to the members of his own caste or of his own community; the mark of the true philanthropist is his readiness to give what help he can to whoever needs help.

Concentrated effort can accomplish wonders. Pooling financial resources may be a simple matter of addition but pooling the more potent resources of mind and of heart means multiplication; any increases in the number of participants in a common endeavour represent a geometrical rather than an arithemetical progression in effectiveness. But it is the unity of aim and of purpose that gives men of good will their greater relative strength. That unity does not consist with any ulterior object and if non-sectarian effort is to deserve the name there must be no proselytising—a condition difficult to meet for followers of religions which make the holding of particular beliefs a condition of salvation.