THE

"HINDU MESSAGE"

A Weekly Review of Indian and World-Problems from the Hindu Standpoint.

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THIS

Special Number

is issued

in honour of the visit of

Sir Rabindranath Tagore

TO

Trichinopoly

AND

Srirangam.

DHARMA.

Our DHARMA is totality,—the totality of our reasoned convictions, our beliefs and our practices, this world and the next all summed together. India has not split up her Dharma by setting apart one side of it for practical and the other for ornamental purposes....Dharma in India is religion for the WHOLE of society,—its roots reach deep under ground, but its top touches the heavens; and India has not contemplated the top apart from the root—she has looked on religion as embracing earth and heaven alike, overspreading the WHOLE LIFE of man, like a gigantic banyan tree.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

॥ स्वागतमङ्गलकारिका ॥

योऽसौ देवेन्द्रनाथस्य हि सुकृतवशाज्जात एषः कुमारः
क्षीराब्धेः कौस्तुभाख्यो मणिरिव निजया शोभया द्योतिताशः ।
कुर्वन्श्रीमान्रवीन्द्रो निखिलगुणगणैरन्वितो भारताख्यां
भूमिं जीयादशेषां निजवदनभवैर्गन्धिलां वाक्यपुष्पैः ॥

भाषापद्यप्रबन्धैरधिकसुरभिलैराङ्गलदेशस्थिताना-
मत्यन्ताह्लादमादौ सपदि विरचयन्स्थापयंस्तत्र कीर्तिम् ।
तत्रत्यैस्तैर्विशिष्टैः प्रणयपरवशैर्दत्तसंमानमुद्रो
नाम्ना ख्यातो रवीन्द्रः कविकुलतिलको भूतले बोभवीतु ॥

अत्रत्यानां जनानामपि निजकलया प्रीणयन्नन्तरङ्गं
साधूनामर्भकाणामपि विविधकलाबोधने बद्धदीक्षः ।
शिष्टाचारानुरोधादभिनवमधुना स्थापयन्शान्तिगेहं
श्रीमान्ख्यातो रवीन्द्रो द्युमणिरिव नभस्यत्र विद्योततां सः ॥

रम्यं गीताञ्जलीति प्रथितमिह मनोह्लादकं सत्कवीनां
काव्यं श्रीसाधनाख्यं पुनरपि रसिकाह्लादकं काव्यरत्नम् ।
उत्पाद्यान्यन्नवीनं भुवनमिव विधिर्मोदते स्वीयलोके
साम्राज्ये वा पदे वा ह्यनितरसुकृती सार्वभौमः कवीनाम् ॥

काव्यालङ्कारविरुदाङ्कितपण्डित
जि. वि. पद्मनाभशास्त्री.

தக்கோர் திருவடி வாழ்க

அகவற்பா

அறிவும் ஒழுக்கமும் மறுவில் காட்சியும்
அறப் பெருந்திறனும் நிரம்பிய பெரியோய்!
நின்னிசை யுலகெலாம் நிலவச் செஞ்சுடர்
என்ன, நின்றிலகும் ரவீந்திர நாத!
மன்னனிற் கற்றேன் சிறப்புடையோனென்
றிந் நிலங்கொள்ளும்; அதற்கு நீ சான்று:
அரிய பெரிய மதுர கவிஞ! நின்
அரும் பெரும் பாவால் நிலம் நலம் ஆக்கினை;
உயிர்க்குணம் அன்பென உலகறிவுட்டிய
உத்தம வத்குரு! நின்னடி வாழ்த்தினம்:
இழிஜனர் பாரதம் இகழுனர் என்று வன்
பழிபுனை கானடர்க் கறிவினைப் புகட்டிய
பாரதி புத்திர! பாரெலாங் கைதொழும்
நின்னை யுலகொளித் திலகனை யீன்ற எம்
அன்னை யினியுலகாளும் அரசியே;
பாரத மாதா துயரந் தீர்ந்தனள்;
யாரினி எமக்கே டென்றுளம் ஒங்கினம்;
பேரன் புடன் திரிசிரபுரந் தொழுந்தகை!
வாழி வாழி நின் திருவடி,
வாழி பாரத மாதா வாழி.

பண்டிதர் டி. சவுரிராய பிள்ளை எம். ஆர். .ஏ. எஸ்.

Welcome

To

Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

To our historic town we welcome thee
With eager hearts and hungering ears and eyes.
Thou bring'st the sweets of love's bright paradise,
The liquid sounds of poesy's melody,
Thy song's divine and rhythmic witchery,
Thy blossomed prose wherein abundant lies
The honey sweet whose sipping makes us wise,
On which our mind doth fasten like a bee.
Such sweetness great is not thy only charm.
Thy hands are eager for our land's true weal
And serve her gladly in a thousand ways.
And in thy school secure from inner harm,
The children's hearts and throats in music peal
In joy of manward love and godward praise.

K. S. Ramaswami Sastri B.A., B.L.

Extracts from Gitanjali.

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free ;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action——

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

This is my prayer to thee, my lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.

The Hindu Message

THURSDAY EVENING 13 FEB., 1919.

Welcome to Sir R Tagore.

We offer to our greatest Indian Poet of today a cordial welcome to South India. His is a name to conjure with, and the very mention of it raises a fervent emotion of mingled admiration, pride and thankfulness in all truly Indian hearts. His literary glory and reputation once Indian has now become world-wide. Hence, it is one of India's greatest assets today. India is no longer a decadent land, whose people have no future, but only memories of a great past. India is no longer a Lilliput or Laputa, interesting only in fable or satire, but a land which has a mission in the world and is an influence for good which all lands must attend to and seek. Indians are no dreamers, but can combine in her men of genius the fruits of practical insight with the longings after spiritual perfection which are inseparably associated with the names of the holy sages, saints, and teachers who, from the dawn of time down almost to the coming of the Moslem settlement and even later, have shed an imperishable lustre on our ancient and holy land. The revelation to the Western world of this new India is in no inconsiderable measure due to the genius of Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Rammohan Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, and—to a less degree,—Maharshi Debendra Nath Tagore, the father of Sir Rabindranath, had gained a name throughout the world as the prophets or representatives of a new age of Indian history, but they offered nothing to the Western world which it could value and treasure up as conveying inspiration or delight. Swami Vivekananda, indeed, offered it the eternal message of the Vedanta as interpreted to him by Sri Ramakrishna's noble inspiration and example but the movement is still in its infancy, though the seeds sown by him and his fellow-missionaries show every promise of a mighty growth. But Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore's genius is, in one respect, unique. As a poet, he carries with him a power of instantaneous appeal to human hearts which is simply irresistible. His influence over men is of a kind which *steals*, as it were, unperceived on all, and wins by its gentleness, sweetness, and as by a subtle magic. It elevates us into a higher region of purity, or irradiates even the common phases of life with the sparks of a higher light or the strains of a sweeter music in such a manner as to bring content and serenity, if not also energy and rapture, to those who are depressed in feeling or lethargic in movement. If he is not a prophet who can raise the rare souls of those that are ripe for it to the realisation of the ineffable glory and Majesty of the Kingdom of Heaven, he is the enchanter who, by the gentle strains of his radiant and simple verse, carries light and love into the hearts of the luckless and hard-worked tens and hundreds of thousands who fill the serried ranks of the world of toil and suffering we know so well and hear so much of in every country and community on earth. The Nobel Prize came to him as of right, because he was recognised everywhere in the West as a universal helper in the sense just explained, as a true brother and

benefactor of men who brought a rare balm to heal men's wounds,—a magician and a wizard from the East who carried with him the nectar of his song and its loving opiate to bring deliverance from suffering and the delightful sense of beauty into the lives which common men lead in the work-day world.

It is not to be supposed that Sir R. Tagore is valuable to us in India only *indirectly* by what he did as a King of men and of poets to the men of the Western world. What he took to the West were only the translations into English of the immortal works of Bengalee verse and the marvellous Bengalee dramas and stories which had for years delighted the hearts and lifted the minds of millions on millions of his Indian fellow-countrymen. His genius is redolent of the environment of the Holy Land of Bharata, and his Bengalee poems and dramas have a flavour purely Indian which only the Indian mind and heart can appreciate and enjoy at its intrinsic value and worth. But they have also the universal aspect on which we have dwelt, and it is this circumstance that gives to Sir R. Tagore's genius its unique place of elevation and sublimity in the muster-roll of modern India's worthies and heroes.

It may be thought that, as a Brahmo Samajist, Sir R. Tagore's genius owes as much to the influence of the West as to the Holy Land of Bharata for the efflorescence and ripening of his genius. But to those who have read his work on *Sadhana* and his lectures in America such an idea would certainly appear unjust and even incorrect in the extreme. Tagore says:—"The text of our everyday meditation is the *Gayatri*, a verse which is considered to be the epitome of all the Vedas." Moreover, he has drunk deep of the wisdom of the Upanishads, and none can appreciate better the value to India and the world of that "harmony that exists between the individual and the universal" which he speaks of as "the endeavour of the forest-dwelling sages of ancient India." He condemns the civilisation of the West which, according to him, "divides nation and nation, knowledge and knowledge, man and nature." It is certainly a fact that *The Hindu Message* stands for the maintenance of the Sanatana Dharma through our social system of Varnasrama. It is true also that, as a Brahmo, Sir R. Tagore is likely an opponent of our Dharma and the ancient social organism which has helped to preserve it. But we think we ought not to be blind to the value of those aspects of Sir R. Tagore's life and work as a modern Indian to which we have referred above. We must remember, also, that if he, like several other modern Indians, has failed to appreciate the merits and glories of our Aryan social organisation and our system of Dharma in their true import, its champions and custodians are greatly to blame for not guarding the ancient citadel of Hinduism with the zeal and wisdom which it demands and deserves. Moreover the attacks made by foreigners and by Indians who have passed under their influence on our Dharma and our modern social organisation have helped to show how they have deteriorated from the ideals of the past. We believe that the future alone can show how far we shall succeed in the effort at renovating the present social fabric and making it efficient for the fulfilment

of our divine mission in the world. Sir R. Tagore and others who have left the fold of the Sanatana Dharma represent only a transition stage in the history of Modern India. The divine wisdom of the Veda and the Vedanta is sure to re-assert itself in all its transcendent glory and grandeur, and then all the failures of the period of transition will be made up for and all Bharatavarsha will again be lifted up into the lofty and luminous vision of a bright and united Aryan Nationality.

Tagore's Place In Indian Poetry.

The great poets of each era, while they have an incommunicable and inexplicable endowment of individuality which constitutes the chief charm of genius and which is above all ages and beyond all territorial limitations, are partly the products of their age and largely the children of the racial culture. If their individuality constitutes their charm, their being a symbol and a shrine of the racial genius and a blossoming of the racial energy constitutes their abiding power.

In India poesy has been valued and even worshipped from the remotest times not merely as a revealer of natural beauty but also as a revealer of the elements of beauty in individual and in social life and of "that fair Beauty which no eye can see and that sweet Music which no ear can measure." No other poetry in the world has set before itself so lofty an ideal as Indian poetry has done, and none has fulfilled its ideal better and more strenuously in the whole world.

Taking a brief and panoramic view of Indian poetry we can well see how it has had a distinct evolution of its own. In the Vedic literature the sources of interest are many and varied and it naturally appeals to a born Hindu and to others in different ways. But the universal appeal of poetry is there in abundance. Some people lay the flattering unction to their souls that it was the poetry of a primitive people and that the vivid and intimate realisations and expressions of beauty therein were due to primitiveness. But we know that it is the poetry of saints and seers whose thoughts and words were bathed in the eternal shower of loveliness over the entire cosmos and who felt and spoke in terms of beauty because they had a ceaseless vision of the Eternal Beauty.

In the *Ramayana* we have the prolongation and expression of the same inspiration in a perfect work of art in which the beautiful reigns supreme, and other elements are subordinated to it and harmonised with it. The beautiful story which gives us the origin of the *Ramayana* is one of the most moving stories in the world and shows us how pity melts the mind to love and love leads it to the lotus feet of God. This looks like a reversal of the usual conventional description of the evolution of Indian literature but we think that the time is now come to speak out the Indian point of view and to cease to repeat in a parrot-like way what our Western *savants* have been filling our minds with for nearly half a century. In Valmiki we find the fragrant breezes of pure emotion that came straggling from the eternal springtime of pure Vedic thought. The next great figure in the realm of Indian poetry is Vyasa. In him we enter a more sophisticated world where however the wrestlings of the soul

with the inner promptings of desire and the outer seductive calls of wealth and power and physical enchantments result in a robust manliness of psychic endowment and the victory remains on the whole with the soul in its eternal war with sense. God incarnate as Krishna guided that development and was not merely the warrior and the emperor and the statesman and the thinker and the philosopher and the saint *par excellence* but was also the ideal child and the fascinating youth and the perfect poet and the heart-enchanting musician. The *Mahabharata* is as wide as life, as deep as the human heart, and as high as the Throne of Grace. In Tagore's words the two great epics contain "the eternal history of India." He says further: "The history of what has been the object of India's devoted endeavour, India's adoration, and India's resolve, is seated on the throne of eternity in the palace of these two vast epics."

The next supreme figure is Kalidasa. In him we have the supreme poet of æsthetic emotion, describing the joys and glories of a more sophisticated but highly refined and variegated world of individual and social life. He was the supreme exponent of the national life in one of its most glorious epochs and his works are not merely the scripture of the lovers of beauty but form a storehouse of Indian conceptions of domestic, social, civic, and political perfection.

Later Indian poetry in Sanscrit fell into grave dangers in artistic realisation and expression by its isolation from the electrifying impulses of religious emotion and from the crowded simplicity of the thoroughfares of life. The various vernaculars fared no better, though fortunately for India the poets who expressed themselves in the vernaculars were mainly occupied with translating and adapting the two national epics—a task which by its intimacy of touch with the great past of India prepared the field for a rebirth and a re-blossoming of the highest Indian culture.

It was into such a realm of life there came the sublime combination of supreme philosophy and great splendour-winged poetry that we see in Sankara, and the pregnant rapture of devotion with overflowing tears of joy, tuneful tongues, and adoring hearts that we see in Ramanuja, Madhwa, Chaitanya, Kabir, Tukaram, Ramdass, and others. At once as if by a magic touch the inner transformation necessary for a new springtime of song and poesy was effected and a flood of music and poetry came with divine forcefulness and fertilising power.

We cannot understand the great elements in Tagore's poetry if we do not see it in such a setting. This is not the occasion for dealing with this matter with the fulness and thoroughness which it richly deserves. In Tagore we see the fulfilment and summation of various contributory energies of poetic power that have been born in this land from the most ancient times. In him we see also an added richness, a new subtlety of emotional expression, a fuller vision of life's calls of duty and of love, due to the inspiration of the great and noble English literature. We see in him not merely the sense of the pulsating divinity of things, the ideals of duty, devotion, and wisdom, the note of harmony in individual and social life—which were the dominant features of Indian life at its best—but also the vision of a united motherland, the conception of

freedom and democracy and progress, the humanitarian striving, which are the dominant features of modern life in the West. The chief features of Tagore's poetry are however their simplicity and their intimate and rapturous sense of the Infinite Beauty and Love in the finite things of the world. Mr. C. F. Andrews has said well: "Rabindra appears to arrive at the universal not like Shakespeare by many different roads, but always by the one pathway of simplicity." We shall quote in conclusion, as in this brief sketch, nothing more could be done, two poems in *Gitanjali* which illustrate in a perfect way the two great traits of Tagore's poesy as referred to above.

"My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union. They would come between thee and me; their jingling would drown thy whispers."

"The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.

It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers."

It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow.

I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment."

"The Message of the Forest."

BY SIR RABINDRANTH TAGORE.

[*This summary of the Lecture delivered by the great Poet at Trichinopoly last Monday was kindly given us by the Poet himself for publication in the Hindu Message.*]

The great thing to remember is that each one of the great races of the world has some high aspiration which runs through its own history, springing out of its own past and fashioning and shaping its ideals. It may be that certain primitive races have no such direct inherited aspirations and no such persistent ideals; and for them imitation is the best and safest means of progress during their early stages of advance. But as for the great nations who have had a great and glorious past behind them,—these have each a serious contribution to make which humanity needs. For any one of these great nations to leave its own distinctive ideal behind, and merely to copy others,—this is spiritual death. The fundamental aspirations of the different countries of the world have each of them a direct connection with the physical surroundings in which the races themselves have been nurtured. The Northmen of Europe, for example, had the sea around them for a barrier. The sea was to them an object of danger and dread,—a hostile element. This aspect of nature gave to the Northmen the spirit of fight and the determination to overcome the external forces of nature by the forceful power of the human will. This spirit still continues in these countries of Northern Europe. This has been their contribution to humanity. But the Aryan emigrants, when they came to

the flat plains of Aryavarta, with the infinite expanse of sky overhead, felt the influence of nature, not as a barrier to be overcome, but as a friend and companion living with them, growing with them, embracing them on every side, and helping them in every way, widening their spiritual horizon with the sense of the Eternal in man. Thus it was a *living* Nature, not a hostile Nature, which they felt around them; and so the ideal, which slowly grew up and took shape in India, was the ideal of union with Nature;—the ideal of sympathy with all creatures. The mind of India more and more became imbued with the thought that there is a Universal Love which surrounds all creatures, and into which all enter, and of which all form a part.

This ideal of union with the All has come with peculiar and special closeness to India in all ages of her long history through her forest retreats, and the life that was spent there age after age. It is true that the Message of the Forest was lost again and again for a time. Centuries of pomp and magnificence followed the simpler ages of remote antiquity; yet all the same, the ideal of the forest life,—the ideal of union with all nature, lay hidden deep down in the sub-conscious mind of the Indian people and made itself felt in every age. In the time of Vikramaditya, for instance, when life had become luxuriously sumptuous and complex, the ideal of the union of mankind with all Nature remained, and its message is enshrined in the great poems of that time which have survived.

The speaker at this point went on to give some examples from Kalidasa's works and also from the great epic, the Ramayana, showing closely and in detail, how it was the ideal of the forest that remained constant in Indian Literature. He compared this, in the course of his analysis, with Shakespeare and Milton, showing how different was their conception of Nature.

At the end of his lecture, the Poet pointed out that the great need of India to-day was to return to that ideal of simplicity and unity amid all the complexities and clashings of the modern world,—the ideal of co-operation and union, not that of separation and competition. It was for India to show once again that the true unity of man lies in the soul and not in external things.

Other people had made great advances in other directions; but this supreme consciousness of The One, who is greater than all in the heart of the all, was the great achievement of India. The question remained to be answered:—whether this ideal was still a persistent, unifying force in the country, whether it was strong enough to day to present the same message of universalism,—above the hoarse cries of sects and creeds,—which India gave in ancient times.

The Spirit of Reconciliation.

A glimpse into the writings of Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

[BY THE REV. ALLAN F. GARDINER., M.A.]

The nineteenth century in England was an age of revolution and change. The birth of democratic freedom and the advance of science created almost unparalleled unrest in the realms of politics and industry. The foundations of the existing social and economic structures were shaken, and men's minds were filled with bewilderment and doubt which expressed themselves in criticism and enquiry of the most revolutionary kind. Agelong barriers of time and distance were swept away by the

railway, the steamship, and the telegraph, and the relation of England to the rest of the world was transformed by their agency, while the fruits of national education revolutionized England within. Men boldly challenged the old values in personal and social life. Material prosperity and ambition seemed likely to swamp the spiritual life of the nation in a flood of mere materialism. But the waters of this flood subsided and, in spite of the havoc wrought by it, the old spiritual values of human life emerged purified and strengthened by the ordeal through which they had passed.

Perhaps nothing contributed more to this vindication and rehabilitation of the spiritual values of life than the voice of the poets of England in whose sweet tones were harmonized the deepest feelings and aspirations of the inarticulate and distraught people of the land. Tennyson, himself almost engulfed in the maelstrom, understood as well as any the danger that threatened national life. His personal experience had taught him sympathy with those who had almost given themselves up for lost. His penetrating insight enabled him to see that the mighty forces which were tending towards disruption, if brought under spiritual and moral control, could be forced into channels of blessing. Another poet, of greater vigour and more uncompromising optimism, if not also of deeper insight and firmer grasp, threw himself fearlessly into the fray. Robert Browning had a clear and complete vision of reality. He looked out upon the universe and saw it, as far as man can see it, as a whole of which every part rested in mutual dependence on the rest. He saw it as the expression of the will of One who is greater than all things; he saw His energy present in every part of it and Love reconciling in perfect harmony its several elements. Men recognised at once the old truth which he set once again before their eyes, and wondered how they had ever been tempted to forget it or to barter it for what worldliness had to offer.

In a time of upheaval the masses of a nation imperatively but almost unconsciously demand the clear and sympathetic guidance of great men to lead them whither they would go when the path to the goal is obscured. The task of adjusting the old and the new is one that makes the greatest demand upon the heart and mind of man, for it cannot be accomplished without unflagging faith, unerring wisdom, indomitable love, and infinite patience. The forces of "raw haste" are ever popular and strong, and a stronger force must be found to prevent revolution from running away with itself. Revolution is a distorting mirror in which spiritual and moral values can hardly be recognized by their reflection. Vital values, once honoured and revered, are liable to be derided or forgotten unless a man be found to present them faithfully reflected in the glass of Truth.

This is a time of upheaval in India. A host of conflicting forces are fighting for the mastery of man, but above the confused din of the conflict the silvery voice of a poet is heard, and the song of his heart is a song of reconciliation and love, broad based upon the eternal verities of divinely-created humanity and nature, which can find their completeness only through union. For instance, how often among us the spirit of the West is forced into conflict with the spirit of the East by antagonists who summon to their assistance the devils of suspicion and distrust, of discord and confusion. "We are complementary to each other," the poet gently protests, "because of our different aspects of truth...and when in India we become able to assimilate in our life what is permanent in Western civilization we shall be in the position to bring about a reconciliation of these two great worlds." A clear answer is given to the question which naturally frames itself as we read the protest. "Europe is supremely good in her beneficience where her face is turned to all humanity; and Europe is supremely evil in her maleficent aspect where her face is turned only upon her own interest, using all her power of greatness for ends which are against the infinite and the eternal in Man." But the present upheaval is by no means confined to a conflict between Eastern and Western ideals; far from it. We are reminded that the real problem in India is internal, and the social wrongs and weaknesses, resulting in the failure to achieve the harmony of reconciliation, are tenderly but unflinchingly laid bare by the poet. The solution of the problem lies in reconciliation, and mutual forbearance, and help, and to the triumph of co-operation over competition. Competition is the intruder; co-operation is natural and therefore divine. The basis of this unity is not, and cannot be, political, for union can only be achieved by a

vast adjustment that is *moral*; nationalism is a great menace not an aid to such an adjustment. "I have no hesitation in saying that those who are gifted with the moral power of love and vision of spiritual unity, who have the least feeling of enmity against aliens, and the sympathetic insight to place themselves in the position of others, will be the fittest to take their permanent place in the age that is lying before us, and those who are constantly developing their instinct of fight, and intolerance of aliens, will be eliminated."

Everything is brought to the supreme test of those moral and spiritual aspirations of man which belong to his higher nature, and the poet persists in believing that there is such a thing as the harmony of completeness in humanity, where poverty does not take away riches, where defeat may lead him to victory, death to immortality. Truly, "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth".

Dehumanized individuals will smile fatuously and dismiss such ideals as 'unpractical', and 'academic', but in doing so they condemn only themselves. The most 'practical' man, in best sense of the word, is not the man who merely does things or gets things, but the man who by his life and works makes us love Nature and Humanity the crown of Nature, and God the loving Creator and Father of all—the man who, inspired by the love of God and Man, has striven to set at naught all difference of man by the overflow of his consciousness of God.'

As another of the company of poets has sung:—

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams,
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

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From the East to the West.

By P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar, M.A., L.T.

Consequent on the capture of Byzantium by the Turks and the flight thence of the custodians of ancient Greek culture which had been hibernating in that beautiful city for nearly a thousand years, began the great movement called the Renaissance. This was the rebirth of Europe, its reawakening after the long deep sleep of the Dark Ages. The light of the old-world Paganism as embodied in Hellanic art and philosophy relighted the torch of civilization and put an end to the darkness into which Europe was plunged by the extinction of the Roman Empire by the savage Huns Goths and Vandals.

In these Dark Ages men had turned their eyes from the light of the material world; they set at naught the delights which the bodily senses can furnish; they regarded the life of asceticism, of renunciation of pleasures as holier than that of indulgences; the life of the Franciscan, the Benedictine appealed to the people as a noble ideal and that of the worldly as despicable; they reverenced the motherhood of woman and placed her on a high pedestal: a distressed maiden as an object for whose succour a noble Knight felt proud to fight and sacrifice his life; they estimated the honour of the Knight, though illiterate, more than the wealth of the lettered merchant.

The result of the outburst of Greek Pagan Culture on Christian Europe was men rebelled against the authority of the Church; they enthroned, in its stead, reason, *i.e.*, the unfettered, individual judgment; took their stand on the principle—it is better to attempt to stand on one's own legs even at the risk of fall and injury than to be propped up on the crutch of authority. Protestantism in its Protean manifestations was the first fruit of this new-born triumph of reason; Modern Science, the next. The courage born of freedom has led man to measure the earth and weigh the sun, to resolve all their denizens into matter and motion, to explain the mind of man by the laws of the dance of

atoms. The world—such as can be reached by the senses—has come by its own and the larger, the more real world of the unseen has retreated to the back-ground. Nay, Science with its crucibles and its balance has tried to pursue the world of spirit; and on its failure to dissolve in its test-tubes or measure with its foot-rule the verities of the spiritual world, has attempted to argue them out of life and being, and has failed.

What Hellanism has driven out of the purview of Europe, Indianism is competent to restore, for Indian culture from the oldest days has been based on the reality of the unseen. From the early days when the Rishis went about making Mantras to Varuna and Mitra, to Indra and Nasatyas, down to our own when we prefer to wrangle whether the Para Brahman is Nirguna or Saguna, and to confine within man-made formula "the Truth, the Infinite, the Wisdom, the Great who is to be known in the great Silence of the heart," India has recognized that the world of matter is the shadow of the world of spirit, that God matters and nothing else does, that He is to be reached by love and by meditation, by effacing the little spirit of man before His Infinite Effulgence, by recognising the spark of the Divine Fire as the great reality of our mundane experience.

European science can be rescued from the morass of materialism only by the recognition of this truth and Indian thinkers can play a noble part in expounding to Europe Indian thought which has never cut itself off from its spiritualistic moorings. Indian poets can sing to European materialists the reality of the experiences of the life spiritual; and India can thus take an honoured place in the future republic of letters. It is this aspect of the work of Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore that appeals to me. Indian art differs characteristically from Greek art. That latter is noted for its truth to nature and self-restraint, the former for wealth of decorative details such as will emphasize the triumph of the conquest of matter by the spirit, the material by the workman.

The world has had artists in plenty; hence it is not whether Tagore presents the principles of Greek art to Indians or Indian art to the West that will matter for the future growth of the world; but it is Tagore's description of the spiritual experiences of the Bhakta and the Jnani that will enable the West—not to know the East, but to know itself.

Sir. Rabindranath Tagore on Education.

By A. S. Balasubramanya Iyer, B.A., B.L.

What man is, what is the be-all and the end-all of his life and how best to educate the child towards the attainment of that goal are all-engrossing questions that have engaged the attention of all civilised nations from the dawn of time to the present moment. These topics have not escaped the limelight of Sir Rabindranath Tagore's searching vision. Highly striking and significant are the sublime suggestions that he makes. They are likely to prove of invaluable help in the Post War revision of the ideals and foundations of education which is now undertaken by all the civilised countries of the world.

The Doctor will not accept our existence as a momentary outburst of chance drifting on the current of matter towards an eternal nowhere but as being possessed of an individuality each of its own with all its instincts ready for the next stage of the great pilgrimage in God's Creation. Man is born into a world which is intensely living where he as an individual occupies the full attention of his surroundings. He grows up to doubt this deeply personal aspect of reality. He loses himself in the complexity of things and separates himself from his surroundings often in a spirit of antagonism. He places himself in a state of civil war with the outer world but is unable to discover the truth in interminable discord. He eventually has to come back to the simplicity of truth—his union with all in an infinite bond of love. The first and fundamental thing in a sound scheme of education is the recognition that the child is not mere dead material to be cut and shaped into symmetrical conveniences by Society that has grown a shell of habit between itself and

its heritage in God's Creation, that the child has a subconscious mind more active than its conscious intelligence through which subconscious mind most of the important lessons have to be instilled into its nature without causing any fatigue but giving it all joy, and that the child has not only to know everything about the Universe and God but also to accept them as being a human universe and a divinity in harmony with its own experience. He condemns our regular types of schools as ignoring these elements in the education of children and as maintaining a mere method of discipline, which refuses to take into account the individual, having been designed for grinding uniform results. All of a sudden the child finds its world vanishing from around it, giving place to wooden benches and straight walls staring with the blank stare of the blind, to be transformed into a creation of the schoolmaster instead of attaining fulness by sympathy and natural growth. The child longs in vain for a time for sunlight and air and struggles to respond to the constant invitation to establish direct communication which come to their senses from the Universe, but eventually succumbs to serve the full penal term which cultured Society imposes for entrance into its fold. Sir Rabindra in the infinity of his love proposes a change from the school room to the forest colony of great teachers of the Golden Ages of our Motherland, which consisted of homes where with their families lived men whose object was to see the world in God and to realise their own lives in Him, bringing up students not in the academic atmosphere of scholarship and learning or in the maimed life of monastic seclusion but in the atmosphere of living aspiration. He would have the students live in their master's home like the children of the house without having to pay for their bread and lodging or tuition and the teachers prosecute their own study living a life of simplicity and helping the students in their lessons as a part of their own lives and not of their profession. The first lesson to the child should be an introduction to the final truth that he is born in a human world in perfect harmony with the world around it. Though the learned Doctor would not underrate the value and advantages of books he is in favour of lessons of truths being given especially to children through natural processes from a living teacher in order that they may not get into the habit of covering the windows of their minds with pages of books and plasters of book-phrases sticking to their mental skin making it impervious to all direct touches of truth in God's Creation. He does not believe in set methods of teaching or in text books but would give the teacher a free hand in studying his students and improvising suitable methods of teaching from out of his own compositions as he himself made most of the verses of Gitanjali for the boys of his own school, in order that the literature that the students study should not have the least smell of the library about it and that the students cultivated the power to see ideas before them as they could see their friends with all the directness of form and subtlety of life. The teacher is called upon to recognise that in the matter of education, gaining and giving is the same thing, as in a lamp to light itself and to impart light to others, and that the teaching of children is not like the lighting of a lantern that can be lighted and trimmed from outside but like the production of the light that the glow-worm possesses by the exercise of its life-process. The Doctor's sapient observations on the manner in which subjects are to be introduced to the student are worth their weight in gold. The teacher should talk and read to the students about whatever was the subject in which he was himself interested and give them ready access to the room where he reads new things for himself without any feeling of distrust for their capacity of understanding as it is not at all necessary for the boys to understand the subject literally and accurately but only for their minds to be roused by the new subject or the method of studying it. The students will learn to utilise this privilege without the least pressure put upon them, feeling aggrieved when not invited.

On the introduction of Fine Arts in a school the Doctor would propose the holding of meetings of literary clubs and facilities in the shape of illustrated magazines conducted by the school authorities and occasional representations of dramas written by students and music parties. When a number of boys have shown remarkable powers in drawing and painting developed not through the orthodox methods of copying models but by following their own bent of mind, the help

of occasional visits should be secured from artists to inspire the boys with their own work. When a number of students who had the gift took advantage of the opportunities in the shape of music parties and could exercise their musical culture after training their ears and showed a strong inclination and love for music, the time would come for the employment of a music teacher to subject them to a formal teaching of music. In dramatic performances the students should never be directly trained in the histrionic art but should be left instinctively to enter into the spirit of the plays in which they take part without interfering with their own representation of the characters.

Sir Rabindra is particular about the regulation of student life even to the minute. He realises that the soul and the body of the young student have to develop before his intellect which alone receives too much attention in our schools. He prescribes to all students and teachers as well simplicity of life with bareness of furniture and materials. He emphasises the fact that even a millionaire's son has to be born helplessly poor and has to walk like the poorest of children to learn the lesson of life from the beginning. He advocates walking barefooted in order that that natural source of direct touch with the universe may not be lost to the learner of the universe. The savoury dishes of coffee hotels and social gatherings and of speciel lunches in hostels have no place for him in student life. He insists on students rising very early in the morning, sometimes before it is light and attending to the drawing of water for their bath, the making up of their beds and the doing of all things that tend to cultivate the spirit of self-help. He refers to the students in the ancient Asrams taking cattle to pasture, collecting firewood, gathering fruit, cultivating kindness to all creatures and growing in their own spirit with their own teacher's spiritual growth. He is a firm believer in the power of meditation and would set aside fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes in the evening for that purpose, insisting in the case of students on this period of meditation, not however expecting the boys to be hypocrites and to make believe they are meditating but training them to remain quiet and exert the power of self-control even though instead of contemplating on God they may be watching the squirrels running up the trees.

The Doctor's views on religious instruction are highly sublime. He believes in a spiritual world not as anything separate from this world but as its innermost truth, and feels the truth that with the breath we draw we are living in God. Religion is not therefore a fractional thing that can be doled out in fixed weekly or daily measures as one among the various subjects in the school syllabus. That can only be obtained by living during the early days of our lives in a place where the truth of the spiritual world is not obscured by a crowd of necessities assuming artificial importance, where life is simple, surrounded by fulness of leisure, by ample space and pure air and by profound peace of nature, and where men live with a perfect faith in the eternal life before them. Newspapers which introduce the fevers and frets of life have therefore no place for him in student life.

Sir Rabindra's scheme of education is the provision of place and facilities to give the students Shantam, Shivam, Advaitam—the All Peace, the All Good, and the One—and to leave them to realise the truth not by the monastic seclusion of a school at the cost of dissociation from life but by gathering knowledge through love of life and then renouncing their lives to gain knowledge and then again coming back to their fuller lives with ripened wisdom.

Sir Rabindra's theories have not ended in the mere realisation of truths but were put into practice by him in spite of the whole current of the prevailing system of education with dreadful penalties for taking liberties with its arrangements. He tried the experiment first on his own son. I would state what he did for his son in his own inimitable words. "The first thing that I did was to take him away from the town surroundings into a village and allow him the freedom to primeval nature as far as it is available in modern days. He had a river noted for its dangers where he swam and rode without any check or anxiety from his elders. He spent his time in the fields and on the trackless sand banks coming late for meals without being questioned. He had none of those luxuries that are not only customary but are held as proper for boys of his circumstance. For which privations I am sure he was

pitied and his parents blamed by the people from whom Society has blotted out the whole world. But I was certain that luxuries are burdens to boys. They are burdens of other peoples' habits, the burdens of vicarious pride and pleasure which parents enjoyed through their children." But being an individual of limited resources he could do very little for his son in the way of educating him according to his plan. The thought however recurred to him later on in life when he suddenly felt that it was not only his own soul but the soul of his country that seemed to be struggling for breath through him. He at once retired to a spot where he had no enmity with those that must fight, no competition with those who must make money, where he was beyond all attacks and above all insults, and started his Shantiniketan Ashram. That school has been growing up for over 15 years passing through many changes and often grave crises with its maturity like the ripening fruit that not only grows in bulk and deepens in colour but uudergoes change in the very quality of its inner pulp. Though like the attainment of all our deepest ideals it is difficult to measure by outward standards the ideal attained by this institution the results achieved are given in the poet's own words thus:—" We have fully admitted inequalities and varieties of human life in our school. We never tried to gain some kind of outward uniformity by weeding out the differences of nature and training of our members. Some of us belong to Brahmo Samaj, some to other sects of Hinduism and some of us are Christians. Because we do not deal with creeds and dogmas of sectarianism, therefore this heterogeniety of our religious beliefs does not present with us any difficulty whatever. This also I know that the feeling of respect for the ideal of this place and the life lived here greatly varies in depth and earnestness among those who have gathered in this Ashram. I know that our inspiration for a higher life has not risen far above our greed for the worldly goods and reputation. Yet I am perfectly certain and proofs of it are numerous that the ideal of the Ashram is sinking deeper and deeper into our nature every day. The tuning of our life's strings into purer spiritual notes is going on without our being aware of it."

This sublime scheme of education is no doubt too ambitious for adoption or adaptation by those that have to deal with public instruction. The learned Doctor himself is not blind to the limits and limitations of the scheme that he propounds. He recognises the different degrees of receptivity in boys and admits that there are good chances of inevitable failures. Mediocrities do not require such a costly scheme demanding the number of teachers to be so large in proportion to the number of students in order to ensure small classes an individual attention. Such men have also to specialise, driven by circumstances and by need of social uniformity. But his special plea is for institutions of this kind for bringing up children in their impressionable periods of life, to develop what is best in them before they are relegated to fit themselves for the ordinary services of Society. But without institutions like Shantiniketan providing for the fullest development of the faculties of man, no University or scheme of public education in any civilised country can be complete. Without some such arrangement for the encouragement of genius there would be no place in such Universities or cultured Societies for bright particular stars like Mr. Ramanujam of Madras or Dr. Sir Rabindranath Tagore himself.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore: His Philosophy of Love.

[By K. N. Rajagopalan, Final Hons.]

O Mad, superbly drunk ;
If you kick open your doors and play the fool in public ;
If you empty your bag in a night and snap your fingers at prudence ;
If you walk in curious paths and play with useless things ;
Reck not rhyme or reason ;
If unfurling your sails before the storm you snap the rudder in two,
Then I will follow you, comrade, and be drunken and go to the dogs.
... ...
For I know 'tis the height of wisdom to be drunken and go to the dogs.

The Gordener.

Love is the expression of a hope. It is a divine instinct planted in Man. It points the right road to happiness, in elimination of the sense of difference. It begins in the 'tender relations of one to one':

Hands cling to hands and eyes linger on eyes:

Thus begins the record of our hearts. It passes through various phases of incomplete fulfilment and disappointment, and finally expands into love for the Universe, in complete and joyous self-surrender to God. Here the soul finds its final haven, peace and bliss in the recognition of its oneness with the All.

Poetry is the true valuation of the wealth of life, and love is intensely poetical. We live truly but in a few moments of passionate emotion; the rest of our days are void.

Do not say, father, that life is a vanity.
For we have made truce with Death for once, and only for a few fragrant hours we two have been made immortal.

These gleams of brightness are short, but how big with perennial significance! Then love is impetuous, overpowering. It is as a tornado, an avalanche. It plunges head long into its domain of ecstasy.

Come as you are; do not loiter over your toilet.
If your braided hair has loosened, if the parting of your hair be not straight, if the ribbons of your bodice be not fastened, do not mind.
Come as you are; do not loiter over your toilet.

And

When my love comes and sits by my side, when my body trembles and my eyelids drop, the night darkens, the wind blows out the lamp, and the clouds draw veils over the stars.

True love communes in silence:

I will let loose my hair. My blue cloak will cling round me like night. I will clasp your head to my bosom; and there in the sweet loneliness murmur on your heart. I will shut my eyes and listen. I will not look in your face.

In love's presence days gone by were never and days will never be again. It is eternity in an instant.

No mystery beyond the present; no striving for the impossible; no shadow behind the charm; no groping in the depth of the dark.

It stirs the being to its inmost depths. It will leap rivers, shift mountains, toss the worlds. All is light save love. It wells forth in an unquenchable stream, and drowns all lesser on the way. It can dare death but not cleavage.

If you must be mad and leap to your death, come, O come to my lake.

Love is a transfer of centre. It is complete abandonment of one's individuality to the intoxication of its honey. For the lovers each is all the world to the other. They drink deep of the manna of self-effacement. It is an outward progression of the soul in that it seeks joy in another.

Tell me if this be all true, my lover, tell me if this be true.
When these eyes flash their lightning the dark clouds in your breast make stormy answer.
Is it true that my lips are sweet like the opening bud of the first conscious love?
Do the memories of vanished months of May linger in my limbs?

It is also the expansion of a point. The geography of love regards not measure and compass.

My heart, the bird of the wilderness, has found its sky in your eyes.
... ...
Let me but soar in that sky, in its lonely immensity.

The whole existence is merged in the gaze of the beloved.

Numberless beautiful fancies lend enchantment to the life of a lover.

He put a flower in my hair, I said, "It is useless"; but he stood unmoved.
He took the garland from my neck and went away. I weep and ask my heart, "Why does he not come back?"

Childlike and of the essence of human love:

When I say I leave you for all time accept it as true, and let a mist o

tears for one moment deepen the dark rim of your eyes.

Then smile as archly as you like when I come again.

The black lightning of her glance strikes the lover to the earth.

That gleaming look from the dark came upon me like a breeze that sends a shiver through the rippling water and sweeps away to the shadowy shore.

When once the heavenly rage enters the heart, it rejoices in itself. The soul is many steps ahead in its march when it loves unknown.

I know well he did not pick up my chain ; I know it was crushed under his wheels leaving a red stain upon the dust, and no one knows what my gift was nor to whom.

But the young Prince did pass by our door, and I flung the jewel from my breast before his path.

This stage is necessary and urgent for the evolution of the soul, for herein vanishes all dross of self, and love ripens into a genuine holy emotion.

And in the mundane world it is a natural and inevitable development. For, one day the self-imposed thraldom must cease.

I am lost in you, wrapped in the folds of your caresses.

Free me from your spells, and give me back the manhood to offer you my freed heart.

The first mighty onrush of youth carries the rapture of love far past the mark. In the eager search:

I try to grasp the beauty, it eludes me, leaving only the body in my hands.

For

Dreams can never be made captive.

And

From my heart comes out and dances the image of my own desire.

The gleaming vision flits on.

I try to clasp it firmly, it eludes me and leads me astray.

I seek what I cannot get, I get what I do not seek.

The madness of love, the sensuous frenzy, endows the beloved with a million absent graces, and worships its own imagination rather than a reality.

Why did the harp-string break ?

I tried to force a note that was beyond its power, that is why the harp-string is broken.

And the consequence is

I plucked your flower, O world !

I pressed it to my heart and the thorn pricked. When the day waned and it darkened, I found that the flower had faded, but the pain remained.

The soul is baffled in its quest, and sadly turns to another field. It is disappointed but not soured. The call is not to death but to completeness.

O traveller,what sleepless spirit has touched you from the heart of the midnight ?

The soul is 'restless ; it is a thirst for far-away things.'

My soul goes out in a longing to touch the skirt of the dim distance.

O Great Beyond, O the keen call of thy flute !

The ringing call comes again, insistently.

He stopped before my door and asked me with an eager cry, "Where is she ?"

For very shame I could not say, "She is I, young traveller, she is I."

Basing its desires on the limited, it met with failure and defeat. But realising that the finite matter has not the means to satisfy the aspirations of the infinite spirit, the soul rises to a wider apprehension and a nobler sentiment. Its love becomes world-wide.

I often wonder where lie hidden the boundaries of recognition between man and beast whose heart knows no spoken language.

Through what primal paradise in a remote morning of creation ran the simple path by which their hearts visited each other.

The youthful phase is made into a vantage ground for further progress. In the attempt to drown itself in love for All Else, it finds that All is its Self. Here again its first out.pourings recur.

Love, my heart longs day and night for the meeting with you—for the meet-

ing that is like all-devouring death.
Sweep me away like a storm: take everything I have; break open my sleep and plunder my dreams. Rob me of my world.
In that devastation, in the utter nakedness of spirit, let us become one in beauty.

But the reply is that of experience:

Alas for my vain desire! Where is this hope for union except in thee, my God?

Union with the Eternal is the true seat of peace and joy; immutable, imperishable, unfading. It begins with the apprenticeship of human love, and through the fruition of universal identity attains the reward of utter bliss.

Thus the fresh dawn of love grows into its meridian splendour. The earlier works of Sir Rabindranath are the natural precursors of his later ones. His Gitanjali is the logical outcome of the Gardener. It represents a growth from the personal through the impersonal to the universal, from the immediate to the farthest remote, from the tentative to the serene. And all his works reveal a life beautiful in its symmetry and completeness.

Shantiniketan.*

By K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, B.A., B.L.

It will not be out of place if I make a brief study here of W. W. Pearson's book entitled *Shantiniketan* for two reasons, first, because it shows how Tagore's experience of school life as recorded in his *Reminiscenses* led him to achieve the regeneration of India by a new type of educational institution, and next because the book contains an introduction and two concluding addresses by Tagore, a story by Tagore's beloved pupil Satish Chandra Roy, and a description of Shantiniketan as approved by Tagore. The opening poem by Tagore strikes the keynote of the school and of the book:

"She is our own, the darling of our hearts, the Shantiniketan.
Our dreams are rocked in her arms.
Her face is a fresh wonder of love every time we see her,
For she is our own, the darling of our heart.
In the shadows of her trees we met,
In the freedom of her open sky.
Her mornings come and her evenings
Bringing down heaven's kisses,
Making us feel anew that she is our own, the darling of our heart.
The stillness of her shades is stirred by the woodland whisper;
Her amalaki groves are aquiver with the the rapture of leaves.
She dwells in us and around us however far we may wander.
She weaves our hearts in a song making us one in music,
Tuning our strings of love with her own fingers,
And we ever remember that she is our own, the darling of our heart."

In his famous Bolpur school Tagore has sought to carry forward the great but interrupted traditions of Indian education as adjusted to modern conditions and requirements. As he says in his Introduction to this work by Mr. Pearson: "The greatest teachers in ancient India, whose names are still remembered, were forest-dwellers." They "lived in the bosom of primeval nature, meditated upon the deepest problems of the soul, and made it their object in life to grow in sympathy with all creation and in communion with the Supreme Being. There students flocked round them and had their lessons of immortal life in the atmosphere of truth, peace and freedom of spirit." These forest sanctuaries have no doubt disappeared but their ideals and method are a light and an inspiration for all time. As Tagore says: "All our great classic poets in their epic verses and dramas looked back with reverence upon that golden daybreak of the awakenment of India's soul." In modern India we have to build the ideals of that great age of "simplicity and wisdom of pure life" into the fair fabric of the future India if we are to retain our energy of distinctiveness and preserve our beloved motherland unsubdued in her soul. The mission of India is the unfaltering purpose which has always shone in her heart and which she has tried to realise and express in the heaven of her religion and art and in the peaceful earth

*This article forms a Chapter in the second volume of the biography of Sir R. Tagore by the author.

of her co-ordinated and self-protective social and secular life. Tagore says truly and well where lies our true work today and how the modern era in its passion for mere change has forgotten or ignored the basic attempts at regeneration. He says: "I seemed choked for breath in the hideous nightmare of our present time, meaningless in its petty ambitions of poverty, and felt in me the struggle of my motherland for awakening in spiritual emancipation. Our endeavours after political agitation seemed to me to be unreal to the core and pitifully feeble in their utter helplessness. I feel that it is a blessing of Providence that begging should be an unprofitable profession, and that only to him who hath shall be given. I said to myself that we must seek for our own inheritance and with it buy our true place in the world." What does it matter what betterments of outer life we have if we have lost the graces of our inner life. Tagore felt the urgency of our Mother's call and his heart leapt to the call with elation and readiness and the true dedicatedness of a noble and strenuous life. Let me state his feeling in his own words as stated in the Introduction;

> "The truth became clear to me that India had cut her path and broadened it for ages, the path that leads to a life reaching beyond death, rising high above the idealisation of political selfishes and the insatiable lust for accumulation of materials—My heart responded to that call and I determined to do what I could to bring it to the surface, for our daily use and purification, the stream of ideals that originated in the summit of our past, flowing underground in the depth of India's soil,—the ideals of simplicity of life, clarity of spiritual vision, purity of heart, harmony with the universe, and consciousness of the infinite personality in all creation."

The remainder of the foreword is a touching tribute to the genius of Satish Chundra Roy who dedicated his life to the school but was cut off in the flower of his youth, whose joy in life blossomed as renunciation, who was aglow with love of beauty in nature and in art, who was not a mere vehicle of text books but bore their riches on the current of his forward-moving personality, and who was not a pedant but a human perfection.

Mr. Pearson's sketch is written by him as a fitting introduction to Satishchandra Roy's story entitled *The Gift to the Guru*. He visited Bolpur in 1912. Bolpur is "remote from the distractions of town life and yet within easy reach of the stimulating activities of an intellectual centre." He felt that he was "a pilgrim visiting the shrine of a saint rather than a visitor to a school" He says: "There I knew was an atmosphere in which self-realisation was possible, and a place where I could feel the throbbing heart of Bengal, the land of poetry and imagination." The place is truly an "abode of peace" where time seems to hold its breath "in the expectation of the daily wonder of the sunrise" and at the mystery and rapture of the sunset. The tranquillity of the place passes into the heart and shines there with a steady flame which the fitful gusts of life's joys and woes can never extinguish. The educational ideal is the combination of the best traditions of the ancient Hindu system of teaching with the healthiest aspects of modern methods. The first aspect that deserves prominent attention is the high and noble conception of the scope and ideal of education that is understood and practised there. Mr. Pearson says: "Education assists, not in giving information which the boys will forget as soon as they conveniently can without danger of failing in their examinations, but in allowing the boys to develop their own characters in the way which is natural to them." His indictment of the Indian system of examinations is as just as it is severe. He says: The younger the boys are the more original they show themselves to be. It is only when the shadow of a University Examination begins to loom over them that they lose their natural freshness and originality, and become candidates for Matriculation. When the small boys take up an idea and try to put it into practice then there is always a freshness about it which is spontaneous and full of the joy of real creation." Mr. Pearson refers to two characteristics of the Bengali boys which are real traits of all Indian youths from the farthest North to the farthest South —their peaceful and affectionate nature and their receptivity to spiritual things. The second aspect which is prominently mentioned by Mr. Pearson and which deserves

our attention is the idea that the spread of education and the bringing of higher influences into human lives are of infinitely greater importance than following the modern fad of efficient and expensive equipment which is raised to the rank of a fetish and which, in its conjoint action with our loveless and soulless system of education, has been an enemy of light and love and progress in our beloved Motherland. Mr. Pearson says ; "The emphasis on efficient and expensive equipment which is a characteristic feature of institutions of learning in the West has never been accepted in India, where simplicity of living is regarded as one of the most important factors in true education." While it is true that science should be largely studied in well-equipped laboratories the present insistence on vast buildings and other matters which are unimportant or only slightly important has been the cause of want of extension in education, while intensive education has been rendered fruitless by the banishment of Indian culture, art, religion, and history, by the neglect of Indian languages, by the unrelatedness of education to life, and by the prevailing commercial conceptions of life and education. We must also remember the truly democratic spirit and the constant encouragement of self-help, self-confidence, and self-respect that are such noteworthy features of the noble educational institution at Bolpur. It is not possible to describe in this brief sketch the daily routine of the school life at Bolpur, but I must not omit to mention here that the classes are held in the open air and encourage a spirit of love and responsive sympathy towards nature, that there are only annual examinations, that there are frequent excursions arranged by teachers and pupils, that the Bengali is the medium of instruction while English is taught as a second language, that the boys are encouraged to conduct magazines in Bengali, that they are induced to take an active interest in field sports, that the boys are allowed to punish all improprieties and transgressions by holding a juvenile court, and that the general atmosphere of trust and happiness is such as to make education a love-bringer and a joy-bringer to the heart as well as a light bringer to the mind. A few facts however deserve special and prominent mention. The younger boys take their meals in the homes of the married teachers, thus reviving the old Gurukul system in some measure. Only small classes are held so as to ensure the individual attention to each student by the teacher. There is no headmaster, and the school is managed by an executive committee elected by the teachers themselves, from among whom one is elected each year as the executive head. "In each subject one of the masters is elected as director of studies, and he discusses with the other teachers in that subject the books and methods of teaching to be adopted, but each teacher is left to work out his own methods in the way he thinks best." Mr Pearson says further that "one of the things that strike visitors to the School is the look of happiness on the boys' faces." The prominence given to music is another very noteworthy feature. The boys are awakened to the sound of songs by boy choristers singing in the early morning the supremely devotional lyrics of Tagore, and go to sleep each night after the band of boy-singers go round singing his songs. Mr. Pearson says : "To be able to spread the spirit of song is a great gift, but when together with it one is able to spread the ideals of a great spiritual teacher then the gift is one precious beyond words." The boys thus sing Tagore's songs, enact his plays, hear his discourses, and watch his saintly life. As Pearson says very well : "In this way the ideas of the poet are assimilated by the boys, without their having to make any conscious effort. In fact they are being educated into his thought through the sub-conscious mind, and this is one of the root principles of Rabindranath Tagore's method of education." Each boy is induced to acquire the habit of meditation as Mr. Pearson says : "There is no instruction given as to the method of meditation, the direction of their thoughts being left to the influence of the idea of silence itself and to the Sanskrit texts which are repeated by the boys together at the close of the period of silent meditation. That many boys form the habit of such daily silent worship is enough." The most attractive and important feature about this ideal school is its general spiritual atmosphere. About this Mr. Pearson says well; "I say religious atmosphere because there is no definite dogmatic teaching, and for the development of the spiritual side of the boys' natures the ideal has always been to leave

that to the natural instinct of each individual boy. In this considerable help is expected from the personal influence of the teachers, and from the silent but constant influence of close touch with Nature herself, which in India is the most wonderful teacher of spiritual truth."

The beautiful idyll that follows the above-said description of the Bolpur school by Mr. Pearson is a translation of Satis Chandra Roy's *The Gift To The Guru.* This idyll narrates the well-known story of Utanka and makes that an occasion for reconstructing imaginatively th Ashram life of India's great past. I shall quote here only Utanka's words to his Guru. Would it were possible for every pupil to say the same when leaving his school and college: "Today my time of discipline has been finished. I have by your love gained strength. *My body has become strong and my mind bright and happy.* I have seen the glory of the sun and the moon and have felt a Power in the glowing fire. I have tasted the joys of the six seasons of the year. The peace and tranquillity of the forests have taken up their abode in me and the fresh living spirit of the birds and beasts, of the trees and creepers, has entered my heart. I have come to understand that the food which we eat and the wood of the trees which we burn in the fire are to be deemed sacred because they do us good. Air, water, sky, and light are sacred also, and all are fitted with divine sweetness and goodnes." Equally beautiful is Satis Chandra Roy's closing benediction which breathes the very spirit of Indian life and culture.

> "My prayer is that you also may learn to appreciate the deeper mysteries of this universe, that you may be able to admire the beauty of a pure and noble life, and treasure at times the blessing of your teachers. May their blessing, uniting with the clouds, fall upon you like gentle rain. Mingling with the sunlight every day at dawn may it manifest itself to your eyes. Breathing in the wind may it bring deep peace into your hearts. May your minds be happy and fitted with the joy and energy of the universe. May your lives in the world be fruitful,—may nobility of purpose ever blossom in your hearts. May you also be strong, fearless, and pure, and may you accomplish your spiritual destiny by devoting yourself to God. Om Shanti, Shanti, Shanti. Om Peace, Peace, Peace.

The book concludes with two exquisite discourses by Tagore called *Paradise* and *Parting.* The former is an address by him before the Japanese students in Tokyo. It represents the ideals of Shantiniketan and describes the spirit in which Tagore comes into touch with those who teach and learn in his School. He says there : "I believe in an ideal life. I believe that there is an ideal hovering over the earth,—an ideal of that Paradise which is not the mere outcome of imagination, but the ultimate reality towards which all things are moving." The words of advice given by him to teachers should be engraved in letters of gold on the tablets of every teacher's heart. "One thing is truly needed to be a teacher of children—it is to be like children : to forget that you are wise or have come to the end of knowledge, In order to be truly the guide of children, you must never be conscious of age. or of superiority or anything of that kind. You must be their elder brother, ready to travel with them in the same path of higher wisdom and aspiration. This is the only advice I can offer to you on this occasion,—to cultivate the spirit of the eternal child, if you must take up the task of training the children of Man."

The second address is conceived in a lofty religious Key. He says that in God's creation there is no end to anything. "All that is true is continuous....In all true relations, all true happiness are continuous." But in his purblindness man enters upon unmeaning activities. "Our energies are employed in supplying ourselves with things and pleasures: They have no eternity in the background. Therefore we try to give things an appearance of permanence by adding to them." But truth does not die by coming to an end, just as a poem does not die but fulfils itself by completion. Men are real when they meet in truth but are shadows if they meet in the unrealities of life. "When we meet each other in God, then our life is continuous in truth...The true relationship with man is creative...From death, lead us to the Deathless. From all that is perishable, lead us to the truth that is eternal."

It will not be out of place if I say a few words here on the ideals and methods of education in India. The two fundamental concepts that influenced the scope and intensiveness of education in India were the rareness (दुर्लभत्व) of the human embodiment and the essential divinity of human nature. Hence an attempt—systematic and sustained—was made to develop harmoniously all the faculties of human nature on a spiritual basis, Personal and social life was so regulated as to develop the *satturi* nature which was not the negation, but the blossoming and fulfilment of an active life. From this followed all the distinguishing traits in ancient Indian education. It was spiritual in conception, method, and aim. It took equal and simultaneous notice of the here and the hereafter. It was in touch with the cultural life of the everyday world and the higher cultural life enshrined in the scriptures. It ensured a decent wage and social status to the teacher without poisoning the springs of education by commercialising the aims and ambitions of the predominet partner in the great national enterprise of education. It ensured continuous discipline and freedom of self-development to the student, keeping his eyes always fixed on the spiritual life as the point of convergence of secular life. The corrective and inspiring and joy-giving influence of nature was always near to prevent narrowness, bookishness, and joylessness. The education of the people was in the hands of those whose racial culture depended on it. It was in harmony with the past, full of intimate touch with the present, and full of infinite potentialities in the future.

But now education, though it had infinite possibilities by virtue of the larger life brought to us by England, has become inimical to our racial culture. It is not a blossoming of the national spirit and has led to various cleavages between our life and the realities of the spirit. It has led to a distaste for Indian art and literature, and the necessary result of it, the decline and decay of these perfect self-manifestations of the Indian spirit. It has ignored and killed by neglect the courtesies and ceremonials of our social life. It has created a tradition of barrack life amidst dirty and crowded surroundings and consequently generated a morbid and melodramatic attitude towards life even during the impressionable period of youth when mental habits, moral tendencies, and emotional preferences are formed, for ever. It is costly; it is examination-ridden; it does not pay any attention to the abiding joys and reverences of life; it is not subjugated to the control of those who are the most affected by it, and it moves on like a machine that turns out what are fondly regarded and advertised as finished products but what are really misshapen masses of diverse degrees of uselessness.

We want many, many schools of the type of the Bolpur school where the deficiencies of the modern system would be set right, where the traditions of ancient Indian education would be carried forward to higher stages, and where the new enlightenment of the modern scientific democratic age would be welcomed into our sanctuaries of learning as an equal and as an ally and not as superior and as a tyrant. The young men and women of the land must be taught the great spiritual institutions of the race, and the great languages, literatures and arts of the land; they should have the heaven of the *real* Indian history opened to their loving and reverent gaze; they should be taught the graceful courtesies of Indian social life; they should be taught the value and meaning of the beautiful ceremonials in which are symbolised and enshrined the spiritual ideals of the race, the inter-relations of the teacher and the taught should be based on love and reverence as before; the ascetic ideal of renunciation as the fruitage of a fulfilled life of regulated enjoyment should be ever kept before the eyes of both as the consummation and glory of life; the larger unities of thought and love must be proclaimed and realised to assimilate all differences in an all-inclusive national feeling and universal love; education must attain to the dignity of a synthetic appeal to all the elements of our nature; it must lead to the attainments of our immemorial virtues of balauce, serenity, simplicity, and refinement which would be in harmonious combination with efficiency and power; and it must enable India once again to reattain her ethical and spiritual leadership of the world while bringing to her all the sweets of a higher national life in a full and abundant measure.

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