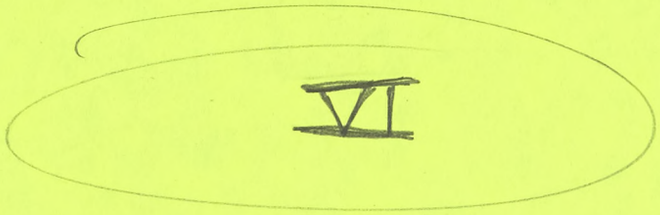
July 2022

Box 08, Folder 06 - "Indian Twilight" Loose Letter Duplicates (E.M.S.)

Edwin Mortimer Standing



VI

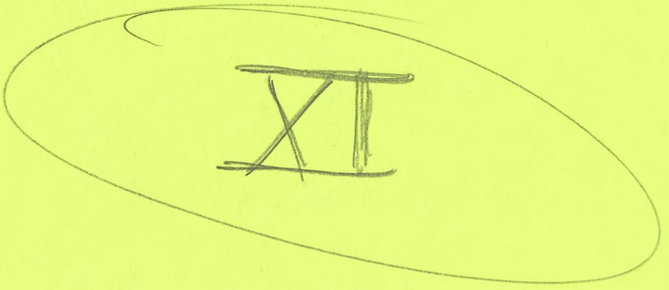
III

Bombay View ,
Matheran .
Nr Bombay
May 15th .'21

My Dear All,

We have at last migrated to the hills. It was a great business getting here ,- completing the Great Trek which had already begun when I wrote my last letter . It rather reminded me of one of those patriarchal migrations one reads about in the Old Testament, -except that we had the assistance of a convenience that Abraham wotted not of , to whit the Railway . After the buffaloes , calves, ponies etc had departed there was a great debate as to whether the six puppies and their devoted mother should also come ; but finally ,much to the chagrin of the children , it was decided to leave them behind.

We went by the night mail to Bombay , and all had sleeping berths , and I was given a carrieage all tomyself. Our supper on the train that night was one of the most curious meals at which I have ever assisted . The whole party(except the other teachers who had their meal to themselves) managed to crowd into one compartment for the supper which the cooks had managed to conjure up in some mysterious manner from God knows where, and all piping hot. It was of course Indian food , but I am getting quite used to that. All the children -including the cousins - sat in rows along the upper berths looking for all the world like a string of hungry sparrows on the branches of a tree,whilst the grown-ups squatted Buddha-wise below.



Bombay View, VIII (a

Matheran,

'21.

My dear Everyone,

For the past ten days the great topic of conversation has been the monsoon. As the time gets nearer and nearer for the monsoon to break or "burst", the whole atmosphere - physical and mental - seems to be in a state of intense expectancy. On all sides you hear such remarks as: "I wonder what sort of monsoon we shall have this year:" "I hope it will be a good one:" or "I hear the monsoon has already broken in Ceylon." "Yes, but they say it didn't break properly," and so forth. It is not only the circumstance that it is about to rain for the first time for <u>nine months</u> which makes the subject so enthralling, but also because it may be almost a matter of life and death to some people. For a good monsoon means a good crop and a bad one the reverse. If the monsoons are bad for two or three years it may result in widespread famine. It is hard to describe the curious feeling of expectancy that is in the air - rather like you get before a thunderstorm, only much more so and going on for two or three weeks.

When the first real shower came a few days ago the children were just as excited as English children at the first fall of snow in winter. As it happened we were having school at the time, but we suspended operations to have a look at this

thrilling phenomenon. In fact the children did more than look. They ran out into the rain just as they were, and jumped and skipped about in it, letting it run down inside their clothes and all over them just like a lot of little watersprites "native and endued into that element." I hadn't the heart to be stern with them and call them in. I myself hadn't seen a drop of rain since I left Marseilles three months ago; and if even I felt quite thrilled at the sight of it - how much more so they after nine months. So I let them "go a splash" for once, and did my best to make peace with their mother when it came to the business of changing into dry clothes.

The effect of just two or three showers has been almost magical. Some of the trees have begun to send out new shoots at such a rate that you can almost see them growing - and it seems so strange, too, at this time of the year (in the middle of June.) But it is mostly in the insect world that the effect seems most miraculous. Suddenly the air begins to teem with flying creatures of all sorts. The otherevening we were enveloped in a cloud of huge flying ants, about an inch long, flying heavily in all directions on four rather badly manipulated wings. Their wings - so I am told - fall off after about two days of this "nuptial flight", whereupon their owners "coming down to earth" take up the hum-drum round of every day terrestial existence.

We have seen, too, the most beautiful butterflies of an

almost incredible size. Quite a number of times I thought, on seeing them first, that they were birds, until I noticed their peculiar zig zag way of flying.

But I think the most beautiful of all are the fire-flies. I have not yet managed to see one of these creatures near to - but only their lights. In fact I am not sure that I want to see one in a close-up; because I can hardly believe that such an exquisite, dainty and fairy-like spectacle could be caused by anything so gross as beetles with wings. I prefer to cling to the illusion that they are fairy lanthorns lighting the wee-folk to their nightly revels

"By paved fountain, or by rushy brook
Or in the beached margent of the sea."

And with the monsoon came also the mosquitoes - millions of them. "Ah there's the rub!" - as Shakespeare said. (How that man has a word for everything!.)

When the monsoon gets going it brings out not only the insects but other creatures as well, especially of the creepy-crawly kind, that live in holes, like the snakes and scorpions. They find their homes unpleasantly damp and come out seeking better accommodation. One evening, as the family sat in the drawing room here at Bombay View, no less than six big black scorpions came into the room from the verandah one after the other. Although Mr. Sarabhai is a Jain and believes in "Ahinsa" (i.e. the doctrine of not taking life) he said he drew the line at scorpions and demolished them one after the other as

they arrived.

The children are all well and in the best of form though Leena gave us all a bit of a shock last week. She fell from her pony when she was riding with Selim Khan, the handsome Mahommedan sizar. Happily there was no serious injury and she was up and about again in a couple of days. I was surprised how upset I was when I heard the news; and only then realised how much I had grown to love the child. She is really the most adorable little creature - so beautiful, so full of life and so original. One never knows what she will say or do next. The other day she came sliding down the bannisters, and when I gently reproved her because it was dangerous she replied "But I prayed to God to help me." (What is the answer to that one?) Another day I did a little sketch, and she said "Give me the drawing please, and I will keep it with God upstairs in my drawer." This puzzled me at the time but I found out later that she was referring to a golden image of Krishna which some relation had given her. All the children seem to be naturally (or is it supernaturally?) interested in religion. Perhaps this is not surprising because they are constantly hearing the grown ups around them discussing such matters.

These philosophical discussions seem to spring up more easily and naturally here than amongst Europeans. Even at breakfast the other day I came in to find an argument going

on as to how evil came into the world. It is very striking how very often, in these talks, we come round to the Doctrine of Reincarnation. Everyone I meet here - or almost everyone - seems to take this belief for granted. Last night for instance after dinner we were discussing the "slum question" - the dreadful inequalities between the rich and poor - Ahmedebad has some of the worst slum districts in the world. "Well," said one of the ladies, "it's not really so unjust as it appears to be, when you think that those people are living in such slums as a punishment for the injustices which they themselves have perpetrated on others in their previous incarnation. That is really what we mean by Kharma."

"You Christians," said another present, "believe in Heaven and Hell and Purgatory where people are treated according to their past actions, - why shouldn't they have their Heaven, Hell and Purgatory on earth? Why shouldn't they come back here on earth again to work out their destiny? It is not necessary to invent any other places of existence." (And what is the answer to that one?)

One night last week a rather strange and eerie thing happened. Mr. Ambalal (another name for Mr. Sarabhai) heard a strange sobbing sound, as of a child weeping. Some of the servants heard it too including the Ayah. They went round to the children's rooms, but they were all fast asleep, and then they searched the rest of the house as well but found nothing.

Still the crying persisted. Those of you, my good friends, who are Irish will I am sure be reminded (as I was) of the Banshee. The only natural explanation that anybody could suggest was that it might have been a baby monkey; but there was no visible sign of its presence. Well, we shall see if it augurs the death of someone.

We still have our daily walks after tea when the whole family, arrayed in their best, goes out in force with attendant servants and rickshaws. One day last week the "youngest grandfather" and myself played truant and went for a walk on our own. He is an M.A. of Cambridge, where he studied philosophy. Like so many modern Indians he has abandoned the "superstitious beliefs" in which he was brought up. He says that he is seeking for the Universal Religion; and that the chief obstacle prevent this Unity of Religions comes from religious forms (by which I think he means creeds). "Forms cause all the trouble; forms divide: forms are the great Unreligion."

During the course of our walk we discovered a Mahommedan mosque, which we entered having first removed our shoes. It was very simple, bare, ascetic (and clean!) inside, - such a contrast to so many of the Hindu temples with their elaborate ornamentation and idols. It made me think of a Quaker Meeting House as compared with a Catholic Church. Dear old George Fox would have approved of it highly: it forcibly reminded me of his tirade against the "Steeple-houses." "All you Friends

and people, pluck down your images, your likenesses, your pictures, your representations of things in Heaven, things on earth, and things in the water; pluck them out, I say!." Perhaps George Fox was a reincarnation of the Prophet (!) certainly these words sound like an echo of the Koran. (You see how I am being influenced by my environment!.)

Speaking of the Koran reminds me of an interesting story Mr. Sarabhai told me recently. The conversation had turned on mystic and psychic phenomena, especially ecstacy and possession. "There was a man," he said, "in Ahmedebad who used to behave at times as though he was possessed; and people really believed he was. On these occasions this man used to hang on a beam, like a bat, and recite page after page of the Koran. Now the strange thing was that this man was a Hindu, and did not know Urdu or Arabic. He was quite normal at other times; but when possessed in this way would keep fixed under a beam in this upside-down position in which normally no human being could cling and survive."

The more I see of Mr. Sarabhai the more I like him. He is really a most remarkable man - a combination of a brilliant, hard-headed business man, a most devoted husband and father, and a philosopher and mystic. At irregular intervals he disappears for days, and even weeks, on business tours. He has recently returned from the Central Provinces where he has just started a sugar factory into which he has put a third of

his capital. He certainly does things in a big way. Besides his factories in Ahmedebad he has an office in Bombay (as well as a private villa) and another in London. I gathered from a casual remark that he spends £2,000 a year on telegrams and cables in his Bombay office alone. He is always off to this city or that to attend some Directors' meeting or business conference. In the past eight weeks - since I came out here - he has travelled over 3,000 miles on the Indian Railways. His achievements seem to me quite remarkable for a man of --- years; I should be done up in a week if I did a quarter of the knocking about in this climate that he does; yet he always comes back fresh and smiling and in the best of spirits.

At the same time as Mr. Sarabhai is immersed in all these practical affairs, he seems to carry on a sort of second existence as a philosopher and mystic. When he comes back from these business tours he generally brings with him some new books that he has bought. One time it will be the Koran, another the new Testament, another Ruskin and so on. At present he is having a run on Tolstoy. He was so impressed with Tolstoy's writings on the Simple Life - so Mrs. Sarabhai told me - that shortly before I came out he and his friend and business partner, Mr. Bakhubhi, decided to put it into practice. As a start they set out to cook their own meals in a secluded part of the compound (to the astonishment of the domestic staff who number well over 30). "Happily," said Mrs. Sarabhai, "the

craze for the Simple Life lasted exactly 24 hours; after which they decided it was not their vocation, much to my relief for it threw all my domestic arrangements into confusion."

I have been told that it is by no means unusual for a well-to-do Indian who has married and brought up a family and generally behaved in a most conventional manner, one day suddenly to dress himself up as a religious mendicant - a sanyesi - supply himself with a begging bowl; and then quietly vanish, incognito, amongst the three hundred millions of his contemporaries, "seeking enlightenment." In fact at this moment some ten million Indians are doing this, wandering alone from City to City, living on the charity of their fellow men, and seeking through this penitential form of life to advance their spiritual development.

Mr. Sarabhai has not done this yet, I am glad to say, as I should probably lose my job if he did! At the same time I could almost imagine him doing it. He told me a few weeks ago he had just had a special pair of spectacles made with opaque glasses. When I asked him what on earth for, he replied (I bet you could never guess why!) that it was because he wanted to be able quickly to shut away the distractions of the outside world at any time or place - as in his office for instance - and so be able to meditate more easily and unobtrusively.

He is also a bit psychic, and gave me several examples of

his experience. He was once travelling in a train from Scotland to Manchester, and after lunch when he was half asleep, the thought came vividly into his mind that his cousin V. in India was suffering from enteric fever. When he reached the Midland Hotel in Manchester a cable was waiting to say that this same cousin had contracted the disease.

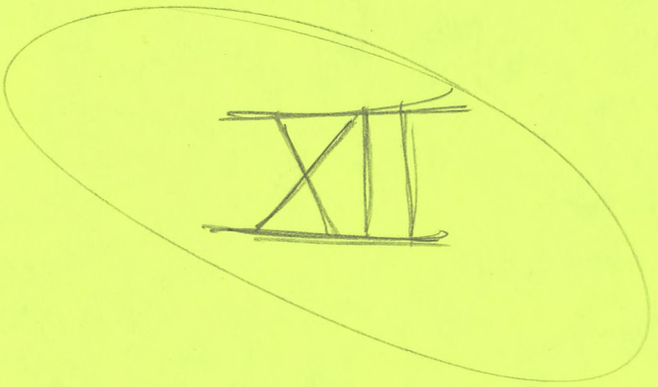
Mr. Bakhubhai his business partner, and his wife, have been staying here as guests. He and Mr. Sarabhai are the most intimate friends and mean very much more to each other than just business partners. Both of them have a wonderful gift for throwing off their business cares and responsibilities, and behaving almost like light-hearted schoolboys. On these occasions they remind me rather of Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee.

The Gazelles are still with us and are more charming than ever. They are less shy than formerly and I have been teaching them bridge, and we play a lot of chess too.

My boy Mulji, in spite of being temporarily separated from Salome, Bernice, Lois and the rest, is in good form and continues to be a most excellent and faithful servant. I have only had one row with him. He was immensely intrigued with my safety razor. One day his curiosity got the better of him, and I came into the room just as he was trying it on his own dark face. He jumped so much on being discovered that I was glad it was a safety, or he might have cut his throat. Our relations were somewhat strained for a day or two after this but we are back to the status quo.

We are not going to wait up here at this hill station until the monsoon "breaks" completely. Now that the first preliminary showers have come, we shall be leaving Bombay View. This house derives its name, by the way, from the fact that from one of the Points quite near here, on certain evenings, one can see the lights of Bombay shining down on the plain --- miles away. We have seen this several evenings and it is a most impressive sight.

The commotion of packing has already begun in preparations for our return trek down to Bombay; and I must end this letter abruptly, to take my part in getting ready for the great exodus.


XII

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Maldon House,
The Fort,
Bombay.

Two weeks ago we left Matheran - ponies, and puppies and all. It was a great exodus. Our party - family, relations, teachers and servants - took up quite an appreciable fraction of the little mountain railway which, with its many twistings and turnings, took us down to the station at the foot of the plateau, where we joined the main line from Madras to Bombay.

Down here in Bombay it is swelteringly hot; and as yet there has been no rain (though on the mountains the monsoon has already broken). We are lucky, however, in that Maldon House is modern and well built, and is situated near the sea; it has three stories, plenty of verandahs, and is supplied with large electric punkahs in nearly all the rooms. Nevertheless Bombay has a most trying climate, - a moist, clammy heat, which seems just as bad by night as by day.

Sin ce I have begun to write this letter a dove has come and perched on the window ledge only about a yard from my shoulder, and has remained with its gaze fixed upon me most constantly - not to say suspiciously. Perhaps it is a reincarnation of some one I knew in a former life, or perhaps a celestial messenger. At any rate it makes me feel quite embarrassed with its censorious eye penetrating mysteriously into my actions. I shall begin to believe in Edgar Allen

Poe's "Raven" if this goes on.

Yesterday afternoon I took the whole family - even to Vickram the two-year-old - in the car to see the "Hanging Gardens." Happily none of the children fell out of the car, though I confess I felt a bit like the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe because she had so many children she didn't know what to do!

To get to the Gardens we had to pass quite close to the famous "Towers of Silence," where defunct Parsees are eaten up by obliging vultures. The Parsees don't bury their dead. When someone dies, in a house, a priest arrives and digs a sort of furrow round the corpse to keep away the evil spirits. Then when the funeral procession - which is led by two priests - is ready, all those taking part in it are linked together by cotton strands.

Arrived at Dakma (or Tower of Silence) prayers are said and then the corpse is laid out on the round top of this tower, and almost immediately the vultures arrive to begin their gruesome task. We saw these ugly bald-headed creatures in great crowds, some flying in short circles round the Towers, and others sitting like great blobs on the branches of the nearby trees. There is a meal for them every day - sometimes several - as great numbers of Parsees live in Bombay.

There are, in fact, about 50,000 Parsees in Bombay - nearly half the total number of their sect. They form a very intelli-

gent and up to date community. They are pioneers in education; and also have a great influence in the professional, economical and industrial life of the city. Like the Quakers, they are a wealthy community, and one often sees them driving about Bombay and the suburbs in their magnificent motor cars, their menfolk wearing those funny little hats "from which the rays of the sun are reflected in more than Oriental splendour." There is matter for speculation in the thought that wherever they go in their gorgeous cars, their last journey will always be to the Towers of Silence!

The Parsees are not popular with the Indians because they have the reputation of always siding with whatever party is in power. They have a different religion, too, from both Hindus and Mahommedans. They are fire-worshippers, Fire being to them "the sacrament of the Divine Presence, through which they approach Divinity." It is for this reason that they have a special devotion to the sun. If you go down to the esplanade or sea-front any fine evening just before sunset, you will see an extraordinary and impressive sight. You will see these Parsees - successful Bombay business men - drive up in their Rolls and Daimlers. The chauffeur stops the car; goes round and opens the door; and then the gentleman "with the hat from which the sun's rays.....etc." walks solemnly down to the beach. Arriving there he goes down on his knees, and prostrates himself with solemn reverance to the setting sun.

I must confess to having a sort of secret sympathy with

their beliefs, for if ever I were to worship anything in nature, it would be the sun. And I imagine a lot of Christians have a similar tendency - especially in the Spring when, "after the long winter of discontent", the sun comes forth again in all his majesty and healing strength. That is why I love Francis Thompson's "Ode to the Setting Sun:" - (the first two verses I quote would not be applicable to the Esplanade Bombay even if someone was playing music.)

"O setting Sun, that as in reverend days
Sinkest in music to thy smoothèd sleep,
Discrowned of homage, though yet crowned with rays,
Hymned not at harvest more, though reapers reap;

For Thee this music wakes not. O deceived,
If thou hear in these thoughtless harmonies
A pious phantom of adorings reaved,
And echo of fair ancient flatteries!

Yet in this field where the Cross planted reigns,
I know not what strange passion bows my head
To Thee whose great command upon my veins
Proves Thee a god to me not dea, not dead!

For worship it is too incredulous,
For doubt - oh, too believing-passionate?

As I have not yet become a Parsee or a yogi, when Sunday came round I thought I would try to nourish my spiritual life by going to a place of worship. So naturally I made enquiries as to whether there was a Quaker Meeting House anywhere in Bombay. But no-one seemed to have even heard of the Quakers. They reminded me of those early Christian converts in Ephesus who told St. Paul "We have never so much as even heard that there is a Holy Spirit").

So I went to the Catholic Cathedral instead. Everyone seemed to know where that was. There I attended what is called a High Mass, a ceremony in which there was too much bobbing up and down and waving of censers and other such "creaturely activities" (as George Fox would call them) to please me. But I enjoyed the sermon which was about St. Anthony of Padua and made me want to learn more about him.

Then I remembered that a priest I had met in Rome, a Jesuit, had given me an introduction to the Archbishop of Bombay, and I happened to have it in my wallet. So when Mass was over I called on the Archbishop - Goodier was his name. He is a most handsome man and looked very cool and efficient in his immaculately white soutane, or whatever it is called. He received me very graciously and made me feel at ease at once. I discovered that he is also a Jesuit; which rather surprised me as I did not know that members of this Society were permitted to take offices in the Hierarchy. He looked a typical Jesuit, - spare, intellectual, cultured, very much "on the spot." His room was surgically clean and tidy. Archbishop Goodier was the acme of urbanity and spoke with the polished ease of a diplomat. Our conversation covered a wide range of subjects: and amongst other things he told me he was a friend of Father Tyrell who was turned out of the Church for heresy. He spoke very highly of another friend of his, George Lloyd, the present Governor of Bombay, who is a pious high Anglican. He was also

interested to hear that I knew Father Adrian Fortescue. On taking leave of the Archbishop he recommended me to read the Development of Doctrine, by Cardinal Newman and - very trustingly - lent me his own copy. The next Sunday I heard the Archbishop himself preach; it was an excellent sermon "well digested in the parts;" and struck me as being so broad minded that it might have been by Rufus Jones, Nat Micklem or H. G. Wood, or any other of my good Quaker friends.

I have solved, by the way, the mystery of the dove with the censorious eye. There is a nest up in the corner of the room, which I had not noticed before, - hence the creature's suspicions.

We had an extra fine dinner the other night to celebrate the happy news that one of the Gazelles - Wasubhen - had passed her Matriculation. A person who has passed the Bombay University Matriculation has thereby attained a certain social prestige. It is however becoming rather a diminished prestige - in some circles at any rate. In fact only yesterday I was present at a lively discussion when someone was maintaining that the value of this distinction had been reduced almost to nothing owing to the popularity of the "Non-Cooperation Movement." That means Non-Cooperation with anything British, a movement which Gandhi has set going as part of his great "Swaraj" or Home Rule campaign.

Kipling's famous couplet:-

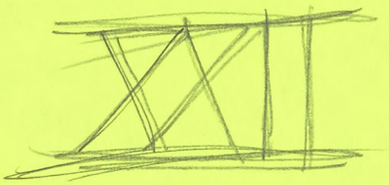
East is East and West is West
And never the twain shall meet - may be, and certainly is, true in many things. Nevertheless it is surprising how fundamentally East and West are at one in some matters - as I discovered yesterday. When I came up to my room in the afternoon I found Mrs. Sarabhai and Mrs. Bakhubai and four servants looking critically into it. Though I did not understand the exact words that were being said - it was all in Gujerati - there was no mistaking what the general council was about. I was aware of an unmistakable feeling of reform and "spring cleaning" in the air. I knew exactly the sort of things the ladies were saying to each other: "This room's not fit to live in! it's a perfect pig sty! He doesn't know how to keep it tidy; and his servant takes advantage of his ignorance and does nothing! Men are such hopeless things; let's make it tidy for once."

I slid away unobserved. When I returned half an hour later the invasion was in full swing. Mrs. Sarabhai, with her usual tact, greeted me with the words "We thought we'd just like to tidy up your papers and things as they <u>will breed so many mosquitoes</u>." I knew this statement was completely inaccurate, - for mosquitoes begin their nefarious career as <u>acquatic lavae</u>. I also knew, however - by instinct - that this was not a time to enter into a biological argument. Women are supposed not to be very susceptible to reason at the best of times; and certainly when the blind fury of spring cleaning

has seized upon them, it is the worst of times. So, uttering my appreciation and thanks, I made my way downstairs to the drawing room where the children were wondering as I went whether it would be to play draughts or tell a story, for it was bound to be one or the other.

There is a great rage for draughts on at present. Suhrid especially is madly keen on it, and besieges me at all moments of the day to come and have a game with him. He is a very quick-witted youngster, and his mind at present - when not bent on draughts - seems to be much exercised with the problem of the nature of God and what kind of a life He leads. The other day he said to me a propos of nothing "How small we must seem to God! - just like ants!" Another day he said "When I was small (he is only 8 now!) I used to think that God came down in the middle of the night, and went about in a chariot finding out what people were in trouble, and helping them." Now he has become more sceptical, so he continued, "But now I know God couldn't come down!" "God didn't make me," he informed me recently. "Who did then?" I asked. "No one! I was just natural!"

Yours,



AN INDIAN HOUSE PARTY.

For the last nine months I have been the only European in the society of Indians, and in the last ten days it has been my lot to make one of a large house-party of some thirty to forty guests from all over India. Most of these were persons keenly interested in the Nationalist movement. They represented many different walks of life, and included in their number several doctors, two editors, some lawyers, a judge, an eminent barrister, a poetess, a Himalayan seer come down to the plains with a "message to India", a dramatist, Government officials, a commercial magnate, a physical culturist, and many ladies and children pertaining to them. A variety of religions were represented - Mohammedans, Hindus, Parsees, and Christians, not to mention some tough Agnostics.

The general atmosphere of the party was an extraordinary mixture of East and West. For instance, lunch and dinner were taken in Eastern fashion, squatting cross-legged, the food eaten with one's hands (the Himalayan sage was the only exception, and he ate with chopsticks). On the other hand, afternoon tea was served from costly silver tea-sets, on little tables covered with snow-white linen of the finest texture, and the guests sat in chairs. Round the lawn were statues and bronzes from Paris and Italy, including a full-sized cast of the Venus de Milo: and when it grew dark the garden was illuminated by electric lamps. Yet even here the East was just below the surface. One afternoon I was going to the lawn, where tea was usually served, when I heard a voice calling

from another part of the garden. "You can't go there today," it said. "Why not?" I asked with some surprise. "Some Mohammedan ladies have come to tea today, and they keep Purdah." Then I realised that all the menfolk were sitting together and taking tea in another part of the garden.

One of the most striking of the guests was an elderly Mohammedan who was accompanied by his wife and two daughters. He is a tall imposing figure with a face kindly, though powerful, a strong Roman nose, and white hair and long beard. He is a man of Western education, speaking English and French fluently, has served for many years as a judge in a Native State, and has been the friend and confidant of his Rajah. A couple of years ago he came under Gandhi's influence, and was converted by him to the Nationalist movement. As a consequence he has given up all his fine clothes and wears simple homespun, and by his political activities has lost his Government pension. One evening as I came into the drawing-room I noticed him in eager conversation withanother man as interesting as himself. The latter was for ten years a missionary in the Brahmo Samaj movement (a sort of Hineu Protestantism), but had left this for the Christian Church. I joined myself to them, and listened to the conversation, which I record in substance if not in letter.

"Poo! miracles!" the old gentleman was saying; "the miracles of Christ are merely legends that have grown around hisname and teaching. Take the story of the five loaves and two fishes; everybody knows that in the East bread is used symbolically for

wisdom, the staff of the spiritual life. The ignorant compilers of the Gospel incidents confused the symbol with the fact."

Shortly after this we were joined by one of his daughters, a dark, handsome young lady of twenty with a vigorous character and passionate convictions. The discussion had drifted to a comparison between the characters of Mohammed and Christ. "You must admit," said the Brahmin Christian (or Christian Brahmin), "that the character of Jesus displays greater love than that of your Prophet." The girl's dark eyes flashed angrily. "I don't think it's at all fair," she retorted; "people are always saying that Jesus was more loving than Mohammed. It is because they don't understand. The love of Jesus was of a different kind: it was the sweet, tender love of a mother: Mohammed's was the strong, virile, almost fierce love of a father."

"But look at Christ's denunciation of the Pharisees," was the reply: "His love combined the tenderness of a mother's and the strength of a father's."

Now we were joined by the girl's mother. "What are you discussing so vehemently?" she asked. "Which is the greatest - a mother's love or a father's?" said the girl. "Oh, a mother's of course," said the new-comer, who, by the way, has a sense of humour unusual in Eastern women. Of course the father protested and appealed to the other fathers present, and the discussion terminated in a general bantering between the husbands and wives present - each claiming the superiority of the love of their kind.

To calm the atmosphere, the girl, who has a beautiful voice, was asked to sing, which she readily agreed to do without any fussing or false modesty.

A nephew of this old Mohammedan gentleman was also of the party, a young fellow of about eighteen. He surprised me by remarking that he had read and enjoyed "The Egoist," and further by revealing on the last day of his visit that he had brought a violin with him and was assiduously practising a rondo by some Italian composer. And, speaking of music, one lady told me she had been harmonising some Bengal airs with parts for two violins, 'cello and piano. This surprised me much. Eastern music is devoid of harmony - it is, as you might say, one-dimensional, - and in this attempt to enrich its (to us) weird melodies by harmony and counterpoint one sees again something of the fusion that is taking place between elements so dissimilar and giving rise to a new kind of culture.

Perhaps nothing that I heard better illustrates this fusion than a conversation that I heard taking place between two of the children of the party, one a Hindu, the other, I think, a Mohammedan. The former was a bright little girl of ten, with bobbed hair and an English frock; the other a beautiful dark-haired girl of sixteen dressed in a "Saadi" and sandals. The conversation was as follows:-

Ten Years to Sixteen: Have you taken your Matric.?

Sixteen: No. I was ready to, and was just going to, but --

Ten: But what?

Sixteen: Well, you see, I joined the Non-Co-operation party

and had to leave school.

Ten: Why so?

Sixteen: Because, you see, it was a Government school.....

(Later)

Ten (Hindu, strictly vegetarian): Are you a vegetarian?

Sixteen (Mohammedan): No.

Ten (with horrified, and eager curiosity): Then do you eat meat?

Sixteen: Why, yes, of course.

Ten: Do you eat cows?

Sixteen: Yes.

Ten: And goats?

Sixteen: Yes.

Ten: And rabbits?

Sixteen: Yes.

Ten: And fish?

Sixteen: Yes.

Ten: Don't you think it's cruel to kill animals?

Sixteen: Perhaps so. I don't know. But it's the custom, and I eat what's given me without making a fuss.....

(Later)

Ten: Have you read "Alice in Wonderland"?

Sixteen: Yes.

Ten: And "The Looking-Glass"?

Sixteen: Yes.....

and so on, with "Macbeth", "Hamlet", "Midsummer Night's Dream", and "Treasure Island", and, most important of all, "Peter Pan". Yes, Sixteen had read them all; and I could see from Ten's expression that acquaintance with these people - especially Peter Pan - went far to covering up the crime of eating cows and goats, and would be counted unto her as righteousness.....

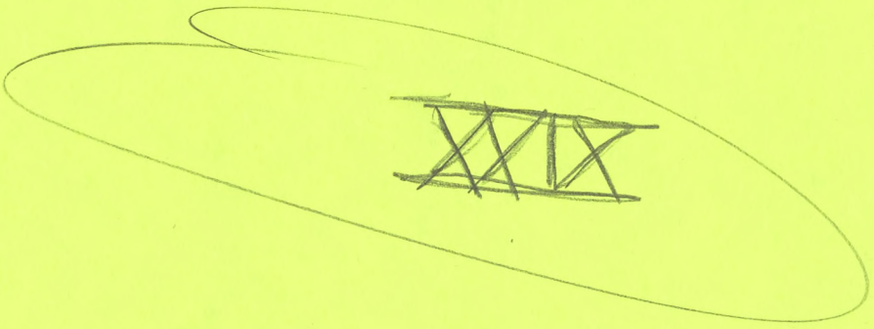
"What do you think of it all?" I asked a barrister from Bombay.

"Well," he replied with legal caution, "if you ask me, I think both sides are wrong."

"And what do you think of it?" I demanded of the Himalayan seer. "Well," he replied, "I think it will lead to great trouble and violence and disorder; but out of that chaos - as at the beginning of the world - there will be born a new India."

E. M. STANDING.

From an MS
Some extracts



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GANDHI IN PRISON.

It is no uncommon thing to hear Mahatma Gandhi referred to by his followers as "The Christ of India". To a Christian, of course this phrase sounds absurd, not to say blasphemous; but to the average Indian who knows about the Nazarene Prophet only by hearsay there are sufficient external resemblances to account for the use of this title. It is not alone the simple and saintly life of the Mahatma, his reputation amongst the ignorant as a miracle-worker, his personal attraction, his beliefe in non-violence that suggest this comparison. In the political situation also in which he finds himself there are not a few striking, if superficial, resemblances to that in which Christ lived. But, however parallel the political situation may seem to be, there is one great difference that must present itself to the mind of any thoughtful person. In the incident of the tribute money and the payment of taxes to Caesar it would seem that Christ's position was the very opposite of Gandhi's doctrine of non-co-operation with Imperial Government. "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and to God the things which are God's": is not this the exact opposite of Gandhi's teaching?

I was fortunate enough to have a long conversation with Mr. Gandhi on this and other matters a few days before he was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. He was already in prison at Ahmedabad when I visited him, and was awaiting his final trial before the assizes.

He and his fellow-prisoner - Mr. Banker, the printer of "Young India" - were comfortably accommodated with a pleasant verandah space opposite their cells, which were scrupulously clean and roomy. When I arrived the Mahatma was holding a sort of levee on the verandah and was surrounded by a group of relatives and followers. He seemed in the best of spirits, and was obviously the life and soul of the party. After a while his friends retired and - except for the gaoler - we were left alone to our discussion.

We came to the subject of non-co-operation. I asked him if - in view of the answer Christ gave in the incident of the tribute money - he did not think the policy of non-co-operation was contrary to Christ's teaching.

"Not being a Christian", he replied, "I am not bound to justify my action by Christian principles. But, as a matter of fact, in this case I do not think there is any indication that Christ was against the principle of non-co-operation. I think His words show that He was for it".

"I do not understand", I protested. "Surely the meaning is quite clear. 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's' means that it is our duty to pay to the civil authorities what is their due. If it doesn't mean that, what does it mean?"

Gandhi's Explanation.

"Christ never answered a question in a simple and literal manner," replied Mr. Gandhi. "He always gave in His replies more than was expected, something deeper - some general principle. It

was so in this case. Here He does not mean at all whether you must or must not pay taxes. He means something far more than this. When He says 'Give back to Caesar the things which are Caesar's', He is stating a law. It means" - and here the Mahatma waved his hand as though putting something from him - "it means 'Give back to Caesar what is his - i.e., I will have nothing to do with it'. In this incident Christ enunciated the great law - which He exemplified all His life - of refusing to co-operate with evil. When Satan said to Him, 'Bow down and worship me' - i.e. co-operate with me - then He said 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' When the crowds round Him wanted to take Him by force and make Him a military king He refused to co-operate with them as their method was evil: they wanted Him to rely on force. Christ's attitude against the authorities was defiant," continued the Mahatma. "When Pilate asked Him if He were king He answered 'Thou sayest it.' Is not that treating authority with defiance? He called Herod 'that fox.' Was that like co-operation with authorities? And before Herod He would not answer a word. In short, He refused to co-operate with him: and so I refuse to co-operate with the British Government."

"But," I said, "surely it is our duty in this imperfect world to co-operate with what is good in individuals and institutions."

"As a man," said the Mahatma, "I would gladly co-operate and be friends with Lord Reading; but I could not co-operate with him as the Viceroy, being a part of a corrupt Government".

A Satisfactory Government.

Protesting further, I said: "Granted the Government has made mistakes, yet you cannot surely say it is wholly bad; if there is miscarriage of justice here and there, the broad fact remains that the 300 millions of India are kept in a condition of law and order. Are you against Government in general? Can you point out to me any Government on earth that is faultless and would satisfy you?"

"Yes," he replied at once. "Look at the Government of Denmark. I should be satisfied with such a Government. It represents the people; it does not exploit a conquered nation; it is efficient; the people under it are cultured, intellectual, manly, contented, and happy; it supports no large army and navy to keep others in imperial subjection."

"But", I answered, "do you think empires are inherently bad? Surely the Roman Empire was a benefit to civilisation. Christ never said a word against it as far as we know."

"Quite so," he replied, "but it was not His business to inveigh against imperialism. Every great reformer has to struggle against the special evil of his age. Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha, and in a lesser way Luther, had their own evils and difficulties to contend with peculiar to their age. So have we. Now it is imperialism that is the great Satan of our times".

"So you are out to destroy the Empire?" I asked.

"I would not put it that way," he answered. "I only wish to destroy the Empire by creating a commonwealth. I do not wish for

complete separation from England: we have no right to wish for it."

"What is your definition of this commonwealth to which India shall belong: what is to be its structure?"

"It is to be a fellowship of free nations joined together by the 'silver cords of love.' (I think it is Lord Salisbury's phrase.) Such a fellowship already exists for many parts of the Empire. Look at South Africa, what fine fellows there are there! Australia - fine fellows! And New Zealand - a splendid land and a fine people! I would have India enter freely into such a fellowship, and with the same rights of equality for Indians as for other members of the Commonwealth."

"But surely that is just the very aim that the Government has for India: to become a self-governing unit in the Empire as soon as she is ready for the responsibility. Is not this the whole meaning of the Montagu reforms?"

"Ah," said the Mahatma, shaking his head. "I am afraid I do not believe in those reforms. When they were first introduced I rejoiced and said to myself, 'Here at last is a small ray of light in the darkness - just a small chink, - but I will go forward to meet it.' I welcomed it; I fought against my own people to give it a fair chance. I said this is a sign of true repentance on the part of the Government. When the war broke out I went about speaking at recruiting meetings, because I thought the Government did really mean to give us what they promised. It is

only a small beginning, I thought, but I will wait and see. I will humble myself, make myself small to go through this narrow opening. But events have changed me. Then came the Punjab atrocities, then the Khalifat question, and finally all the repressive action of the Government, and now I can believe in the reforms no longer. They were a mere blind, a camouflage, to prolong the agony. That is why I call the Government satanic and why I refuse to co-operate with it in any way."

The Khadi Campaign.

From the subject of non-co-operation the conversation passed naturally enough to the question of the boycott of foreign goods and the great khadi (or home-spin) campaign. Here the Mahatma's face lit up, his eyes shone with enthusiasm. "Of all my plans and foibles, of all my weaknesses and fanaticisms, or whatever you like to call them, khadi is my pet one." "This," he said, touching the rough homespun shawl over his shoulder, "this is sacred cloth. Think what it means. Imagine the thousands and hundreds of thousands of homes in the famine areas. When the famine comes they are stricken down; they are helpless. They do nothing in their homes - can do nothing - they wait and die, If I can introduce the spinning-wheel into these homes their lives are assured; they can earn enough money with the sale of their home-spin to tide them over the famine.

"This coarse stuff," he went on, fingering it gently, almost caressingly, "is dearer and finer to me than the softest silks of

Japan. Through it I am bound nearer to millions of my humble and starving countrymen. Look at the cloth you are wearing," and he pointed to my white machine-made serge, "when you buy that you put one or two annas into the hand of the workman and six or seven into the pocket of the capitalist. Now look at mine. All the money I spend on this goes straight into the hands of the poor - to the weaver, the spinner, and the carder, - and not a pice into the hands of the rich man. To know this fills me with a heavenly joy. If I can act thus, if I can introduce the spinning-wheel into every cottage in India, then I shall be satisfied for this life; I could go on with my other schemes in my next if it pleased God."

"What do you mean?" I asked, not quite sure of the drift of his last remarks. "You think we come back again to this earth?"

"Yes," he replied. "I think we all come back here again if we are not pure enough to go to heaven. You see," he went on, smiling, "it is the same principle we were talking about before. 'Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's' - the body must give back to the earth the things that are of the earth before the soul can give itself absolutely to God: or, rather, the soul must refuse to co-operate with the things of this earth; it must become quite free from any earthly desires and entanglements."

The Killing of Animals.

"And do you believe animals have souls too?"

"Of course," he replied. "It is the same with them; they,

too, must learn to give back to Caesar the things which are Caesar's. That is why as Hindus we do not kill animals. We leave them free to work out their own destinies."

"Then you think it is wrong to kill even such things as snakes, scorpions, and centipedes?"

"Yes," he said, "we never kill them at our Ashram. It is a high stage in the development of the soul to feel a love for all humanity, but it is a higher stage still to feel a heart of love for every living thing. I confess," he went on, "that I have not reached this stage. I still feel afraid when I actually see these creatures come near me. If we have no fear at all, I do not think they will harm us." (I might mention here an incident related to me by one of Gandhi's followers. At evening prayer one day at his Ashram a cobra came through the dusk and crawled right on to Mr. Gandhi, raising its head in front of him. His followers were going to catch it, but he signed to them to be still. He remained motionless himself and the reptile slid over his knees and went back into the garden.)

"I met an Englishman once," continued the Mahatma, still on the subject of our relation to the animal world. "He was a veterinary surgeon and had a wonderful way with animals. We were visiting a house together, and suddenly a gigantic brute of a dog rushed towards us, fierce as a lion, and raised himself up almost to the height of a man as he flung himself at us. I was petrified with fear, but the Englishman went forward to meet it as it charged, and embraced it without a trace of fear. Its anger evaporated at once

and it began wagging its tail. It impressed me very much: that is the true way of meeting animals by non-resistance."

"But do you not think a man's life is worth more than an animals. Take yourself now. You are the leader of a great movement which you believe to be for the good of your country. Supposing you were confronted by a crocodile and you could only escape by injuring it, would not you think your duty and responsibility as a leader were more important than the life of that reptile?"

"No, I should say - or least I ought to say - to this crocodile, 'Your need is greater than mine,' and let it devour me. You see, our life does not finish with the death of the body. God knows all about it. We none of us know what will happen next. If I escaped the crocodile I could not escape the flash of lightning that might come next minute."

"But surely," I urged, "a man's soul is different from that of a crocodile - if it has one at all. You remember what Chesterton says about it, 'When a man is taking his sixth whiskey and soda, and is beginning to lose control over himself, you come up to him and give him a friendly tap on the shoulder and say, "Be a man." ' But when the crocodile is finishing his sixth missionary do not step up to it and tap it on the back and say, 'Be a crocodile,' Doesn't this show a man has an ideal in him to strive after in a way no animal has?"

"True," said the Mahatma laughing, "there is a difference between the souls of men and of animals. Animals live in a sort

of perpetual trance; but man can wake up and become conscious of God. God says, as it were, to man 'Look up and worship Me; you are made in My image.' "

The Souls of Animals.

"And the souls of animals, where do they come from?" I queried. "Do you think the soul of a man can become the soul of an animal?"

"Yes," he replied. "I think all these horrible and evil creatures are inhabited by the souls of men who have gone wrong - snakish men, greedy, unmerciful crocodile men, and so on."

"But look at the infinite number of animals, the countless millions upon millions of insects, to mention only one group of the animal kingdom: are they all souls - the mosquitos, the sand-flies, the microbes?"

"Who are we," he answered to set a limit to God's sphere of action: are there not countless other suns and planets in this universe?"

It was time for me to go, for I had another appointment, so at this point I rose to take my leave. I went to the edge of the little carpet on the verandah where we had been sitting and began to put on my shoes (for I had removed them, Eastern fashion, being in a manner his guest).

As I lifted one shoe I saw a spider in it.

"See," I said to him, laughing, as I shook out the loathsome thing, and, resisting the impulse to crush it, let it run away. "Look; it has been sent me, as a temptation, to try if I have profited by your sermon."

He laughed - he has an infectious and hearty laugh - and said, "Yes, a spider may be a great matter. Don't you remember the story of Mohammed and the spider?"

I confessed my ignorance, wondering vaguely if he had got the story muddled up with Robert Bruce.

"Yes," he said, "one day Mohammed was fleeing from his enemies in great danger. In desperation he turned into a sort of cave in the rock. A few hours afterwards the pursuers came along. 'Ah," said one, 'let's look in here; this is a likely place.' 'No,' replied the other, 'he couldn't be in here, for, see, there is a spider's web across the entrance.' Not realising how recently it had been spun, they passed on, and so Mohammed escaped by the help of the spider and the will of Allah."

While he had been telling this his friend and fellow-prisoner, Mr. Barker, had brought him his churka or spinning-wheel. As I bade "Good-bye" to the Mahatma he was just settling down to the daily duty, shared by all his followers (in theory if not in practice), of spinning or weaving a certain amount each day.

As I reached the end of the verandah I turned for a last look. There was this un-assuming-looking little man, dressed with less ceremony than the meanest coolie, squatting cross-legged in front of his churka, spinning away as contentedly as Mohammed's spider. Was he, I wondered, spinning a web that was to save the Indian peasant from the menace of an industrial system, untinged with even a veneer of Christian ethics; or was he himself caught in the centre of a vast web of illusions, spun from his own extraordinary

brain, into which he had drawn hundreds and thousands of his ignorant and emotional countrymen?

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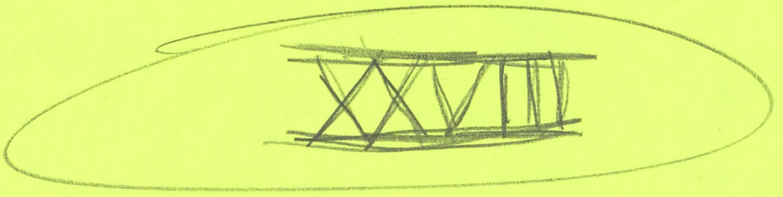
E. M. STANDING.


XXVIII

HOW MR. GANDI WAS ARRESTED AND BROUGHT TO TRIAL

(From a Correspondent.)

Ahmedabad, March 15th.

Mr. Gandhi was arrested on March 10th about 10.30 p.m. It took place quietly. "We had had our suspicions," related one of Gandhi's inner circle, "and were motoring out to the Ashram that evening to be with the Mahatma. When we arrived we found Mr. Healy, the police superintendent, already there with his car. He was standing outside the Ashram. He very ;olitely informed us that he had come to arrest Mr. Gandhi, and asked if he would kindly tell him. 'There is no hurry,' he added. 'Let him take his time.' So we went in and told the Mahatma. The peopleof the Ashram, for the most part, retire early but the news being sent round all the members collected together. Mr. Gandhi then led us in his favourite hymn. After that all the members did their obeisance to him and received his blessing. His parting words were, 'Work hard and tire not.!"

The trial before the District Magistrate took place at noon the following day in the Commissioner's Office. The onlookers were about sixty in number. They were

practically all Indians and Mohammedans, many of whom were personal friends and supporters of Mr. Gandhi. Most of them wore khaki clothes and the Ghandhi cap.

Before the Magistrate.

In the centre of the room was the Mahatma sitting in a chair beside his young colleague, Mr. Sanker. As usual he wore nothing save "Lingoti" (of spotlessly clean Khadi), a garment which amounts to little more than a loin-cloth; even his sandals had fallen from his feet. His head, too, was bare, and his close-cropped, grizzled hair revealed the contours of his skull. For the most part he sat there like a bronze image, motionless save for the thin wisp of hair about six inches long (the "Sikha," a sign of Hinduism - like a miniature pigtail) which stirred restlessly in the breez from the electric fan like a plume in the wind.

His whole demeanour was calm and dignified. His is a face worth a prolonged study. There is not a spare ounce of flesh on it, and every line of his features indicates the pressure and moulding force of the restless spirit within. It is the face of a man who has given up everything to the life of the intellect and will. There was no trace of anxiety in his expression, but the settled look of one who has made up his mind, counted the cost, and whom nothing external can change.

Behind and quite near him sat several Indian ladies; amongst them his wife. She has a kind, simple, and motherly face, not so intellectual as his, but with a singularly sweet and homely expression. Her sad looks betray the anxiety for him which he could not feel for himself, but her emotions were well under control.

The trial was long-drawn-out, and for the most part the proceeding were rather dry and technical and their content largely known to those present beforehand. They related mainly to seditious articles and correspondence printed in Gandhi's paper "Young India."

The trial was a striking contrast to that of the Ali brothers, which was characterised by much disorder and bad feeling. Here everything was carried on in a quiet, dignified and gentlemanly manner on both sides. Indeed it was hard to believe one was witnessing an event which would react in some form or other on millions of people all over and beyond India. Everything was so quiet, so subdued - so dull, one might almost say: the quiet conversational tones of the court officials and witnesses, the rustling of papers as files were consulted, subdued whisperings here and there in the audience, the click-click of the typewriter, and the ceaseless whirr of the electric fans.

A Popular English Official.

There was a stir of interest when the Collector of the District was called as a witness. He had given the

warrant for Mr. Gandhi's arrest and for the search of his newspaper office. He was a tall, handsome, typical Englishman, over six feet, with an open manly face and bull-dog chin. He is a popular man in spite of the extraordinary difficulty of carrying out Governemnt orders in a disaffected area. "A real English gentleman of the old type," said an Indian lady to me. "He seems different from most of the English one meets out here," said another: "so courteous and polite to everyone, whatever rank or race. He always reminds me of being in England." His genial and courtly manner suffused a glow of good feeling into the room as long as he was present. As he rose to go at the end of his cross-examination he nodded affably to Mr. Gandhi who smiled in return and acknowledged his salute in the Eastern manner by joining the hands and bowing a little.

This friendly relation between the prisoner and the man who had signed his warrant was one of the most striking features of the trial. One could not but feel that if all Britishofficials and army officers had this man's genial and friendly manner towards Indians it would help more than a whole Blue-book full of the constitutional reforms towards settling the Indian question - which is in the last analysis a racial one.

The Prisoner's Jest.

The proceedings lasted about four hours. At the conclusion of the evidence the prisoner was asked if he had anything to say. He replied: "I simply wish to state that when the proper time comes I shall plead guilty so far as disaffection to the Government is concerned."

An amusing moment occurred towards the end when the magistrate was applying to Mr. Gandhi for details as to his person.

Age? - Fifty-three.

Caste? - Hindu Bania.

Occupation? - Farmer and weaver.

A titter of merriment went round at this, for of course it was a reference to the wellknown policy of home-spun which Gandhi has inaugurated.

There was a dramatic moment, too, towards the end caused by the entrance of the famous Indian poetess and Nationalist leader, Sarojini Naidu. She had set off at once from Aimer on hearing of the Mahatma's arrest and travelled all night and came in haste straight up from the station. She is a great friend and devotee of the Mahatma. Strikingly handsome and tastefully dressed, she has a presence and air that would make her conspicuous in any company. She came straight into the room and walked up to the back of the prisoner's chair. The Mahatma turned round, obviously

touched by her loyalty in coming at such inconvenience and haste. She seized his hands and placed them on her closed eyes - a token of affection and reverence.

When the hearing was over the magistrate and other court officials retired, leaving Mr. Gandhi with his friends, with whom he talked and chatted with unaffected cheerfulness.

"Plenty of Time for Reading."

I had visited him once or twice at his Ashram some months ago and had lent him some books. On seeing me there he nodded and said: "I have not been able to read those books yet, but I have them with me in prison. I shall read them now," he added laughing, "as I shall have plenty of time for reading at last." "What was the book you lent?" said a friend of his to me shortly afterwards. "Was it called 'The Sermon on the Mount'?" "No," I replied; "why do you ask?" "Oh, because I saw a book of that title in his prison room this morning."

After he had been about half an hour with his friends, the police superintendent returned. "Are you ready?" he said politely, almost deferentially. "Yes, quite," replied Mr. Gandhi cheerfully. A handsome Daimler landau was waiting at the door, placed at his disposal by a rich cotton-mill owner, who is a personal friend of his (in spite of the Mahatma's policy of hand-spun). And so,

surrounded by his friends, in the transient luxury of a £2,000 Daimler, the little man in a loin cloth vanished from sight; back to prison and the Sermon on the Mount.

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This friendly relation between the prisoner and the man who had signed his warrant was one of the most striking features of the trial. One could not but feel that if all Britishofficials and army officers had this man's genial and friendly manner towards Indians it would help more than a whole Blue-book full of the constitutional reforms towards settling the Indian question - which is in the last analysis a racial one.

The Prisoner's Jest.

The proceedings lasted about four hours. At the conclusion of the evidence the prisoner was asked if he had anything to say. He replied: "I simply wish to state that when the proper time comes I shall plead guilty so far as disaffection to the Government is concerned."

An amusing moment occurred towards the end when the magistrate was applying to Mr. Gandhi for details as to his person.

Age? - Fifty-three.

Caste? - Hindu Bania.

Occupation? - Farmer and weaver.

A titter of merriment went round at this, for of course it was a reference to the welloknown policy of home-spun which Gandhi has inaugurated.

There was a dramatic moment, too, towards the end caused by the entrance of the famous Indian poetess and Nationalist leader, Sarojini Naidu. She had set off at once from Aimer on hearing of the Mahatma's arrest and travelled all night and came in haste straight up from the station. She is a great friend and devotee of the Mahatma. Strikingly handsome and tastefully dressed, she has a presence and air that would make her conspicuous in any company. She came straight into the room and walked up to the back of the prisoner's chair. The Mahatma turned round, obviously

touched by her loyalty in coming at such inconvenience and haste. She seized his hands and placed them on her closed eyes - a token of affection and reverence.

When the hearing was over the magistrate and other court officials retired, leaving Mr. Gandhi with his friends, with whom he talked and chatted with unaffected cheerfulness.

"Plenty of Time for Reading."

I had visited him once or twice at his Ashram some months ago and had lent him some books. On seeing me there he nodded and said: "I have not been able to read those books yet, but I have them with me in prison. I shall read them now," he added laughing, "as I shall have plenty of time for reading at last." "What was the book you lent?" said a friend of his to me shortly afterwards. "Was it called 'The Sermon on the Mount'?" "No," I replied; "why do you ask?" "Oh, because I saw a book of that title in his prison room this morning."

After he had been about half an hour with his friends, the police superintendent returned. "Are you ready?" he said politely, almost deferentially. "Yes, quite," replied Mr. Gandhi cheerfully. A handsome Daimler landau was waiting at the door, placed at his disposal by a rich cotton-mill owner, who is a personal friend of his (in spite of the Mahatma's policy of hand-spun). And so,

surrounded by his friends, in the transient luxury of a £2,000 Daimler, the little man in a loin cloth vanished from sight: back to prison and the Sermon on the Mount.