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HEART BUDS.

C. R. Doraswami Naidu B. A.



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ERRATA.

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19	14	entempore	extempore
49	1	mountains	mountains'
61	10	what they thy	what thy
72	28	hut	but
74	31	whlch	which
78	13	thlnk	think
80	12	month	mouth
80	23	putrifaction	putrefaction,
80	30	newtralisng	neutralising.

To,

Sheth Chimanlal Maneklal

Munshaw,

Shree Ramkrishna Mills,

AHMEDABAD.

Foreword.

In launching forth this barge of mine,
Upon the vast Atlantic brine,
Alone and friendless with my muse,
In search of Hope and faith, I cruise.
I trust its fate to mercy's wave,
For it was built my faith to save,
I stranded was beside this isle,
In haste I made it in this style;
A simple shallop in its face,
It took for building twenty days!

Ye gales that mighty Titans shake
Upon my shallop pity take;
Yon stormy ocean shoreward breaks,
In billows foaming with their flakes;
My canoe trembles tossed amain,
It struggles with the waves in vain.

I have a fancy for the sea,
I wish to build a ship for me.
And if the promise of my art,
Doth promise give of better sort,
If time and tide, do favours bring,
My India's fame I live to sing,
If breathing time, these tempests give,
The seeds of truth, to sow, I live,
If Mammon saves my faith and trust.
A Mighty Vessel build I must.

Then shall I brave the stormy seas,
 My banners waving in the breeze,
 From India shall I take some rare
 And mystic thoughts to Europe's fair!

To Europe lost in seeking self
 In fleeting shades of power and pelf;
 To Greece the ancient, classic home
 Where freedom lost in dreams did roam,
 Where Athens, Thebes their shadows cast
 As fables of a dreamy past;
 Whose dreamy dotage gave its way
 To Roman Eagle's sweeping sway—
 Italia! Thou land of great
 And mighty Caesars' mighty fate,
 Thy legions sleep in snowy graves,
 Thy conquests left thy sons as slaves,
 Till from thy plough a hero rose,
 A Master-mind defied thy foes!

Britania, my Island blest,
 Thy Britons broaden East and West!
 Thy Union Jack is waving free,
 On Continent and Colony!

I have a fancy for the sea,
 I wish to build a ship for me.
 O how I wish to sail thy seas,
 My banners waving in the breeze.
 Great Chaucer guide me from the gales,
 The Fairy Prince unfurl my sails,
 The Soul of Avon pilot me,
 The Epic-Soldier rudder be,

My keel be planned on Wordsworth's lines,
My rafts as Tennyson designs,
If Byron comes again to be,
Bereft of passion, tempered free,
And Keats sings through his "Grecian Urn,"
And Shelley doth from 's ramblings turn,
How shall I brave the stormy seas,
My banners waving in the breeze!
O England! How I hope to be,
The Hope of Indian Minstrelsy,
A worthy cargo shall I bring,
When I shall India's glory sing!



HEART BUDS.



TO THE MOTHERLAND.

My native land, my native shores,
Where dewy morning dawns,
Where many a torrent proudly roars,
To court the smiling lawns.

Thy sacred feet are washed by waves,
Whom Kanya's rock divides—
Kumary kneeling proudly braves,
The meeting of the tides.

Thy summer belts are set with palms
For milky nuts renowned;
Thy limpid currents sing the psalms
Of life in sweetness drowned.

Beneath thy shades of plantain groves
Whose banners swell the breeze,
Thy rural beauty madly roves
To kiss the bridal trees.

Thy ancient homes of pilgrimage,
Thy citadels of fame,
Thy great Himalyas, grey with age,
Thy mightiness proclaim!

Thy womanhood, a noble band
Of world's immortal gems,
Thy dames to virtue wedded stand,
Heroic diadems,

Thy meadow blossoms bloom to greet
 The maids of Travancore,
 Thy mountains, fragrance, rich and sweet,
 On Kashmir beauties pour;

Their slender forms like creepers seem
 To grow in beauty's groves,
 And on their cheeks the apples dream
 And violets on their brows.

Thy Heart, a garden full of flowers,
 Thou Hope of dreamy youth,
 Thy music melting into showers
 Of Universal Truth;

Where laughing waters leaping go
 Revolving cataracts,
 Where northern winds commanding blow,
 Defying human acts.

Where Phœbus kneels at Nandy's feet
 On Kailas' crystal floor,
 Eternal snows evolve the heat
 Of hoary Vedic lore.

My garden-forests, ocean streams
 My snow-clad mountain slopes,
 My world's record of mystic dreams,
 My fairy land of hopes!

My happy Kashmir's lovely vales,
 My Paradise on earth,
 Where apple gardens blush in dales,
 Of beauty taken birth,

My wild Mahratta Ghats of yore,
 My Malwa's mellow plains,
 My marble rocks of Jubbulpore,
 And Vindhya's rugged chains.

My Amarnath in caves of snow
 With flags of silver pines,
 My Ganges glassing in thy flow
 My Kashi's golden shrines.

My Mysore Home, my land of gold,
 My groves of Chandan trees,
 Of emerald hills and vales untold,
 Where Champaks scent the breeze.

My golden Bengal, glorious land
 Of genius full in bloom,
 Whose spirit wakes in sweet command
 Religion from its tomb!

Thy singers soaring high above,
 Entrance thy hopeful race;
 Thy damsels send their darts of love
 Their heroes' deeds embrace.

Thy music flows in full-brimmed flood,
 Delighting thirsty souls,
 Thy canvas glows with living blood
 Which chivalry extols.

Thy voice of thunder, lightning charged,
 With love of truth resounds,
 Thy voice of freedom, faith enlarged,
 In one pulsation bounds.

Historic Gujerat, slowly freed
 From custom's iron cage,
 Renowned for Krishna's ancient creed,
 And holy hermitage.

Thy pulse of rising trade is felt
 Thro' rolling clouds that make
 Thy great metropolis, the belt
 Of industry awake!

Heroic Punjab, land of deeds,
 Recorded with the blood,
 Of martyrdom whose mem'ry feeds
 The nation-feeding flood.

Thou altar oft where India's crown
 The victor-hordes received,
 My Thermopolae of renown,
 My gate of hopes deceived.

My India whom I love to see
 Advancing with the times,
 In league with all humanity
 In tune with vedic chimes,

Thou art a gem in Britain's Crown,
 Resplendant with thy love,
 Thy Kohinoor of great renown,
 Shines on our Sovereign's brow!

O Britain! Land of liberty,
 Heroic mother that breeds
 The heroes of humanity
 And nation-making creeds,

Thy Parliament of Justice is
 Our Parliament of Hopes,
 Our genius fed in freedom's breeze
 In search of freedom gropes !
 My India, how I love to see,
 Advancing with the times,
 In love with all humanity,
 In tune with freedom's chimes !



Nature.

It breathes in woodlands, grassy dales,
 It shines thro' sunny shores,
 And sings along the bowery vales,
 In thunderstorm it roars.

It melts the sun-beams into glare
 And prances with the rills,
 It dances with the moonlight fair,
 And echoes thro' the hills.

It wakes the earth to grass and leaf,
 And builds the root and tree,
 It cradles on the golden sheaf
 And feeds humanity.

It burnishes the shield of life
 With loving peace to all,
 It rules the cosmos without strife
 And heralds duty's call.

It trusts the man-child with the key
 Of freedom of the soul,
 Of 'passing immortality-
 The Universal Goal!

But rebel-man mislaid his key,
 Unbridled senses roam,
 In virtue of his liberty,
 Away from far his home.

To build his hut, he tears the bowers
 That greet him fancy free,
 He takes delight to rend the flowers
 That bloom in purity.

His gentle hands are red with gore
 Of dumb-creation's lives,
 To free them from his vice implore
 Bewailing hearts in gyves.

He bakes his nuts and roots and peel,
 He sets his heart on fire,
 With wanton wisdom cooks his meal,
 His culture builds his pyre.

What beauty breaks thro' blooms by day,
 And stars by curtained night,
 With thousand summers ceaseless sway
 The oak retains his might.

And not by force we earn our days
 And not thro' blood our health,
 In nature's law of love and grace,
 In nature is our wealth.

And nature speaks where silence reigns,
 In darkness shines her light,
 On virtue's altar pours her strains
 For struggling soul's delight.



The Taj Mahal-Agra.

The Taj, the Taj, my soul's delight,
 A world's refuge, a wondrous dome,
 A fairy dome of frozen light,
 And love's enamoured crystal home!
 Behold in weary summer nights
 When Jumna's stream with sapphires shine,
 And sweet the radiant moon invites
 The devotees of truth divine,
 The shadow of her beauty sleeps,
 And in that beauty sleeps the love
 That drowned in sorrow ever weeps,
 Bedewing Jumna's anguished brow,
 Whose rippling breast in sorrow turns;
 Where sunbeams lingering sleepy day,
 The silver moon within her burns
 That love in death forgets her sway.
 Pause, stranger, pause, and see the fate
 Of human love for fleeting breath,
 The circle moves from state to state,
 Of endless waves of life and death. °
 Love blesseth him on whom it breathes,
 To Shah Jahan it gave her sway,
 And crowning him with amaranth wreathes,
 It frozen dreams where Mumtaz lay!



The Palitana Flood.

The clouds above hung gathered
 ° As if the heavens were tethered
 To darkness, in dreadful array;

The winds below burst howling
 And thunderstorms blew growling,
 Foreboding the fate of the day!
 And flashing fire in madness,
 Went thunderbolts in sadness,
 Increasing again and again
 The Shatrunjais were shaken,
 When Satan's hosts did waken
 The terror of tempest and rain!
 It went on madly pouring
 Along the ridges roaring
 As heavens dissolving in rains;
 All Bhiravapura was sleeping
 When death descended sweeping,
 The town and its sacred remains.
 The cattle ran bellowing
 When torrents rolled on flowing,
 Submerging the hamlet in sleep,
 And rushing thro' their holdings,
 Went crushing thro' their foldings,
 The living and dead in a heap.

To a White Rose.

Fragrant star on earth,
 Love itself thy birth,
 Dreaming ever in mirth!
 Robed in webs of purity,
 Fresh thy dew-washed face,
 Sweet thy petaled grace,
 Bright thy beautiful rays,
 When the sun is on the sea!

Blessèd blossom thou,
 Breathing purest love,
 Wearing on thy brow
 Innocence and Jollity!
 Bursting into song
 Morning streams along
 Shaking light among
 Silver petals fragrance free!
 Wakes the earth from sleep,
 Light the breezes leap
 Singing as they keep
 Dancing on thy throbbing breast!
 Slow the voices come
 Like the distant drum,
 Offering sweet welcome
 Honey bees hum on thy crest.
 Filled with loveliness
 Driving all distress
 Lips of love express
 Peace divine which worship yields;
 Moonshine smitten lies,
 In thy love-sick eyes,
 Soul of sacrifice,
 What a joy thy spirit wields!
 Painter's colour prime,
 Sculptor's pose sublime,
 Poet's speechless rhyme,
 In thy being brimming flow;
 Beauty crowns the leas,
 Sweetness draws the bees,
 Music melts in peace
 On thy open breasts of snow!

TO MISS K. GOSH.

*(In praise of the Girls' Schools in her charge-BHAVNAGAR.)***Sonnet.**

What praises can I proffer on your worth,
 Ye stars of future hopes, in whom, untold,
 Resides the pristine glories of a nation old
 In godliness and feminine grace on earth.
 Your schools are shrines of learning where the birth
 Of Spartan womanhood, with faith combined,
 Creates a race of transcendental mind
 Of stoic virtues, love and rural mirth!
 Thou priestess of these shrines, the songs
 Of blessings sung by little kids, the dance
 With lotas, cithar tunes dissolving soul
 To speechless bliss, the maypole dance which longs
 To shape the ideal of their romance,
 Triumphant pave their march to freedom's goal!

Sonnet.

Fair daughters of my land, behold the way
 Of passing from our aimless wintry life
 Which peeps thro' painted scenes of social strife,
 To summer glories, lies in ye to-day!
 The throbbing future throws its gleams which play
 Upon your virgin brows, like sunbeams
 On glit'ring downs of snow or silver streams.
 My Home, my India, thro' faith's decay
 Thy ancient virtues trampled lie; thy joys
 Of universal peace hath left thy sons,

Whose prostrate minds the love of pomp embrace!
 O England! Mighty land of freedom's voice,
 I would the stream of Britain's India runs
 To swell the her'tage of the human race!

Youthful Fancies.

Whene'er I see the wheeling flights
 Of sprightly birds on high,
 I wonder how they sail the heights,
 With tiny wings to fly.

Whene'er I hear the warbling notes
 Of birds on summer trees,
 The music of my being floats
 My heart in melodies.

When I behold the roses bloom
 Mid streams of dancing light,
 A mystic beauty drives my gloom
 And leaves me in delight.

Whene'er I meet a maiden's eyes
 With wonder on her brows,
 A world of dreamy thoughts arise,
 Like leaves in summer groves.

Whene'er I scale the heights of fame
 On steps of pomp and pride,
 I see the shadow of my name,
 With vanity my guide.

Whene'er I view the azure skies,
 Their sister lakes below,
 In search of self my spirit flies,
 On wings of thought I go!

But when, O God, I think of Thee,
 Thy glory's shoreless seas,
 In speechless sleep of ecstasy,
 My being melts in peace!

Chandrabala.

In famous Rajkote far away,
 In Kathiawar of ancient fame,
 There lived an agèd couple and gay,
 Tho' carping was their constant game.

An Indian saying says aright,
 As age advances, love too grows,
 And day revolving into night,
 Affection's taper brightly glows.

It was not so with this old pair
 For sooner when with dusk of night,
 The husband homeward 'turned with care,
 And met the house-wife's searching sight,
 Than streamed from her in accents wild
 A flow of crisp and rude abuse,
 The frightened husband, love-beguiled,
 Stood shivering chill within his shoes.

And not with fiery words to vie,
 His palpitating heart did quail,
 But shuddered to be tortured by
 The tigress with her tooth and nail.

And to this home of noisy fame
 A child of five was wont to go,
 And Chandrabala was her name,
 With lips of roses, limbs of snow.

And Mánnu was her sister dear,
 Who fed her mind with tales of love,
 To worship God and sin to fear,
 With innocence upon her brow.

And one day when the evening light
 Revelled in robes of shimmering gold,
 The cattle homeward came, in sight
 Of darkness gathering, fold by fold;

When warbling birds their cradles sought,
 The farmer tired unyoked his team,
 And pretty maidens laughing brought
 Their pots of water from the stream,

The gentle Chandra dreaming sat,
 And Mannu watched her from the room,
 Why náneef played the cruel cat
 When twilight brought the husband home.

The gentle Chandra wept to see,
 The wicked nánee tease the man,
 She offered prayers watchfully
 When wordy warfare she began. °

She took her nánee's hand one day,
 And preached the duties of a wife
 "Thy husband is thy lord, for aye,
 And loving rule him, not by strife!"

And when her husband homeward came,
 In reverence meek she welcomed him,
 The husband's gladness, shook his frame,
 With tears of joy, his eyes grew dim.

† An old woman.

And "what's" he asked, "the wonder, wife,
 A change has newly dawned on thee."
 "Thy husband is thy lord of life,
 Was Chandra's advice unto me."

Remember ye who rule by strife,
 The gentle Chandra's gentle words,
 That love illumines earthly life
 And love abiding peace affords!



A tribute to the city of Jamnagar.

Land of ancient greatness, Yadav Kings' historic
 clime,
 Land where Lord Sree Krishna trod before he sang
 his song sublime—
 Holding lofty thoughts of God-hood, showering Justice
 from above,
 Clothed in language, mystic wisdom, rich in lore of
 peace and love!
 Where departed ancient virtue and thy virile, hardy
 race,
 Where the trophies of the fame did India's wealth
 and art embrace,
 Where those noble deeds of valour, bearing marks
 of noble birth,
 Where thy saintly men and women, living acts of
 moral worth?
 Jamnagar now stands to-day heroic proof of deeds
 of fame,

Glorious jewel gracely set in Kathiawar's golden
frame.

Lofty towers, ancient mansions, spread about in
chaos bold,

Speak aloud historic greatness of this land of Jams
of old.

Lo the breezy dome of Kota, proudest mass of
ancient art,

Planned it boldly, Ranmul's genius, hero of heroic
heart.

Ev'ry hand that shaped its making, 'scaped from
famine's jaws of death,

Planing, working, dreaming, drudging, breathing last
their honest breath,

Mem'ry wakes from ancient chambers, hoary tales of
doughty deeds,

Wrought within this floating dome where nature
sweet reflection breeds.

Like a proudly sailing swan, careering through the
limpid wave,

Ashapura holds the gaze of valiant hearts on turrets
brave—

Signal towers lifting high another fort Lakhota
named,

Rising midst the rippling waves, for airy walls and
structure famed.

Here is left the weaving art of golden India's palmy
days,

Honest workers toiling through their looms of gold
and silver lace.

Here is seen the love of man to let the dumb
creation free,

Mercy, kindness casting forth the future of huma-
nity.

Witness here in humble dwellings, rural virtues
holding sway,

Simple habits, honest ploughshare working through
the weary day.

Labouring classes live in darkness, live in sweetest
innocence,

Demon-Drink and Slaughter Houses hardly steal
the human sense.

Motely masses darkening gathered for awhile on
Kotha's dome,

Ev'ry heart was drunk with sorrow and the land
was filled with gloom,

Till a flash of lightning streamed across Sadódar's
beauty wild,

Till the showers gently rained upon her own heroic
child—

Victor—Ranjit—Britain's "Ranji"—mystic Batsman
on the field,

Master Sportsman, Champion, Genius, Crowning
Gem on Cricket-Shield.



A Retrospect and Prospect.

Here again historic records take us back to ancient
days,

Kathiawar still bears the hall-mark of the martial
Rajput race.

Rajput blood was put to test, in deeds to save the
weak from strong—

Put to test when village people or their cattle suffered
wrong.

When romantic scenes invited, life was staked to
honour love,

Steel to steel and sword to sword, heroic laurels
crowned their brow.

India's noblest daughters acted true to their paternal
blood,

Smiling 'braced the fun'ral flames when meanness sought
their womanhood.

Days of holding open combat with the lion in its Geer,
Single handed, steed and hunter, chasing panther,
boar or deer,

Lie forgotten closely buried in the dead historic heap,
Sung as tales for soothing old age, lulling youthful
minds to sleep—

Bhavanagar's weary days were spent in settling bor-
der claims,

Famines taking striding steps to waste the country
in their flames,

Till upon the spent-off wastelands, hamlets, gardens
smiling rose,

For its loving rulers' support statesmanlike it follow-
ed close;

Behold the serried clouds from Chamardi's peaks,
 Extending flash the gladsome news afar
 Where Nandivelo bristling holds the breeze!
 Yon silver arrow shot from Dhundi hills
 In mystic ripples forming Shatrunjai
 Flows gurgling through the plains to vie
 Triumphant with the sluggish Sukhbadar!
 From Gouri Shankar Lake, whose hilly banks,
 Enclose serene retreats to thinking minds,
 Sweet voices come of ideas divine!
 And lost in meditation deep, sends forth
 Thakteshwar's airy dome, its blessing showers.
 Elated with the splendour and the song
 That Nature weaves to themes of life,
 In this assembly, moments lend their love
 To stranger tourist—yet stranger not forsooth.
 And pause—why all this summer's pride and song.
 For know ye not in nature's sweet domain
 The royal trunk of the glorious Gohil Clan
 Hath borne a royal fruit to our delight?
 Thus, Nature sings her Prince's natal song—
 Happy let Your Highness be.
 Health and honour comfort thee.
 Royal Parents crowning Love,
 Royalty reveal thy brow!
 Innocence be in thy face,
 Joyful ever be thy days!
 Courage from the Lion's mane,
 Wisdom from Thakteshwar's fane,
 Greatness from Himalaya,
 Righteousness from Dwaraka,
 Added be to royal grace,
 Gallant Son of Gohil Race.



The Beggar Woman.

It was a bright
And chilly night,
The streets in silence lay,
The Queen of night
Was shining bright
And pale the Milky Way.
And soft and low,
A voice did go,
A song with pathos filled,
Now rising slow,
With music's flow
The silent air was thrilled.
Afar and near
In accents clear
A woman's song of woe,
Tho' sad to hear
Yet sweet and dear,
Did ringing heav'nward go.
And who was she
Who seemed to be
The victim of her songs,
Reminding me,
Unhappy, me,
The woes of human wrongs.
A poor out-caste,
'She stood at last
Before my threshold she,
In mis'ry cast
Her life she passed,
A-begging piteously.

Her robes were torn,
 She was forlorn,
 A babe was at her breast,
 Tho' happy born,
 By love forsworn,
 No home she had to rest.

The child she had
 Did make her sad
 To drag her weary days,
 Yet she was glad
 To see her lad,
 Smile in her heart's embra

Deserted by
 A husband's tie,
 She wandered mad, a ghost,
 As she passed by,
 When night was nigh
 From pillar to the post.

Her life was now
 Bereft of love
 She went a crazy mope,
 Yet she could love
 And knew not how,
 The urchin was her hope.

She always found
 In sweetness drowned,
 In singing love divine,—
 Of Radha crowned
 With love renowned
 In Brindavan did pine.

" O Lord Divine,
 O Love of mine,
 Why dost thou loiter long,
 My heart is Thine,
 For Thee I pine,
 My Krishna, hear my song.

" O who is she
 Who keepeth Thee
 Away from my embrace,
 To none but Thee,
 My love is free
 Abiding in Thy Grace.

" O Vrija's bright
 Brindavan's Light
 My Bansivala, Thou,
 My soul's affright
 And all is night,
 When thou art off my Love.

" Beneath the cool
 And beautiful
 Thamala's shady groves,
 When Jamuna's full
 By many a pool,
 We made our merry loves.

" Thine eyelids dark
 By Jamuna's park
 Of dark Thamala trees,
 Have left their mark
 Of kindling spark,
 Which soul-inflaming is.

O for that peace
 Of shoreless seas,
 In search of Thee, I roam,
 My spirit sees
 My soul's release,
 In Thee I have my Home.

"The world Thy flute,
 Thy lips to suit,
 The music of the spheres,
 Thou art the root
 Of man and brute,
 Who soul to soul endears,

"Why art Thou mute
 And so acute
 To pierce my soul to weep,
 I am Thy flute,
 Thy lips to suit,
 O Kiss my soul to sleep.

"O Vrija's bright
 Brindavan's Light
 My Bansivala Thou,
 The Queen of night
 Is shining bright

O come, my Lord, my Love.

"O Love of mine,
 O Lord Divine,
 O heed, my Soul my song,
 My soul is Thine,
 For Thee I pine,
 My Krishna, come along!"

Memorial Sonnet

TO

MAJIRAJ BA CHATTRI, BHAVANAGAR.

Behold, yon marble tomb where grief and love
 Entangled in eternal friendship brave
 Its fond impassioned form, against the wave
 Of Ganga-Jalia's reflecting brow,
 Where healing zephyrs restless play above
 Memorial parks of beauty rising round
 This sweet memorial, to the queen renowned,
 Whose breezy splendour 'minds a mother's love!
 Ha! listen to the promptings of the mind
 Within the mind, how wondrous are our hopes
 And love and faith in God and His decrees!
 This fleeting life to thoughts divine inclined,
 Bereft of doubt, and pride and hatred, opes
 Reflection's path to love, light and peace.

Sonnet.

In Kathiawar's extensive plains, behold
 The golden-mantled antelopes and deer
 Protected from insatiate hands appear,
 To browse in peace and looking sweetly bold—
 While peacocks with their love-sick beauties hold
 Enticing sports beneath the shady trees,
 Or chasing by retreating banks in ease,
 Send forth their jubilant notes from wold to wold—
 How few the spots in modern India where
 The harmless denizens of the earth and sky,
 Are left to ply their unmolested lives!
 Thou cruel man, tho' nature's laws declare
 Thy race is meant for purpose deep and high,
 Why art thou bound by sense-enticing gyves?

The Panna Diamond

OR

The Gohil Princess of Saurashtra.

(A Fragmentary poem written at the instance of the Bhavnagar Durbar to be incorporated as poetical embellishments, in the Durbar's Marriage Souvenir.)

Historic land, where Yádav kings of old,
 Ennobled by the feet of Lord Sree Krishna,
 Ruled Dwáráká—exalted spot of yore,
 Whereto a million pilgrims go from all
 The parts of Ind, to render worship unto Him
 Whose sacred lips gave out the Song of Life ;
 Who by the forelock held the fate of Ind,
 And led its destiny to stand the test
 Of time, in her domestic, rural life,
 And basic laws which human life upholds
 In passing on the path of Truth divine,
 Till struggling spirit is merged in Bliss Supreme.
 So even fade the rule of gods on earth
 In virtue of their own Eternal Laws !
 And ages after, Dhrúvaséna came ,
 And Guptas and the valliant Vállabhás,
 Whose famous citadels, triumphal gates,
 And forts and bastions and armouries—
 All, time's relentless hand laid dust to dust.
 Gone, alas, their deeds achieved on points of steel,
 Gone for ever—and nothing now remains
 Except historic mumblings conjuring up
 The ghost-like dreams of dim forgotten ages.

And times eternal waves again rolled on,
 Till as a sequel to the fierce and endless strife
 That raged in Malwa, Sind and Panchal far,
 Which goaded many a hungry tribe and chief,
 To wander forth in search of 'pastures new',
 Forgotten Saurashtra rose and fell again
 Beneath the feet of tribal jealousies,
 To dust for ever trampled by her foes.

The Sun of heated warfare spent his rage
 As if to mock the havoc of a flood,
 On hamlets looted, pillaged to th' house-tops,
 And hay-stacks blown to flaming winds,
 For very shame of lending light to deeds
 Of cruel consequence, on pitch-dark nights;
 The women's agonies, and children's shrieks
 Appealing vain, the crimson-whetted blades
 Of maddened soldiery, devouring life
 And all its treasured stores with tongues of fire.

The Gohil Rajputs.

When in the twilight of a short repose,
 New forces fed by nature's clemency
 Arose to lift the land from sickening gloom—
 And eastward where Saurashtra's sea-board held
 The prospect of a future rising trade,
 Above the forest glads of Sihor's hills,
 In radiances rose the moon of faith; her rays
 Of peace, on wings of glorious hope,
 Went furrowing the darksome dreary soil
 Bedewed with warriors' blood and women's tears.

When nature held communion thus with time,
 All of a sudden, riving twain the wakened sod,
 Sprang forth the glorious Gohil sword in hánd,
 Commanded by the universal God,
 "Go Heal," and Nature, in vibrations strange
 And rarely felt by man, echoed, "Go-heal—"
 To go abroad and heal the wounded land,
 And wreak his vengeance on the woes of war.
 And thus the Gohilas, Strong Sons of Earth,
 Moon-born, symbolic of their rule by love,
 With hearts of mettle, tempered, valliant, high,
 And firm in friendship, fierce on battlefield,
 The Gohil Rajputs founded Gohilwad.
 The famous hero of the Gohil race
 Renowned for valour and for statesmanship
 Was Sejakji who had his capital
 At Sihor, cradled in the ancient hills
 Where harmless hermits meditating dwelled.
 There, winding by these hills to wash their feet,
 In bounding waves of limpid waters, flows
 The gurgling Gautami, of sacred name,
 In memory of that sage divine whose fame
 For Vedic lore and Universal Law,
 Eclipsing modern thought, sustaining shines.
 And there beneath the hallow of such high
 Associations wrought of saintly minds
 And nature naked to her creed of lovè,
 The true foundations of the Gohil Raj,
 About the year eight hundred and twelve
 After Lord Christ of sacred memory,
 When auspicious stars ascendant shone,
 Were laid by their ancestral hands.

H. H. Sir Bhavsinhji II

And twenty-eighth in line from Sejakji
 Of ancient fame, renowned Sir Bhavsinhji
 Hails enriched with royal blood and skill
 To steer the trying ship of royalty.
 His noble father, himself a link between
 The olden days and modern spirit high,
 Forestalled his Heir-apparent's future call
 And trained him for ideal statesmanship,
 Which now is amply justified by him;
 His genius takes his council by surprise
 In matters simple or momentous oft ;
 And trusting various posts to trusted heads,
 He rules his country as his own household.

A Chauhan Princess of an ancient line
 Of Dévgadh Báriya of old Rajput fame,
 Within the wide domains of Saurashtra,
 His Royal Consort was his sole rejoice,
 Until she bore a darling crescent bright ;
 Their Royal Palace rang with love, a short
 Decade of truest faith and constancy. .
 The purest harem of her virtues great
 (And not of queens as eastern monarchs have,)
 Delighting kept the royal lover's life,
 Example of a Sovereign true, until
 She Heav'nward journey took with saintliness-
 The sole reward of her devoted life.

The Princess.

A child she was of tender delicacies,
 But trained in nature's way to run and play
 With lap-dog puppies, and the cheeta cubs,
 With cooing pigeons, rabbits, frisking lambs,
 And bounding gazelles, golden antelopes,
 That had their homes within the Palace grounds,
 Where feathered-watchmen-peacocks kept the watch
 With clarion-notes, or flew the topmost trees,
 Their signal-posts, with trains of trailing glories,
 Or spreading wide in love their velvet robes
 Of wondrous rainbow-hues, forgetful danced
 Their mates to draw, in joy of summer clouds.
 The Princess now would keep sagacious watch
 Upon a brood of chirping little ones
 Below the ceiling in a crevice dark,
 The mother-minah fetching milk-white worms,
 To feed her fledgelings—while the male-bird sat
 Attuning sweet, the Gáyatri of birds.
 Or now below a shady neem-tree full
 Of yellow fruits, the sweet desert of parrots
 The playful Princess smiling seat herself
 And twing her *cithar* to the tune of birds,
 And call the *bulbuls* join in choral songs,
 Or she would steal inside her garden-walk
 Alone, with silk and needle and watching scan
 The cunning spider weave its subtle webs,
 To tempt the careless fly within the net,
 And suddenly, as if a challenge given,
 Her fingers with electric nimbleness,
 Describing curves and lines, produce in waves
 Of deep and blushing hues, from rim to nave,
 Carnations fresh with petals blossomed wide,

To tempt the humming bees to seek her bells.

Heroic too she often dared to be
 When fearless heart did take her playful steps
 To tamèd leopards, in the Palace grounds,
 For she would pass her dainty little hands
 Upon their open hungry jaws, or pull
 Their collars, pat them saying "Pretty dogs,"
 For she was after all of Gohil race!
 And when her Royal Sire returnèd home,
 She oft would draw him to her company
 And yield him sweet repose from serious thoughts,
 And show him what her studious fingers did—
 Clay models, pencil-sketches, silken blooms.
 The sun and moon were subjects of surprise—
 How in the western skies the wandering sun
 Did lose himself to rise again next day
 In fresh apparels on the Palace trees—
 At day time where the moon in secret hid,
 And stepping through the raven locks of night,
 To awburn changed and then to molten gold,
 She shines the queen of starry space above,
 The wondering eyes below and oft doth kiss
 The virgin clouds who blush in her embrace,
 And set the zephyrs free in summer groves,
 And brings the children's feet to dance to tunes
 Of innocence and youthful jollity.
 Or she would put him questions far above
 Her age and thinking, of the world of stars
 That shone above in liquid radiance,
 Or she would ask him if the soul of her
 Departed mother went to the highest Heaven
 Of which the stars were silver lamps.

A Prophetic dream,

The Princess one day had a wondrous dream:—

Parading on a silver cloud an angel came,
 While she was playing on her cithar fine,
 Below a banyan by a river's bank,
 What time the setting-sun declining drew
 His radiant darts within his golden sheaf.

And drawn by music stood the grazing cows
 With funnelled ears and nostrils opened wide,
 A petted peacock danced to peahen's love,
 And while the bosom of the running stream
 To ripples broken, sweet sensations felt.

Now slow descending from the silver clouds,
 The angel drank the purest melody
 From ruby lips of beauty's roseate cup.
 And her presented with a rosary
 Of diamonds five of liquid radiance.

No sooner than she put it round her neck,
 Cithar and angel vanished like her dream;
 And when she woke up from her dreamy sleep,
 The running brook and diamonds vanished too—
 And she alas within her Palace rooms!

And with her open palm as if she held
 The precious gift, the Princess dreaming sang:
 "Cithar and angel vanished like my dream,
 And when I woke up from my dreamy sleep,
 The running brook and diamonds vanished too"

O what are dreams in nature's lap of rest
 And dreams in breathless wakefulness of life,
 Or hours of innocence or inward light,
 When our soul's being balanced in repose.
 Attuned to nature's harmones, perceives
 The distant gleams of future loom on dim
 And mighty ridges of eternity!



SONG BY

1 Vrajkunvarba.

Parading in glory aurora's above,
 And the birds on the meadows awake in delight,
 And the breezes in gardens are kissing in love
 The roses with Panna's Best Diamonds abright.

2 Prabhavati.

And the helmets of heroes are shining in light
 And their chargers are prancing to trample the foe,
 And the King of the heroes is crowning the sight,
 In his armour of Panna's Best Diamonds aglow.

3 Vasantba.

Now the gold of the evening is melting abright
 And the cliffs of the mountains are fading above,
 And my Princess is seeking the shelter of light
 In the Palace of Panna's Best Diamonds of Love.

4 Bhuvneshvari.

Now the pastoral maidens are humming in love
 And the pigeons are cooing the coming of night,
 And my Princess is counting her beads in the grove,
 And her beads are of Panna's Best Diamonds abright.

5 Bhanumati.

And the moon in her fullness of splendour delights
 And the music of maidens are thrilling above,
 And my Princess is dreaming and dreaming she writes,
 "O my heart is for Panna's Best Diamonds of love"



The Sunderbagh Palace.

There gleams upon a hilly mound afar
 The solitary roof of Sunderbagh,
 Reflected on the glassy bossomed mere
 Whose undulating marge, from hill to hill,
 Extending bounds the landscape to the skies—
 A summer home inviting royalty,
 Protector of the hamlets lying round,
 A beacon-light of huntsmen and their game—
 She rears a queen enthroned, alone and high
 Amidst the sylvan beauties of the wilds
 And glades whose verdant slopes retreating merge
 In the long waters of the winding lake,
 Like phantom clouds arrayed in forest shrubs.
 What mem'ries cling to thee, thou Sunderbagh,
 Of comeradeship of kindred souls in love,
 Of lovers' compromise or courtship's blush
 In consummation's cup of brimming joy !
 Or led, perchance, by fancy, many a child
 Of nature, loves to haunt thy sacred grounds,
 Thy lone retreats beside the water's edge,
 Those island-hillocks, or the humming groves ;
 And stretch at ease upon the matted banks,
 His mind attuned to the song of rippling waves
 And spin his mellow dreams of human life
 With webs of gentle breezes passing by,
 The sweetest chirpings of the minstrelsy,
 And fleecy wavelets fleeting in the sky.

The Victoria Park.

And from the shady levels there below
 Receding far in waves of green and grey,

Extends the wilderness, Victoria Park!
 O how its wooded depths in deep embrace
 Of hillocks, wolds and jungles running wild,
 Upon the couch of stillness slumbering seems,
 Awakened often by the bounding deer,
 Or swift gazelles or black-bucks beautiful;
 And oft the feathered-watchmen, peacocks blow
 Their bugle-signals which echoing far
 And chorussed by the frightened minstrelsy,
 Go tingling in the stillness of the air.

Ye wild inhabitants in bondage free,
 Your artless beauty naked, nature-clad,
 Your love of liberty to fly or roam,
 The azure sky your roof, the turf your bed,
 Your sportive limbs and looks of innocence
 Your heritage from god, beloved by man,
 Secure your death by admiration shot.

O beauty, soul-enchancing love, thy doom
 Subsists in thee alone, in man or beast—
 A blooming rose bud or a bird of song,
 A pet lamb or a simple maid in love,
 Doth oft convert one's heart to one's own grave,
 As glow worms light the very dens of death,
 Decoyed in darkness by ingenuous birds;
 Yet life is real, tho' in it death abides!

A Soliloquy.

How soft the sun descends the crimson stairs
 Of sovereignty in heavens; and slow the clouds
 Break into countless mirrors glassing forth
 The fading splendours of a summer day,
 And in the calm despair of ebbing light,
 The intervening twilight's melting haze

Affords a safe retreat to homeward herds:

Behold yon flying string of birds on high,
 Their azure tracks in concert how they wing;
 And what manoeuvres—wheeling arcs and angles,
 Now look a garland—trophy blown by gales,
 Now like a hooded cobra winding go,
 The minstrel heralds of the rising moon,
 Alone, resplendant, bright and beautiful,
 And in its wake, behold the Evening Star,
 How calm and bright she comes a blushing bride!

The woods seem hushed to rest. The breezes hum;
 And now the water-fowls like sheets of clouds
 Of darkness, cackling seek the hollows scooped
 In thickets of their isles of bushy reeds.

How nature's brush reveals her passions e'er
 In glowing hues and tints of softer grace;
 What chisel sculptures restless in the dark
 Within her mystic womb, those evolving shapes,
 Elaborate and perfect, vast and fine,
 Surpassing strange the utmost stretch of thought;
 And crowning all, Thou source Divine, Eternal Law,
 Thy cosmic scheme engenders self-creating power,
 Life throbbing fills, O Lord, Thy universe,
 Love rippling bounds in ever increasing rounds,
 Light gleaming dances in eternal suns,
 In everything, O God, abideth Thou!

The Betrothal.

The Princess' dream was prophetic and true,
 The sibyls fair of classic fame reveal
 To natures pure and simple, the things to be—
 Because the fame of her accomplishments,
 The bardic songs of ancient Gohil Chiefs,

The present Ruler sage-like rule, with love,
 Now travelled far and wide—And many a Prince
 Was proud to seek the Princess' worthy hand.
 Her father was of one determined mind,
 Regarding pedigree and culture true,
 And not to barter his beloved child,
 To titled image of a ruling chief,
 Or empty vanities of hoarded wealth.
 And happily the Princess' merits too,
 Were of a higher type, beyond compare,
 Demanding thought and wisdom in the scales
 Of meting out the future to her share.
 And so it was a mighty test to all
 His Councillors to give him advice meet;
 Dewan Prabhashanker Pattani,
 Whose name as source of wisdom—yielding light,
 And passing current as a household word,
 Renowned for statesmanship made His Highness
 Revolve it serious in his royal mind
 Of sense-enticing gold to vices prone,
 Of wealth of wisdom born of noble blood,
 Of kinship of the souls ennobled by the creed
 Of heritage, of one's own happy stars,
 As problems of *eternal* love in earthly life,
 In nature's law of wise economy,
 The best survives for higher ends, thro' all
 The vast turmoil, in silence deep entombed.
 As clouds are fringed with radiant silver-tints.
 When lightning flashes *hide and seek* with them,
 So, many famous names of worthy chiefs,
 Did flash their hopes, till like the moon
 In full effulgence shines, and thus adores

The azure vault of love-enamoured heavens,
 So Panna's Diamond, lighted in the hearts of all
 And yet divinely pre-ordained, the choice,
 Of kinship fell in one unanimous voice,
 Upon a young accomplished worthy Prince
 Of Panna, blessed land for diamonds famed.

The Festive Capital.

The city rolled in splendour and delight—
 The walls were coloured in luxuriant tints,
 The pillars twined with flowers and ferns embraced
 From end to end with wreaths of gay festoons;
 And sprightly buntings vied with *torans*
 Of mangoe-leaves; before each threshold in
 The humming streets, with bosoms heaving high
 In em'rald billows, stood the plantain trees,
 With plumpy fruit arranged in layers close,
 Revealed the humane touch of nature's hand
 And artless naked to their ever-opening buds
 That yielded worship earthward ever bent;
 And their luxuriant flags of verdant leaves
 Above them wáving to the whispering breeze
 Invited Ceres hold her carnival
 To welcome spring. The watered floor was decked
 With sweet designs of women's workmanship
 Of India's ancient art, with powdered stone.

Triumphal arches, Indo-Sar'cenic
 In build, with cúpólás, and arches rare
 Of ancient Delhi-work, with twinkling rows
 Of multi-coloured lights and flashing globes,
 And merry banners bounding in the breeze,
 Uplifting all the grandeur below,
 Arose at five receding centres, in

Ascending glories of artistic skill,
Till beauty stayed to dream at Mothibagh.

The Bridal Morning.

And waking earlier than his wonted time,
The sun came chasing sweet the am'rous moon
And filled the universe with loving light—
And now the minahs woke in melodies,
The city pigeons wheeling went on high,
The parrots' prattle stirred the dreaming groves,
The little bul-buls sang their matinees
To join in chorus with the chanted hymns,
And bridal blessings from Takhtséhwar's fane—
When morning breezes set ât liberty
Impatient roamed to scent the sunny skies,
What tiny brilliants from the petals of
New-opened flowers did slip and slide below
The Palace gardens and deluding drew
The peacocks whose trumpet notes, echoing far
In loveliness, declared the bridal dawn.

The Procession to Nilambagh.

So when the grand procession moved along
The bowery roads, the gorgeous coloured robes
Of silk and lace, of silver and of gold,
Displayed the multitudes as moving beds
Of sweet carnations, brilliant—hued.
And women and children in their proud array
From balconies, appeared like butterflies
And glow-worms, struggling in the wondrous blaze
Of lights and singing sweet hossannas to the Lord,
To bless their Krishna and his Royal Bride.
And reverence to the sovereign as the aim

Of loyalty by Vedic rituals taught
 And tingling in the blood of Indian life,
 Now rose in tidal waves around their throne,
 And filled the city with delight and woke
 The twinkling stars that stood amazed,
 At the sea of wondrous blaze of lights,
 'Midst which, our Panna's diamond-lustered lord,
 Sree Yadavendra, shone a bright Pole Star
 Of faith and hope and love of Bhavnagar.
 They spoke of him alone, his royal mien,
 And painted him as well as love can paint,
 And called him sweetly, gave him many names,
 Till one sonorous voice went ringing on,
 "Behold Sree Krishna seeks Sree Radha's hand."
 And tears, reflecting gathered stood in full,
 A father's tears, at the brink of love and hope
 To see the vision of mysterious life—
 And love in silence lurking everywhere
 In fleetness faster than the lightning's dart
 Conveyed its message lost in ecstasies
 To Nilambag's Palacial Court where thronged
 The Royal Household round their Gohil Gem
 Who ravished beauty in her bridal air.

It was indeed a sight of splendour rare
 And when it reached the Gangajalia's bank,
 For beauty set on beauty, spent themselves
 In triple glories by the blazing tank
 Whose bund revolving shone a cataract
 Of flowing gold. For once Sree Yadavendra thought
 A rival procession seemed to converge there;
 To out-bid which and win the bridal wreaths
 For his Mahendra and his country's love,

The honest mahout, speared his elephant,
 Upon which like a moon alighting down
 Encircled by a myriad blazing stars,
 Sree Yadavendra, in traditional
 Robes of Sree Krishna, dear to Indian hearts,
 Sat beaming full in beauty's brilliance,
 Himself enamoured, and enchanting all.

The Wedding.

Amidst the Palace mansions on a spot
 Selected for its comeliness, they built
 The bridal *mandap* robed in draperies
 Of Japan silk; the lintels flowed with gold;
 And pillars bright with inlaid work of Ind
 Revealed their myriad hues, thro' tender leaves
 And blossoms of the creepers twining them.
 The roof seemed cut out of a summer sky,
 When th' sun, through dappled clouds, revels in gold,
 For thro' its niches rimmed with strange
 Filigree work of gold and silver tints,
 Electric bulbs flashed forth their wondrous lights!

And in the middle o'er the marble floor
 With India's richest carpets spread, arose
 The golden *Bajrath*, bright and beautiful,
 Begirt with fancy fringes, in designs
 Of sweet "Forget-me-nots," in threads of gold.

The sacred fires with fragrant offerings sent
 Their odours pure, along with chanted hymns
 By Vedic Brahmin elders calling for
 Paternal blessings from the God on high!

The Royal Couple's hands, through Vedic rituals
 Emancipated from reliefless hope,
 When at the time the Star of Constancy

Stood searching on the eastern skies, to kiss
 The silver fringes of her hiding moon,
 And earth and heavens, shared the sweet delight
 Of glory waking music's ecstasies,
 And seemed to meet for very joy of life
 Within, divinely common unto all—
 So at this sacred hour of bliss divine,
 Their Royal Hands did meet in love supreme.

The Celebrations
at
The Albert Victor Square.

Behold with glee and jollity,
 The Albert Victor Square,
 With lightning-sheen and laurels green
 Delight in music's choir.
 Behold its " Welcome, " " Good-night " tell
 Of Magic lights to be,
 As maiden's cheek, in colours speak,
 In maiden fancies free !
 With penons fair and beauty rare,
 The Victor Square delights
 If Stars have come to witness them,
 The splendour of the lights !

The Indian May Pole.

The scene is changed, they are arranged,
 The Indian May Pole round,
 The damsels seem in sun-set gleam
 With hope and beauty crowned;
 Like angels come, in sweetest hum,
 In melting melody,

With magic wands, in dainty hands
 In maiden-liberty.
 And from above, in streams of love,
 Revolve the silken ropes,
 As they begin to dance and spin,
 The *Rain-bow* of their *Hopes*.

The Lota Dance.

It was a sight, a wondrous sight,
 For all to see the fair,
 And pretty lasses' smiling faces
 Hail the Royal Pair !
 And one by one, in silken gown,
 They come abreast in rows,
 Upon each head, as soft they tread,
 A LOTA in repose.
 With bangles rolled, of silver, gold,
 Their dainty hands resound,
 As feet to feet, they wheeling meet,
 Delighting stamp the ground.
 They wheel their course, in twos and fours,
 And move as breezy-bowers,
 Forget-me-nots, their sweetest lots,
 Or beds of singing flowers.
 And heel to heel, around they wheel,
 And make a merry ring,
 Aside they glance, to time their dance,
 As they begin to sing :—
 "The air is cool and beautiful,
 The sun is shining bright,
 The birds that fly, in air and sky,
 Are warbling in delight.

Our darling flowers, within their bowers,
 Invite us to the lawn,
 So let us sing, in merry ring,
 Of the Bridal Dawn.

Sree RADHA is our Love, to please
 The Bridegroom of the Day,
 Sree Krishna dreams in beauteous beams,
 Our Love to steal away.

Our life is short and we depart
 Our Love for ever grows,
 And doing good, our Womanhood
 In Godliness repose.

The world is kin to all within,
 The earth and sea and sky,
 So let our Love be sent above
 To worship God on high !”

The Departure.

And so it came to pass, Sir Bhavsinhji
 Had after all to part with his sweet child
 Whom sixteen summers, like full sixty years
 Of thoughtful culture, guidance pure and stern,
 A perfect woman made, her father's pride,
 Above the vanities of wealth and rank,
 Devoted, true, compassionate and good.
 She felt at once her Consort's royal state
 And as a Queen to maintain what was hers;
 So when she came to bid farewell to all,
 The simple child of Nilambag, stepped in
 With added graces fine, a perfect queen.

She saw the courtyard where her pretty feet
 Rang merry chimes to sooth her loving sire;
 Present a touching view; her garden-walk

Appeared in sad distress ; when came at once
 The thought of leaving all, the woman in her
 Betrayed her tenderly and choked her breath,
 A thrill of wild sensations shook her frame.

Her early days of childhood, books and games,
 And days of innocence and sweetest ease,
 Her music-classes, and embroidery
 Her lady teachers, Governess and her mates,
 Were all exchanged for functions grave and meant
 For public good. She henceforth was to lead
 A life of anxious care, with meet regard
 To her beloved Lord, his Royal Mother,
 Domestic elders of his Royal House.

Her spirits rose to higher altitudes
 Commanded by the presence of one in whom
 She found her mother lost and every way
 Her good step-mother was so much dear unto her,
 She knew not what was loss, but grew in love,
 Firm as a sapling with a newer branch ;
 And both were mother and child, of rooted faith
 In the name and honour of the Gohil Clan.
 And now the mother of her woman's heart
 Was shaken earlier than her age allowed,
 To part with her, the only daughter of
 Their Royal House and earliest pledge of love,
 Whom oft they called " The Gem of Nilambag. "

So loving hands when lovingly held forth,
 The Princess, like a wind-blown flower slipped
 Upon Her Royal bosom, bathed in tears.
 The noble queen courageous Consort of
 Her worthy Lord, consoled her pretty child,
 As mothers often do when infants wake

From fearful dreams—And sweetly told her,
 “Thou must be a Queen, not let the child
 To play thy feelings into failing grief,
 My child, my darling, be a *Rani* dear,
 And wear the Diamond-Love of Panna fair
 Within thy heart—to pangs of grief be hard,
 But glow with virtuous lustre to thy lord,
 To whose renowned and heroic line thou be
 A fountain of increasing progeny,
 And Gohil Beauty Panna—Diamonds breed!”

But deep with within, His Highness felt, unknown
 To other minds, sensations of a hard,
 And writhing pain that parents only know.
 He calmly stood and serious composed
 Amidst a flood of feelings that like a toy
 Toss up and down the pigeon-hearts of men,
 Till round and round its eddying waves,
 They wheel in blank despair and moan of fate.

His mettle was put to test on many a grave
 And sad occasion and proved its pithy worth:
 When famine smote his people down like leaves
 In winter by its biting winds from north,
 His faith in God grew stronger, as these woes
 Were meant for some ulterior good and his
 Ancestral sp'rit of charity, emboldened went
 To feed the homeless poor and aidless sick,
 For in the bounding pulse of public weal,
 He read the soundness of a healthy State,
 Symbolic virtue of a sovereign mind.

He braves the lion in its Indian Home
 Of Gir the only forest which the Lord
 Of Beasts, majestic, beautiful, hath made

His envied home in Asia's wide domains;
 And at his Palace Nilambag a herd
 Of belted leopards couchant keep the watch.

And when he lost his little son, then only son,—
 (Takhtéshwar, live our Heir-Apparent long!)—
 His wisdom met the mishap half the way
 And told his councillors—" We live in him,
 And nature executes His Law divine,
 Wherefore taint the eyes with tears, or hands
 With sin, but seeing His decrees are shaped
 To glorious ends, our thoughts must terminate
 In goodly acts and nature thus be served."

Now like a weather-beaten boulder by
 The sea-side, where the angry breakers rise
 And dash themselves in vain, to tiny sprays,
 So calm, collected, wise beyond his age,
 The Royal Sire was to all his subjects dear,
 A good example of greatness unassumed.

E'en he was moved, for when his jewel bright
 Of Nilambag, his heart's own sweetest child,
 His earliest pledge of love—his "Mind's Delight"—
 To ask for her beloved father's kind
 And holy blessings, stood before him, with
 Her vied head embosomed hung, but half
 In sorrow, half in maiden-bashfulness,
 Just as a sun-flower droops at even-tide—
 So e'en his trusted courage melted by
 The virtue of his own humanity.
 The very apple of his eye was now
 Departing like a ship on sunny seas !
 And as he held his child for once, for e'er,
 His pent up feelings broke their brimming dam
 And shook the man in him to tenderness
 And pathos deep—for who could stem the tide
 Of nature's flow of feelings which alone
 Make man divinest prototype of hers !

Paternal Blessings.

Patting his proudest Gem, His Highness said:—

“ If aught you owe to my partnal care
 And our ancestral blood, and if thy mind
 Was fed in nature's creed to love thyself
 The least, but serve the higher ends of life,
 Reflect thy measured thoughts to wholesome deeds;
 Thy very breath as nature's own, translate
 Itself into a voice of loving peace,
 In social system, law and government.
 Thy aim shall be to give, to yield, forbear
 When selfish motives, the purest vision blind,
 Because it is by her increasing gifts
 That nature grows enriched, fresh and green.

“ The womanhood famed of ancient land—
 Sweet SITA, Type of Virtue, Truth Divine,
 And SAVITRI too of undaunted Faith,
 Inspire thee, Daughter, at every step of life—
 How for royal Nala, DAMAYANTI'S love
 Ennobling burnt in virtue's snow-white flame,
 And CHANDRAMATI'S constancy reached heavens
 Like frankincence with Harishchandra's Truth.
 The glory and the hallowed sanctity
 Surrounding these jewels of Aryan life,
 The heritage of India's women are,
 And shine like Beacon-Lights in the Sea of Life.
 Thy Royal Consort is henceforth thy Lord,
 Thy trusted friend, parent, everything,
 Thy soul's own image slowly come to thee;
 Thy priceless Jewel through whose radiance
 Shall glow your beauty, love and virtue, nay,
 Thy very life of sweetest womanhood.
 In him behold thy image, in thee, his love,
 To quote the words of ancient Vedic lore,

*“ In man, let woman behold the universe,
 In woman, man his ideals implant,
 And man and woman thus united, as
 Is sweetness and the substance, ever shine
 In the radiance of purity divine. ”*

With ancient mem'ries of a noble race
 Whose clergy robed in stainless white,
 To a vow of silence bound
 Their wisdom with contentment crowned,
 Inspire us with their holy grace.

Immortal architects of yore
 Imbued with selfless zeal did pour
 Their heart-blood into living piles
 Of crystal walls and golden aisles,
 Where music bursteth into showers,
 Of hope's enchanting lotus flowers,
 Where human love seeks to be
 On faith enthroned with ecstasy;
 Where meditation's mellow light
 Like moonshine wakes the soul's delight.
 Like moments vanish earthly ties
 And human love melts like ice,
 Where love divine eternal runs
 Ablaze in streams of thousand suns.

Ye sacred haunts of saints concealed,
 Ye famous fanes of faith revealed,
 Ye rocks of virtue, streams of love,
 Ye winding flights ascending high,
 Devotion's ladder to the sky,
 Ye hoary temples ever shine,
 Like beacon lights of Truth Divine,
 Ye wild retreats
 Where silence greets
 The weary soul
 To seek the goal
 Of being and to be,
 Of immortality !

Life is not the breath of folly, lost in doubt or
seeming strange ;

Life is rich with mines of wisdom, life is fed by
love supreme,

Life is action, radiant mercy, ' life is not an idle
dream ' !

In the dream of coming glory, in the haze of
rushing lights,

I, an infant dreamer saw the shining nations scale
the heights—

Saw them march in earnest zeal to where their
Master silent stood,

Hoist their flags of love and glory, preach the law
of brotherhood !

Rose the moon of ancient wisdom, flooding all the
spotless skies,

With her light of winning glories, rousing life in
billows rise—

Great and glorious was her gospel flashing from
her learning's shrines,

India claimed her brilliant jewels from her ancient
wisdom's mines.

Flashing sword and fiery canon, flung her arts to
dust and shame,

Till the growth of ancient knowledge went out like
a flickering flame,

And the songs of early poets, hushed in silence lay
asleep

Covered in ashes lay her wisdom, vedic love lay
buried deep.

India loiters far away, her tender feet are wet with
gore,—

Vedic India, far renowned for her ancient vedic
lore—

“ Fallen India ” thought the Master, “ Great in deeds
of Love shall rise, ”

“ India, India, ” rang the heavens, “ India, World’s
Immortal Prize. ”

India in her summer heat of ceaseless warfare faint-
ed lay,

Till the clouds of enterprise came marshalled in
their proud array ;

Freedom laden breezes sent them, from the far
Atlantic seas,

Till the showers of their wisdom, wooed the woeful
land to peace.

Faith in God and valour in them, made the
Merchant-Kings to hold,

Even balance in a land where race and creed in
madness rolled.

Thunder-belted heroes came, with lightning in their
cartridge-rolls,

Nailed the lands to iron-girders and the skies to
magic poles,

Slow their steaming six-wheeled-boiler, carried
culture through the land,

Well their magic magnet needles held their language
in command.

I then dreamt another dream, a dream of happy
days to dawn,

India growing young and healthy, England’s diadem
brightly shone.

Then the Master’s earnest wishes beat their thunder
in my soul,

Then the lightning-flash of wisdom, lit the passage
of my goal.

There I see a happy vision, lifting me to
altitudes

Of a higher world of knowledge where the future
wistful broods,

Sphinx like, radiant gleams the vision, floating on
Eternity,

Poising on the wings of time and breathing out
humanity.

On her face the riddle of life in silence hangs, the
worlds to shake,

And her lips in silence kiss the music of the soul
to wake.

There before this mighty vision radiating love
abright,

Like a speck of dust I floated, on the rippling
waves of light.

◆

Sonnet.

It is the gift of genius e'er to meet

The wise and noble promptings nature yields

To man, thro' insight born of strength which wields

The radiant darts of thought for purpose grand and sweet!

The starry heavens with loving wisdom greet

The fragrant zephyrs sing the song of peace,

In mansions, humble huts or shady trees,

The world is thus with wondrous things replete.

As nature, wealth of hers, in man descries,

So man, thro' art dramatic, paints the chance

Of human life and reads his own defects.

Upon his lively screens his skill relies

And on his stage the crowded moments dance,

He seeks in wisdom what his sense rejects!

To
Y. M. S.

Alone, on the Himalayan Heights.

The night displays her raven locks,
The starry world is set in gloom,
The crescent pale behind the rocks
Of Gulmarg* tears her wintry tomb.

Athwart the highlands, far helow,
Some wild bird sends its lonely song,
Where whispering streams in woodlands flow,
And wandering breezes moan along.

In solemn stillness beats the heart
Of nature waking awful dreams,
Of blasted hopes and fears, to thwart
My spirit tossed in whirling streams.

How awful, lonely is this spot,
And awful still the moaning breeze,
Alas more awful is my lot,
A shipwreck on the stormy seas.

This solitude which sorrow loves,
This night in darkness deep embrace,
This rock-built home of dreaming groves,
My comrades in this awful place.

And like a stag who stands at bay,
A lonely cloud swept off by gales,
A pilgrim who hath lost his way,
A ship with tempest-shaken sails.

● In the Himalaya Mountains, Kashmir.

A thatched dwelling on a scar,
 When tempests shake the root and tree,
 When furious billows are at war,
 With rocks and winds for liberty!

Alone I stand, alone I feel,
 The future flickering flies from me,
 And awful thoughts within me steal
 Where nature breathes in majesty!

O wild and native love of self,
 O warring creeds of wasting life,
 O wayward throes for power and pelf,
 O woeful man, O world of strife!

In vain our human love implores
 The faith of mankind to its clan;
 In vain the minstrel parrot pours
 Its songs to please the faithless man.

And man is not what man should be,
 Nor was he meant for merriment,
 And what is not humanity
 Is humane yet, he is content.

And what is life, to eat and drink,
 To quench the heat of thirsty birth?
 And what is love, in lust to sink,
 And drown the soul in dizzy mirth?



To

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD HARDINGE,

Viceroy and Governor-General of INDIA.

Birth-Day Ode.

With rarest joy our hearts are welling,
 The fountains of our love are swelling
 In surging floods of worship dwelling
 Within our hearts of meek humanity;
 And from Himálayan heights above
 Our summer zephyrs cool thy brow,
 And India's Heart is warm with love,
 Thou chosen Star of British Sovereignty!

O Him the giver of our day,
 With gratitude for Him we pray,
 In this thy gladsome natal lay,
 To guard thy life, thou son of sternest duty!
 If *truth* is sweeter than all creeds,
 And *love* of duty honour breeds,
 And *faith* in Him to glory leads,
 Thy *truth* is *love*, thy *faith* is breathing beauty!

When Delhi's Pageant swelled with cheers,
 What clouds of gloom, brought sudden fears,
 And India's eyes were wet with tears,
 For thee, thou Mighty Britain's Star sublime!
 O how at His Divine command,
 And from a dastard's cruel hand,
 Thy life was saved, to save our land
 From branding her with ban of brutal crime!

With patience rare, and voice yet fine,
 Thy forgiveness was all divine,
 Our hearts were drenched with eyelids' brine,
To see unchanged thy heart with kindness gleam;
 We have our faith, my Lord, in thee,
 And ancient India shares in free
 The progress of humanity,
With England's glory, British Power supreme.

Away ye notes of jarring creeds,
 Of sect and caste which meanness feeds,
 Avaunt ye wrongs of ruthless deeds,
Let India's genius bloom by Britain's might;
 Our land with women bred as slaves,
 With customs, creeds, in madness raves,
 Ye psuedo-martyrs dig your graves,
Let India's Ancient Wisdom come to light.

Ye zealots of an alien creed,
 Your frenzy sows the evil seed
 Among the thoughtless of your breed,
To plunge this land of gods to perilous doom.
 My country's young men be not led
 By wildest dreams on frenzy fed
 To be on martyrs' myrtle bed,
And drive this peaceful land to depthless gloom.

And is it martyrdom to make
 A peaceful race to rashness take,
 And racial froth to billows break,
Or build your fortress with mere stacks of straw ?
 The seedlings grow to plants in time,
 The seasons come in turn to chime
 With nature's music, sweet, sublime,
That gradual growth and order is her law.

Ye patriots who hope to see
 Your land in nations' comity,
 In league with all humanity,
Let spades be skilled in art, and spindles free !
 And there are helots in our land,
 Whom we should walk with hand in hand,
 And ours will be a noble band,
Inviting peaceful growth, not anarchy.

Let factions set their feuds aside,
 And priestcraft weaned be of its pride,
 And lettered men by ploughshares ride,
And rid the fields of India of their weeds,
 Let labour seek its own reward,
 And commonsense be on its guard,
 And cursed habits kiss the sward,
And hail the harvest of your golden deeds.

Ye Christian, Moslem, Parsee friends,
 Ye Aryans, (your bard this message sends
 United stand for higher ends,
 And all as Indian Sons, united be!
 And wave the Union Jack on high,
 On field and city let it fly
 Proclaiming in the sunny sky,
 Britannia's rule vouchsafes equality!

Be true, my India, true for e'er,
 To what they thy ancient faith bids fair,
 Thy amaranth myrtle-wreaths to wear,
 Behold He comes to guide thy destiny !
 With Krishna's Love His canopy,
 And Budha's Duty, guide to be,
 The Light of Christ's equality,
 The Master comes to lead Humanity !

Accept, my Lord, this humble rhyme,
 A humble token of the chime
 Of India's loyalty sublime,
 From Young India's youngest humblest bard;
 Young India in her loyalty
 Evolving higher, prays to be
 A link in British sovereignty,
 By providential mercy of the Lord.

ADDRESSES TO YOUNG INDIA.

DEDICATED WITH FILIAL GRATITUDE TO

Sreeman Munuswami Raju of Basavangudi, Bangalore,

Whose searchlight of wisdom always led me to climb
Bolder heights in the realms of nature.



I

AN ADDRESS

ON

THE HIGHER LIFE.

*Delivered to the students of the Bahuddin College
under the Presidentship of James Scott Esqr. M.A.
Bar-at-Law, Principal.*

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN & MY YOUNG FRIENDS:

If there is any place in Kathiawar which will lend its beauty and inspiration to a discourse on the Higher Life of man, it is this and this place alone, hallowed as it is with its antiquities of religion and history and the superb grandeur of the ever-dreaming peaks of Girnar which draw thousands of devotees to its ancient and beautiful mountain shrines. Standing almost at the foot of these time-honoured hills and drawing the very breath of life and the inspiration of ages, I congratulate myself for the opportunity given to me by our worthy and respected President to address the youth of Junagadh on a subject of supreme importance concerning the very soul of our being. But it is a subject to do justice to which, however feeble I may be, I am sanguine that in my discourse to-night, I shall not be found

wanting in earnestness of purpose, zealous faith in humanity and unbounded love to the Universal Spirit.

The problem of life is the problem of problems which stands for ever sphinx-like, inspiring awe and grandeur and baffles the greatest of intellects when they attempt to solve its purpose or unravel its mysteries. No thinking mind and no hungry and aspiring soul can ever rest satisfied without endeavouring to solve the riddle of life. It is at once so simple and yet so perplexing that at times in our higher flights of thought we are carried away into some mysterious regions where speech fails and wisdom reigns supreme. In one of these moments of thoughtful frenzy, I one day happened to ask my Guru Maharaj, "*Pray, Sir, tell me, what and where is life?*" And he an adept and a true representative of the old Aryan School of Philosophy in his usual laconic style, sometimes paradoxical and sometimes mystic, replied to me tauntingly thus "*Pray, tell me, what and where is not life?*" The meaning of those words are now apparent to me. This beautiful universe in which we are, at any rate, we find ourselves breathing and moving and living, is rippling with life, though the manifestation of life may differ in degrees in different things. From the mineral kingdom upwards to the vegetable and animal kingdoms, we see the same life, governed by one immutable law until wading higher upwards we reach the masterpiece of nature—the world of man, in whom development and manifestation have reached the pinnacle of grandeur and glory. Man is often called the lord of creation, not for the actual life he leads at present, but for the possibilities of realization of the

ideal of life involved in him. I do not propose to take your young and tender minds, to-night, into the usual and perplexing labyrinth of metaphysics, but confine myself to things which are simple and plain to every one of us to lead a higher life. It is not possible for us to think of life without a material body and the human body has much to do with life as the human life with the body.

What a piece of wonderful workmanship is our body! Look at the beauty, symmetry and the complex mechanism we find in its formation. How the human skeleton, a compact bony structure, is held by bands of muscles and bound by ligaments of cartilage—How the blood vessels, the arteries and veins, carry nourishment to the body and remove waste-matter from it—How the respiratory system purifies the impure venous blood into crimson streams of life—How the nervous system spreads its ramifications throughout the entire body to control the muscles and to carry messages which strike us with wonder and awe as to how the brain wills and the heart feels! This body of ours is really a wonderful instrument of God, the grandeur and glory of which, we do not often recognize. If we love the life we live on earth, if life is worth living, if there is any noble purpose or grand truth involved in living it, then it is quite necessary that the abode of life, the Temple of God, must receive our reverence for its functions and scrupulous care for its up-keep. It is to inspire you, my young friends, with that veneration and attention towards your bodies which are essential to create a high ideal of life in you, at the first stage of your careers,

that I selected this all important subject, for through my experience as a teacher and as a humble student of sociology who always kept in view the conditions of growth and progress of the youth of our country, I invariably found that the neglect of the body always led ultimately to the corresponding degeneration of mind as well as spirit.

I therefore exhort every one of you to maintain the native strength and vigour of your manhood through the bodies in which you inhabit, without which life on earth will have no meaning. It is upon the canvas of a healthy body that the soul can write the picture of life—The better the canvas, the more perfect the picture. The human mind among the generality of mankind, has gone on studying various things in nature and the light of human intellect has made its way into the innermost depths of nature, until at last, the study of man by man, in these days of electricity, magnetism, aeroplanes and what not—the study of mankind by man, has been laid aside as a subject which does not require any special thought over it.

Read, for instance, the ancient histories of Greece and Rome. How their pages glow with heroism and valour! You will assuredly notice that those great nations did not lose sight of the harmonious development of the body and mind, the proof of which we find in the high and lofty thoughts left to posterity by their thinkers and divines and the beautiful specimens of sculpture now extant as models of muscular power and superb beauty. A sound mind in a sound

body was their maxim of life. The same maxim ought to be our ideal. Until these nations kept up the standard of bodily vigour as a nation, they prospered as rulers of the then known civilized world. But when once they began to descend down from the high pedestal of true life, they too were swept away by the waves of time, as our own ancient India was after its palmy days of pomp and power, which preceded the period of the Great Mahabharatha War. All of us are aware of the universal law of the survival of the fittest; and the immutable law of nature judges us from the stand point of Body, Mind and Spirit.

Let us not give our thoughts to idle fancies of fate and *Karma* and allow our lives to be shaped by events and circumstances. I want every young man present here to build up his manhood as a tower of strength, nay, it is the sacred duty of every one to consider that the perfection of the individual is the perfection of the state or the glory of this universe. In the economy of nature, everything has its own use and more so with man, in whom nature has laid her vast store of possibilities with ample scope for development and growth. Nature tests our strength by its thunders and tempests, the storm and stress of life. Our ambitions, desires and needs always keep smouldering within our hearts to burn us down to ashes. Every pleasure has its own pain and our loves and hates and sorrows are sufficient enough to play shipwreck with our lives—To stand the buffets of life, we must be strong in body and mind and spirit. I therefore exhort every one of you to build up your bodies as citadels of power and strength,

with the full consciousness of their importance. to achieve your ideals so that the symmetry of form, vigour of the muscles and the stamina of the nerves may be in harmony with the standard of beauty, symmetry and strength in nature.

How beautiful is the world in which we live, with its blazing sun, the resplendent moon, and the twinkling stars—with its mighty ridges of mountain barriers rising tier over tier and dissolving in the skies with their masses of pure white snow—Nature wearing brilliant colours and beautiful forms in the tints of the meadows and the view of the landscape—The song of birds—The fragrance of flowers and foliage—spirit vieing with spirit—form with form, lavished with beauty within and beauty without, this world of ours is beautiful indeed! And what is the position of man in the midst of the beauties of nature, as her representative and masterpiece of wisdom and intellect, who is entrusted with the sacred duty of reconciling thought with action, ideals with actualities and offering the flowers of wisdom to the beatitude of the Soul?

Not in the visionary dreams of the world to come, do I wish our life to be spent away, and not in spinning thoughts in darkness, of the miseries, calamities and tribulations that beset the brief span of life, should we allow our noble energies to be frittered away. But facing every situation manly and meeting every problem boldly, with the deep consciousness of the divine purity that pervades our spirit, our youthful lives should be consecrated to the service of humanity. We build temples to worship God. We

hold them in reverence, consider them to be holy and sacred. But what about our own temples—the living, breathing and moving Temples of God?

Without any disrespect or disparagement to the sanctity that surrounds every such place of worship which is built by man, stone over stone, brick over brick, with pillars and beams, niches and windows, domes and cupolas, with gateways and porticos and even a thousand-pillared hall, and far within, the holy of holies, the innermost sanctuary is consecrated to the Deity with piety, devotion and worship beyond expression. Man's piety, man's devotion, and man's worship has made it sacred. For there in the silent hours of our lives, by meditating deeply of faith and love in the world, we gather strength to fight the battle of life—Out of silence comes forth the voice that inspires us, rouses us to action and takes us back to our native pristine glory and links our soul to the Soul of the Universe. Wherefrom doth that voice emanate? Which is the real source of that light which comes kindling our drooping and despairing spirits to glow with life, love and wisdom. Yes—I hear the whisper of every soul in this hall. Yes—I hear it emphatically answered by some responsive hearts that the voice comes from within us. It emanates out of this temple in which God has lodged an infinitesimal ray of his mighty spirit with limitations to be transcended, wisdom to be achieved and perfection to be personified.

How can any man respond to the call of such a high mission in life as this, if the constitution of his body and mind, is not tuned to suit the harmony of life around him! In short, the music of our life

must blend with that of nature so that we may draw our inspiration from her and thus become conscious of this infinite power that dwells within us and justify our existence in proportion to the knowledge we possess of God, nature and man. For instance, of all the sentiments which the human mind can give expression to, the expression of gratitude is the noblest, the purest and the most sublime. Nature furnishes us with many examples in this direction. Even beasts and birds supply us with innumerable examples of their acknowledgment of this bounty in nature, not to say of the offerings of fruits, nuts and flowers in her. To return our gratitude to the Giver of bounties is an act noble and inspiring in itself. Can this temple of God serve as a medium of ideals to be aimed at on this earth, if it is not sanctified by purity of character? You must be fortified by high and lofty thoughts. You must send out to the world abroad, thoughts of peace, and love and goodness. I am afraid that I am taking you into what may be called a mere dream of life. Yes I acknowledge that it is a dream that I am dreaming, but a mighty dream indeed! It is the dream of an idealist to live the Higher Life of Man. Since my earnest purpose to-night is to hold up a lofty ideal before you, I exhort you not to think for a moment that you are mere life-draggers, dragging your burdensome lives from birth to death. You are men of thought, men of inspiration and above all, men of action—men whose potentialities are really astounding, riding as you are over the powers of nature—the steam engine, electric cars and aeroplanes—inventions which in spite of their

wonderful comradeship with the genius of man, are nothing when compared with the awe-inspiring mysteries of nature which man has yet to fathom out in his higher flights of life.

The age of oppression and tyranny is gone. The age of sectarianism is fast dying away. Under the aegis of the British Sovereignty whose imperial flag has brought along with it peace, security and freedom, be it acknowledged to the glory of England, that a new era is dawning upon us. I see its glimmer slowly lighting up the horizon of thought. Behold! It is already shining on the ridges of mountains that mark the Highways of Culture. Yours are the temples which will be flooded with this light of the coming era.

You are going to be the fortunate artists who will enjoy the special privilege of painting upon the canvas of time, the picture of Young India, beautiful in expression, free and bold in delineation and rich in colours of wealth and wisdom.

You are going to be the heaven-inspired poets who being endowed with the seeing eye of beauty, love and hope, shall once more take your sallies into the mysteries of nature and singing the song of awakening India, the morning song of life, wake up the divine souls lodged in the living Temples of God.

You are the future thinkers and philosophers who will hold forth the torch of truth and brandish it once more to the nations abroad that India is born again to hold its own place in the comity of religions.

You are the architects and masons, the farmers and artisans, in fact the future "de facto" labourers who

will demonstrate the motto "*Labour omnia Vincit*," labour conquers everything. Whatever may be your vocations in life, you are the actors on the stage, in dawn of the coming age.

The benevolent genius of the British nation has set in growing forces at work with the result that the stream of Indian Reformation is slowly coming in confluence with the stream, of what may be called, the Indian Renaissance and the confluence of these two streams, swelling into a mighty flow, is flooding the vast continent of ours with new hopes, new impulses, and new ideas. Is it not then your duty to make your temples worthy of this high mission in life? From each and every one of you must emanate thoughts of unification, thoughts of peace. This is the period of your preparation to befit yourselves to the duties of life. And in this period you must gather knowledge and mould your character. Never allow yourselves to be guided by fanatical or destructive ideas. Lay the foundation of character and culture and build up your manhood with the principles that govern the right conduct of life. Of such principles, four stand foremost in my mind, representing as it were the facing sides of a building. We should have unbounded Faith in us. Our character must be established on the firm basis of Truth. Every act of ours must be seasoned with Love. The whole conduct of life must be guided by a spirit of obedience to higher authorities. Faith, Truth, Love, Obedience. Let these four words be ringing in your minds, not ears. Remember them in the building up of your temples. Think, feel, nay, dream of them and weave them closely

and inextricably into the web of your being. When such virtues as these are assimilated into the system of your thought, you will see that out of you, will spring forth, thoughts of a constructive and benevolent nature, free from passion and doubt, frenzy, fanaticism and greed. Out of purity cometh purity, out of blessedness cometh blessedness and man poisoning on his pinions of glory ought not to tread upon the dung-hills of envy, hatred, jealousy, lust and avarice—but soar above and breathe in the higher altitudes of humility, wisdom and peace. Let me draw an inspiration from Nature. Nature's law is one and immutable. Nature's love is supreme. In the kingdom of nature there is no taxation for our needs. The gentle cow, symbol of motherhood in India, lives upon grass and in return serves man with rich milk. The apparently insignificant silk-worm feeds on the coarse mulberry leaf and tears its life away into threads of silk. The plants drawing their nutriment from the earth and enjoying the essential influence of sunlight and air, put forth foliage and flower and fruit, each with its own peculiarities of colour, taste and use. The birds send forth their jubilant songs distilled through the vernal blooms.

And glorious indeed must be the life and production of man—

*Not hatred but love,
 Not anger but forbearance,
 Not avarice but charity,
 Not falsehood but truth,
 Not pride but humility,
 Not rebellion but obedience,
 Not war but peace!*

II. AN ORATION

ON

The Culture of Manhood and Character.

*Delivered to the students of Jamnagar under the
Presidentship of Rhandubhai Desai Esqr., Direc-
tor of Public Instruction, Nawanager State.*

PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN AND MY YOUNG FRIENDS:—

I am indeed thankful to our worthy President who as the Head of the Educational Department of the State of Nawanager, gave me the opportunity to deliver a series of lectures to you on the theory of physical culture combined with a course of practical training in the various exercises, based on scientific principles to develop the body and mind in such a way as to secure mental efficiency and vigorous health. This series of lectures having come to a close, I propose, to give to-night a finishing touch to my work in your midst, by summarising the salient principles that go to build true manhood and high character in man whose heritage is this whole universe of ours teeming with beauty and life.

Behold the rosy dawn, with its cool and fragrant breezes opening wide the very portals of Heaven! Behold the crimson sun-set gleams that bewilder and astonish your hearts and leave your wondering minds to dream of the glories that departed from the western skies! The innumerable stars that shine through the dark curtain of night, suggest worlds of new thought. The moon comes bathing the world with beauty and love. The flowers lay bare their very hearts to re-

ceive the worship of man and the grateful trees laden with fruit, pay him worthy homage. The green fields and the gurgling streams, the glassy lakes and the happy valleys, the wooded hills clothed in vernal gowns of beauty and freshness and the mountain regions receding higher and higher, till they culminate in one ascending snowy mass of unapproachable purity! These and many hidden powers in nature, are the birth right of man who is at once the crown and glory of creation! In him is to be seen the concentrated picture of the beauties in nature expressed in their minutest details of construction and character, in him also resides the wonderful power to enjoy, admire and worship the bounties in nature and the eternal glory of God. Nature lends herself to the use of man if he only opens his heart unto her influence.

We are all divine by nature. The human body may very well be called the temple in which divinity "lives, moves and has its being." It is equipped with a beautiful but very complex system of machinery, a study of which will lay open to us, a new world of wonder and mystery in nature, with its millions of cells, leagues of blood vessels, multitudinous sensory nerves and ganglia, and the various other internal organs, not to speak of the wonderful propelling motion of the heart and the guiding mastery of the brain. From what I explained to you in my classes about the structure and functions of the various organs of the human body, I am sure you are in a position to appreciate any knowledge concerning our own bodies and the conditions upon which the healthy growth of body and mind depend. Let me summarise

a few of the leading facts relating to this subject for the convenience of those who were not present at my lectures, so that they may not only follow my discourse to night with interest, but also be tempted to pursue a leisurely study of the subject. Nature in accordance with her well-known characteristic feature of combining economy with utility, has built the body of man with about 200 distinct bones forming its bony framework, arranged in a compact way with grooves and joints, allowing motion and movement. This bony structure gives the human body, shape and firmness, protects the various delicate organs in the body, affords attachment to the muscles, and lastly the bones serve as levers. The skeleton is covered and tethered as it were, with about 300 bands of muscles and ligaments of cartilage and the whole structure is covered over by the skin. There are two cavities—the thoracic and the abdominal cavities—the former contains the lungs and the heart, the latter the various organs of digestion and excretion, such as the liver, the stomach, the kidneys, the intestines and bladder. In our limited⁶⁶ study of the human body, we paid special attention to only a few of the important and prominent muscular bands, such as the biceps, the triceps and deltoid of the arms; the trapezius, the neck muscle; the latissimus dorsi and the rhomboids on the back; the major and minor pectoralis or the chest muscles; the serratus magnus, on the sides under the arm-pits; the thigh and calf muscles in the legs and so on. The nomenclature of these muscles is, as I pointed out to you, in my evening classes, derived from some prominent

character which the muscle presents, such as its *situation* (tibialis), *use* (flexors, extensors), *form* (deltoid \triangle , trapezius, rhomboid), *direction* (obliquus), *attachment* (sterno-mastoid), or *divisions* (biceps, triceps).

Besides these bones and muscles, the human body consists of a great number of different parts, delicate and complex in structure, called the organs of the body. Each organ does, not only, its own peculiar work, but acts also in harmony with the work of the other organs. It is in this feature of each organ having a distinct work of its own and yet working in unison and harmony with the other organs, to secure the healthy, orderly and simultaneous development of the body and mind, without interfering with the function of its neighbour, or failing to warn whenever there is any breach of the law of nature, it is in this wonderful working of the human mechanism, we discern the mysterious hand of God, our Maker.. Each organ is composed of millions of cells and a group of organs concerned in some common work, forms a *system*. For example, the group of organs consisting of the heart, arteries, veins etc forms *the circulatory system*. *The respiratory system* consisting of the trachea, the bronchial tubes and lungs, carry on the work of breathing. *The digestive system* composed of the mouth, the stomach, the liver and pancreas and intestines is concerned with the digestion of food. There are the other systems, the excretory and muscular systems. But the most important of all and the most complex in structure and functions is the nervous system, consisting of the brain, safely

located in the bony cavity of the cranium; and the spinal chord running through the vertebra of the spinal column and sending its ramifications of nerves to the farthest parts of the body interspersed with nerve centres or ganglia, carrying messages to and from the brain and in fact controlling and regulating the functions of all the other systems.

Over and above this complex mechanism, there is what is called the vital principle which we ought to study with wonder and admiration. From the amoeba or protozoa, living creatures without mouth, stomach, muscles and nerves, in which the tentacles can move, seize and devour food, to man, the most complex of all, with a number of separate and distinct organs, for every want and purpose, with cells that reason and think, that is, from the first traces of animal life to the highest and the most developed forms, we see the same spark of life, the same vital principle, stirring everything into animation and inundating the whole universe with the wave of life. What this life is, what its characteristic features are and upon what does the duration of life depends, are questions of momentous importance which require separate discussions by themselves. It is sufficient for us to note that life depends on consumption and restoration. Let us, in the limited scope of our discourse, examine the food that is necessary to maintain life in a healthy state and the other subsidiary conditions that are favourable to prolong the duration of life. Now first as regards the food of man, there is a world of discussion among doctors and divines, and also amongst the ignorant masses who are guided

more by customs and habits rather than by human reason or natural instinct. Some are in favour of purely a vegetarian diet, some in favour of animal or mixed diet; while some others are after fruits and nuts. But all are agreed to the essential ingredients that go to form the ideal food, namely, *Proteids* or the muscle-forming foods, *Carbohydrates* or the sources of energy and *Phosphates* or the nerve-developing substances. It is in the choice of our food products we discern the wisdom and intelligence which our time-honoured ancestors, brought to bear upon this all-absorbing question of food.

“ We think our forefathers fools, so wise we grow,
No doubt our wiser sons will call us so.”

Our ancestors were sagacious persons indeed! They have placed at our disposal the best food possible under the state in which we live, taking into consideration the climatic conditions, material prosperity and moral or ethical precepts. It is not in any way necessary for us, at our present period of juncture, to go in search of ideal food either to be manufactured out of the existing things or to be discovered anew. All the ingredients that are considered to be essential for the needs of humanity are found in abundant quantities in the most common things of our garden, meadow and market. Most of the vegetables, grains, and green fruits contain *starch*; milk and fruits contain *sugar*; nuts, beans, milk and ghee contain *fat*; vegetables, nuts, peas, beans and other leguminous seeds contain albumen; ripe fruits contain peptogens which also abound in broths prepared out of peas and beans. Out of wheat, rice, barley, rye,

maize, nuts, Dholls (Thowar, Moong and ooduth) horse-gram (Chenna), vegetables and milk, ghee and curds—out of these, according to our need and convenience, we can select our food-material to satisfy our need and repair the waste in our body. This is not the place for me to digress into the subject of flesh-diet. I take it for granted that most of you in Kathiawad are vegetarians and there is absolutely no need for me to expatiate upon the merits of the creed of vegetarianism, except this statement from me, namely, that it is a fallacy to consider that meat-diet or mixed-diet, is a necessity to acquire strength or for the formation of a strong nationality.

From some of the modern Journals of the Vegetarian societies in foreign countries, we learn to our satisfaction that in the various tests of strength and labour and endurance capacity, it is the vegetarians that broke the records of their flesh-eating compeers. This remarkable evidence of the athletes is strengthened by the more valuable testimony of the octogenarians who always maintained vigorous health of body and mind and lived over eighty years. My earnest appeal to you, my young friends, is that out of the ordinary Indian meal, you can get the health and strength you are in need of, provided that you select your own food-materials properly and attend to the minor, yet not the less important, principles of life, principles such as the quality of food, its proper digestion, regularity in taking food, the number of meals etc. Let me dilate a little upon the question of digestion of food. How many of you chew the food properly and allow it to be mixed well

with the saliva in the mouth? Very few indeed! A great number of stomach complaints amongst the students can be traced out to the negligence of observing this simple, but important safeguard in the process of digestion. You should, as the old saying goes, *drink solids and eat liquids*, that is, by the act of chewing, the food you take, must be reduced into a liquid condition before it is swallowed and likewise the same with the liquid food. Let me tell you in this connection that there are five distinct organs that aid the process of digestion at different centres. First in the mouth when in the process of mastication the saliva which is an alkaline secretion comes in touch with the food, it converts the tasteless starch into sugar known as maltose and dissolves the nutritive salts contained in the food you take. The second place where the same food is being acted upon is the stomach, in which certain glands pour out an acid fluid and others pepsin, which both together form the gastric juice, which has the power to dissolve proteids or albuminous substances into peptones which pass into blood. The gastric juice has also the character to prevent putrefaction of the contents of the stomach and destroy germs. And lower down the same food is being acted upon by another juice called the bile issuing out of the liver which digests the fatty matter of the food by emulsification. The bile aids absorption and stimulates intestinal activity and prevents the injurious effects of the gastric juice on the mucous membrane of the intestines by neutralising its acidity.

At the fourth stage it is attacked by the pancreatic juice coming from the pancreas which does, not

only the work of the aforementioned juices, but digests raw as well as cooked starch. Then comes the last course of digestion in the intestines by the intestinal juice which acts upon all the remaining food elements and digests cane sugar. Thus you see that the five important food elements viz. starch, proteids or albuminous substances, fats and salts and sugar, are acted upon in the process of digestion by five kinds of juices, from five digestive organs as it were.

But how far do we co-operate with the work of nature in the proper digestion and assimilation of food into our system? I know that most of you students whose attention is drawn towards the school or college bell at 11 o'clock in the morning, take a hasty meal, gulp down your food, drinking mouthfuls of water in the course of the meal and put on your dress and reach your school or college doors, sweating and breathing hard. Seeing that healthy food has the power to vitalise and renew the living substance of the body, you must take your food in the best of spirits, calmly and contentedly, without allowing the worries of life to cross your mind.

Take only two meals a day. The morning meal must be taken clearly at least half an hour before you go to the school and the evening one, two clear hours before you go to bed. Keep the stomach empty in the morning before you have your mid-day meal. This is an excellent device to induce natural hunger. Tea and coffee are the most contested beverages of the day. You derive absolutely no benefit from these drinks. It is highly desirable to give up entirely these luxuries of modern civilization. If you cannot, you

can limit their use to two times a day in very moderate quantities. But there are good and effective substitutes to these drinks, which are purely Indian in character and congenial to a tropical climate. One kind of it is a decoction of Dhaniya (coriander) seed with a little of sonth (dry ginger), with milk and sugar. The other kind is what is called *Thandai* in one form, or *Hareera* in another form, but both prepared out of almonds, ground well and mixed with milk, sugar and water, to which may be added a little of ginger and cardamoms.

Sleep.

Sleep is the essential factor of renovation and reconstruction of life. The physical effects of sleep are that it retards vital consumption, affords rest to the limbs and organs of the body to recover from their state of exhaustion and ushers our existence every morning into a new and refreshed life. "Take from man *hope and sleep*, and he will be the most wretched being on earth." Too long continued sleep is again a sign of ill-health. We should give about 6 to 8 hours for this necessity of life and sometimes one or two hours more, when completely exhausted. Remember the well-known maxim, "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." The rooms in which you sleep must be airy, roomy and high. The light must be very dim. They ought not to be damp and dusty, crammed with furniture, rags and old rickety things. The beds you sleep on must be even and hard ones. Never sleep on soft cushions or spring-beds.

When abed you should be in almost a horizontal posture and not in a forced or curved one. The head must rest on a soft pillow. Sleep with your feet to the east or west. This no doubt has some reference to the electric or magnetic currents, passing through the earth, the truth of which, perhaps, is yet to be published or discovered by the modern Research Scholars. Again never sleep in the *supine* posture, that is with your back resting flat on the bed, with your face upwards. This exerts pressure on the vertebral column and at the same time interferes with the measured flow of the blood and free and uninterrupted breathing, and causes a disturbed and dreamy sleep. This posture is good when you want to take rest after severe exercise or exhaustion, for a few minutes, known as "Relaxation Exercise," with your limbs thrown loosely on either side of the body and breathing deep and slow, till you get relief. The best thing is to sleep sidewise with your left hand resting below; and sometimes you may choose the *prone* posture, that is your chest touching the bed. Sleeping on the left side does not hinder the free working of the heart, on the other hand it not only aids it, but it is also highly physiological. This position in the early part of the night helps the abdominal organs of digestion to carry on their work uninterruptedly and free without compressing them and aids the liver to pour the bile into the intestines where it joins the stomach. Sleeping on the left side, you will notice that you breathe in and breathe out through your right nostril or *Surya nadi* as it is termed in our Yoga Philosophy. The *Surya nadi* or the Solar

Pole is the heat producing channel which during sleep aids digestion, destroys useless accumulations, repairs the waste in the body and restores freshness and energy. For reasons similar to what I have been telling you, it is desirable that long before you leave your bed, you should sleep on the right side, to allow the left nostril to do its work of cooling the body, for it is known as the *Chandra nadi* or the Lunar Pole. This posture helps the intestines to move their waste matter to their lowest end and thus prevents constipation, and the cooling breath of the Lunar Pole does not allow internal heat to increase. Always, whether during sleep or wakeful hours, breathe through the nostrils.

Avoid the baneful habit of studying in bed and reading till you fall asleep. Never sleep in a sitting or reclining posture, which causes the body to form into an angle. Employ the day for labour and study and the night for rest and sleep. Are we wiser than nature? Nature opens the great and imposing shop of life with the fresh beams of the rising sun, the fragrant breeze of the valleys and mountains and the music of the winged-minstrels. Morning represents youth; noon, manhood; and evening, dotage. You should therefore wake up early in the morning and draw your inspiration from the fresh heavens and smiling lawns, for noble conceptions and exalted ideas.

Remember that even plants have a period of rest and repose. This sort of rest or sleep is an essential factor of life. The duration of life depends upon perfect or imperfect restoration. What is spent in living an intensive life is lost in extension. The less in-

tensive the life the longer its duration. Sleep is suspension of intensive life. In these and many other respects there are several things to be known by the student class to secure health, which is the source of all enjoyment of life. Bearing in mind the fact that we take food to produce energy and sustain strength and at the same time to repair the waste in the body, we must, as I told you at the onset of my address, consume such materials as are conducive to the production of heat and energy, and to the development and invigoration of muscles, nerves and brain. Let it be ingrained in your young minds that the mastication of the food you take is very essential and bolting is very injurious; that you must eat little and digest more; that quality is more important than quantity; that moderation in food is a very necessary virtue; neither eat after taking vigorous exercise, nor take exercise after eating; neither take your meal before you have natural hunger nor eat a morsel more after natural satisfaction.

Add to these simple instructions, the necessity of keeping the body and dress clean and fresh. Remember well that certain complaints of the nose can be cured and the cooling of the eyes and brain can be secured by drawing in draughts of cold water into the nose, alternately, through each nostril. Washing the face and eyes with cold water often during the day time is also very good and healthy. Students should have sufficient light in their study rooms. Light must come from the sides or from the top and at the same time, the glare of the window or sunlight falling on the page you read, must both be avoided.

During night time, students should never attempt to read with insufficient light or smoky lamps. Nor is it advisable for them to read in a lying down posture with the page they read from, overhanging their eyes, this position being though seemingly comfortable on their beds, is yet very unnatural and injurious to the eye-sight.

Exercise.

The culture of the body is as important as the culture of the mind. Hence the period of youthhood, when the mind and body are plastic and are fit for unfoldment and development, when tastes and habits are acquired and muscles and organs of the body grow to their fulsomeness, the period of youth is the best period for culture of all kinds. There is a certain power in us which is capable of being expanded and developed, which, if left to itself under the influence of the ordinary routine of our hum-drum existence, will tend towards degeneration, rather than expansion and fruition. Applying this principle to the subject on hand, I am convinced that physical culture based on the best and approved scientific principles will give strength to the limbs, elasticity and vigour to the muscles and motion and grip to the joints. It also prevents mal-growths, such as pigeon-breasts, hollow-chests, drooping shoulders, stooping, spinal curvature, one-sided development of the body and stunted growth.

There is an immediate effect of exercise on the thinking faculties of the brain and you will be astonished at the quickness and delicacy of the connection. Professor Park, an eminent psychologist says:

“You cannot separate body from mind any more than you can separate the stalk from the flower, the body is as vital to the mind as the stem is to the blossom.”

To gain the real benefits of exercise, it must not be taken spasmodically; it must be regular, systematic, proportionate and natural. Even the plants and trees in nature may be understood to have their share of exercise, being shaken by the breeze from the root to the top, including the tender stems and leaves. In taking exercise the most important point is to bring the mind in touch with the muscles and at the same time to bend and stretch the body in a natural way without any implements whatever. Take up any portion of the body, the arm for example and in giving exercise to it, you must concentrate your mind on the various muscles and fill them with the spirit of your will. Exercise given to the whole body in this way for about fifteen minutes, without producing fatigue or exhaustion, will be stimulating and refreshing in character. Heavy weight lifting is bad as it is a strain on the nerves. From various experiments carried on by specialists in this field, it was found out that a man's memory is in proportion to his physical condition and that in proportion to a decrease in vitality, the mind also became sluggish and that in the universities, the body-builders took the highest place and maintained their health throughout in life, whereas the weak and emaciated genius, either gave way later on or was a cripple or died early. The ideal system of exercise to keep the memory at its best consists in a combination of walking and indoor exercises based on natural principles. Add to these suggestions

the need to take deep breathing exercises in open air, in healthy localities, such as the mountain-heights, sea-shore, garden walks, or river beds etc., that is, taking slowly as deep a breath as possible and after retaining it for a very short time, to breathe it out slowly and gradually. A good system of physical exercises based on natural and scientific principles taken regularly day after day without bringing on exhaustion or fatigue combined with the invaluable aid of deep breathing and with your mind fully concentrated upon the task of growth and progress, such a method as this, ought to crown the youth with vigorous health to secure the enjoyment of life, robust strength to discharge the functions of life and a fertile brain to wield the sovereignty of thought.

Loyalty.

In my book, entitled the "Science of Perfect Life," I have gone deeply into the various problems that go to the formation of true humanity without clashing with the ideals set up by the spread of modern thought under the benevolent rule of the British race who have done and are doing more for us than we are, in our own interests, doing for ourselves. It has always been my chief aim whenever I had an occasion, to correct the views of my young friends, the students, as regards certain mistaken ideas that are passing current in their young and tender minds. It is decidedly a matter of ingratitude on our part to think ill of a power that has been and is a source of the nationalisation of our creed-worn and custom-ridden land of sects and castes. And considering that the moral

rectitude of an ancient people whose loyalty to the sovereign power and fidelity to their ideal of virtue, have sunk deep into the life of the whole people, to be ungrateful as individuals to the uplifting influence of British sovereignty, is to bring on ourselves the condemnation of history that we have no character. What is worse is, to be ungrateful as a nation, a thing which will leave its indelible impression on time that the India of the sages and and rishis is to-day the India of thoughtlessness. It is after centuries of progress, earnestness of purpose, identification of interests and unity of spirit that nations have advanced. My young friends allow yourselves to be guided by the verdict of history and setting aside all such high problems which are beyond your province, make yourselves men of character and trust.

Character.

You are young and the very traits and tastes acquired during this period, are carried forward in advanced life as "the child is the father of the man." Your chief aim shall be to lay the foundation of true manhood and true character. Grow to become men first and then leave the rest to the conditions and possibilities of the future. It is with our experience of the past and a knowledge of the present, that we go on carving the figures of life from the quarry of the future. Remember that a healthy body is the best soil for the growth of a healthy mind and that a healthy mind produces healthy thought and all these three combined together form a good man. Be that your ideal of life. Never aspire to be noisy patriots, Patriotism consists in the annihilation of

what is personal in favour of the good of all; to stand for truth and justice; to help the poor and the crippled; the labourers and the ignorant masses; to suffer the pangs of poverty, and be prepared to be abused and columniated by a host of social lies and selfish creeds. Dont talk of patriotism. It is too sacred to be purchased in the noisy market of greed and avarice; lust of gold and power; and conceit, vanity and slander. Leave patriotism aside. Be men of character and true manhood. Love your fellow beings. Render service unto humanity. Live in truth. Stand by the suffering and poor; sweep away all kinds of social evils that are gaining ground in the name of God and religion. to demolish priest-craft and cunning deception. Friends may forsake you. Relatives may treat you with contempt. Hunger may pinch you. Want may consume you. Fame flies away from you. Conspiracy, columny and cunning are at your heels. But what of that? You are here to do something good which lies in your power. This hour has need for men like you. You are the image of your ideal. Tread firmly upon evil times. Bear the standard of sincerety and walk forth boldly and firmly, with the cross of Christ on your shoulders and Budha's bowl in your hands! India welcomes you. You are the world's Man. I want heroes of this kind from your ranks. Heroes that will bear the standard of truth to expose savagery and sham, to trample down ignorance and imposture to vanquish mock heroes and persue patriots. I want heroes to lay the foundations to build the Universal Temple of Peace, with manhood and character. Heroes to create love for the true dignity and birth-right of man. Heroes of truth. Heroes of virtue and heroes of universal humanity and unbounded love!

AN ADDRESS

ON

"The Function of Poetry."

*Delivered to the students of the Samaldas College
Bhavnagar, under the Presidentship of Sanjanna
Qsqe., M. A. Principal.*

GENTLEMEN,

We are in the very manhood of summer. The fields and meadows are gay with many a golden sheaf. The flowers send their innocent fragrance through the swelling breeze. The feathered minstrels are lubilant to hold their carnival of love this very moment. A new light and a new charm seems to fill the whole world and overflow in streams of shimmering gold in the West. Nature has gone mad with joy to find the thrill of youth and beauty overpowering her serenity and solitude. In the distant fields, the solitary pipings of the shepherd-boy come distilled, through the vernal blooms and classic fame. This is the hour of inspiration and delight—the hour when the mind of man liberated from the thralldom of creed and dogma, can afford to take a sally into a vision of dreams where the future of mankind reveals itself in the dimness of the distance, in mystic symbolism. It is therefore with a new delight that I take this opportunity, on your invitation, to speak to you a few words of the function of poetry in the life of mankind, as it is supposed, on mistaken grounds, that poetry is not a thing that may be considered as an essential

factor in the education of man or the progress of a nation.

The age in which we live is indeed an age of great scientific achievements—an age which has surpassed the expectations of the generality of mankind on account of its astounding inventions, wonderful discoveries and patient research in the vast and infinite field of Science. This is an age which on account of its versatile productions and applications of scientific principles, has raised the material comforts and conditions of man and has also opened vistas of a very hopeful future in multifarious directions, to elevate the race of mankind to a status higher and loftier than the present one, in short, to make man, a most wonderful being—a being who will fly over the clouds without wings and visit the stellar regions, as he does any continental port now in the far off seas.

The aeroplane is already cleaving the aerial regions of the gods. The dreadnoughts and torpedoes are the veritable scourges on the sea. To the wonderful achievement of the wireless telegraph, the great Marconi perhaps is adding the still more wonderful achievement of the wireless telephone. Science is all-dominant to-day and does not hesitate to sacrifice life or energy to achieve its end. Man sits in his snug office-room, and gets the news of the whole world. He is likewise able to communicate with the farthest corners of the world. Man's thirst for knowledge, man's thirst for discoveries and inventions, are all directed towards the acquisition of power over natural laws and agents, towards securing the material comforts of life, rather than towards the solution of the true function and

purpose of life. Human activities and energies seem to be marshalled towards the domination of one race or nation over another, rather than the joint efforts of all in searching out the ultimate goal of life. I do not stand here to-day to speak in disparaging terms of the various improvements in arts and industries that have made our lives, happy, prosperous and enjoyable. I do not, in the least, think of the triumphs of scientists, with a light heart or compromising contempt. I view them with genuine pride and veneration. I hail them as the sturdy forerunners of a more hopeful future.

Yet in the midst of plenty and power, beauty and love, nay, glory and grandeur, when I look into the heart of things,—when I, lifting up the thick curtains that hang over the face of nature and peer into the dim vistas wrapped in mystery and mysticism, enclosed fold over fold, and a circle within a circle, I start back at once, struck by awe and amazement, and question to myself, *what is this life after all?* Where is this world—this world of ceaseless turmoil and endless self-seeking, this world of commercial crisis and constant warfare, this world of astounding inventions and increasing appetite for arts and beauty, these slaughter houses, and deluges of lethe, this world with these millions of human beings possessed with religions frenzy and national aggrandizements, with unquenched thirst for land and gold, and bias for colour and creed—where is this world drifting to?

Nature is symbolic. Her language is symbolic. Her ideas reach us through some symbol or other. Nature is selflessness itself. Man is egotistic. Nature

commands us in silence. Man seems only a speck of dust in her presence, creating much noise and fuss about nothing. Nature is one immutable and universal law. Man is a fitful and blood-thirsty being in her realms, committing havoc and creating horror. Nations are attempting to devour nations. Amongst the individual members of Society, each wants to secure more advantage, more power, more wealth and more pleasure than another. "Whom shall I plunder? What shall be the next plan of my work to secure that?", are the common thoughts of mankind, rather than, "Whom shall I serve? What shall I do to be useful to man or beast." In spite of our much praised civilization, and the advancement of nations and societies, this is the world in which we live and move and have our being. There must therefore be some man or God, to unravel the mysteries of nature, to explain her symbolism and purpose, in language clear and unequivocal. There must be a well-trained interpreter between nature and mankind, to convey boldly and fearlessly the dictates of nature, and to guide the unwary humanity on to the heights of universal wisdom and divine glory. Who is that man who performs this task for the little village in which he is, for the little kingdom of a province or for the whole empire of human beings? Who is he? Where is that voice which reconciles thought with action and action with the law of nature?

Behold he comes in robes of purity and radiance all by himself, a simple and humble individual!

He is the reader of our thoughts; the writer and spokesman of humanity—the herald of the coming age—

The seer and priest of nature, to wit—the Poet. In this lies the function of the poet. He feels the pulse of nature and the moods and methods of nature. Heat is felt by what is called, heat-vibrations, so also, the poet feels the heart of nature, by what may be called, soul-vibrations. His soul projects into nature in search of truth, beauty and law, as human nature is after some kind of satisfaction, pleasure or happiness. Just as our human eye sees things by a strange phenomenon of receiving impressions, by images being thrown on the retina in the eye, so also the poet's mind receives the impressions from nature and reflects them back into the world, in language melodious and mystic, as the silent and mysterious expressions of nature. The poet throws his mind and heart open to the surging influence of nature and becoming passive as it were, allows its waves of melody and power to roll into his being. There springs up a fountain of melody and thought that flows into the world as poetry or a new light is lit in the poet, as the meeting of the negative and positive poles emit a spark. The poet sees the world with unabated zeal and ever growing love and wonder:—

The sweet chirpings of the feathered minstrels of the woods; the whispering breeze shaking the sparkling dews on the petals of roses in the morning; the floating castles of angels in the skies now blushing in variegetted hues courted by the setting sun and now jealous of the amorous moon, spending their fury in lightning and thunder; the tall trees shooting up straight into the skies in search of air and sun-light; the buds blossoming in tints of inexpressible beauty;

the green valleys smiling under the kisses of silver streams flowing from the high ridges of mountains; animals moving; birds flying and nature dreaming; and deep within this eye-enthraling panoramic view of nature, its heart-engrossing beauties and soul-absorbing melodies, the poet's *seeing eye* pierces into the very heart of nature, into its meditative solitude and awe-inspiring silence, into the light with which the planetary systems shine, nay, into the fountain of life which fills and inundates the whole universe with its energising, vivifying and multiplying power. The poet's feelings are subdued by nature; he is overpowered and over-mastered by a higher and supreme power; his chords of thought are stretched tight and tuned high and nature plays upon them her melodies. The poet sings the song of life; the song of love and the song of beauty.

This is true poetry—true interpretation of nature. There are so many persons who seem to think that it is all imagination and mere imagination and nothing else. Imagination is not an ordinary faculty. It is the primal cause of many inventions in science. Why, even in your geometry, a science which is highly accurate and deals with facts and figures, you are expected to be highly imaginative in conceiving a line to have length without breadth and a point to have no magnitude at all.

Every one possesses the faculty of imagination and every one to a certain degree is a poet. But the real poet, one that stands on the pinnacle of true exaltation and genuine inspiration, is a rare person,

It is of such a personality we are concerned with to-day. The true poet is the index of the age. He stands on the summits of knowledge announcing to the world around of the new impulses he has received from the fountain of knowledge and wisdom.

In the endless turmoil and competition of this world—the tyranny of the strong over the weak; the mean advantage taken by the wealthy over the suffering poor; the greed of gaining name and fame through the labour of others; wolves in sheep's clothing; self-seeking men calling themselves patriots; in these and like instances, the poet stands on the firm basis of truth and sincerity and exposes, hypocrisy, deception and impostors, by his creative faculty in dramatic writings and converts the mind of man, to live for others and to do justice to nature—"a mother kind alike to all."

Who does not acknowledge in the history of the world the influence of Homer, Aeschylus and Sophocles on Greece, Dante and Virgil on Italy, Shakespeare and Milton on England, Burns on Scotland and Goethe on Modern Germany?

A nation's wealth of knowledge and advancement and civilization may be easily measured by the utterances of that nation's poets. I am not to-day concerned with the so-called secondary men who have a fine ear for music and compose verses. They are mere versifiers and nothing more. But the true poet is quite a different being. He looks into the *raison d'être* of things and paints the mile-stones of Culture to mark the progress of nations. He is the true teacher of the

people, as a people. For example, look at the most wonderful influence of the great Indian Epics, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. How the ideas put forth in those books have sunk deep into the minds of both the learned as well as the uneducated! Life is not a mere bubble that appears and bursts on the surface of time. It has a deeper purpose and a deeper meaning. Cradled in the beauties of nature and fed with her secret thoughts, the poet lives in his own haven of exaltation. He heralds the coming age. To him the scientist, the architect and the labourer are important units in the rank and file of society. A question is often put:—"What is the use of this race of dreamers, who sit perhaps almost idle without pursuing any of the professions of life to earn their living or justify their manhood? And if a choice is given, whether we cannot prefer the steam-engine and the telegraph to Homer's epics and Dante's Divine comedy or even coming home to our own motherland, whether we cannot dispense with our great epics—the Mahabharata and the Ramayana and the works of various other poets, like the great Kalidasa and the illustrious galaxy of thinkers and writers of the era of Vikramaditya, King Bhoja and Krishna Deva Raya, the last great representative of Indian Imperial Sovereignty.

The Great Poets of India sung about the ideals of life; the transitoriness of worldly pomp and its emptiness, the equality of man and the history of the slow and gradual evolution of the soul. They gave extremely very great pleasure to mankind by the wide

command they had over the language, and the exquisite rythm and melody they employed in their writings.

All the various branches of Science have their great and mighty representatives who have added to the knowledge of man and to the sum-total of human happiness. Geology, botany, physics, chemistry have yielded their golden harvest to the genius of man. How much of patience, what perseverance, what devotion to the principles of truth, do we not see when we read the literature connected with the scientists and their noble work! What noble sacrifice they have made and what innumerable sufferings they have undergone! They are really the benefactors of humanity. Heroes who converted their ideas and will to noble deeds which live in the shape of the machinery they have invented and arts and industries that have increased the capacity to enjoy life. Heroes indeed they are! In the classical literature of Europe, the ancients represented nature by *Proteus*—a shepherd. This is very suggestive of the function of the language-maker, the heart-builder, and the soul-consoler—the true Poet! The true poet combines in himself the exquisite gift of painting, the heroism and manliness of sculpture, and the tenderness of music. His Science deals with the heart of nature and man, the Omnipotent and Omniscient Power; the Cause of causes and the root of things. He relieves us from the hum-drum routine of life. He feeds the world with hope, faith and love. His machinery sets the thought-world in motion. He is concerned with the power of the human heart, the human will and human language. He is very wrongly accused by many of being a mere dreamer—not being an active agent in the shaping of the world.

Thought in its finest form is melody in tune with the music of the Infinite Power; in its next and lower stage when its thermal vibrations cool down, it expresses itself in action. So in the natural order of things, the Thinker comes first and the man who executes the will, comes next.

In speaking of Alexander or Caesar, the Poet-Master teaches man the secret of universal power. He dwells upon the highness or meanness of human nature in such a way as to formulate opinions and thoughts. His mission is always to lead us. He stands by us in our hours of gloom and despair and instils faith in us, to take life easy and yet to persevere onward and onward till the goal is reached. His is a health giving optimism, exhorting us to act in the living present. When the burden of life is laid down, when at the approach of the cold touch of death, the pomp and glory of wealth, lands and machinery, vanish like mist before sunrise, and we have to leave behind us the best and dearest of our hearts, then the words and ideas of the Soul-Consoler, come to our rescue and in our passage into the new worlds and new associations, we carry the essence of our experience along with us, guided, cheered and enlivened by the *Idealism of the Poet.*

THE WATCH WORD OF HOPE TO YOUNG INDIA.

FROM

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE KING EMPEROR GEORGE V.

“To-day in India, I give to India the watch-word of hope. On every side I see the signs and stirrings of new life. Education has given you hope and through better and higher education you will build up higher and better hopes.”

“It is my wish that there may be spread over the land a network of schools and colleges, from which will go forth loyal, manly and useful citizens, able to hold their own in industry and agriculture and all the vocations in life; and it is my wish, too, that the homes of my Indian subjects may be brightened and their labour sweetened by the spread of knowledge with all that follows in its train, a high level of thought of comfort and of health. It is through education that my wish will be fulfilled, and the cause of education in India will ever be very close to my heart.”

OPINIONS.

(1) THE HON'BLE RAO BAHADUR,

RAMANBHAI MAHIPATRAM NILKANTH, B. A. LL. B.

Additional Member of the Bombay Legislative Council.

Mr. C. R. Doraswami Naidu B. A. of Bangalore has kindly shown me some of his English verses which he is going to publish in his collection of "Heart Buds." They form very interesting reading and bespeak Mr. Naidu's power of imagination. The sentiments which Mr. Naidu has expressed will, I am sure, appeal to many. His work will, I trust, have an appreciative reception at the hands of the Indian public.

AHMEDABAD.

7th April 1914.

Ramanbhai Mahipatram

Nilkanth.

(2) DEWAN BAHADUR

AMBALAL SAKARLAL DESAI, B. A. L L. B.

Retired Chief Justice of Baroda.

Mr. C. R. Doraswami Naidu, B. A. has been good enough to show me the Foreword of his work styled 'Heart-Buds,' and it gives me great pleasure to certify to his excellent command of the English language, and to his high sentiments and breadth of imagination. I wish his effort every success.

AHMEDABAD.

27th April 1914.

Ambalal S. Desai,

آخرى درج شدہ تاریخ پر یہ کتاب مستعار
لی گئی تھی مقررہ مدت سے زیادہ رکھنے کی
صورت میں ایک آنہ یومیہ دیرانہ لیا جائیگا۔

