

because I approved of the provision in the conscription law that exempted from the business of actual killing, members of certain religious sects, and I should have liked the law better had it exempted all conscientious objectors. Our leaders are right, it seems to me, when they urge the obligation to push the war with full vigor, that America and her purposes may be saved from defeat. That obligation does not nullify the right of any citizen to insist that the high objects with which we entered the war shall not be perverted or lost from sight.

The second consideration I would urge upon the disaffected element in America is this: that in this country the popular always in the end prevails. If the war drags out for two years more, no power in America can prevent the war from being the dominant issue in the next Congressional elections. In what form the issue will be presented no one can predict, for the face of world politics may be greatly altered by then. But the war and its aims will be voted on, just as our Civil War was voted on. That the war party is not unaware that it must vindicate itself before the people is indicated by the nervousness displayed over the utterances of pacifists, and the hysterical efforts of some newspapers to attribute all criticism of the war to pro-German sources.

If a political struggle is inevitable, it ought, obviously, to be conducted with as little rancor as possible. American tradition calls for open discussion and quiet acceptance of results. Any lingering indifference to the war will disappear—when the casualty lists begin to come in. Before two years have gone by the struggle may have been won by arms, or it may have been won by statesmanship, through a negotiated peace. But whatever happens the American will to peace and the American will to justice will persist, and it will choose courageously the best means to encompass its ends.

THE NEW SOUL OF INDIA.

BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY.

AMERICA, through a chain of causes, has come to know of the present-day unrest in India only in connection with the bomb and the Bengalee Babu, the conspiracy cases at home and abroad, and the execution of young Indian patriots for the crime of patriotism. And it is not out of season for the Americans to know something of the underlying forces that are remaking that ancient land.

and that the political unrest there is but a part of a greater unrest which embraces almost every department of human activity. Our arts and sciences, our society and religion, our literature and outlook on life are undergoing a tremendous change. A new soul of India is being born. And in this renaissance the new literary movement is the most potent factor. Even the absorbing political problem of India owes much of its depth and virility to the poets and writers. It is a spiritual as well as an intellectual movement. The Motherland is sacred to us. We are taught from our early childhood: "*Janani Janmabhumircha swargadapi gariashi*," i. e., "The Mother and the Motherland are higher than heaven itself." This naturally leads to morbid nationalism, but the new nationalism of India stands for something higher, nobler and purer. It seeks to unfold the soul of India for the strengthening of the dilapidating rocks of human liberty and the enrichment of human civilization.

Bande Matarani is the slogan of New India. It means "Hail Motherland!" And the soul-stirring song that bears the name is the leading national anthem of India. The best translation of this song is by an anonymous poet, and it runs as follows:

"Mother, hail!

Thou with sweet springs flowing,
Thou fair fruits bestowing,
Cool with zephyrs blowing,
Green with corn-crops growing,

Mother, hail!

"Thou of the shivering-joyous moon-blanced night,
Thou with fair groups of flowering tree-clumps bright,
Sweetly smiling
Speech-beguiling,
Pouring bliss and blessing;

Mother, hail!

"Though now three hundred million voices through thy mouth
sonorous shout,
Though twice three hundred million hands hold thy prowess out
Yet with all this power now,
Mother, wherefore powerless thou?
Holder thou of myriad might,
I salute thee, saviour bright,
Thou who dost all foes afright,

Mother, hail!

"Thou sole creed and wisdom art,
Thou our very mind and heart,
And the life-breath in our bodies.
Thou as strength in arms of men.

Thou as faith in hearts dost reign,
 And the form from fane to fane
 Thine, O Goddess!

“Lotus-throned one, rivalless,
 Radiant in thy spotlessness
 Thou whose fruits and waters bless,
 Mother, hail!

“Hail, thou verdant, unbeguiling,
 Hail, o decked one, sweetly smiling,
 Ever bearing,
 Ever rearing,
 Mother, hail!”

This song was written by Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyya about fifty years ago and it appears in a Bengali novel entitled *Ananda Math* (The Abbey of Bliss). When in his youth Rabindranath Tagore was being assailed on all sides for his voluptuous love lyrics, it was this great genius, the greatest of all Bengali novelists, who encouraged him and held him up before the public as the coming man in the literary world of Bengal. To-day Tagore is one of the greatest literary geniuses of the world, and has done a great deal for this new birth of India.

Indeed the songs of Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyya, Hem Chandra Bandopadhyya, Nabin Chandra Sen, Rabindranath Tagore and many others ploughed the national ground for the political workers to sow their seeds of patriotism in. And no poet in India has written a more exquisite group of patriotic poems than the ones that are written and composed by Rabindranath Tagore. A few insufficiently-informed American critics have called Tagore effeminate. But the trouble lies in the fact that it needs a little imagination to appreciate the virility of the subtle suggestions in Tagore's patriotic and other poems. Here we translate one which is rather plain-spoken:

“To thee, my Motherland, I dedicate my body; for thee I consecrate my life; for thee my eyes will weep and in thy praise my muse will sing.

“Though my arms are helpless and powerless, still they will do the deeds that can only serve thy cause; and though my sword is rusty with disgrace, still it shall sever thy chains of bondage, sweet mother of mine.

“Goddess, I know that the little blood I have in my veins cannot be of much service to thee; yet, be assured that I can shed every drop of it to wash away one iota of thy disgrace and to assuage thy sorrows.

“Mother dear, I know that my flute is not powerful in the least; and yet I shall deem myself fortunate if at its call even one lonely soul is awakened from its lethargic sleep.”

Rabindranath is not the only one in his family that has written stirring, patriotic poems to inspire the young and the old. The "Namo Hindusthan" of his niece Sarala Devi Chowdhurani is one of the most powerful of our national songs. Rabindranath's elder brother, Jyotirindranath Tagore, has been a propagandist for Indian nationalism from his early youth. He has written several splendid national songs, but the most popular one—the one that is quite often sung in mammoth procession in the streets of our cities, towns and villages may be translated as follows:

"March on, march on, ye children of the Motherland, for she calls, she calls!

"The Motherland calls, she calls! So march on, march on, ye children of the Motherland, and serve your country with heroic prowess and manly pride. Who else but a true son can unselfishly wipe away the tears from the eyes of the Mother?"

"Awake, arise! And sing ye in a chorus in praise of the Motherland, and say in unison: 'Mother, we sacrifice ourselves at thy feet.'

"Let your aims and ambitions be the same; inspire yourselves with new ideals and ever sing in newer tunes; mind not the flattery or the frown of the public, and hesitate not to dedicate yourself to the good, the permanent and the just.

"Unfurl, unfurl, ye children of the Motherland! Yes, unfurl the flag of unity between the contending creeds and parties and follow the same path in harmony, to crown our cause with success."

The majority of the women of India, like millions of men all over the world, are too busy with their family problems to give any thought to the vital problems of humanity in general and the nation in particular. So the women of India need awakening, as do the men, and it is being done by purdah mass meetings where special songs are sung and lectures delivered mostly by men—from outside the curtains. These meetings are generally opened by the following song of Dwaraakanath Gangopadhya. Even beggars sing this song nowadays as they beg from door to door. Translated it reads:

"Awake, arise, ye women of India! Unless you arise Mother India can never rise. So awake, dear sisters, awake, and be wives of heroes and give birth to heroic children.

"When you nurse them with the milk of your breast, pray tell them of the deeds of valor of our heroes of old, so that their pulses may quicken and their hearts may throb with legitimate pride.

"Unless you, the women of India, take this sacred vow, Mother India can never rise again. So awake, arise, ye women of India! Unless you rise, Mother India can never rise."

And listen how an awakened Hindu woman sings, Kamini Roy, one of our best poetesses and patriots. Such is the tune and the message of her song that multitudes are moved to tears when it is properly sung. In translation it reads:

"Come, come, my countrymen, and listen to the tale of my sweet dream and the words of my hope. The tears still linger in my eyes and yet the pain of my heart has disappeared.

"The night was dark and quiet, and I was floating on my tears. A mystic charm overpowered me, and I do not know when I fell fast asleep here for a while.

"I slept and dreamt—and I heard sacred hymns being solemnly sung on the banks of the Ganges and the Indus; and I heard the same on the banks of the Krishna and the Narmada, the Kavery and the Godavery.

"And I saw the children of the Motherland march with a divine glow in their faces. They looked powerful in unity and dignified in knowledge, and they marched as our heroic forefathers were wont to march in the heyday of our beloved Motherland.

"In the homes I saw the women fill baskets with fruits and flowers to welcome the victors; the heroic children were clapping their hands crimson; the maidens were weaving garlands for ovational sacraments and singing songs of victory in rapturous joy."

DEMOCRACY FOR OURSELVES.

BY ALICE EDGERTON.

TO permit the intellectual classes to talk gallantly about the war and abstract democracy is like leaving the farmers to cultivate red geraniums. There is no use now in talking about the war. Whether or not it is a war for democracy is as unimportant as the question who started it. It is a war; and we all contend—or did contend before we had a war of our own—that war should end as quickly and recur as seldom as possible. But with all our loose talk and high fervor, we are working ourselves into a desire to fight to the bitterest end. Furthermore, it is a war in the name of democracy, and we have neither the institution nor the spirit of democracy. But now that democracy is the fashion, we may be able to give the word some meaning, to prepare the soil for the growth of democracy after the war.

Some of us should be denied the luxury of large talk about the patriotism and glory and sacrifice of war and be assigned to the tough task of reminding the United States that war is black. We