

But I shall not only remember Delhi by the dust and heat of June. I shall remember the perfect weather of winter; the lovely haze of early morning on the Red Fort, Jama Masjid and the Secretariat; the riot of colour in the Rashtrapati Bhavan gardens; the Republic Day Parade, which must surely be the most colourful national day parade in the world; the Beating of the Retreat in Great Place; walking in Chandni Chowk on election day; walks along the river bank from Humayun's Tomb to Okla.

There are two things I shall remember most vividly. The first are the visits I have made so often when the moon is full to Humayun's Tomb, Khab Minar and Tughlakabad. The second, the walks which I have taken so many mornings before I start work. Along Aurangzeb Road, down Janpath to York Place, and up York Road to Aurangzeb Road again. The children going to school, the bicycles, the bullock carts and, above all, the Rajasthan coolie women walking from their hovels to their hard work of building the new Delhi. Walking with magnificent carriage in their gaily coloured clothes, chattering, laughing, sometimes singing.

The Rajasthan coolie women of Delhi are to me a symbol, not only of Delhi, but of India. They come from the heart of India, its villages. They are those villagers whom Rabindranath Tagore described as "eternal tenants in an extortionate world, having nothing of their own". But they are not broken by their poverty or their hard work. They go from their hovels to their work in dignity and in gaiety. It is this dignity and gaiety that make them rich in spite of their poverty.

And it is the dignity and gaiety of the mass of the people of India which make India rich - not just the wisdom of its teachers and saints and scholars, and the beauty of its landscapes, its monuments and its shrines.

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When I was home in Canada two years ago, I spoke about the voyage of discovery of India which I had been making for the previous two and a half years. I shall conclude this speech with some of the words I then spoke.

I said: "Today the mind and the spirit of India are cabined, cribbed, confined, by grinding poverty - poverty deeper and more pervasive than can be imagined by anyone who has not seen it with his own eyes."

I spoke of the interest of the whole world in the preservation of the culture of India and in its flowering. I said, "It is an ancient and a rich culture, a culture with a tolerant and a humane tradition. It has contributed to the