

comes the thought of caste. How will Mr. Maitra reconcile the existence of millions of "untouchables" with the vision of the "Oneness of all Humanity." The author does not avoid the issue, and boldly but futilely argues that "caste is unity." He proclaims "the true ideal of caste" as "an extension of the Hindu family ideal, where each has his rightful place and privileges, and where the ideal of all is service for all."

**W**E are told "caste has preserved the life and ideal of the Hindu race." But have men the right to attain to spiritual heights upon the labour and indignities of their fellow-men? As a matter of fact, is it possible that spirituality can be obtained by trampling on humanity? It is no answer to say that the Brahmin top caste man has "nothing for the morrow. By culture and tradition he lives by faith. He trusts in God and God feeds him." The plain truth is that beneath the saintly Brahmin, the valiant Kshatriya, and the commercial Vaisya, lies the no caste Sudras, the non-Aryan, who is consigned by Hinduism to perpetual drudgery and unintelligence. Mr. Maitra displays a consciousness of the weakness of his defence of the caste system, and in this, the weakest chapter of his good book, seeks to defend, explain, and excuse caste divisions, finally falling upon the devilishly outworn tuquoque argument. "India has caste; the West has class. Caste is internal; class external. Caste is cultural and spiritual, its ideal, mutual obligation and service. Class is credal and material, based on arbitrary ideas of superiority and maternal power. Class feeling dominates everywhere in the West. In India, with all our caste, there was never either class feeling or race antagonism."

The author tells his English readers that the condition of the Sudra is not as bad as has been painted, and wonders if they "have any idea of what Hindu caste really is." Yes, we know the meaning of caste. And we have our information, not from Europeans or Americans, who do not know the "real India." We have it from Hindu teachers like Lajpat Rai, the courageous spokesman of the Hindu nationalist movement. This distinguished Indian humanist says,

in an interesting book, "The Arya Samaj," by Longmans, Green & Co.:

"No slavery is more harmful than that of mind, and no sin is greater than to keep human beings in perpetual bondage. It is bad enough to enslave people, but to create and perpetuate circumstances which prevent them from breaking their chains and becoming free, is infamous. No man or number of men have a right to do this, and they deserve the severest condemnation of all who have a conscience. It is my firm conviction that injustice and oppression of fellow-men, the attempt to stifle legitimate human ambition, the desire to keep people down in order to profit by their misfortune, is sure to react on the authors and agents thereof, and that nothing can save them from a similar fate sooner or later except a timely consciousness of the gravity of their sin and a vigorous attempt to atone for it by undoing the mischief wrought."

And we know, also, from Mr. Lajpat Rai, that the orthodox party, the defenders of caste, have threatened to out-caste Hindus who are attempting to feed, educate, raise and admit into Hindu society, "the depressed classes and untouchables," and we know still further that the orthodox Hindus in their despair at the success of the reform school "pour out the vials of their wrath upon the untouchables and persecute them."

**H**INDUISM, the world-ideal, gives to the West a breath of spirituality, but not until India's philosophy has ironed out its basic inconsistencies will it be generally acceptable as superior to our own. There is something radically wrong with the spiritual culture of men who deny access to their culture, to those "who by race and tradition were inferior." "True, only the Brahmins, Kshatriyas, and Vaisyas could read; the Vedas and the Sudras were debarred," admits Mr. Maitra. "One does not give higher mathematics to children," he reasons, but unfortunately for the argument, all Sudras are not children, and some Brahmins are little better than children. Undoubtedly, the Sudras are the unintelligent of India, but it is not merely the blood of their non-Aryan ancestors that has made them so; it is their

Hindu enforced debilitating environment. Mr. Maitra cannot make out a case for India's vision of the Oneness of all Humanity within the covers of a book which defends the depression of the Sudras. Mr. Lajpat Rai, who, by the way, has just written a new book, "Young India," published by B. W. Huebsch, of New York, is in a different position. The Arya-Samaj, of which he is a leader, has recognized the fatal weakness of preaching a brotherhood of man which does not include the Sudras. The Arya Samaj would purge India of the caste system which, like a pestilential pool lying in a beautiful meadow, mars the landscape and threatens the higher forms of life within its influence.

But it is not for Western hands to throw stones with impunity at the Eastern spiritual structure. If the dharma of the East is not acceptable to the West, it must be remembered that the dharma of the West does not appeal to the East. There are several thousand Hindus in Canada, most of them have been in this country for years, and few, very few, are professed Christians. I once asked a Hindu friend for an explanation of the failure of his countrymen to accept Christianity in Canada.

"We do not like your dharma," was his reply, and shortly afterwards, feeling that his spiritual and moral ideals were becoming undermined by the corruption and selfish materialism of this land, my friend returned to his poverty-stricken village home in India. I can see him now, with knotted brow, trying to reconcile the selfish lives of Christians with the beautiful teachings of their self-proclaimed Master.

And in the same way the readers of Mr. Maitra's book will seek in vain to fit the orthodox treatment of the degraded, but God-made Sudra into the following paragraph from "Hinduism, the World-Ideal":

"The Hindu has not forgotten the basis of his love. He has seen his own self in the self of others. He has so idealized that self-identification that there are certain cults, the followers of which when they come to any house and knock at the door, if from within it is asked, 'Who are you?' reply, 'It is thyself.' This is in truth the kernel of Hindu brotherhood."

## ENGLAND'S GOD-SPEED TO DEVONSHIRE



**T**HE freedom of the city of Eastbourne was conferred on Canada's new Governor-General shortly before he sailed for this country. Behind him stands Eastbourne's Mayor in ceremonial robes. Before him—Canada, with little ceremony. The arrival of a new Governor-General is not unlike the first meeting of the Chinese bride with her Chinese husband. It is true that we in Canada are in the position of a widow in the matter of Governor-Generals—we are the relict of many vice-regal protectors. But in the matter of sensitivity and formality the figure holds good. On the one hand, the Duke of Devonshire's fancy must be won. On the other hand he must—and will—achieve our respect and affection. While no one entertains any doubts on these points, the occasion of our introduction, each to the other, is nevertheless important. Victor Christian William Cavendish, of Chatsworth House and Hardwick Hall in Derbyshire, and of Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire, and of Compton Place in Eastbourne, and of Lismore Castle in Waterford (to say nothing of his work-a-day address at 78 Piccadilly W.) is a typical Cavendish. He has not hitherto set anything on fire by his genius, and it is doubtful if he would make the effort even though he felt the flame within. He is of that excellent British type which conceives it his duty to serve God and King—without ostentation. He rides and reads. He fulfils quietly but with great tact the usual calls upon his time. He takes pride in his acres—186,000 of them—and in his picture gallery. He has two sons and five daughters. His wife was Lady Evelyn Emily Mary Fitzmaurice, daughter of the 5th Marquis of Lansdowne. As this is written his ship approaches our coasts. His welcome is as sincere as our regret for the departure of his predecessor is great. If he finds that the pomp and pageantry of Bucktown on the Bond River or Wahago on the Saskatchewan are not quite in the Eastbourne class for decoration, he will please to have patience.