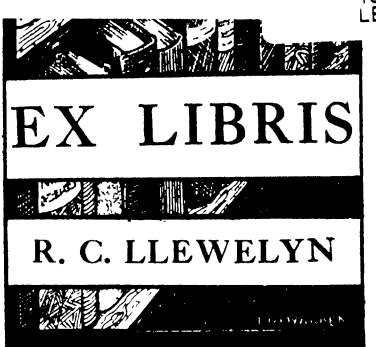

C. F. ANDREWS

MINISTER OF RECONCILIATION

By the Same Author

THE CASE FOR INDIA
THE CROSS MOVES EAST
G. K. GOKHALE
THE WARFARE OF RECONCILIATION
AN INDIAN PEASANT MYSTIC
VILLAGE SONGS OF WESTERN INDIA
DIGGING WITH THE UNEMPLOYED
THE WAY OF ST. FRANCIS
DIGGING FOR A NEW ENGLAND
HOW CHRIST MET AGGRESSION
PRAYER AND THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION
INDIAN DAWN
ETC.

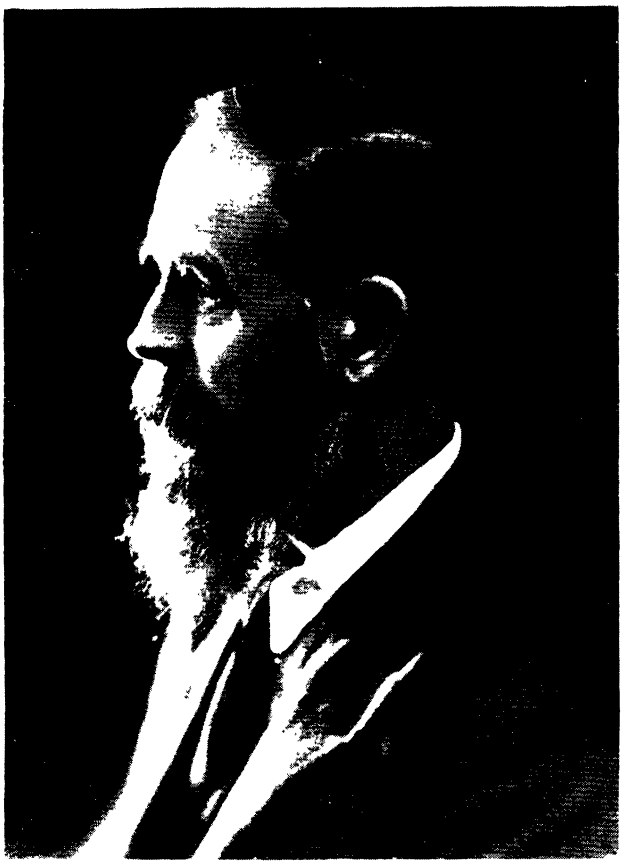

Photo by A. Wells, Birmingham

CHARLES FRIER ANDREWS
1871–1940

C. F. ANDREWS

MINISTER OF RECONCILIATION

By

JOHN S. HOYLAND

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FOREWORD

THIS little book does not purport to be a 'Life' of C. F. Andrews. It is doubtful indeed, whether an adequate account of his career will ever be possible, because his activities on behalf of suffering humanity were so extraordinarily varied, and the details of them have been forgotten even by himself.

All that has been intended in the writing of these pages has been the paying of an offering of friendship, to one who has caused many of us to believe, by the quality of his friendship, in the reality of the indwelling Spirit of Christ, as a personal force which may transform humanity into the mirror of Christ.

Acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., for the quotations made from Tagore's *Gitanjali*.

J. S. H.
Work Camp Clearing House,
Woodbrooke Settlement,
Selly Oak Colleges,
Birmingham.

March 12th, 1940.

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C. F. ANDREWS
MINISTER OF RECONCILIATION

CHAPTER I

1913: THE GURUKULA

LATE in 1912 I went out to India as a young missionary. My father had been a member of a Quaker missionary deputation to India some years before. During a visit to Delhi he had become acquainted with C. F. Andrews, an Anglican clergyman working as a missionary professor in St. Stephen's College there, and had been deeply impressed by his spirit and character. He was able to arrange that I should spend the first months of my life in India with C. F. Andrews at Delhi, learning the Urdu language from a delightful old Indian teacher, and learning many more important things from C.F.A. himself. I lived in the family of the Indian Principal of St. Stephen's College, Dr. S. K. Rudra. This experience was in itself an invaluable introduction to the study of the problems of reconciliation as they affect Northern India, for S. K. Rudra was not merely a College Principal, he was a Christian statesman, and in addition a man of extraordinary charm of personality.

The main principles behind C. F. Andrews' conceptions of reconciliation were already by that time abundantly evident. He believed in what may be called the

extension of the principle of the Incarnation, in the sense of self-identification with the needs and problems of the estranged people, in this case the Indians, and especially with the needs and problems of the poorest amongst them—those who were most obviously and cruelly the victims of exploitation and oppression. He was at that time also thinking out the best method of action in view of this self-identification. He was becoming dissatisfied with the station of superiority automatically conferred upon him by his position as a missionary professor, and he was experimenting with what was afterwards to become one of his most notable and fruitful lines of action, the work of the small team of Franciscanly-minded ministers of reconciliation, concerned to serve some particular situation of distress, oppression or hatred. Later this method of action was destined to develop into the general conception of a Ministry of Reconciliation.

The phrase 'Franciscanly-minded' has just been used. By this it is intended to signify people who, in the spirit of Christ's sacrament of the Feet-washing, and of the life and example of St. Francis, have perceived that their part in the service of reconciliation is best performed by means of manual and menial service, without material reward.

Just as St. Francis sent out his little groups of young people, over a war-torn world, to build creative peace by working with their hands, without pay, on the fields of impoverished peasants, or for the suffering lepers in the leper-houses, so later on C. F. Andrews was to inspire the sending out of very numerous similar teams (in 1939 there were, for instance, at least two hundred of these teams known to have been at work in England alone). Just as the original Franciscan work of this character, starting in one small city, and dealing with local problems of class-estrangement and the need of

reconciliation between hostile factions, spread first all over Italy, reconciling hostility between rich and poor, Imperialist and Papalist, and then spread far beyond, reconciling French with English and German with Italian, always by the same method of humble unpaid manual service, so the movement inspired by C. F. Andrews was destined to spread, from Delhi to the far ends of the earth.

Moreover, just as the early Franciscans brought by their spirit, not merely joy but a new creative Christian civilization, to which we still owe immeasurable benefits, so the movement initiated by C. F. Andrews was to bring joy and newness of life, not merely to oppressed Indian coolies in Assam or Fiji or South Africa, but to unnumbered others in far-off countries. And the movement is as yet only begun. We have only made the most tentative and fumbling beginnings at the working out of C.F.A.'s master-idea of the Ministry of Reconciliation.

One thing which immediately struck anyone coming for the first time into contact with C. F. Andrews, and which continued to impress his friends year after year, was his unshakeable belief in men, even in the most wretched, down-trodden and apparently worthless men. He seemed absolutely confident that somewhere in them there was hidden an element intensely worthwhile and precious, a spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice which might be 'reached' and called into activity in such a manner as eventually to control their whole lives. In his contact with men of every type he had a genius for appealing to this 'Divine Witness' in them. He did it partly by his candid and friendly approach; partly by the evident existence of the same spirit in himself; partly by Franciscan action of the kind already mentioned, little unostentatious actions of very ordinary service, which yet shone out like stars when

performed by a member of the ruling race towards the victims of exploitation and dominance.

This side of C.F.A.'s belief and activity was strikingly exemplified when he first reached South Africa at the end of 1913, or the beginning of 1914. There is in India a well-known gesture which expresses the willingness to take this attitude and to perform what we in the West would call Franciscan service on behalf of another person. It is the gesture of bending down and touching the feet of the one to whom such service is offered. It is also a gesture of reverence, affirming belief in and acknowledgment of the Divine element in others.

As he stepped ashore at Durban, C.F.A. was met by Mr. Gandhi, who had only recently come into prominence in connection with his work for the oppressed Indian labourers in South Africa. C.F.A. made this gesture to Mr. Gandhi. Immediately a howl of indignation went up throughout South Africa. C.F.A. was accused of letting down the white race. The feeling aroused was intense. But in that action two spiritual worlds met, the world of race-dominance, and the world of Franciscan service; and service vanquished dominance.

Mention has been made above of the fact that by 1912, C. F. Andrews was already experimenting with the method of action which was to become later characteristic of him, as of St. Francis and a Greater than St. Francis, in the effort to reach and raise up the Divine Witness in men through humble service. This was the method of sending, or rather going with, small teams of people desirous to do such Franciscan work, in a spirit of self-identifying service for the sufferers from some particular disaster, or form of oppression, or expression of hatred and hostility. Later on, this form of action was to develop into C.F.A.'s conception of the Ministry of Reconciliation.

Early in 1913 he undertook what may perhaps be called an exploratory expedition in this method of action. With one other, S. K. Rudra's son, I was fortunate enough to have a place in this expedition, as a young companion to C.F.A. himself, a member of his team of three.

In those days the spearhead of the nationalist movement in India was formed by the Arya Samaj. This organization, which flourished chiefly amongst the martial races of North Western India, was fanatically religious in its outlook and policy—times have changed since then in India! It formed indeed a sort of fundamentalist *bloc* within Hinduism,[1] though it was strongly opposed to the existing caste-system. Its leader, and subsequent historian, Lala Lajpat Rai, was at that time serving a long term of imprisonment for what were regarded by the British Government as seditious activities; and the Arya Samaj as a whole was looked askance upon by the authorities as fundamentally 'disloyal'. In India religion and politics are often one and the same thing: a revival of Hinduism almost inevitably expresses itself under one phase as a revival of Indian nationalism. I shall never forget the astonishment of my Indian students when about the year 1921 a distinguished English statesman declared that it was impossible to apply the precepts of the Christian religion to the government of Ireland. It seemed to them incredible that any responsible leader should publicly declare, whatever he might privately think, his opinion that religion and politics could be thus divorced.

Thus the Arya Samaj was regarded as hostile, and as dangerously hostile, by British opinion in India, both missionary and administrative; for the Arya

[1] For example all modern scientific inventions were supposed to have been foreshadowed in the ancient Vedas.

Samaj stood in the first place for a revived Hinduism and in the second place for a revived and reinforced sentiment of Indian nationalism.

This situation formed an opportunity for C. F. Andrews to try out his methods of reconciliation. He decided that he must go to the heart of the business, by living for a time in a spirit of service in the heart of the 'enemies'' camp, and by trying through self-identifying good-will to 'reach the Divine Witness' in them.

He decided to go in a team of three, and he took Shudhir Rudra and myself as the other two members of the team. Our destination was the training-school of the Arya Samaj, where their leaders were prepared for a life of self-sacrifice and 'agitation'. This training-school was called the Gurukula, and was situated near the city of Hardwar, where the sacred Ganges river debouches from the Himalayas into the plains.

We spent perhaps a week at the Gurukula; and every instant of that memorable time was full of invaluable instruction to a youngster like myself regarding the Franciscan attitude and the workings of the spirit of reconciliation. I have since believed that the experience gained by C. F. Andrews on this occasion, and no doubt on various other occasions like it, led to his adopting the same methods in the famous campaign against indenture which began early the next year, and in numerous other similar campaigns during subsequent years.

At the Gurukula C.F.A. identified himself, in the first place, with those whom he had come to serve. He became an Indian amongst Indians. He had not as yet adopted Indian dress (this was to come later); but he ate Indian food: he adopted Indian customs: above all in his attitude he gave evidence, moment by moment, of his humble-spirited desire to learn from and to understand the Indian point of view. The head

of the Gurukula at that time was Mahatma Munshi Ram, who was later on to attain national fame as a leader of militant Hinduism. It was immensely instructive to listen to a conversation between these two great men. Munshi Ram was a magnificent figure of a man, with a thin ascetic face, and a huge hooked nose. He looked like an Afghan. Many, indeed most, of his ideas were poles asunder from those of C.F.A. He was very emphatic, sometimes definitely dogmatic, in his statement of his views. But C.F.A. listened patiently, made no comment on what was repellent, but took pains to bring out by further questioning and discussion what was of permanent value. In those conversations one could see 'that of God' in the intellectual and spiritual outfit of Mahatma Munshi Ram being reached, emphasised, developed, by the quiet and humble fashion in which C.F.A., ignoring the less worthy parts of his friend's views, asked for further information on and implied his deep interest in the more worthy parts. The two personalities acted and re-acted on each other in a remarkable way. Munshi Ram's personality was by far the more striking and in a sense 'effective'. C.F.A. was content to take a very secondary place, to sit back and listen most of the time, now and then throwing in a suggestion or asking a question which strengthened 'truth' in his friend. In this way 'truth' was vindicated and established, not Indian 'truth'. or British 'truth': not Hindu 'truth', or dogmatically Christian 'truth', but a new universal Truth.

It was an amazing experience to sit by, and to watch this process in operation.

I remember long discussions on the Arya Samaj educational system, as well as on the Arya Samaj views about the reformation of Hinduism from within. I remember even then being impressed by the thought

that this method of reformation from within might be the manner of working which the Spirit of God had chosen for the saving of India, through the gradual purging and elevating of indigenous systems of thought and practice by the impact of such personalities as that of C. F. Andrews. If such a process were to take place, it was obvious that an important part would have to be played by men prepared, as C.F.A. was prepared, to sit quietly at the feet of the leaders of Indian India, and to learn from them in such a fashion that whilst learning they would also teach, and teach not ostentatiously, but merely by the spirit in which they learnt.

We shared in the daily life of the Gurukula, rising very early, watching the classes at work (the pupils' course extended over sixteen years), and having many opportunities of becoming closely acquainted with, and learning from, other members of the staff as well as the Mahatma. Soon, I suppose, Shudhir Rudra and I were busy half-consciously putting into practice the lessons we had learnt from watching C.F.A.'s discussions with the Mahatma. The friendships thus made, and the lessons thus learned, were unforgettable.

Another experience stands out in my mind. It happened very early one morning. To the north of the Gurukula, which was situated in deep forest on the banks of the Ganges several miles from Hardwar, lay the foothills of the Himalayas. They were covered to their tops with forest. But I conceived the idea that if I climbed one of the highest of the neighbouring hills, I might be able to see the Snows; and I had never yet seen a snow mountain. Accordingly I got up early, ploughed my way uphill through the jungle for mile after mile (having an adventure with a huge antelope on the way), and at last, after a much longer journey than I had bargained for, found myself at the top of the first low range.

I looked North. At first I could see nothing but dust-haze. I was looking too low. Gradually my eyes went higher; and I saw the great range of the Snows, with the early sunlight upon them. I believe I fell on my knees, there on the hill-top, and gave thanks to God.

But looking back from this distance of time, I realize that, wonderful as was the view of the Snows before me, far more wonderful, and far more to be given thanks for, was the vision of a new way of life which was being given through the friendship of C. F. Andrews.

CHAPTER II

BROTHER OF THE POOR

THERE was one quality above others in the friendship of C. F. Andrews, and in his relationships with all kinds of men, which struck his friends with never-ending newness. It was his 'Enthusiasm of humanity'. He had an extraordinary faculty in the first place for discovering cases of need and distress, and in the second place for finding something wonderful and inspiring about the people thus in need.

Very numerous instances spring to one's mind, a few of which, from various epochs in his life, may be quoted. Each of his friends would give a different list of such cases. The total number of them must run into thousands, probably many thousands; for this was a settled attitude with C.F.A. through fifty years of strenuous life, in the course of which he was constantly moving about amongst people in need, in a great number of countries and in many parts of each country he visited.

One typical instance was the poor outcaste family in the Moplah country of South West India, which he visited I think in 1917. He was dressed at the time in Indian dress; and he approached the wretched hut where this family lived, in the course of an investigation into the needs of the outcastes in that part of India. He found no one outside the hut, so he stooped his head low, and went inside. Seeing, as she thought by the dress, a higher-caste Indian actually inside the hut,

the mother of the family set up a pitiable wailing, and would not be comforted. For some time C.F.A. was puzzled as to the cause of her distress. Then he found out that it was due to the fact that in that part of India, where the caste regulations are very harsh, if an outcaste has even unwittingly polluted a caste man, the outcaste is savagely punished. This is why the outcastes live in separate villages, may not use the streets where higher caste people live, and even in the open country, on seeing a higher caste person approaching along the road, will retire fifty yards into the fields at the side of the road, lest there should be any risk of their shadow falling upon and polluting the higher caste man. For if the higher caste man should have any cause to complain that he had been so polluted, the outcaste would at the very least be severely beaten.

The poor woman in question imagined that the tall 'twice-born', as she imagined him, had inadvertently entered her hut, thinking it was a higher-caste dwelling: and that she and her family would be cruelly punished in consequence. No wonder that she began to wail!

C.F.A. has told me that in spite of all his experience he had not till that time realized to the full the meaning of the caste system in Southern India. He was admitted by the incident into an appalling vision of suffering and tyranny affecting scores of millions of poor people. In the concrete instance before him he saw the matter summed up. The call of the need of these outcastes produced in him the immediate and as it were automatic reaction of 'the enthusiasm of humanity'. He saw not only their bitter need, but also their fine qualities: what could be made of them, given decent treatment: what they are worth in the sight of God. He discerned the Divine Witness itself in them. Sympathy with their sufferings was indissolubly connected with realization of 'that of God' in them, their divine and sacred

qualities, which sympathy and service could reach, and bring forth into active expression.

It was for this reason that C.F.A. was so immensely interested when a few years later, under the guidance and advice of Mr. Gandhi, the active movement within the heart of Hinduism for the reform of the caste system began to gather momentum. That movement first came into prominent notice through a famous campaign of *Satyagraha* (non-violent resistance to oppression) at a small town called Vykom in the State of Travancore. The outcastes hereabouts decided, by Mr. Gandhi's advice, to make a test case of their right to use a certain street, which led to a temple, and the houses at the sides of which were inhabited by high-caste people. They marched in procession down the street, and were jailed. More and more processions were organised, and there were more and more jailings, till all the State jails were full. Then the State authorities changed their tactics, and drew a cordon of police across the entrance to the street. Again by Mr. Gandhi's advice the outcastes stationed themselves close up against this police cordon, in the Indian attitude of prayer (i.e. with heads bowed and joined hands), waiting for it to give way. Relays were arranged. Thousands of volunteers came from far and near: a large camp was set up outside the town. The rains came: the street was flooded: the police got into boats: but the outcastes stood in deep water, still in the same attitude of supplication.

So matters continued, for a total space of no less than sixteen months. Immense interest was aroused, all over India. Cholera came to the outcaste camp: and a number of volunteers died.

Finally the State authorities gave way. The street was opened to outcastes; and an outcaste procession marched down it with all the honours of a bloodless war.

The incident proved to be a powerful precedent in the movement for the emancipation of the outcastes all over India.

A second instance of C. F. Andrews' 'enthusiasm of humanity' may be taken from the early months of 1914. Soon after he had landed in South Africa, he was visiting a sugar-plantation in company with Mr. Gandhi, as grim reports had come concerning the treatment meted out to the Indian indentured labourers on this estate. As they approached the estate an Indian coolie met them, and flung himself on the ground at Mr. Gandhi's feet, with a pitiful tale of sufferings endured. C.F.A. has frequently told us that in this coolie he suddenly saw summed up the full iniquity of the system of indenture. A deep and passionate desire sprang up in his heart to help the Indian labourers oppressed under the indenture system, as a result of seeing what that suffering meant in this one concrete case. He had originally gone to South Africa chiefly out of sympathy with the Indian cause, without any very direct conception of the economic significance of the situation. But when he saw this coolie's condition, and perceived what he had been through, his own duty *vis-à-vis* indenture became clear as crystal. He was born into the world to break it. And he worked steadily ahead till he broke it.

The incident shows how in the mind of this great lover of humanity, the personal and individual became an interpretation of the universal, *because he loved.* In that coolie he had seen not merely one oppressed and suffering human unit, not merely an individual in whom the Divine Witness was being silenced by oppression, and the Divine potentialities crushed out of sight; but also a summing-up of the wrongs and pain of millions of people, whom he himself must labour to save.

It was an episode similar to that which occurred when Elizabeth Fry, entering Newgate Prison, saw a woman with four children, whose husband had just been executed for a crime which would now be regarded as venial, and who was herself to be executed as soon as a fifth child should be born. In this woman, whom she tried in vain to save, Elizabeth Fry saw not merely a single oppressed human being whom she loved and in whom she found the Divine Witness ready to be reached, but also a symbol of a great wrong which must be righted, in this case the wrong of a vile and inhuman criminal code based on the supposed rights of property as supreme above human values, and punishing with death one hundred and eighty offences, the majority of them trivial misdemeanours against property.

Similarly, Father Damien saw in the boatload of lepers about to set off for Molokai the symbol of a vast mass of suffering, and knew that he must identify himself with that suffering, in order that by serving the lepers in humble ways he might help to end their suffering. His life and death, as a leper himself on the terrible leper-island, served to stab the world's conscience awake with regard to the alleviating of the horrors of leprosy, and to harness the world's best scientific skill to the task of finding a remedy.

Other instances could be taken of the same truth, and many of them. In order that some great wrong or horror may be ended, what is needed is the one human will, ready to be enlightened by the vision of what pain means in an individual case, and ready also to be consecrated to the cause of ending that pain. Given one such will, without any of the outward trappings of power, wealth or authority, God can work miracles.

C. F. Andrews had a will like this, ready to be enlightened and consecrated to the service of the world's

need. In consequence wherever he went, East and West, in the United States or in New Zealand, he seemed to possess an uncanny faculty of finding out cases of suffering, and an almost miraculous power of moving mountains to end that suffering.

Bound up with all this was the man's loveableness, his entire absence of any self-assertion, his willingness to do the most commonplace actions of service on behalf of his friends. It is impossible to put these things into words. The attempt to do so would merely make people who never knew him smile at what they would feel, no doubt rightly, to be trivialities. But the sum total of a life so lived was no triviality. It earned for C.F.A. the title given him later by Mr. Gandhi, the title by which he was known for twenty years all over India, *Dinabandhu*, Brother of the Poor. It meant that he stood out before the mind of Indian India immeasurably above all other representatives of the Christian way of life. It meant that he became for scores of millions of Hindus *the one typical Christian*, so that when any Indian was complaining about the race-pride or the superiority-feeling in other Christians, one had only to say, "Ah, but remember, there is always C. F. Andrews"; and the critic would at once realize that he had condemned Christianity as a whole too hastily: in spite of all its failings and its false representatives there was another side to it, a Witness of God in it, even though this was embodied in only one known man, C. F. Andrews.

It will never be possible to estimate what the existence in India of this one life, during so critical a period of transformation, has meant for Christ and for needy people and for the survival of a truly spiritually-based civilization.

When C.F.A. started his work in India, the attitude adopted by the majority of Christian missionaries in

relation to Hinduism was still that of the fly which goes straight for the sore place on the back of the donkey or the camel, and having settled there makes the trouble worse. The missionary technique *vis-à-vis* Hinduism was to point out with industrious care the weak places in Hindu philosophy, in Hindu practical ethics, in the personal character of Krishna and other Hindu deities, in the position of Hindu women, and so forth. By emphasising these reactionary features the missionary in the long run probably strengthened them, because the automatic response of his hearers was either to assert that the shady elements in question did not exist (and so leave them to work havoc undisturbed) or else actively to defend them. That this would be the normal type of reaction to such assaults may be recognized if we imagine a Hindu making similar attacks upon Christianity.

An attitude like this is a mistake not only psychologically, but also from the point of view of sound propaganda-tactics. It is also a sin against God and God's Holy Spirit, because instead of 'reaching to the Witness of God' in people, and raising up the good in them, it strengthens and reinforces the evil.

C. F. Andrews was one of the earliest exponents of the opposite line of action: and he was also by far the best known of them. He believed that in relation to systems of thought and faith, to whole vast civilizations, as well as to individuals, the truly Christian attitude is that which goes straight not to the worst but to the best, and strives to bring out and emphasise that best. He believed that by thus seeking for and striving to reach the Witness of God in these other systems, the good is automatically raised up, and the evil beaten down. He believed—and it has been a belief proved right a thousand times over during recent years in India—that there *is* an element of good even in the

most reactionary and depraved system; and that if this element is emphasized, the adherents of that system will gradually become ashamed of what is low and impure in their way of life and thought, and will themselves see to the task of removing it.

These things may seem axiomatic and over-obvious to-day; but when C. F. Andrews started his work in India they were assuredly not so. He had a gigantic mass of opposition to face, and he suffered under embittered resentment and obloquy from his own people. But gradually his method began to make headway, until under the efflux of time the old method of concentrating upon the disreputable became itself disreputable. Then was seen, in yet another sphere, the miracle which God can achieve through the one consecrated will. Hindus and Musalmans set strenuously to work to purge away the dross from their own systems. Regrettable elements—and not only in such simple and obvious issues as the number of Muhammad's wives or the adventures of Krishna with the milkmaids—were spiritualized and explained away. Far more important, vast immemorial citadels of cruelty and wrong, like untouchability or polygamy, were assaulted by the only people who can effectually change them, i.e. the Hindus, or the Musalmans, themselves.

This movement of reform and regeneration from within the ancient systems has by now gained such momentum and influence as to amount to a wide-reaching demonstration of the fact that this is the method by which the Spirit of God has chosen to save India, i.e. the method of purging and approximation to the standards of Christ achieved *from within.* It is hard even to recall the days when C. F. Andrews faced so bitter a storm of criticism and vituperation because he advocated, and practised, this method of approach.

But the lesson of his life is clear. The 'enthusiasm of humanity' applies not only to needy individuals, but also to great systems of thought and practice. We must go through the world seeking, and therefore finding, the 'Witness of God' not only in individual people who are in need, or are suffering under oppression, not only in our friends across the barriers of race and class, but also in the systems and institutions, and the thought-modes and alien views of truth, which govern their lives. Only so will a real and lasting peace be built, a peace that shall prove to be creative for the future, in the development of a new type of civilization founded not on exploitation, division, oppression and conflict between nation and nation, race and race, class and class, individual producer and individual producer, but on co-operation and good-will.

These words are written in war-time. The ideals they try to portray, and the life of the man they try to describe, may seem a far cry to-day. But the Spirit behind those ideals and that life is eternal; and wars and fightings end. Someday we shall come back to these eternal things, sadder and wiser men; and then we shall remember C. F. Andrews, as we seek to regain —or rather be regained—by that Spirit.

CHAPTER III

THE ETERNAL SPRINGTIME

C. F. ANDREWS was fond of quoting, in the original Greek (for he was a Greek scholar), the words of an early Christian writer who described love for Christ and faith in Him as 'an eternal Springtime.'

We have spoken hitherto of C.F.A.'s chief activity in life as that of seeking to reach the Witness of God in his friends and in the alien systems of thought in which his friends had been nurtured.

But the term 'God' is vague. There were people in the ancient world who worshipped the crocodile as God. A crocodile devoured one of my oldest Indian friends, and there is nothing really Godlike about crocodiles. It was compulsory in the ancient world also to worship men as God, bad men, emperors like Nero or Caligula. Men are still worshipped as God in some parts of the world to-day, even in countries where long-established culture and learning should have taught people better. Animals also are still worshipped as God; even diseases like small-pox are worshipped as God by primitive people who know no better.

Therefore it is not sufficient to say that C. F. Andrews went through the world seeking for the Witness of God in people's lives, and in their ways of thought, and finding what he sought, as he did find it, by means of humble Franciscan service.

He himself would have phrased his quest somewhat differently. He would have said that he was searching

for the Witness of Christ, or for the Witness of the Christlike God. And all that he found of good-will and faithfulness to truth, of self-sacrifice and genuine goodness, in his friends and in their systems of thought, he would have regarded as the work in their hearts of the Spirit of this Christlike God.

C.F.A. has written two memorable books about his attitude to Christ, *What I owe to Christ*, and *Christ in the Silence*. Reference must be made to these by those who are desirous of knowing how the Eternal Spring-time first broke forth in his heart, and how from that experience he was led on to a lifetime of seeking and finding Christ in men by means of friendship-in-action.

Here it may suffice to say that his love for Christ was simple and direct. He had read much theology and he continued to read it all his life; but his experience of the living power and friendship of Christ had not been dulled or formalized, still less professionalized, as is unfortunately so often the case, by these studies. He remained permanently in possession of the unquestioning trust in Christ as a living Friend and Leader which had first come to him as a boy in Birmingham. He was in daily communion with this Friend through his long periods of private prayer; and those who came into contact with him personally, were conscious of Christ acting and speaking direct to them through the human vehicle of his life.

This was perhaps the most marvellous thing of all about knowing C.F.A.—the way in which irresistibly one's thoughts were led beyond C.F.A. himself to his Master.

A Cambridge worthy of C.F.A.'s day spoke in one of his letters about a friend of his 'whose will seemed to be weak, but he had an iron will working through him.' In spite of all his gentleness, C.F.A.'s will

certainly was not weak. But it was true of his total personality, at any rate in one sense, that the man himself was weak, but that he had another Personality working through him. This does not mean that there was any psychological problem of divided personality about C.F.A., but just that he so expressed Christ, that in association with him our eyes were led beyond him to Christ. In a sense C.F.A. sank out of sight; and only Christ was left. We found ourselves with our eyes fixed upon Christ.

I have watched this process at work in many different circumstances, and I have come to believe that it was an extremely significant phenomenon. C.F.A. himself would certainly have given strenuous approval to it, if he had known what was happening. His innate humility and gentleness—no, innate is the wrong word, they were born of his communion with Christ—his Christ-given humility and gentleness would have told him, and did constantly tell him, to get himself out of the way, that men might see his Master instead of him. His earnest desire and prayer was that he might fade out of the picture, and Christ remain, visible and glorified. "Not I, but Christ," was the motto of his life. He preached and exalted Christ not so much by his words—he was definitely *not* a good preacher, either in Hindustani or in English—as by his actions and the total quality of his Franciscan friendship and service. Even this does not express his influence for Christ. The man's whole spirit showed forth Christ; his personality made Christ live before our eyes. These sound extravagant words; but men of many different races and nations, who have known C.F.A., would re-echo them. Yet, in saying them, once again it must be insisted that C.F.A. vanished out of sight, leaving Christ. We turned from our friend, perhaps sometimes with a smile or even occasionally with a gesture of

impatience (God forgive us), and fixed our eyes upon Christ, whom we had come to know so much better through our friend.

This was as it should have been; for 'Charlie' would have echoed from his heart the words of George Fox, "We are nothing, Christ is All."

C.F.A.'s love for Christ, and discipleship to Christ, were closely bound up with obedience. He was conscious, all through his strenuous life of service for others, of the guiding hand of Christ, leading him from cause to cause, from land to land, from needy individual to needy individual. But he would not have been conscious of this guidance and leadership, if he had not obeyed it. He often insisted upon the necessity of such obedience, and told us how, if we were once to allow ourselves to become slack in obeying the inner promptings of the Spirit of Christ, that slackness would grow upon us till it would come to blind our eyes and destroy our usefulness. We must be loyal to Christ's guidance even in the least things, and then the Master would lead us on into wider and wider spheres of service.

C.F.A.'s love for Christ shone through him in love for other people. During later years he was fond of quoting to his friends the words of an old negro, whom he once met in a southern region of the United States of America, where the negro race still lives under terrible economic distress, and in risk of outrage through lynchings. This old negro was much concerned about a young man who had been behaving in a wild and lawless manner, and was heading straight for serious trouble, which might involve others as well as himself. C.F.A. discussed with the old man various possible methods of bringing the young ne'er-do-well to his senses; but the old man, having rejected one line of action after another as impracticable, finally observed, "There's nothing for it but to love him through it."

That, in effect, was C.F.A.'s own recipe for all manner of difficult problems—perhaps problems involving millions of people, as well as difficult individuals. He was convinced that love, the love of Christ working through His servants, could find a solution for every problem, and a way of saving every individual. The one necessity was to keep close to Christ, that His love might act freely through us.

Closely connected with C.F.A.'s love for Christ, and obedience to Christ's leadership, was his detachment from material things. I suppose nearly all his old friends have inherited from time to time miscellaneous objects which 'Charlie' (as we always called him) bequeathed to us because he had himself passed beyond need of them. Books especially, then articles of clothing, shoes, pieces of luggage, all kinds of oddments. He would simply say, "I don't need this any more, you may like to read it, or use it; then hand it over to some needy person." This characteristic, which would have seemed odd and slightly embarrassing in some people, was merely symptomatic of the fact that C.F.A. sat very loose to this world's goods. He hated to be cluttered up with possessions. He had no acquisitive instinct. Not that he was exactly ascetic in his attitude. He valued good things in their place; but he was never mastered by them; and above all he would never permit them to hamper his mobility in the cause of Christ. Hence, when he felt himself called on to some fresh sphere of service, he gladly sloughed off these possessions and went on his way without them, rejoicing both to be rid of them and to be able to believe that they were being useful to somebody else.

This matter may seem trivial; but it is not so.

'Charlie's' devotional life, which lay at the basis of all his marvellous effectiveness for Christ and for His Kingdom, was largely centred, I believe, round the

Gospel of St. John. He has told some of us how he would take a few words as what he was wont to call 'a peg', on which to hang his meditation. For example, 'Let not your heart be troubled': or 'I am the Vine, ye are the branches': or 'Abide in me and I in you'. He would let his mind dwell quietly on the words in question: and then, through such silent waiting, there would rise into his consciousness the knowledge of the presence and the love of Christ. He gave all of us who knew him well, the impression of a man who dwelt very close to Christ, and who walked humbly and trustfully with Christ through life, overcoming difficulties one by one, as he met them, by the help and power of Christ, and ministering to one need after another, individual or wide-spreading, as the Spirit of Christ led him.

It is impossible to think of such a man as 'dying'. That spirit was built up through communion with Christ, until it showed Christ forth all day long and every day, in one Christ-revealing action after another. To such a spirit death can be but an incident. It is release from the toils of the body—and from the toils of a body cruelly hard-worked in Christ's service. It is the opening of doorways into the fulness of light, into the unclouded presence of the Master, into the opportunity of fuller and farther-reaching service for that Master.

"He is not the God of the dead, but of the living." In these words the One whom C. F. Andrews followed affirmed for ever His own knowledge of immortal life. Those whom God has loved, and who have loved and served God on this earth, go forward through death to the perfect vision and the perfect communion. The spirit which has shown Christ brokenly on earth, shall pass to the full knowledge of Him. The love which shone through our friend is eternal; for it is the

expression of the Love of Christ; and He is the Same, yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. As C.F.A. lost himself in the service of Christ, so he found eternal life, here and now, in Christ.

"We are nothing, Christ is all."

CHAPTER IV

1913: G. K. GOKHALE

LATE in 1913, a week or two after my marriage, I was back in Delhi, and was invited by C. F. Andrews to a great meeting which was to be held in a large hall in that city, such was to be addressed by the most distinguished Indian statesman of the day, the friend of John Morley, the Right Hon. Mr. G. K. Gokhale. The subject of the meeting was the position of the Indian emigrants in South Africa, about which I then knew nothing.

Mr. Gokhale was a magnificent orator. He spoke the English language with classical and silvery eloquence. He addressed a very large audience, with restrained yet very impressive feeling, on the wrongs which their fellow-countrymen suffered in South Africa under the system of indenture, and especially under the recent invidious legal decision against Indian marriages, which had had the effect of rendering all Indian married women in South Africa prostitutes, and their children illegitimate.

Mr. Gokhale also told us about the passive resistance march, which had been organized by an Indian lawyer in South Africa, Mr. M. K. Gandhi. He was leading between two and three thousand Indian coal-miners, from a place called Newcastle, in Natal, in a march of protest against the Union Government's obnoxious anti-Indian legislation, some two hundred miles across the veldt to Johannesburg. The resources of the

movement were extremely slender, and we were asked to contribute what we could, that the marchers might not starve by the way.

This passive resistance march was the first major occasion upon which Mr. Gandhi used his new-old technique of Satyagraha (non-violent resistance to evil). The marchers were drilled in the idea that whatever happened to them, they must not resist by any form of violence. They must accept patiently police-charges, imprisonment, even death, if that came. They were told that only through self-chosen, patient suffering could the great mountain of wrong under which the Indians groaned in South Africa be removed.

Actually, the protest march was not allowed by the South African government to reach Johannesburg. The protesters were arrested *en masse* before they reached the city, and imprisoned. But the feeling aroused in India by the day-to-day news of the march had been so intense that responsible authorities became convinced that any form of victimization was unwise, not only from the point of view of Indian opinion in South Africa, but also from the point of view of opinion in India itself and in England. The anti-Indian legislation in South Africa was perceived, even by quite hard-boiled statesmen in the three countries, first to be 'unfortunate', then not to be worth making a fuss about, then to be disreputable. It was quietly withdrawn.

It goes without saying that if Mr. Gandhi had not managed to discipline his band of coal-miners so thoroughly, i.e. if at any time during the march they had resisted the police, or if they had yielded to their very severe hunger and taken food which was not their own, the whole movement would have failed. They would have broken their principle of non-violence, and unlimited force could have been jubilantly

employed against them by the authorities. They would have become merely rioters, instead of passive resisters.

Probably the chief risk of such a breakdown of the movement lay in the realm of the commissariat. Mr. Gandhi has a staunch and unfaltering faith in God. He believed that his movement was right, and that God would look after supplies. He knew the risk he was taking in marching his motley crowd of ignorant labourers across country without adequate food arrangements. But he was not going to confess his lack of faith in God by holding up a movement which he felt to be essential if justice were to be done.

Hence the importance of such meetings as that addressed by Mr. G. K. Gokhale in Delhi. They gathered funds to support the march. It was fortunate, however, that Mr. Gandhi did not have to rely entirely on such help coming from a distance of many thousands of miles, and coming tardily; for it takes time to raise money—or did in those days—from the poverty-stricken population of India. The most extraordinary generosity was shown to the marchers in South Africa itself, especially (but not exclusively) by Indian traders and other sympathizers living in the towns and villages through which the march passed. The marchers went on their way hungry and weary indeed, but they did not starve.

An intense feeling of sympathy for the Satyagrahis in South Africa was aroused at Gokhale's meeting in Delhi, especially amongst the student section of the audience, with whom I was myself sitting. At the end of the meeting C. F. Andrews gave the whole of his life's savings to the cause of the oppressed Indians in South Africa, and decided that it was his duty to give up his post as a professor in St. Stephen's

College, Delhi, and to go out to South Africa in order to see what he could do to help Mr. Gandhi and his movement.

At the same meeting there had been present Mr. W. W. Pearson, a distant relative of my own, whom I had known at Schoolboy Camps in England, and had later come to know very well indeed in Delhi. He had been a missionary in Bengal for some years; but in 1913 he was doing private educational work in Delhi, close to St. Stephen's College, at which he was a frequent visitor. He had a small house situated in a very beautiful garden, where unfortunately he was plagued with monkeys. These ingenious beasts even used to enter the house and destroy Willie Pearson's property inside. On one occasion he came home to observe a very large ape seated on the roof of his house, where it was employed in busily tearing to pieces a large roll of cloth which he had bought to supply winter clothing for some Indian friends of his, who had no warm things. On another occasion he returned to see another monkey seated on the roof, solemnly pouring one by one the pills out of a bottle, which he had purloined from the bathroom, and eating them with relish. The monkey went right through the bottle; and Willie Pearson's only solace was the thought that they were Cascara pills!

Pearson finally disposed of these unwelcome visitors in an ingenious and non-violent manner (monkeys are sacred, and must not be harmed). They used to roost at night in a very large *peepul* tree near Willie's house. He bought a large number of big and effective Roman candles—the sort of firework which emits a fountain of stars each of which ends in a loud bang. These Roman candles were arranged in a circle round underneath the tree. Late at night, when the monkeys were safely asleep high up in the branches, a number of

Willie's friends tip-toed out, and fired the candles. The tree was filled with constellations of stars, and then came a fusillade of loud bangs. Amongst the branches could be seen the startled furry faces of the monkeys. They left tumultuously, and at once, and returned no more!

Willie Pearson was as much affected by Gokhale's meeting as C. F. Andrews. He also felt the call to go to South Africa to help the Indian cause. They arranged to go together. Thus the famous team of two was formed, which was destined to break Indenture.

I was present the next morning, early, at a conference between C. F. Andrews and Mr. Gokhale regarding the South African situation. It was held in the small room allotted to Mr. Gokhale as a distinguished member of the Indian legislature, in the old Viceregal Palace. Mr. Gokhale, who had only a little more than a year of life ahead of him, looked very ill and exhausted after his great effort on the previous evening. I do not remember the details of the conference, but I believe it turned on the best manner of supporting from India Mr. Gandhi's passive resistance struggle, and on C.F.A.'s forthcoming expedition to South Africa for that purpose. I do not think that the anti-indenture struggle was yet recognized as the main matter in hand. It was an unforgettable experience to see these two great men, each a statesman, though in very different spheres, planning together for action which was to be decisive for the emancipation of oppressed Indians, and not only in South Africa.

Shortly afterwards C. F. Andrews and W. W. Pearson left for South Africa. They had a dreadfully tedious and uncomfortable voyage, and by the time they reached Durban the first phase of Mr. Gandhi's Satyagraha campaign was triumphantly concluded.

In conference with Mr. Gandhi it soon became clear that the stronghold of reaction in South Africa, in regard to the position of Indians, was the whole system of Indenture; and it was resolved that this should be attacked.

CHAPTER V

ANTI-INDENTURE

THE events just recorded, from late in 1913, illustrate two striking characteristics in C. F. Andrews, which made him as effective a force as he was in combating injustice and oppression.

In the first place, his mobility. He was destined to spend almost the whole of the rest of his life moving from place to place—with brief periods of rest like his year with us at Woodbrooke in 1932–3. As one great human need after another came to his notice, he would pull up the roots which attached him to Delhi, or Shantiniketan, or Cambridge, or Woodbrooke, and be off across the world to see what he could do to help. This was not just restlessness. It was the realization of the call of God brought to him in the fact of human suffering. It was obedience to that call, based in an immense sympathy, which drove him to give himself to the utmost in the relief of such suffering. He was sensitive beyond most other men to the promptings of the Spirit of God in his soul: he was obedient beyond most men to these promptings: and he was convinced beyond most men that they come to us by means of the realization of the needs and sufferings of individual victims of cruelty and want. He was a knight-errant of active compassion. When he heard of suffering, he must be there on the spot, at the first possible moment, to help in alleviating it. So he posted off, on what 'candid friends' called yet another wild-goose chase;

but what turned out to be yet another wonderfully successful crusade for the righting of wrong and the ending of misery and despair.

In the second place those events late in 1913 show how loosely Charlie held his worldly goods. He was ready to give them up wholesale at the call of Christ and of the world's need. There is an ancient tradition in India that after twenty-five years as a student and then twenty-five years as a householder, a man at the age of fifty, 'when he has held his first grandchild on his knee', should abandon all earthly affairs, and taking the begging-bowl and the wandering ascetic's yellow robe, go forth into the world penniless in search of God. C.F.A. was forty-two when he took his decisive step, gave away his life's savings, surrendered his employment, and became a wanderer over the earth for the sake of Christ and humanity.

Not very long before that time Mr. Gandhi, as he told us many years later at Woodbroke, had made a similar renunciation. He had come, coolly and deliberately, to the conclusion that it was his duty never again so long as he lived to call anything his own. He had given his personal property away; and had begun to live a strictly community life. He said to us, "I am a man with immense resources at my command, and I own absolutely nothing. From the night in 1913 when I made that decision there came into my life freedom, power and joy. If you would know these things, you must tread the same path."

A somewhat similar decision will be found somewhere in the life-story of most of the great lovers and helpers of humanity. The call has come to them, and has been obeyed, "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come, follow me."

Thus Charlie entered upon his real life-work, that

long Crusade which was to lead him through such sufferings and privations to the help of oppressed humanity in so many lands, and to make him to scores of millions *the* Christian *par excellence.*

The system of Indenture represented an extension of slavery in the British Empire for (at that time) eighty years after slavery had been nominally abolished. Labour agents in India recruited ignorant labourers for indentured service in Assam, Fiji, South Africa, British Guiana and other areas, frequently by methods which would not bear examination. On landing in the distant country the wretched victims of the system often found themselves plunged into hopeless debt, and compelled to renew their five-year contracts again and again without any prospect of getting free from their burdens. The moral conditions were appalling, largely as the result of the vastly greater number of men recruited as compared with women. Any form of strike action, in protest against conditions of labour, hours and pay, which were intolerable, was liable to be treated with summary imprisonment, or worse, as a criminal offence. There was no redress, and no hope of emancipation. The consequence was, for many thousands of indentured labourers, a peculiarly dreadful form of slavery, in some ways worse indeed than the old chattel slavery. Under chattel slavery it is at least in the interests of the slave-owner to see that his slaves are kept fit and well; for they are his own property, and if they fall ill and cannot work, he is the loser. So he must feed them adequately, and give them sufficient leisure. But under indenture the coolie was compelled to work, and yet was not his master's property. It was in no one's interest to look after his physical condition, and to see that he was happy enough to work well. If he died, or fell permanently ill, there was a plentiful supply of similar victims to be obtained.

His researches in South Africa, in company with Mr. Gandhi, into the real conditions under which the indentured labourers lived, convinced C. F. Andrews that it was a waste of time, or worse, to attempt to tinker with the system. The thing as a whole was radically evil, and must be brought to an end.

It will be well at this point to quote at length from a speech made on the subject of Indenture by Mr. Gokhale to the Indian Imperial Legislative Council somewhat before the period which we have now reached.

"I do not think it is necessary to describe to this Council at any length what this system really is. Its principal features may roughly be stated to be six in number. Under this system, those who are recruited bind themselves, first, to go to a distant and unknown land, the language, usages and customs of which they do not know, and where they have no friends or relatives. Secondly, they bind themselves to work there for any employer to whom they may be allotted, whom they do not know and who does not know them, and in whose choice they have no voice. Thirdly, they bind themselves to live there on the estate of the employer, they must not go anywhere without a written permit, and must do whatever tasks are assigned to them, no matter how irksome those tasks may be. Fourthly, the binding is for a certain fixed period, usually five years, during which time they cannot voluntarily withdraw from their contract and have no means of escaping from its hardships, however intolerable. Fifthly, they bind themselves to work during the period for a fixed wage, which invariably is lower, and in some cases very much lower, than the wage paid to free labour around them. And sixthly and lastly, and this is to my mind the worst feature of the system,

they are placed under a special law, never explained to them before they left the country, and which is in a language which they do not understand, and which imposes on them a criminal liability for the most trivial breaches of the contract, in place of the civil liability which usually attaches to such breaches. Thus they are liable under the law to imprisonment with hard labour, which may extend to two and in some cases to three months, not only for fraud, not only for deception, but for negligence, for carelessness, and—will the Council believe it?—for even an impertinent word or gesture to the manager or his overseers."

It is hard for us, looking back from what is, comparatively speaking, a brief period of time, to believe that our fellow-citizens in the British Empire suffered under this form of legalised tyranny so recently, and in such vast numbers. Indenture formed indeed a concrete illustration of what the lust for profits will do to human beings, if it is given the power. It constituted a vast system of intolerable oppression, buttressed by international finance, smiled upon by governments, enforced by police and armies, and apparently impregnable, in many different parts of the world. The lengths to which governments would go in the support of that system are evidenced by what happened in South Africa after Mr. Gandhi's protest-marchers had been arrested *en masse* near Johannesburg. As has already been said, they were coal-miners. They were sent back to their mines at Newcastle, Natal. The mine-compounds were surrounded by barbed-wire; and the government actually attempted to drive the prisoners back to their ordinary work literally under the police lash. The state and the mining companies—in other regions the state and the sugar-

companies—were confessedly and obviously in an unholy alliance of exploitation and coercion towards these poor people.

But to return to Mr. Gokhale's speech:

"These are the principal features of the system, and when it is remembered that the victims of the system—I can call them by no other name—are generally simple, ignorant, illiterate, resourceless people belonging to the poorest classes of this country, and that they are induced to enter—or it would be more correct to say, are entrapped into entering—into these agreements by the unscrupulous representations of wily professional recruiters, who are paid so much per head for the labour they supply, and whose interest in them ceases the moment they are handed over to the emigration agents, no fair-minded man will, I think, hesitate to say that the system is a monstrous system, iniquitous in itself, based on fraud, and maintained by force; nor will they, I think, demur to the statement that a system so wholly opposed to modern sentiments of justice and humanity is a grave blot on the civilization of any country that tolerates it.

"The principal objections to the system are roughly five. The first is naturally its utter inequity. Sir, whatever view one may take of the agreements into which these poor people are made to enter under the system, to dignify them by the name of 'fair contract' is to misuse the English language. For the stream is poisoned at its very source. It is significant that nobody has a good word to say for the professional recruiters who entrap and entice away these poor people. The recruiters are admittedly men who are generally ignorant and unscrupulous, and who, with the exception of perhaps

a very few, have never been to the Colonies for which they recruit, and who, being paid so much per head, try by hook or by crook to get into their meshes as many persons as they can. The Government of India stands aside on the plea that it is a fair contract between the emigrant and his future employer. How can a contract be called a fair contract, the two parties to which are most unequally matched? How can it be a fair contract when one party to it is absolutely in a state of ignorance and helplessness, and the other party—the powerful party—takes care that it shall not know how much it is undertaking to abide by? Take, for instance, the penal nature of the contract. The terms that are explained to the emigrants, when they enter into indenture, never include a statement of the penal nature of the law under which they have to live. . . .

"If this single fact is explained to them before they agree to emigrate, namely, that they will be placed in the Colonies not under the ordinary Civil law for the enforcement of the contract, but under a special penal law rendering them liable to imprisonment with hard labour even for trivial faults, I should like to see how many even of such ignorant, resourceless people would agree to go to these distant places.

"I say therefore that the stream is poisoned at the source: that it is not a fair contract: that it is a contract between two parties that are absolutely unequally matched, a contract vitiated by the fact that most important facts in connection with it are kept from the knowledge of one party.

"The apologists of the system, however, urge that there are safeguards provided to prevent hardship and injustice to the emigrants when they go to their respective colonies. Two such safeguards

are specially mentioned. One is that in every colony there is an officer, known as the Protector of Immigrants, specially to look after the interests of indentured immigrants. And, secondly, there are the magistrates to give the protection of the law to the immigrants against any cruelty that may be practised on them by their employers.

"These safeguards look all right on paper; in actual practice, however, they are found to be more or less illusory. These men—the protectors and the magistrates—are officers of the Colonial Governments. They belong to the same class to which the planters belong. They are generally one in sympathy and in interests with the planters; and it is not in ordinary human nature that they should care to displease those with whom they have to live, with whom they have to mix socially—and all this for granting protection to poor, ignorant people from a distant land, in whom their interest is purely official.

"My third objection to this system is the vast and terrible amount of suffering that it has caused . . . It is difficult to speak in terms of due restraint on this point. Even the hardest heart must melt to think of this phase of the question. I will not speak now of the imprisonments with hard labour endured for trivial faults; I will not speak of the personal violence which in some cases has been proved, and in very many cases could not be proved, though alleged. I will not speak of the bitterness engendered in the minds of thousands when they realized that they had been deceived, that they had been entrapped, and that there was no escape for them. I will not speak of the homesick feeling, destroying their interest in life. These are all serious matters that could be charged against the system. But more

serious even than these is the heavy mortality that has prevailed in the past in all Colonies under the system, a mortality which has been examined from time to time by Commissions of Enquiry, and which has been established beyond doubt—a mortality for which indentured emigration was prohibited to the Federated Malay States only last year, and which even to-day is admitted to exist in certain districts of Assam . . .

"Then the numerous suicides which have resulted from this system—poor innocent people preferring death by their own hands to life under it—are a ghastly feature of the system.

"All this constitutes a sum total of human misery which is appalling to contemplate, and which will be a standing witness against the system for all time . . .

"My fourth objection to the system is the frightful immorality that is inseparable from it. This is a fact that has been admitted by everybody, among others by the Government of India. . . . Under the law, every hundred male indentured labourers must be accompanied by forty females. Now very few respectable women can be got to go these long distances. Our men themselves do not really care to go, much less do the women. The statutory number, therefore, is made up by the recruiters, as admitted by the Government of India in one of their despatches to the Secretary of State, by including in it women of admittedly loose morals, with results in the Colonies which one had better leave to the imagination of the Council than describe.

"My last objection to the system is that it is degrading to the people of India from a national point of view. I do not think I need really say much on this aspect of the question. Wherever the

system exists, there the Indians are only known as coolies, no matter what their position may be . . . India is the only country which supplies indentured labour at the present moment. Why should India be marked out for this degradation? The conscience of our people, unfortunately asleep too long, is now waking up to the enormity of this question; and I have no doubt that it will not rest till it has asserted itself. And I ask the Government not to make the mistake of ignoring a sentiment that is dear to us, namely the sentiment of our self-respect. We have no doubt plenty of grievances between the Government and the people in regard to the internal administration of this country; but these are matters which stand on a different footing. Outside the country, the Government of India must stand up for us on every occasion, must stand up for our dignity, for our honour, for our national pride. If they will not do this, to whom else can we turn? . . .

"I am confident that a people who have spent millions upon millions in emancipating slaves will not long permit their own fellow-subjects to be condemned to a life which, if not one of actual slavery, is at any rate not far removed from it . . . This motion, the Council may rest assured, will be brought forward again and again, till we carry it to a successful issue. It affects our national self-respect; and therefore the sooner the Government recognize the necessity of accepting it, the better it will be for all parties.

This then was the indenture system, the many-headed dragon which C. F. Andrews started forth to slay. He was almost penniless. It seemed that he was powerless. Shortly after his campaign opened, it

suffered a cruel loss in the death of Mr. G. K. Gokhale, who made the great speech against Indenture which has just been quoted. The forces arrayed against C.F.A. seemed impregnable. He himself seemed contemptibly small, weak and insignificant. Yet 'one with God is a majority'. The event was to prove once more how God can bring to nought the things that are mighty by means of the things that are of no account.

It is not desirable or even possible that we should follow here the details of that long pilgrimage. They would seem to make up a mere list of oceans crossed, of journeyings backwards and forwards, of government officials and 'captains of industry' interviewed, above all of unceasing, painstaking investigation into the actual conditions of misery amongst the indentured labourers in the various countries visited. For C.F.A. had to have his facts accurate, and to have them at his finger-tips. His opponents had plenty of money available for the hiring of the best legal brains to pull to pieces the case which he brought forward. On his side there were the statements of ignorant and intimidated labourers, unused to giving evidence. It was necessary to have the facts not only fool-proof but also knave-proof. This meant careful investigation, on the spot, in every area of oppression.

I do not think any of his friends ever knew how Charlie was supported financially during those strenuous years. I suppose well-wishers gave him railway tickets from place to place, and there were funds available at times from committees. But he certainly lived on the barest minimum, both during the anti-indenture struggle and afterwards. His clothing was often in rags.[1] He grew emaciated. At times the strain told upon him terribly.

[1] He seldom or never had more than one suit at a time, as he gave his things away (including great-coats) with great generosity.

But he never wearied. Generally in the gallant companionship of W. W. Pearson, he posted on over land and sea, always in danger that the resentment of the big capitalists whose profits he was threatening would find some convenient method of silencing him, and yet never silenced; for God was with these knight-errants of a fantastically impossible cause.

Meanwhile, there was a reward. Wherever he went C.F.A. won for himself an adoring affection from those whom he came to serve. At first in many places there must have been suspicion, perhaps even active opposition to his investigations, amongst the indentured people; for long experience of cruelty had made them afraid of spies and *agents provocateurs*. Many of them also were plunged in that hopeless apathy of despair with which we have unfortunately become so familiar in later years in connection with unemployment. But as soon as they came really to know this Brother of the Poor they came to love him. He went about amongst them, in their degradation and misery, as one of themselves; and above all he cared for them individually, knowing them by name, remembering their special problems, and taking pains to help them *as individuals* towards the solution of those problems. They never felt, with Charlie, that they were merely 'cases' to be investigated, the raw material of a personal triumph for himself against a foe victory over which would bring him personal prestige and advancement. One could not be long in C.F.A.'s company without intuitively knowing him better than that, and without feeling the good in oneself raised up and the evil cast down by mere contact with the spirit that was in him.

So the years went past. South Africa: Fiji (where appalling conditions were found): Assam: later, the West Indies, British Guiana, Kenya. Each was visited

in turn; and the same process of careful, accurate investigation of countless obscure cases of misery and oppression was entered upon and patiently carried through.

It would be hard to imagine a life more cheerless and harassing, or one making heavier demands upon health and nerves and spirit. Yet C. F. Andrews and W. W. Pearson stood the strain. Both of them were indeed physically strong men. Charlie had been a notable cricketer in his youth; and at Cambridge had rowed for his college, and coached his college boats. But no ordinary strength could have stood up to the strain of that life for long. The simple fact was that God was with them. They went ahead under a completely satisfying sense that their cause was right: that they were acting within the will of God, and that God would supply their needs and take care of them. There were no divided loyalties, and there was faith and trust in God. The result was power, and victory. They were two insignificant persons without resources, tilting against the embattled forces of international finance, which were buttressed by the might of governments all over the world and supported by all that money could buy in the way of propaganda and legal skill. Their cause seemed ridiculous. Yet it went through to triumph.

The same process began to take place which had been seen in regard to the anti-Indian legislation in South Africa. At first governments ignored protests and pooh-poohed the idea of change. Then they began to doubt whether a system which aroused so much obloquy and opposition was really worth defending. Then they found that its defence was giving them so much trouble, and rousing so many other awkward problems, that they began heartily to wish that they might be rid of the thing. Then they began to look

around for a convenient and yet dignified get-away. Meanwhile Indenture was becoming somewhat blown-upon as a system. Investors who for years had made a comfortable living out of the shares in the sugar-companies or tea-companies or coal-companies, began to feel a little restive in their consciences. At first it was only a few of them: then it was more. At first they were only a little uncomfortable, then they were more uncomfortable. Finally a few of them, and then more, began to realize that such a source of income was a little shady. Later, they knew that it was disreputable.

And so, even amongst governments and share-holders, the Spirit of God began to work. There was nothing noticeably religious about the process. It was just the steady development of an enlightened public conscience, rising towards action.

Meanwhile, the reports about the actual conditions of indenture in far parts of the earth were coming home to India from C. F. Andrews and W. W. Pearson. They were published by committees of sympathizers, and were faithfully submitted to Government. They made grim reading for nationalistically-minded Indians. They were not specially nice reading even for Government. They were tabulated and documented with painstaking accuracy. The cases of ill-usage they enumerated mounted steadily in numbers as the years went by; until not merely 'agitators' but the most matter-of-fact Simla bureaucrats could see that action was needed.

At last, after years of patient and most arduous toil, not merely by the two original knight-errants, but by a whole host of fellow-workers, including above all Mr. Gandhi in India herself, Governments began to move. What had a few years before seemed impossible became easy. Sedately and without any fuss the evil

system came to an end, and was decently buried. Nobody had anything much to complain about. The companies found that they could carry on quite easily without Indenture; and freedom came to a vast mass of shamefully enslaved and exploited Indian labourers.

The whole campaign was a sovereign instance of the right way of ending tyranny and oppression. All that is needed is *one man*, who knows that God has called him to this task, and who is ready to obey that call. He must identify himself with the need and suffering of the oppressed people. He must spend himself unstintingly in patient and accurate investigation into their wrongs. He must see to it that the information thus amassed is known about. He must persuade governments and powerful people, especially those who profit by the evil system, that it is disreputable. This will mean a great deal of courageous interviewing of potentates of various kinds; and the leader of the reform movement must be prepared therefore to endure rebuffs, insults and heart-breaking delays. He must be ready indeed to face worse things than this, as Christ did.

Given the *one man* of this quality, God can work miracles. They may not seem dramatic or sudden miracles; but as we look back along afterwards, we shall recognize that they were miracles none the less.

There is one rule, however, which must be insisted upon with rigorous and unfailing pertinacity in regard to all such work. Under no provocation, however hideous, must any form of violence be permitted. Violence ruins everything. It puts the authorities immediately in the right. It shifts the onus of criminality from the exploiters to the exploited, in the twinkling of an eye. It wastes all the careful work of investigation and publicity already done. It transfers the decision

from the realm of conscience and reason to the realm of physical force (in which the reactionary elements are bound to be better prepared and therefore to be successful). Above all, it means that action takes place no longer in the sphere of the spirit, but in the sphere of brute strength.

Violence ruins everything.

The harassing responsibility which rested upon C.F.A. from this point of view alone may easily be imagined. He was dealing with extremely ignorant people, in vast numbers. Enlightened leadership was exceedingly scarce. The Indian races are very susceptible to mass-excitement; and under such stimulus are likely to act hastily.

Yet non-violence was preserved. Here again the guiding hand of God was in evidence.

To repeat—everything depends upon *one man* being available to God's hand. Given that one man He can work His miracles.

But there must be the one man.

NOTE. The ease with which a legally enforced indenture system may degenerate into slavery may be guaged from the following experience, related to me by a young insurance clerk who on the outbreak of the war in the autumn of 1939 was desirous of taking up land work, and began digging and cutting sugar-beet with a friend on a farm near Gloucester, England. They were paid by piece-rates: and found it impossible to make more than 23*s.* a week each, though they worked from dawn to dusk. Board and lodging cost them 20*s.* each. When the weather was wet, work was impossible. In one wet week they only made 11*s.* each. The farmer offered to advance them 9*s.* each to make up the 20*s.* for board and lodging, and suggested cutting the 9*s.* from coming weeks' pay. If they had agreed, they

would have been in his power indefinitely. If they had been indentured to him they would have been under legal compulsion to agree, and so might have become to all intents and purposes his slaves for the rest of their lives, probably with a steadily increasing debt piling up against them.

CHAPTER VI

SHANTINIKETAN

THERE were irregular intervals between these strenuous overseas campaigns of investigation and compassion. These intervals were spent, both by C. F. Andrews and by W. W. Pearson, for the most part at Shantiniketan, near Bolpur, Bengal. This is an educational community centred round the striking personality of the poet Rabindranath Tagore.

C.F.A. had become acquainted with Tagore, or Gurudeva, as he came to call him with the rest of the Shantiniketan community, some years before 1913. He had become increasingly impressed with the poet's qualities as a social reformer and a prophet of a new type of education. He had also come to love him as a man, and to learn from him the deep spiritual lessons which are taught in his poetry, especially in the famous collection called *Gitanjali*. Accordingly, when C.F.A. gave up his work as a missionary professor in Delhi, in order to take up the wandering life of a knight-errant of the Cross on behalf of the indentured labourers, it seemed right to accept the poet's invitation to make Shantiniketan his headquarters. Both he and Willie Pearson became greatly valued members of the community there. In the intervals of their journeyings they were able to do much educational work in the school, and later in the University which sprang up nearby. Indeed they became institutions of the place, and exercised an immense influence on generations of students.

It was a terrible disaster, not only for the cause of justice in many parts of the world, but for Shantiniketan and the students and school-children there, when Willie Pearson was killed on the railway in Italy many years later.

The influence of Shantiniketan, and especially of Gurudeva, was clearly to be traced in C. F. Andrews' personality.

From Tagore he learnt an extraordinary delicacy of aesthetic perception, a sense of the wonder of God gained through the contemplation of the beauty and grandeur of God's world. But deeper than this there was a new conception of the meaning of Incarnation, which is perhaps best to be expressed in Tagore's own words:

> "Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee! He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle, and even like him come down on the dusty soil. . . . Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever. Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow."[1]

This truth had come into C.F.A.'s life before the indenture struggle began. He had indeed read the passage just quoted in the manuscript of *Gitanjali*, before it was published (his encouragement had, I believe, had much to do with the fact that these great poems were

[1]Gitanjali 11.

made accessible to English readers, and hence C.F.A. must have his share of the immense fund of gratitude which *Gitanjali* has aroused). But Tagore's expression of the Gospel of the Incarnation in ordinary work and in ordinary workmen fitted in with C.F.A.'s personal experiences during the indenture campaign; and probably did much to bring him through to victory, with faith redoubled and spirit steeled.

Studdert Kennedy's great hymn which ends:

> God in a workman's jacket as before,

has made this aspect of the Gospel of the Incarnation more familiar of recent years to English people.

But there is a strain of thought in Tagore even deeper than this on the same subject:

> Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost. . . . Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.[1]

As C.F.A.'s life of service for humanity went on, his friends realized that he was living more and more fully in and by this truth. God in Christ was not only to be seen and to be served in those who are labouring and heavy laden. It is not only true, in the words of our Lord Himself, that "I am among you as one that serveth". There is a deeper truth beyond this to be learnt and lived by. It is that wherever the deepest destitution and misery are to be found, there is Christ amongst the sufferers, identified for ever with them in their need. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto *one of the least* of these my brethren, ye have done it unto

[1] Gitanjali 10.

me." Not only is labour sanctified, because Christ laboured with His hands for His daily bread, and because he called to Himself in self-identifying goodwill those who labour and bear heavy burdens; but He is for ever pre-eminently to be found amongst those others who have broken under the strain of labour, amongst the weakest who have gone to the wall, amongst the hindmost whom the Devil seems to have taken.

The distinction is clear and definite between these two steps in the apprehension of the meaning of the eternal Incarnation of Christ in suffering humanity. The two are closely associated, yet entirely separate. They correspond with two stages in the spiritual pilgrimage of a man in Christ like C. F. Andrews.

First, there is the realization that the cause of Christ is the cause of suffering and exploited labour; and that a true follower of Christ is called to recognize the self-identification of his Master with suffering and exploited labour, and to recognize this not merely in words, or in 'ideology', but also in action, by doing his best, as C.F.A. was doing *vis-á-vis* Indenture, to break systems of exploitation and oppression.

Second, there is the realization that the cause of Christ is pre-eminently the cause of those who can no longer labour or find labour, those who have fallen by the way in the bitter struggle for work and for bread, the rejected, the outcasted, the unemployed, in Tagore's words "the poorest, and the lowliest, and the lost".

It was the discovery made by St. Francis when he went to the lepers, and served them for Christ's sake and Christ in them. With C.F.A. it meant the service of Christ above all in the Indian outcastes and in the unemployed in the West.

Many years after the time of which we are now dealing, perhaps in the year 1933, I had the opportunity to observe C.F.A. in contact with the problem of

unemployment. The love of Christ shone out of him, and kindled the love of Christ in those with whom he had contact. It was a service of personal friendship, shot through from start to finish with the love of Christ and the discovery of Christ in others, the calling forth in them of Christlike qualities. It was a ministry of reconciliation through friendship, carried on by one who had become by that time a world-wide Minister of Reconciliation under the universal Sovereignty of Christ. He was not at that period primarily attacking an evil system; he was serving the unemployed by personal fellowship and friendship for individuals. But the ideas embodied in his action and in his whole attitude were those of "Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost". He knew Christ was to be found there, amongst the unemployed; he went blithely to the finding of Him there through Christ-inspired friendship; and he found Him; and the world was the richer.

That was one minute incident, into close contact with which I happened to come, out of a lifetime of such incidents.

It was the same with regard to Charlie's endless service for the Untouchables in India. He knew that the shame and crime of Untouchability must be swept away by Hindus themselves, from within their own religious and social system. He enthusiastically seconded all the efforts put forth, especially by Mr. Gandhi, to further this end. He worked strenuously for the cause of anti-untouchability; he rejoiced in the steadily-increasing success of movements for temple-entry and for the sweeping away of one stigma and disgrace after another. He fostered the ever-increasing development of the tendency for the sixty million Indian outcastes to think for themselves, and act for themselves, and vindicate their own rights and claims for treatment as

human beings. But there was a deeper sense in which he served them. He saw Christ in them, and Christ reached out through him to Christ in them. It seemed sometimes to Charlie's friends as though they could actually see Christ reaching through him and pulling Christ on to His feet, out of the mire, in these humble friends of Charlie's. Or they would fancy that they saw Christ in Charlie, in action through his creative friendship, knocking the shackles off Christ in the outcastes, or breaking down the prison-walls around Him.

There was something else which C. F. Andrews probably owed in his spiritual experience to his association with Rabindranath Tagore; and it was an element which began to mean more and more to Charlie's friends through their comradeship with him as the years went by.

It was a spiritual truth, and indeed a way of living, expressed in the great poem numbered 52 in the *Gitanjali* collection. This poem is much longer than most others in *Gitanjali*, and is cast in parable form. The soul is compared to a peasant, living in a small cottage in a remote and desolate place. The King, God, has chanced to spend a night in the cottage. What has the King left behind in the morning as payment? "It is no flower, no spices, no vase of perfumed water. It is thy mighty sword, flashing as a flame, heavy as a bolt of thunder." This sword is Pain; and the soul shrinks from accepting so perilous a gift, and clasping it for love's sake. Yet at last the decision is made to accept the gift of Pain as the highest honour and reward that God can give. At once there is release, conquest of fear, and the assurance of immortality.

"Yet shall I bear in my heart this honour of the burden of pain, this gift of thine. From now on

there shall be no fear left for me in this world, and thou shalt be victorious in all my strife. Thou hast left death for my companion, and I shall crown him with my life. Thy sword is with me to cut asunder my bonds, and there shall be no fear left for me in the world. From now I leave off all petty decorations. Lord of my heart . . . Thou hast given me thy sword for adornment. No more doll's decorations for me!"[1]

The meaning of these words is perhaps only to be experienced by those who have been themselves called upon to pass through the experience of deep and agonizing pain. Acceptance of that pain, for Christ's sake, means the highest of all vocations, the filling up of His sufferings, the bearing of the Cross with Him. Such a calling may at times be almost intolerably grievous in its painfulness; yet all the while it is supremely glorious. It is the highest of all honours that God can pay to the soul, to call it into the experience of thus sharing in Christ's eternal process of the saving of the world by creative suffering.

Charlie knew what this meant, by his own experience; and he possessed an extraordinary, a God-given faculty of imparting to his friends the same knowledge. He would enter a sick-room, where perhaps a pain-wracked victim of cancer was lying on what was already known to be his death-bed, but with the prospect of weeks or months of bitter suffering ahead of him before release could be gained. He would leave that sick-room again with the sufferer calmed, encouraged, and literally glorified with the knowledge that this dreadful lot he had to bear was the highest and most glorious fashion in which a soul could ever be called on to serve Christ.

Charlie taught us that this truth does not only apply to pain that has been willingly and deliberately incurred,

[1] Gitanjali 32.

in the effort to seek and to save the lost. It also applies to pain that seems fortuitous and meaningless; to pain that would apparently have come in any case. Here too the suffering may be borne in a way that will make it creative and life-giving for the sake of Christ and of other men.

This message, which had meant so much in Charlie's own life, he was uniquely capable of transmitting to other people. Those in the desperate weariness of continual suffering would, through contact with him, be transformed into centres of life and light, so that a few minutes spent in their sick-rooms, perhaps long after Charlie had passed on to other tasks and other places, sent one forth empowered and inspired. Such sick-rooms became indeed power-houses for the Kingdom of God.

A notable instance was that of John White of Mashonaland, whose biography C.F.A. afterwards wrote. After forty years of splendid service for Christ in Rhodesia, he had come home to die lingeringly of cancer. During his year at Woodbrooke, Charlie found him out—he had an extraordinary faculty for discovering such cases of need. He visited the sick man constantly. John White's sick-room became a lighthouse of Christian triumph over pain and death.

There was another lesson which Charlie taught us in this connection. It was that if Prayer is rightly understood, pain can be transformed from a narrowing and limiting experience into a means of grace to innumerable other people, far and near.

Charlie was himself pre-eminently a man of creative prayer, which means that his prayer-life lay altogether beyond himself, and was centred wholly upon others. No doubt he had his moments of deep mystical communion with Christ, and drew deep comfort and inspiration from them for his intensely active life. But

he did not claim these moments of illumination as a right, or flaunt them as an achievement, as some have done. He took them in his stride, as it were, looking up to his Master with intense gratitude when they were vouchsafed to him; but always looking beyond himself and his own spiritual delights to others. Indeed, it would probably be true to say of him that he regarded such deep personal joys of the spiritual life solely as a means to an end—to be valued only in so far as they made him a better servant of other people, and better able to tell them of the glories of the friendship of Christ.

It is doubtful whether through fifty years of life, Charlie ever once really prayed for himself. He has told one and another of us who knew him well, how intense, and in a sense painful, were his desires and anxious aspirations for the safety and blessing of those whom he loved. What he told us was, it is certain, only a thousandth part of the truth. In his constant practice of private prayer, at all hours of the day and night, he was thrusting his soul's most ardent longings forth into the universe, deep into the heart of God, on behalf of these friends of his. He was living into them, in Christ. He himself sank utterly out of sight, was dead and buried, lost and forgotten. Christ only was left, and these other souls for whom Christ had died, and for whom Christ lived.

Those of us who have shared day by day in this prayer-life of C. F. Andrews (for he was generous in allowing others to share it), have felt ourselves admitted to participation in an eternal activity. We knew the truth of St. Paul's great word, "The Spirit of God also aids our weakness, making intercession for us, with us, on behalf of us, instead of us [the Greek words combine these ideas], with groanings which cannot be voiced." We knew that the weak human aspirations

were being taken up into the eternal heart of God, just because they were wholly other-centred, and not for ourselves, and that they were being sent forth thence immeasurably amplified and reinforced, to the service of the need of men, and not merely in the individual instances for which we prayed, but far beyond, perhaps down into a future incalculably far ahead.

We learnt, in this connection, another thing through our fellowship with C.F.A. in his prayer life, that prayer thus prayed, wholly for others, does not fade away, and die out, with time. It is an eternal thing. The results may not be seen in our own time; perhaps not for generations ahead; but in being prayed straight into the heart of God, this other-centred prayer is prayed into a timeless realm of effectiveness. We realized, for instance, through C.F.A., that the prayers prayed by our Lord Himself, and notably the Lord's Prayer and the great prayer recorded in the seventeenth chapter of St. John, were prayed into this timeless realm, in which they still live, so that the heart's desires of Jesus Christ, 'Thy Kingdom come', 'Thy will be done', and 'that they all may be One', are prayed by Him still as freshly and triumphantly as at the very first, and *for us*.

It is difficult to express these deep spiritual truths in words, which are both lifeless and life-destroying things; but in the silence of shared intercession with C. F. Andrews one came gradually to understand them *from within*. Such intercession was, as it were, a watch-tower from which in his company one could look out, (as Plato says), over all space and all time, seeing it all summed up in one outgoing movement of the whole spirit for and with Christ into the hearts and needs of other people, both individually by name, and universally for all ages and in all lands.

There are tendencies strong amongst us to-day to

look on such a prayer-life with suspicion and aversion. The ideal is preached amongst us—and not only by new-fangled pseudo-religiosities from the West—that the ideal state for the soul is what the old Epicureans used to call 'undisturbedness'; that in the midst of the world's agonies and distresses we must maintain calm, not permit ourselves to feel these things too deeply; in other words turn our little personal environment, whatever it may be, into a fool's paradise, a funk-hole, out of which we shall some day inevitably be shot, perhaps in pieces, by an explosion, possibly the quite literal explosion of a bomb from the air.

This was not Jesus' way, and it can never be a Christian way. Did Jesus practise undisturbedness of mind, by withdrawing Himself from the world's anguish? On the contrary. He lived a life of arduous personal service on behalf of those who were in pain, and He set His face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem, that He might bear the Cross there. He faced pain, accepted pain, took pain upon Himself, and so conquered pain, for others, not only in His life of healing, but in and through the Cross. As we look at Him, we know that the apostles of undisturbedness are wrong, and that the Cross-bearers, with Jesus at their head and C. F. Andrews in their ranks, are right. We know that Tagore is right too, in teaching that pain is to be accepted as God's highest dignity conferred upon the soul, even whilst it is being strenuously fought because of the suffering it brings to others.

These were some of the deep things of the spirit which C.F.A. found in Tagore. The friendship of the two men was creative in the highest sense. Out of that friendship, and the intercourse of mind with mind and of spirit with spirit upon which it was built up, in long conversations and in the shared worship of the community at Shantiniketan, there came a constant stream

of new spiritual truth, embodied in book after book from the pen of Tagore, and later from Charlie's pen also, and in another sphere embodied in journey after journey undertaken to the far parts of the earth, first by Charlie and then to a considerable extent by Tagore also, for the service of suffering humanity and the extension of truth.

Tagore was typically the thinker. He had imagined that he had 'retired', when in early middle-age he had left Calcutta and settled at this quiet place in the country, to get leisure for thinking and writing. But later the hand of God led him deep into action, as he built up his school, and the community around it, and then the University centred in that community, and then a wide range of research, experimentation, and enlightened practice for the benefit of the teeming villages of Bengal. With Charlie, on the other hand, the life-course was in a different direction. First he was man of action, Crusader against oppression and tyranny. Then, and probably it was largely due to his friendship with Tagore, he turned to thought and expression of his thought in writing—though never to the exclusion of action. In consequence we have the permanent record of his spirit and ideals which is enshrined in his books, notably in his books upon the life and work of Mahatma Gandhi.

The friendship with Tagore, more than any other factor, released C.F.A. into expression through writing, so that he now speaks to a far wider public than was reached even in his untiring journeys of service for the oppressed.

CHAPTER VII

SATYAGRAHA

WE have noticed how Mr. Gandhi had given the Sanskrit name Satyagraha (non-violent defence of truth) to his first big-scale movement of passive resistance, that undertaken in South Africa in 1913 against the anti-Indian legislation of the Union Government. C. F. Andrews had arrived in South Africa after that movement was, in the main, concluded; but he became vividly aware during his stay in that country of the ideals behind the movement, and of its possibilities for future employment on a wider scale.

In the course of the strenuous years of the anti-Indenture struggle, Satyagraha remained in the background. After Mr. Gandhi returned to India, in 1915, it was indeed threatened in connection with the effort which he undertook to right the wrongs of the coolies in the Champaran district of Bihar; but the mere threat was enough in this case; and redress was achieved without the actual use of Satyagraha.

In 1919, however, there came the Amritsar shooting, of which the less said the better. This was soon followed by the bitterly intensified political struggle connected with Mr. Gandhi's movement of non-co-operation. The mass-use of Satyagraha became possible. This is not the place to record the various aspects of Satyagraha in action which were seen in India between 1919 and 1939. They form an extraordinarily interesting study, which may be followed up in C. F. Andrews' three

books on Mahatma Gandhi, *Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas*, *Mahatma Gandhi at Work*, and *Mahatma Gandhi, His own Story*. They may also be studied in Mr. Gandhi's *Autobiography*, and in the pages of his two history-making periodicals, *Young India* and *Harijan*.

It must suffice here to say that the idealism of Satyagraha was largely founded upon Mr. Gandhi's reading of the New Testament, especially after his 1922–4 imprisonment. He had indeed come in prison to an extremely revolutionary conclusion, that the New Testament was meant to be applied in practice as well as to be read in worship. When he came out of jail in 1924, and found something like civil war going on between Hindus and Musalmans in various parts of India, he decided to try New Testament methods, as he understood them, in order to achieve reconciliation; he decided to take up the Cross and follow Christ.

C. F. Andrews had kept closely in contact with Mr. Gandhi during the preceding momentous years, and he hurried to his side when he heard of the decision that had been taken. During the three weeks of the famous Delhi Fast of September-October, 1924, he was constantly in the upper room where Gandhi lay. The efficacy of the method of the Cross as then applied was amazing. Gandhi had perceived that what was needed in the existing war-condition and war-mentality between the Hindus and the Musalmans was a change of will, rather than any patched-up mechanical armistice. Christ had always taught that Metanoia—the word is mistranslated 'repentance' in the English New Testament, and really means Change of will, ideals and values—must precede the effective acknowledgment of that Sovereignty of God, one of whose practical outcomes is peace. Gandhi knew that this was true; and that what India needed, in order to obtain peace between the two warring communities, was this change

of will, ideals, values. How was the change to be brought about? Christ had brought it about by bearing the Cross, by setting His face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem, by refusing a dozen convenient methods of avoiding the Cross (for example, by running away from it), and by consciously and deliberately taking upon Himself that vast creative experience of patiently-borne pain for the changing of the evil will in man. Gandhi came to the conclusion that nothing but the Cross, so borne, could save India, and bring her into unity and freedom.

This was the idealism behind the 1924 fast. It was an amazing thing to live in India at that time, and feel the method of the Cross working. As soon as it was realized that the adored national leader, who had borne so much for them, now lay in self-chosen suffering at Delhi on account of their sins, and in order that they might be released from those sins, the attitude of the two communities began to change. The leaders, who had been fomenting strife and massacre, got together and began with eager haste to devise methods of appeasing ill-feeling and creating amity. The press, which had been a main factor in increasing hostility, became a main factor in encouraging good-will. At the end of twenty-one days it was obvious that Metanoia —the essential change of will, ideals and values—had taken place. Good-will had been substituted for hatred. Mr. Gandhi was able to discontinue his fast.

As he took his first glass of orange-juice, C. F. Andrews was at his side. Gandhi asked him to sing to him the Christian hymn, 'When I survey the wondrous Cross'.

There have been quarrels and even riotings between Hindus and Musalmans in many parts of India since 1924. But always in the background there has been the realization that there *is* a way out of these distresses;

that the Cross exists, as a living principle of reconciliation, and that all that is needed is the one man who is willing to go the whole way of the Cross.

India has become, though in a fashion far different to that which the older type of Christian missionary anticipated, a land across which has fallen the healing shadow of the Cross of Christ. It may be objected, and often has been objected, that Satyagraha is not fully Christian. Are any of us fully Christians? Is the war way of righting wrong and ending oppression more or less fully Christian than Satyagraha? It may be also objected, and has frequently been loudly objected, that Satyagraha contains an element of compulsion, even though that compulsion is 'moral compulsion'. This is very probably true, but such compulsion is as nothing when compared to the methods of State-compulsion employed in the West, in war-time and even in peace-time. Again, it has been objected that Satyagraha has in it something of masochism, of self-inflicted martyrdom. The same objection could presumably be brought against the life and death of Jesus Christ. After all, He might perfectly well have remained in comfortable obscurity at Nazareth. Why did He need to interest Himself so actively in the ills and miseries of the starving victims of chronic guerilla fighting, who crowded around Him through His public ministry? Why did He need to ' set His face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem'? Why did He need to bear the Cross? Why did He not escape from the City whilst there was time? Was He not in a sense inflicting martyrdom upon Himself by staying there, and facing His persecutors?

And what about the numberless heroes in subsequent generations, who in the name of Christ have braved the horrors of the arena and the stake, who have lived laborious lives striving to free those who have been

enslaved and oppressed, who have posted, like C. F. Andrews, across land and sea, in the effort to save the lost and free the captives? All masochism, no doubt; all self-inflicted martyrdom!

The true Satyagrahi can smile at such criticisms. For he knows the truth from within. The spirit of good-will and of compassion, which fills his heart and drives him to action in non-violent resistance to wrong on behalf of the down-trodden, will patiently outlive all obloquy, all small-mindedness, all prejudice, all tendencious wishful-thinking. It stands secure in itself alone, because it is the spirit of truth, which outlives and outloves all enmity.

C. F. Andrews has told his friends, on more than one occasion, of a time when the method and ideals of Satyagraha were still somewhat new and strange, and when he himself came into direct contact with the working of those methods and the expression in action of those ideals.

It was in an Indian State in north-western India. There had been scandals in connection, I believe, with the administration of the endowments attached to a Sikh temple. Redress had been sought from the State authorities, without avail. The matter had become a test case, and had been taken up by the Sikh leaders. They recruited large numbers of volunteers ('Satyagrahis') prepared to adopt the method of non-violent resistance in this test case. Many of them were old soldiers of the Great War. They belonged to the finest fighting race in India. Yet they had learnt so effectually the ideals of Satyagraha that in rank after rank they were able to march up to the police-cordon guarding the temple, with heads bowed and hands joined, and submit to be struck down like one man by the police, who were armed with long brass-bound clubs. As one rank was felled in this fashion, the stunned victims were

carried away to ambulances, and another rank stepped forward to take their place.

C.F.A. told us that the process went on for hours, and that to witness it was one of the most terrible experiences of his life. Yet at the same time it was one of the most glorious, because (as he put it) one could feel a new moral order struggling to the birth in the midst of the old order of force and wrong.

In this case, as in so many others, the self-sacrifice of the Satyagrahis was ultimately successful in bringing about the needed reforms. Things like that *cannot* happen without a profound spiritual effect, which in the long run must influence institutions and governments.

It was about this same time that a somewhat similar movement of passive resistance was carried through, at tremendous sacrifice, by the German population of the Ruhr, in face of the French invasion organized by Poincaré in order to enforce the payment of reparations. It demanded titanic discipline, with great sufferings from unemployment, starvation and the desperate inflation of the German currency, (masochism, the critics would no doubt say!); but it was carried through to success. The French withdrew. When Satyagraha is mentioned to English audiences, the come-back is very frequently, "Oh, they may be able to do that sort of thing in India, but it would never work in the West." This is a mistaken conception, for the Germans employed the method on a large scale, and successfully, in the Ruhr. So did the Irish during the 1920–2 'troubles'.

Two other major occasions of the use of Satyagraha —in both cases by Mr. Gandhi himself—enlisted C.F.A.'s strenuous interest and support. The first was in 1932, when hundreds of thousands of people all over India were practising Satyagraha, tens of thousands of

them being in jail, in order to obtain redress of constitutional wrongs from the British Government. The proposal was officially made from Whitehall that in framing the new constitution for India, which was eventually completed in 1935, the Outcastes should be accorded the position of a separate community in the sense that the Hindus, the Musalmans, the Sikhs and the Indian Christians are regarded as separate communities, i.e. that they should be given the franchise under the system of communal electorates, which means that Outcastes would vote only for Outcaste candidates in Outcaste constituencies wholly composed of Outcastes.

Mr. Gandhi was implacably opposed to this proposal, which he regarded as calculated to make still more dangerous the divisions by which India is already so grievously afflicted. He knew that the problem of the hostility between Hindus and Musalmans, which had brought so much suffering to India (and therefore to himself), is largely an artificial problem. This hostility has been to a considerable degree manufactured by the vicious system of communal electorates. Under this system the two communities tend inevitably to think of themselves as separate, and strive to become more separate. They tend to develop into two national *blocs* inhabiting the same territory. They develop the psychological conditions of hostile nationalisms. They strive after more and more sovereignty, and, as Professor Freeman pointed out, sovereignty means ultimately the power of making war. Hence, sooner or later, under a system of separate communal electorates, there will be civil war between the communities.

The reason for this vicious process of degeneration is easy to see. If all the Musalmans are combined to elect a Musalman Member of Parliament, the man who gets most votes will be the extreme Musalman, who

will pander to the Musalmans' consciousness of sectional interests as opposed to Hindu interests. Similarly under such a system, it will be the extreme Hindu who is elected by the Hindus. This being so, the Musalman *bloc* in Parliament will consist of people becoming year by year more and more extreme in their Musalman demands and their Musalman policies. So also with the Hindus. The result will be steadily increasing bitterness and hostility, down to the point of civil war.

Now here were Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the other alien architects of the new Indian constitution, proposing to create another huge communal group, of fifty or sixty millions. Mr. Gandhi knew all too well the terrible grievances and injustices under which the Outcastes have groaned for twenty or thirty centuries. No one was more sympathetic than himself towards their aspirations after redress. No one had suffered more than he in their cause. But he was absolutely certain that the way to give them justice was not to split India yet more deeply, to introduce a third vast national group on the same territory where two more communities were already so dangerously contending. He knew that the memory of their wrongs would make the Outcaste group intensely self-conscious, sectionalist in outlook, resentful and probably eager for revenge. Disaster lay close ahead for India if this policy were followed. It was worth any sacrifice to save her from such tragedy.

This was the cause of the second famous fast, undertaken by Mr. Gandhi in jail at Poona in 1932. C. F. Andrews could not be with him in person at that time, because he himself was a free man. But he followed the progress of the fast with extreme interest and concern, and no one was more rejoiced than he when it succeeded.

It is worth pointing out that Mr. Gandhi, and the Indian national movement as a whole, have a sound and reasonable alternative to suggest for the fatal policy of communal electorates which has already led their country so deeply into the morass of sectionalism. They wish to substitute for this policy of communal electorates a policy of joint multiple constituencies, with reservation of seats. For example, in the city of Bombay, instead of all the Hindus voting for four Hindu candidates (as it might be), and all the Musalmans for three Musalman candidates, and all the Christians for one Christian candidate (the ridiculousness of the whole system becomes apparent when it comes to the Christians!), and all the Parsees for two Parsi candidates, and so forth, there would be one constituency of Bombay returning, say, twelve members to the Federal Legislature of India. Four of these would have to be Hindus, three Musalmans, two Parsees and so forth. All the Musalmans would vote for the Hindu and Parsi candidates as well as for their own men; all the Hindus would vote for the Parsi and the Musalman candidates; all the Parsees for the Hindu and the Musalman candidates.

Under such a system, it would only be the moderate men who would get a chance of being elected, because the successful candidates would be those who could please Hindus and Musalmans as well as Parsees, and Parsees and Hindus as well as Musalmans, and Musalmans and Parsees as well as Hindus.

The system of big constituencies with multiple seats is widely used in the United States of America, and in various British Dominions. Mr. Gandhi and those who think as he thinks (they are a vast majority of the thinking minds of India), believe that the adoption of such a system would go far, and in a brief space of time, to cure the horrible cancer of sectionalism, which

is working such havoc in their country. By voting together, and by thus sharing a joint responsibility for the choice of the Legislature, the great communities, instead of drifting (as at present) rapidly farther and farther apart, will come steadily nearer to each other. Men with a truly national outlook will tend to get elected; and on the other hand men with a bitterly communalist outlook will not stand a chance of election.

The disease of communalism in India forms a most urgent national problem. Mr. Gandhi's fast in 1932 drew attention powerfully, not only to the necessity of abstaining from any policy calculated to embitter that problem, but also to the way of solution, through joint electorates with reservation of seats. It was a case in which the method of the Cross was brought into direct operation on the plane of national politics. Religion and politics have from time immemorial been recognized in India as one. Mr. Gandhi's action at that time, and at other times, may help to convince the West that the two can be combined there also, to the great and lasting benefit of humanity.

The real significance of Mr. Gandhi's action in 1932 was that of opposition to the extension of sovereignty to yet another great section of the Indian population. The root problem before the West, if the West is to be saved from self-destruction in war, is similar, the restriction of anarchic and sectionalist sovereignty, and the building, instead of such sectionalist sovereignty, of some form of central Federalism. The difficulties ahead of such a movement are titanic. They will only be overcome as the strength of religion reinforces the feebleness of the political movement for Federal integration. Mr. Gandhi has shown how politics and religion can be combined, in one irresistible drive, *by one man*, so long as he is prepared to make any sacrifice in order to secure what he knows to be right.

Within a very short time of the opening of the fast of 1932, the lonely prisoner at Poona had brought the Prime Minister of England—the very Power whose might had imprisoned him—to the point of surrendering his reactionary proposals regarding the Outcastes. Religious dedication had reinforced political conviction, and had made one man irresistible against a vast Empire.

What man has done, man can do.

The world waits for a Gandhi to tackle the problem of war, in the might of the same Spirit.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STATES

BEFORE leaving the subject of Satyagraha, it will be well to consider Mr. Gandhi's campaign of Satyagraha undertaken in 1939, in regard to the problem of the Indian States. C. F. Andrews was closely connected with that campaign also, and in deep sympathy with the fast undertaken by Mr. Gandhi in order to produce an atmosphere in which the problem of the States might be solved. C.F.A. had himself come very closely into contact with that problem from time to time, especially during the course of the splendid service which he himself had performed, on more than one occasion, in Orissa, on behalf primarily of sufferers from floods. There are large numbers of small States in Orissa, the conditions in which are often appallingly bad. C.F. Andrews, from what he had seen there, had come to recognize the urgency of the whole problem of the position of the Indian States.

I myself lived for a number of years within a few hundred yards of the border of a big Indian State, and have had ample opportunities of seeing with my own eyes what conditions are like.

It must be remembered that the State governments are maintained in power by the British under treaties, many of which are well over a century old. The rulers are protected from the natural consequence of misgovernment, i.e. revolution, if need be, by British bayonets. It is true that the British control maintains

Residents, whose duty it is to see that the State rulers do not so villainously misgovern their subjects as to make revolt probable. But a vast amount of tyranny can occur within those limits, and in any case the whole system of imperially-protected dictatorships is radically vicious. A few of the States are enlightened, but in the great majority of cases degeneration has been catastrophic, for the rulers are unnaturally protected from the natural results of luxury and misrule.

I remember on one occasion talking with a young British military officer, who had recently had the unpleasant task of putting down a rebellion in a remote and obscure State. The peasants had been goaded into revolt by intolerable misgovernment, and had taken to the forests. They were armed only with bows and arrows. The young Englishman was completely disgusted with the task he had been given to do. He had liked the peasants, and loathed the governing element in the State, and he felt that it had been prostitution of the British name to use our forces in such a cause. That was just at the beginning of the last war 'fought to make the world safe for democracy'. In India we were backing dictatorship, and odious dictatorship, against democracy. We are now fighting another war 'in defence of democracy', and in India we are still allied with dictatorship against democracy in this matter of the States. The fact vitiates our whole position. It makes all our fair pretensions false and hypocritical. It poisons our imperial activities at the root. Yet from generation to generation the poison works on. The States remain unshaken in the possession of their reactionary power over their abject and oppressed subjects.

This matter is vital to the future well-being of

India. The States are scattered all over her vast area. They are astride of communications in all directions. They form enclaves of the blackest reaction in the midst of a vast territory whose inhabitants are slowly winning their way, under inspired leadership, towards democracy and freedom. It cannot be too strongly insisted that the cause of the democratization of the States is of paramount importance for the new India; that there is little hope of effective progress towards unity and ordered liberty for the country as a whole so long as the State rulers are maintained in their present condition by the imperial power. Their domains form safe strongholds for militarism and absolutism, in which these powers of darkness can lie in wait to overwhelm the surrounding regions where the light is beginning to break.

There are five hundred and sixty-two of these States, covering an area of nearly six hundred thousand square miles, and with a total population of nearly seventy millions. They are of an amazing variety. Hyderabad State has an area of 82,700 square miles, and in Kathiawar there are States with an area of only a few acres. Fifteen States have territories which are less than a square mile each. Three States have a population of less than one hundred. Five have an annual revenue of less than seven pounds, and there is one State whose annual revenue is thirty shillings, and its population thirty-two!

Were it not for the existence of the Paramount Power, and for the unnatural conditions which it has made possible, these petty States, which comprise more than half the total number, would absolutely certainly have ceased to exist long ago.

Sixty-one of the larger States enjoy full and unrestricted powers of civil and criminal jurisdiction within their own territories, with authority to make

their own laws. The position of the subjects of these sixty-one States is especially deplorable.

Here then, in the heart of India, is this great mass of tyranny and consequent misery, recognized by the democratic and forward-looking elements in the country as a major obstacle in the way of progress.

For a century or more, men of good-will had been pointing to the urgent need of reform in regard to the position of the States and the powers of their rulers over the subject-populations. In effect, however, very little progress had been made, and in some respects there had been retrogression. Mr. Gandhi himself was born in an Indian State, Rajkot in Kathiawar. His father had been what we should call Prime Minister of that State. Hence the Mahatma knew at first-hand what conditions are like in the States; and when he came into the position of unchallenged leader of Indian opinion, he became more and more concerned that things should be set right. But for years other matters appeared to be of more pressing importance from the point of view of the attainment of political rights in British India, and it was not till 1939 that a test case arose, curiously enough in the very State where Gandhi had been born, to make him feel that decisive action was at last demanded.

There had been serious grievances in connection with the administration of Rajkot State. Certain reforms had been promised, but the promises had not been fulfilled. Matters were referred to Mr. Gandhi. He came to the conclusion that he should intervene and try to bring about reconciliation and justice. His intervention was not successful. There were jailings of those pressing for reforms in the State. Finally Mrs. Gandhi herself went down to see what she could accomplish—Rajkot was her own old home. She, too, was thrown into jail.

Then Mr. Gandhi himself went to Rajkot, tried to bring about a settlement, failed, and came to the conclusion that a condition of affairs had now been reached at which it was right to use Satyagraha, not merely in order to settle the local problems of Rajkot, but in order to prepare the way towards a solution of the whole problem of misgovernment and dictatorship in the Indian States.

Once more the effect produced by the use of this extraordinary weapon was immediate and decisive. For a hundred years enlightened opinion had questioned the whole position of the States, and the conscience of those few people who really knew what was going on in the States had been crying out against innumerable flagrant abuses; but it had all been ineffective good-will, unimplemented concern. Now at last action was taken.

As soon as it was known that the old man, now nearly seventy years of age, and physically very frail, had begun his fast, the forces of good-will not merely in India but in many distant parts of the world were galvanized into effectiveness for the solving of the problem to which attention was so tragically being drawn. In Province after Province in India the Ministries resigned, in order to bring to the attention of the British Government what they felt to be the extreme gravity of the situation. Even the Viceroy himself cancelled his engagements, cut short his tour, and came hurrying back, that he might use all possible influence for the ending of the deadlock.

Under the stimulus of Satyagraha, employed in this fashion by one man, a stagnant and inoperative public opinion was roused to furiously effective activity, and in four days' time, before permanent harm had been done to Gandhi's weak and aged physique, a

mode of reform had been discovered. Satyagraha could be discontinued. The problem of the States had been lifted a long way towards solution. In the future, whatever difficulties may appear, and however long a genuine and universal reorganization may take, there will always be in the background the recognition of the fact that a way *does* exist by which the problem may be permanently solved.

The outbreak of war in September, 1939, was followed by a generous willingness on the part of many of the rulers of the States to subscribe other people's property to the help of the British cause. They made large contributions of resources wrung from their wretched peasants in ways that bear no examination. In consequence uninformed opinion in Great Britain hailed the Princes once more as generous and loyal allies. They began to be regarded as the bulwark of imperial solidarity in the East. It will be a crime against humanity as a whole if we allow dust to be thrown in our eyes by this course of events. The State rulers have no right to the resources which they have given us.[1] The fact of the existence of some musty treaty, a century old or more, by which an ancestor of the present ruler obtained unjustly and in the interests of some long-forgotten exigency of Indian imperial policy rights over human beings which never should have been bestowed, is no justification for perpetuating, generation after generation, intolerable injustice and oppression. The generosity of the Princes in the war-crisis is in

[1] Extract from the Press, March 12, 1940: 'The Chamber of Princes, at its opening session at Delhi to-day, unanimously passed a resolution of loyalty to the King and the British Government in their heroic struggle to uphold the cause of justice and to maintain the sanctity of treaties and covenants. The resolution also declares that it is the firm determination of the ruling princes and chiefs of India to render every possible assistance in men, money and materials to the King and his Government for the prosecution of the War.'

reality a form of insurance against the reforms which they know in their hearts to be long overdue. The British Government declares that we are fighting the war in the cause of democracy. That cause will be poisoned to the heart if we allow ourselves to be bribed in this fashion into forgetting the demands for justice, democracy and reform which come from the peoples of the Indian States.

Once more it must be asserted—and Mr. Gandhi's recent Satyagraha has driven the truth home—that this problem of the States is vital and primary in the whole Indian situation, and in the whole democratic world-cause. Universal justice is against us—truth itself is our enemy—if we profess one thing with our mouths and do the opposite thing with our wills and our hands. This is what is happening now in India, through our complacently maintaining the States in their existing position.

An immediate order should go out from Whitehall and from Delhi, that as the State rulers have shown themselves so sympathetic with the cause of democracy in other parts of the world, they must show themselves sympathetic with the same cause at home. They must democratize their States. Constitutions must be introduced. They must not be just sham constitutions, as has too often been the case in the past amongst Indian State rulers. These potentates have often imagined that a small dose of reform would make them stand better with the British, and possibly obtain them more guns in imperial salutes (this question of the number of guns with which the ruler is greeted when he visits Delhi bulks very largely in State counsels, as standing for the ruler's prestige).

Real democracy must be introduced, and introduced vigorously and with determination, in the States.

Political education takes a long time, especially when you are dealing, as in this case, with populations the vast majority of whom are almost entirely illiterate. The rest of India is advancing rapidly towards self-government. But the whole process will remain patently abortive if these five hundred odd enclaves of abysmal ignorance and obscurantism are permitted to continue all over her vast area. The practical education of the States' populations in the running of democratic institutions should begin *at once*. It is the most pressing of all political reforms in the Indian sphere. Mr. Gandhi taught this truth to the world, by his 1939 Satyagraha on behalf of the oppressed populations of the Indian States. It is for us now to see that the lesson is not forgotten.

We have thus taken a number of instances of the working of Satyagraha for the establishment of effective truth and right, in a variety of connections. To those who object that the method is a peculiarly Oriental one, we might have instanced the fast carried through to death in 1921 by Terence Macsweeney, the Mayor of Cork, in a London gaol. The fast lasted for over one hundred days. With incredible folly ('whom the gods wish to destroy they first drive mad') the British Government of the day let Macsweeney die. During the latter days of the fast the streets around the gaol were filled with crowds of people on their knees, praying for the Satyagrahi within—a very un-Western sight. Macsweeney died, and it has been well said that it was his death more than anything else which made it absolutely certain that Ireland would gain her freedom.

The Irish can use Satyagraha; so can the Germans, as they showed the world in the Ruhr episode. Perhaps the eventual solution of the war-problem depends upon

the finding of other Western races who will also learn to practise Satyagraha.

Scarcely any mention has been made so far of the great movement of national Satyagraha which went through to success in India during the early 1930's. C. F. Andrews was deeply sympathetic with that movement, and closely in contact with it, though he was not destined to be its historian, as he was the historian of earlier movements of Satyagraha.

At the climax of that movement there were scores of thousands of Indians in jail all over the country. There were constant police charges, often of an extremely brutal character, against public demonstrations of the Satyagrahis. Many Indian lives were lost, but, so far as can be known, throughout the course of that vast movement of national resurrection, not one single British life was sacrificed. Even when he was removed from the active leadership of the movement by the fact that he also was in prison, Mr. Gandhi's influence remained supreme. Discipline was preserved. Non-violence was maintained. Vast numbers of Indians, including very many thousands of illiterates, had become effectively trained in the idea that if they were to win their right to national self-determination, it must be along the path of self-chosen patiently-borne suffering.

The movement went through to success. The new constitution of 1935 came into force, and in the provincial sphere (though not as yet in the domain of central government) self-determination was obtained. There followed a period during which a phenomenon, unique in history, was to be observed in India. Under the ægis of a foreign imperialist Government, native ministries in the Provinces were busily at work designing and putting through a wide-reaching and deep-going

social revolution—for that is what the reforms instituted by the Congress Party Ministries meant.

The whole episode, now unfortunately interrupted by the war, forms one more demonstration of what can be accomplished for the righting of wrongs in a peaceful manner by the method of Satyagraha.

But let it never be forgotten that the problem of the Indian States is fundamental to the future of India. Self-government for British India can mean nothing if the Imperial power maintains five hundred and sixty-two Ulsters, in strategic positions all over the country.

CHAPTER IX

THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS

His services to India in the campaign against Indenture, had brought C. F. Andrews closely into contact with the many complex problems of Indian Labour, and for a number of years in the 1920's he was doing yeoman service in various parts of India, and centrally for India as a whole, in connection with the Trade Union movement.

This phase of activity culminated in his Presidency of the Indian Trade Union Congress. The present writer was privileged to be present at the Congress, which was a smallish body of representatives from all over the country, and to observe the manner in which C.F.A. presided over its deliberations. The problems tackled were of great technical complexity, and of a surprising diversity. It must be recalled taht India is already amongst the eight most highly industrialized countries on earth, and at the same time that the vast majority of her people are still illiterate, and therefore extremely easy to exploit. It must also be realized that conditions vary enormously in the different parts of India, both as regards the human factor, and as regards the type of industry practised. C.F.A. had need of a very wide experience of Indian human nature, and also of an immense range of technical knowledge, coupled with an almost inexhaustible store of accurate information regarding labour conditions in the various parts of the country. He showed all

these qualities, and at the same time evinced a really extraordinary capacity for understanding other people's points of view, and for reconciling conflicting interests and opinions.

To sit through the sessions of the T.U.C. and to observe the manner in which its President conducted its deliberations, and especially the genial tactfulness with which he managed to compose sometimes rather inflammable differences was in itself an education in Christian leadership of a great movement for social righteousness. No amount of hard, slogging work on the one hand, or of factious opposition on the other, seemed to make C.F.A. lose his spirit of affectionate good-will, or to drive him to exasperated irritation.

This same faculty made C.F.A. on numerous occasions before this time, and after it, a successful arbitrator in cases of industrial dispute. He was universally known and trusted as a friend of the working-man; and yet he commanded the prestige with the authorities derived from his leadership of the struggle against Indenture.

Years before this time, C.F.A. had been deeply interested in the prolonged and painstaking investigation carried through regarding Labour conditions in India by Miss Janet Kelman, of the Woodbrooke Settlement, Birmingham. She had discovered appalling poverty, overcrowding, ill-health, infant mortality, and so forth, in the Indian industrial cities, and her book on *Labour in India*, in which C.F.A. is warmly mentioned, forms a landmark in the history of the struggle for improvement in industrial conditions.

In the main the Indian industrial workers are still dispossessed peasants, forced to the towns by extreme pressure on the means of subsistence in rural areas as the result both of the rapid growth of population, and of reactionary systems of land-tenure. A very high

proportion of the ignorant people who thus drift to the cities become there, to all intents and purposes, permanently enslaved to money-lenders. In innumerable cases the money-lender takes the workers' whole wage (it is a major scandal that this wage is only paid by the month instead of the week, and is frequently held back for a subsequent period of up to three weeks in order to prevent the worker leaving his employment without notice, in disgust at the conditions under which he works). The labourer is only allowed a miserable pittance of rice by the money-lender, just sufficient to keep body and soul together. The debts are inherited from father to son, and the Royal Commission of 1929 found that they were enforceable at law. The result is a general condition in the industrial cities of hopeless misery, poverty, under-nourishment and disease.

Miss Kelman's investigation, already mentioned, had discovered that in 1921 the rate of infantile mortality in some parts of Bombay was 666 per thousand in the first year after birth; in other words, the conditions which modern industry had created in that great city, condemned two babies out of every three to death during the first twelve months of life. In the mills of Bengal she had discovered a machine which was a fertile cause of minor accidents, not because it was not adequately protected, but because workers tried to steal oil by pushing rags and tufts of soft waste into the moving parts. She had pertinently remarked, "It is a commentary on the standards of living." She spoke of how "in a very large number of mills little groups of children gaze out on a world that arouses no answering vitality." This is because they are doped with opium to keep them quiet whilst their mothers work. She pressed accordingly for crèches, where the children of working mothers could be looked after properly, instead of lying about, as was so frequently the case,

amongst the machinery. She also dealt with the appalling moral conditions existing amongst the new industrial populations. "A large number of the women attached to men working in the mills, have no legal bond of union with them . . . It seems difficult to see any way in which the result can be other than the creation of a population with a steadily lowering moral tone." She pointed to cases which had been recorded in which ginning factory managers had been convicted for working their women labourers for twenty-four hours. And she declared that with the present inspecting staff it had not been found possible to visit the seasonal factories, especially in remote districts, even once a year. The employment of small children she had still found rife. Even attempts to limit it by legislation had in some parts made the abuse worse. "It is probable that in certain cases the new regulation (raising the lower limit of the age of employment to twelve years), may involve children in longer hours of work than adults, as they may manage by going to two mills to work for twelve hours in one day."

It is extremely hard to check the illegal employment of child-labour in India. The present writer had a friend who was an Inspector of Factories. He has told me how he would maintain complete secrecy as to what town he proposed to visit. He would travel by motor-bicycle, at a high rate of speed. As he dashed into the town he had decided upon, he would see the factory-owners' scouts signalling his arrival to one another down the streets. He would drive 'all out' to the factory which he was going to visit, and as he approached it he would see the last of the children disappearing over the wall!

The employment of women in mines was also a major scandal, the ending of which bulked largely in C. F. Andrews' work for the oppressed in India.

The annual report of the Chief Inspector of Mines for 1927 spoke of mines in which women-workers carry weights of sixty pounds up steep slopes. In one of these mines the humidity was ninety-seven per cent; the air in the mine was practically saturated, though at the time the measurement was made the air on the surface was very dry (humidity twenty per cent). The mere effort of walking about the mine was sufficient to cause so profuse perspiration that clothing became saturated within a short space of time. The Chief Inspector continued: "The main opposition to the prohibition of female labour in mines is based on economic grounds. Female labour is cheaper than male labour, and women are more docile and work with greater regularity than men. It is feared that without female labour the cost of production will increase."

Has the subordination of primary human values to the thirst for profits ever been more plainly stated?

C. F. Andrews eagerly welcomed the appointment from London in 1929, of a Royal Commission to enquire into the conditions of Labour in India. The extraordinarily interesting, but terrible, report of that Commission disclosed many dreadful facts. There are some twenty-six millions of industrial workers in India, with no unemployment insurance, no health insurance, no old age pensions, no dole. The numbers of the unemployed (including the agricultural unemployed) are estimated by competent observers at figures running into scores of millions. Wages are often threepence a day, and although the cost of living is lower in India than in England, such a figure means permanent starvation. Since the depression wages have, by the way, gone down yet further, probably between ten and twenty-five per cent.

Housing in the industrial cities is appalling. Ninety-seven per cent of the industrial workers of Bombay

live in one room tenements. Cases are on record in which fifteen people were found occupying one small room, using it as a matter of fact merely to cook in, in relays, and sleeping on the streets. Many of the side streets in the industrial areas are quite incredibly filthy. The average period of good health in an industrial city, for a worker coming fresh from the country, is put down at ten months. After that there are various forms of breakdown, in Bombay very frequently from tuberculosis, a grim commentary on the housing conditions.

It is extremely common for a new worker to fall deeply into debt long before he gets his first pay (which may only come, as has already been pointed out, seven weeks after he has started work). He may have had a period of idleness before he could find work. The cost of living, and especially rent, is far higher in the city than in the country. The result is a steadily increasing indebtedness. In a case which came to my notice, one hundred and fifty per cent per annum was being charged. In another case, which I had specially checked up by an actuary, a small debt of about sixty rupees (a little over £4) had been incurred, but at a rate which, if none were paid back, would mean that in a few years' time, the debt would be a thousand times as great.

With regard to child labour, the 1929 Commission found that it is common for children of five to work twelve hours a day, with extremely serious effects upon their health. Infantile mortality varies enormously in accordance with the number of people living in the tenement. The Commission found girls of thirteen carrying weights of sixty pounds up steep slopes in mines, and the wide use of opium to keep the children of industrial workers quiet. Prostitution was another evil which they found to be closely connected with modern conditions of industry in India. The country

people, on coming to the city to take up work in the mills, appear to lose their old caste ideals and sanctions of morality, and wide sexual promiscuity is the result. In some industrial districts, one out of three of the women were found to be prostitutes.

Another abuse is the widespread employment of the fines system in Indian industry. This increases the weight of indebtedness. Very big pay-cuts are often made for minor offences.

The Commission emphasised the need for more and better trade union organisation. Often, owing to ignorance and illiteracy, the workers are helplessly victimised in spite of the existence of legislation which would protect them if they knew how to demand their rights. Also, their ignorance makes them almost helpless victims of the rascality of the moneylenders, who often fraudulently increase the workers' accounts on their books. There is great need accordingly for the establishment of night-schools to teach the three Rs.

The Indian Census of 1931 threw a flood of light on the problem of poverty in India, especially with regard to the country districts. The total acreage cropped was found to be 228,160,853, an increase of 16,000,000 acres on 1921. This means an average of 2.9 acres for each agriculturalist; but of little more than three-quarters of an acre per head of population. In Europe two and a half acres is regarded as the minimum per head of total population in order to keep the people as a whole above the poverty line. No wonder then that there is a problem of acute poverty and chronic starvation in India! And it is to be remembered that there is no dole and no poor relief in India, although by the natural increase of population, a city the size of London is added to that already desperately poor country every two years.

Another thing that must be realized is, that the

economic conditions have become very much worse in India since the visit of the Royal Commission of 1929. After three or four years of the depression, a missionary professor in northern India informed the present writer that of forty-one men passing the B.A. examination from his college in the previous year, only four had obtained employment, one on the equivalent of 6*s*. a week, two on 10*s*., and one on 12*s*. The labourers in the country districts were being paid in the form of a midday meal and a pound of rice for their families in the evening. The pay of teachers in country schools had come down to the equivalent of 1*s*. 4*d*. a week; on these terms they were each producing, according to a recent official report, one literate boy per annum, and one-third of a literate girl! In Calcutta a subordinate post had shortly before been advertised in the press. The pay (in the city, where the cost of living is far higher than in the country) was a little less than 10*s*. a week. There were four thousand applications for the post! This missionary had recently been staying with the family of one of his students, in the village where they lived. They had only three acres, yet they were regarded as a well-to-do family, sufficiently prosperous to have a son at college and aspire through him to enter the governing class. He spoke of a street in the city where he lives, which is literally lined with beggars. It is possible in that city to get a servant for one shilling a week, plus food. The municipal sweepers, upon whom the health of the community mainly depends, are paid from 2*s*. to 3*s*. 9*d*. a week by the Town Council. One ward of the city, which is a major centre of modern industry, has a population of one thousand to the acre. The water supply averages one tap to twenty houses. The legal minimum size for houses is one room, ten feet by eight, but such one-room tenements are often shared, sometimes by several families.

In regard to the agricultural situation, which he knew well, this missionary spoke of the growing agrarian discontent with the landowners (called zemindars in that part of India). They rack-rent the peasants, and make hardly any agricultural improvements. Even in times of acute scarcity and depression, when Government has granted remission of the land-tax, which in this area is collected from the zemindars and extorted by them from the peasants, the zemindars have continued to extort the full rate, and pocket it themselves. I have heard from Government officers details of the same evil practice. My missionary friend had recently examined the books of a moneylender in a country district. He was in the practice of making loans for one day at a time only, to poor traders, at a rate that works out at about five hundred per cent per annum. These debts were still enforceable at law, though since that time, the Indian governments which came in under the constitution of 1935, have made some changes —how effectively it is impossible to say.

Agrarian discontent has been acute in many areas of northern India. My friend had been present at one meeting of seven thousand peasants called to demand redress of grievances. The zemindar exercises feudal rights. Under the old Moghal Empire he was a mere tax-farmer, on the lines of the Roman *publicanus*, about whom we read in the New Testament. The pioneers of the British imperial rule turned him, for their own convenience in revenue-collection, into a permanent land-owner. Usually fifty-five per cent of the rent collected goes to him and the rest to Government as land-tax. The zemindars are a functionless and parasitic class. They practise a great deal of trickery and petty oppression, for example, by not giving receipts for rent paid (by an illiterate peasantry) and then demanding the payment a second time. It is frequent to find the

zemindar calling upon the tenant to plough the fields of the home-farm, without payment, and to find him also demanding from the tenant free milk and food-stuffs, especially at festival times. In consequence the peasantry in this part of India are in an abject condition of poverty; rent is often hopelessly in arrears; few children taste milk; most of them look like shadows.

A well-qualified observer stated in the *Indian Review* in 1934, that whereas the price of grain had stood at Rs. 4/8 in 1928–9, in 1934 it stood at Rs. 2/2. Government had reduced the land-tax over extensive areas of northern India by twenty per cent; but this was quite inadequate, partly because (as noted above) the zemindars in many cases still exact the same as before, and partly because agricultural prices had dropped more than fifty per cent.[1]

The more one learns about the system of land-tenure in India, the more iniquitous does it appear, and the more certain does one become that Indian poverty is largely man-made, the fruit of avarice in the land-owners, and of governmental sloth and ineptitude.

In view of the conditions which have just been described, C. F. Andrews was convinced, not only that India must be given the opportunity to work out her own salvation, and to find her own solution for the appalling evils which have grown up during the last century and a half[2], but also that in the industrial sphere the remedy is to be found in a wide extension

[1] An official statement in the *Times* in 1934 declared that the average income of the peasants in Western India was then two-fifths of what it had been before the 'slump'.

[2] It must be emphasised that conditions are steadily and rapidly deteriorating in regard to Indian poverty. The slump is one factor in this degeneration. Then there is the increase of population (in 1800, there were two-and-a-half acres of arable land per head of the population, whereas now there is only three-quarters of an acre). But there are other more obscure and sinister factors.

of trade unionism. For this reason he worked exceedingly hard at the fostering of the infant unions in many industries, and, as we have seen, became himself President of the All India Trade Union Congress. He was certain that there is little hope for improvement in industrial conditions until Indian labour learns to think, plan, and act for itself.

CHAPTER X

THE BIHAR EARTHQUAKE

EARLY in 1934, a terrible earthquake occurred in northern Bihar. Thousands of people were killed; vast areas of land were ruined by the eruption of miniature sand-volcanoes; and, most serious of all, the levels of the land were altered, so that when the rains came there was disastrous flooding. C. F. Andrews was greatly interested in the project carried through in the earthquake area by Pierre Ceresole, a distinguished Swiss internationalist, and son of an ex-President of the Swiss Republic. M. Ceresole is the founder and leader of the International Voluntary Service organization, which has done relief work in many countries. In the autumn of 1934 he took a small team of English and Swiss workers to Bihar, in order to help the peasants rebuild their ruined homes. The work was exceedingly hard, involving first of all the carrying of earth to build platforms on which the new houses could be erected. The Europeans worked side by side with the Indian peasants at the task of excavating this earth and carrying it to the places where the houses were to be built.

The project roused a great deal of interest in India, where it is anything but usual to have European 'intellectuals' working side by side with Indian peasants in this fashion. The local people began by calling the European members of the team 'sahib', which means 'master', and is the usual mode of address from an Indian to a European. But as the weeks went by,

this term gradually changed into 'bhaiya', which means 'brother'. The change was indicative of the transformation of attitude and relationship, which had taken place under the influence of the sharing of hard manual work.

Mr. Gandhi wrote as follows in his weekly paper *Harijan*, concerning one member of Pierre Ceresole's team: "I would like you to copy the example of Mr. F.H., a schoolmaster from South Wales, who has come to work with his own hands in the Bihar earthquake area under M. Pierre Ceresole. He has worked among the unemployed people in England and Wales, and knows that writing books and pamphlets is no propaganda, but that manual work and sharing in the toil of the people one would serve *is* true propaganda. Help in digging a well or building a village schoolhouse for Harijans (outcastes). That will be true propaganda (against untouchability)."

The President of the Indian National Congress, the most powerful man in Indian India, came himself to see the work of Pierre Ceresole's team, though this work was being carried on in a very remote and inaccessible district. He later issued a manifesto calling upon the young men of India to follow the example of these young Europeans, and to begin to work with their hands at the task of social reconstruction.

Thus the influence of this small team spread all over the length and breadth of India. The episode is one more instance of the fact that in these realms of the spirit numbers do not matter; nor do resources matter. Where there is one man, or a tiny group of men, willing to go the whole way in obedience to the guidance of the Spirit of good-will and service, miracles of reconciliation can be brought about.

One such miracle, on this occasion, was the fact that the British Government in India and the Indian National

Congress, which up to a few months before had been an outlawed and proscribed body, co-operated in supplying Rs. 50,000 each for the purchase of land and building materials for the new villages. It is extremely rare for these two great bodies to do anything together. They are exceedingly restive bed-fellows even at the best of times; and the morrow of the vast passive resistance struggle organized by the Congress against the Government, in which the Indian nationalists had suffered terribly, was not the most likely opportunity for such co-operation.

Yet here was reconciliation brought about in the most important of all spheres, the sphere of action for the helping of the distressed. This was a real miracle, and it had been worked in the simplest possible way, by the mere fact that four Europeans, one of them an elderly man, came to India to work with their hands on behalf of the earthquake victims.

The whole enterprise, which lasted for three years, formed an augury of what may be done in the future for the bringing together of East and West, by *genuinely* Christian methods of action. As such, it rejoiced the heart of C. F. Andrews, and led, as we shall see, to a most important declaration of policy on his part.

The European members of Pierre Ceresole's team had unique opportunities of seeing with their own eyes what Indian poverty really means. They were living right amongst the peasants, in little thatched huts, instead of in the substantial brick-built houses usually inhabited by Europeans. The peasants swarmed round them all day long. They were regarded as brothers, not masters. They tried to bring their own standard of living down as near as possible, in the true Franciscan spirit, to that of the people amongst whom, and for whom, they were working. To this end they needed to

find out what local standards of living actually were. They found that the peasants employed as labourers on the estates and farms near by were not paid in cash at all, but in the form of three tumblers full of rice, after a hard day's work. On this pittance they had to keep body and soul together, not only for themselves but for their families. The value of such a 'wage' in English currency would be about three halfpence. The European team pulled their own standard of living down as low as they possibly could—as a matter of fact they pulled it down too low, with the result that two of them fell seriously ill. When they had dispensed with everything which could be dispensed with, they found that they were living on the equivalent of ninepence a day, six times as much for an individual European as for an Indian family, which might be a large one. This single fact will serve to show better than a mass of statistics what Indian poverty really means.

The nights during the cold weather of 1934–5 were very bitter; one of the European members of the team wrote home that he shivered in a blanket-bag, two rugs, an overcoat, and his ordinary clothes. Not far away the thermometer, even in the plains, was many degrees below freezing-point. But the wretched peasantry had scarcely any bedding, and nothing but the same thin cotton clothes which they wore in the daytime. They spent the nights shivering and coughing round miserable little cow-dung fires, without a chance of sleep.

Their ignorance was appalling. None of the peasants in the village where the work first started could read or write, and only three of them could count above twenty. In the estimation of the team-members this fact alone largely accounted for the extreme and tyrannous power of the moneylenders.

At first the children fled in horror from the white men. When they asked the reason, they were told, "Because most white men have whips, and use them". The high ground in the vicinity, where the new villages should have been built, in order to get them well out of the range of floods, was all owned by a rich Englishman, who refused to sell any of it for such purposes.

Yet the relations between the team and their Indian peasant friends rapidly became excellent. The peasants responded marvellously to a genial and kindly attitude, with plenty of joking. Language difficulties vanished before this spirit. The schoolmaster already mentioned said that running the digging squad for which he was responsible was very like running a junior rugger game at his school at home. The Europeans were brought up against all manner of local problems, both personal and general. One of the most heart-rending of these was the oppression exercised by the subordinate police officials.

It must be realized that the appalling poverty of the peasants is one of the powerful causes at the root of the present ill-feeling between the Indians and the English. When men are starving, and see their families starving, they get desperate. All history proves this.

The report of the Government of India Health Commissioner for 1935 recorded that the average consumption of food per head of population is 2,400 lbs. per annum in England, and from 400 to 500 lbs. in India.

Side by side with this poverty there is the fact of the heavy drain paid by India in the form of interest on British investments. This, it is reckoned, amounts on the average to three shillings per annum per head of the Indian population; and when wages are in the

region of a shilling a week for a family, three shillings a year means a great deal.

Again, it must be remembered what immense salaries are paid to the high-up British officials in India. The Viceroy, for example, receives, it is reckoned, about twenty-five thousand times the income of the average Indian peasant.

The Director of Public Health in the Madras Presidency conducted a survey into living conditions in 1934. In the course of this survey he discovered that the average annual income of a family of five ranges between £2 6*s.* 0*d.* and £7 10*s.* 0*d.* and that fifty per cent of the population have an income of less than £5 per annum. For an entire family agricultural wages were found to average from 37*s.* 6*d.* to £4 10*s.* 0*d.* per annum. For one hundred days in the year the average agricultural labourer is entirely unemployed. This problem of seasonal unemployment is exceedingly serious. Mr. Gandhi has endeavoured to solve it by means of a great extension of cottage industries.

In the view of two of the most acute and well-informed of recent observers of the Indian scene,[1] the economic troubles of modern India are rooted in the hasty and ill-advised introduction by the British of a money-economy, backed by a new legal system, both of which factors made for the creation, and the elevation to dictatorial power, of a pernicious new money-lending class, which has fed like parasites on the life of the people, and has increased both in numbers and in power very rapidly. For instance in 1868 there were 53,000 moneylenders in the Punjab; in 1911 there were 194,000. Even as early as 1868 the official Famine Commission reported that two-thirds of the landholding class were in debt. The proportion is

[1] Messrs. Thompson and Garrett, *The British in India.*

now undoubtedly much larger. It is reckoned that an Indian peasant family, to be prosperous, needs fifteen acres of dry land, or five acres of irrigated land. From 1780 to 1850 the average size of holdings decreased by half, and since 1850 has decreased enormously again, till now, as we have seen, it is about three-quarters of an acre. Thompson and Garrett record how one British official got his first inkling of what poverty and starvation mean in India by finding one day an old woman in his bathroom eating the soap!

Sixty years ago a distinguished official, Sir Thomas Hope, declared that the moneylenders obtain bonds on false pretences, enter in them sums larger than agreed upon, deduct extortionate premiums, credit produce at fraudulent prices, retain liquidated bonds, and sue on them, use threats and warrants of imprisonment to extort fresh bonds for sums not advanced, charge interest not stipulated for and over-calculated, and practise a variety of other forms of villainy. That indictment is still valid.

In 1911, according to Thompson and Garrett's survey, 217 million people were subsisting on the produce of 215 million acres; the population has increased since to a far greater extent than the amount of land available for cultivation. In the Punjab at that date, only one peasant in seven had the fifteen acres of dry land considered a suitable economic unit. It must be remembered that the average Indian zemindar provides little or nothing in the way of improvements in return for the rent he extorts.

In another connection, many British investments in India have paid their principal one hundred times over or more. Between 1917 and 1924, most of the larger cotton and jute mills repaid their shareholders several

times the value of their original stock, without any attempts being made to improve housing and conditions of life for their workers.

Messrs. Thompson and Garrett say of the agricultural districts of India today that they are rapidly becoming a kind of rural slum, and that some form of communal village economy may well be an essential feature of any permanent reform. From this point of view it is encouraging to notice the steady growth in numbers and strength of the rural co-operative societies, of which by 1929 there were over a hundred thousand, with more than four million members. It should not be impossible to go forward from these to more far-reaching experiments in co-operative land-tenure and farming.

Another encouraging feature is the marked advance in regard to health and educational services achieved since Indian ministries took over provincial control of these departments of government in 1921. Since self-government was instituted in the Provinces, in 1935, these activities have extended into the realm of genuinely constructive and courageous experimentation, in the effort to create a new and better social order in rural India.

C. F. Andrews was vitally interested in all such movements. He had a firm belief in the power of trade union organization to better the lot of Indian industrial workers. He had an even firmer belief in the power of Indian ministries to change the evil systems under which the Indian peasants are being ground into the dust. He believed in trusting freedom at all costs; and in organization of the victims of oppression, that they may learn to right their own wrongs.

Above all he believed in the Christian way of action for freedom and justice, by self-sacrificing, self-identify-

ing service, done in a spirit of humility, with the hands rather than with the tongue.

This was why he took such a keen interest in the work for the victims of the Bihar earthquake organized by M. Ceresole.

CHAPTER XI

THE BELOVED COMMUNITY

C. F. ANDREWS first visited Woodbrooke Settlement, at Birmingham, late in 1929, to lecture at a gathering of young men, organized by the old Quaker leader and prophet, Neave Brayshaw. It was at that time that the photograph of him was taken which is placed at the beginning of this book. It was a difficult matter to get him to allow himself to be photographed, and on this occasion it was only managed by dint of kidnapping him, as it were, directly after dinner one day, putting him bodily into a car, and driving him off to the photographer's!

A few months later he was at Woodbrooke again during a memorable visit paid by Rabindranath Tagore, and he helped to organize an exhibition of Tagore's drawings in the Birmingham City Art Gallery.

In 1931 he was again with us during a visit paid to our Community by Mr. Gandhi. The party arrived about seven o'clock one Saturday evening, by car from Nottingham, and staff and students of the Settlement at once gathered in our common-room to share Gandhi's evening worship. There were three or four of Gandhi's Indian friends and supporters in the party, and they sang to us some hymns in Hindi, Gujerati, and Sanskrit. Then there was a time of silence, after which Gandhi unexpectedly asked if we might all sing an English hymn together. We said Yes, if he would choose it. He chose two, 'Lead, kindly Light', and 'When I

survey the wondrous Cross'. We sang them both. Next morning he explained why he had chosen these hymns. 'Lead, kindly Light' had been a favourite of his ever since, in 1889, he first heard it quoted by the President of the Indian National Congress during his presidential address. 'When I survey the wondrous Cross' he had come to know and to love years afterwards during the struggle in South Africa. It expressed to him the very heart of religion, especially the verse beginning 'Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God'.

Mr. Gandhi also gave his views, during an early morning walk on the Sunday, regarding the right attitude towards personal property, and regarding life in community. He spoke of the night in 1913, during which he had made the resolve never again all his life long to hold any property of his own, and he told us how he owned absolutely nothing, though he had unlimited resources at his command in the generosity of his friends. He was extraordinarily impressive when he turned and said, "From that night of decision I began to know what freedom, power and joy mean; if you would know these things, you must tread the same path." He told us also about the three communities which he had founded and of which he had himself been a member, at Johannesburg, Durban and Ahmedabad; how the difficulty of bringing up children in a community might be turned to a great advantage, by having a school as an integral part of the community; and how community-living may become the nucleus of wide-reaching activity on behalf of justice and freedom. He urged us to adopt the principle of community-living in our struggle against unemployment, which was then in its initial stages. He believed the true solution for unemployment, apart from courageous government action, to lie in the creation

of numbers of small communities, containing both 'intellectuals' and unemployed, and engaged on working the land, on weaving cloth, and on similar production-for-use enterprises.

In 1932 C. F. Andrews became a Fellow of Woodbrooke for a whole year—and it was a memorable year for the whole of our community. Morning by morning he shared in our simple worship, which is held on the basis of silence. Sometimes out of the silence would rise Charlie's voice, leading us by means of a few brief sentences deep into the mysteries of God. In the evenings, once a week, he gave us a series of devotional lectures; these later appeared in his book *Christ in the Silence*, which was under preparation during that year.

He would work in his room during the morning hours, at this book or at articles for the press. He wrote numbers of these, largely on the subject of India. In the afternoons he would be off 'on the prowl' after cases of illness and distress needing help. He had an amazing faculty for finding out the existence of such cases, and for ministering to them. A call from Charlie brought real radiance into the lives of many sufferers from cancer, like John White. Then there were his unemployed friends, and the lonely old-age pensioners whom he visited here and there in Birmingham. He would return hours later, tired out, but with the light of Christ shining from his face. He would perform all manner of little services for those whom he found in need in this way. They knew he was a great man, but they loved him for himself, for the spirit of Christ that was in him, and for the fashion in which that spirit made him rejoice to be allowed to do these small 'menial' services for them. Many of them, including my own children, who were very fond of him, called him affectionately 'Uncle Charlie'.

Early in the mornings he would come along to my study, and would share in our family Quiet Time. He would have been up hours before that, and would have made himself a cup of tea in our kitchen. He was a very early riser, and much of his best writing work must have been done long before the rest of us were awake.

So the months of that never-to-be-forgotten year went by. There was a great meeting on the subject of India in the Birmingham Town Hall, either during that year or perhaps somewhat earlier presided over by my colleague, Horace Alexander, who had already worked for years in the closest and most affectionate accord with C.F.A. at various causes in connection with India. 'Charlie' spoke at this meeting, and I suppose none of us who heard him will ever forget the appeal that he made against race-tyranny and race intolerance.

As he passed in and out amongst us, we all knew him for a saint of God, above all by his humility, and in his readiness to learn from even the youngest and shyest. He had an unshakeable belief in the sovereign dignity and value of human personality. He saw the Inward Christ in every man. He called the Divine Witness into action within the personalities he met. He did it, not so much by anything he said, as by what he was, by the quality of his friendship.

The attempt to put these things into words fails disastrously. But the reality—this radiant, Christ-filled personality—was in itself a stronger thing than armies.

CHAPTER XII

MINISTER OF RECONCILIATION

AFTER his year at Woodbrooke, and a series of journeys to distant parts of the world on behalf of Indians in distress, C. F. Andrews settled for a time at Cambridge, his old University, and once more came into close connection with Pembroke College, of which he had long ago been a Fellow.

It was at Cambridge, early in 1935, that he launched the idea of a new Foreign Policy, under a Minister of Reconciliation. A meeting of some University organization was being held, and C. F. Andrews addressed it. He had recently been in close contact with the work which was then being done by Pierre Ceresole's team in the Bihar earthquake area. He spoke of this work with the greatest enthusiasm, and suggested that in the future it would be well if there could be instituted some body which would make itself responsible for sending such teams from England to any country where there was acute distress, either because of natural disasters or because of war. He believed that the influence for good-will and for reconciliation that might be exercised in this fashion was incalculable. He suggested that parallel with the existing Foreign Office, with its ambassadors and 'high diplomacy', there might grow up another kind of Foreign Office, under another kind of Foreign Minister, a Minister of Reconciliation, whose task it would be to mobilize good-will and to send groups of Franciscanly-

minded people to other countries where such needs existed. The enterprise would not demand large finance; for it was of the essence of Franciscan action that no reward was sought for the menial and manual service done. Those who went might even be asked to find their own travelling-expenses, perhaps by means of subscriptions raised through local groups with which they were connected. C. F. Andrews believed that there was no calculating the amount of good-will that might be engendered by even a minute team acting in this Franciscan manner on a vast problem of misery. As had already happened in the case of the Bihar team, the matter might attract widespread interest, and might act as a powerful incentive for similar action undertaken by the people of the needy country. In regard to these matters of the spirit it needs to be remembered that God is not a statistician; He does not count heads, or work by numbers. Even one man may create a spirit of international good-will by means of Franciscan action, sufficient to avert wars, and to defeat all the forces of hatred.

C. F. Andrews pointed out how, again and again in the past, Cambridge University had been the scene of the starting of new and creative movements of the Spirit. It was so in the days of the evangelical revival; in the days of the 'Cambridge Seven', who did so much to start the modern movement for foreign missions; in the early days of the Student Christian Movement; and in the starting of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. He believed that in this new matter of the Ministry of Reconciliation, Cambridge University might again be called to develop a fresh type of spiritual leadership, for the ending of race-hatred and international strife by means of Franciscan action, done menially and with the hands across the international and inter-racial barriers. Pierre Ceresole had shown

us the way. Could not Cambridge rise to that call?

The large gathering of undergraduates which listened to C.F.A. on this occasion must have felt that he spoke as a man inspired. We were able, in some measure, to see with his eyes, and to feel with his heart. I think we all felt of him then as the Minister of Reconciliation, of whom he had spoken, and as having been already for many years engaged himself on the sort of activity which he had been describing to us.

It was as a result of this notable meeting at Cambridge that an enterprise of reconciliation was organized the next summer by some of those who had been present on that occasion. A request was received from a group of people in Vienna for a team to go to Austria and help start a movement for unemployed men's allotments, similar to the movement which had already by that time done so much for the unemployed in the distressed areas of England. The scheme was launched with some diffidence, as Vienna is about a thousand miles from Cambridge, and there were—of set purpose—no funds available to help pay fares or expenses. The undertaking was to be kept strictly Franciscan in this matter, as well as in regard to the types of work done. We thought at the outset that we should be fortunate if we got half-a-dozen people to go to the broken-down little unemployed town, twelve miles south-east of Vienna where the scheme was to be started. As a matter of fact we got sixty-six in 1935, and even more in the two subsequent years. A great deal of hard digging was done, and it was proved to the hilt that by this kind of activity barriers can be bridged and good-will can be established between classes and nations which in the past have been hostile. We English people had been enemies of Austria in the Great War. We were also regarded as class-enemies, because the

local people were all Marxist, and they imagined that we must be capitalists because we had been able to afford to come so far. They also had a peculiar grudge against England because they supposed (wrongly, as a matter of fact) that the closing down of their local cotton mill, which had destroyed the economic life of their town and robbed them of work and of hope, had been due to the action of an English cotton syndicate anxious to kill Austrian competition.

In consequence, we started work in an atmosphere of considerable suspiciousness and even hostility. This all changed however, and almost in the twinkling of an eye, as soon as the Austrians saw us actually digging for them under the hot sun, or (in the case of some of the women members of our team) doing unpaid domestic work for them in their homes.

International and inter-class good-will became real working facts during those Franciscan work-camps at Marienthal in 1935, 1936, 1937. The political events of 1938 rendered a continuation of them impossible; but ample experience had been gained to show that C. F. Andrews' idea of the Ministry of Reconciliation was both practical and full of creative possibilities for the future.

It must be repeated, however, that C.F.A. was himself the incarnation of that ideal, the Minister of Reconciliation in an unseen world-government of world-brotherhood.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAN

EVERYONE who came in contact with C. F. Andrews was the better for it. Through his friendship, even if they only saw him for a few minutes, they felt right and truth strengthened in them, and evil weakened. Through getting to know him, and the spirit that was in him, the 'Witness of God' in themselves was raised to power.

It is obviously impossible to describe in words this spirit that was in our friend. There are some lines written by a seventeenth century Quaker mystic, James Nayler, which are more adequate perhaps than anything that can be written anew:

> "There is a spirit, which I feel, that delights to do no evil nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations. As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thoughts to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it; for its ground and spring is the mercies and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned, and it takes its kingdom with entreaty and not with contention, and keeps it in lowliness of mind."

This was all true of C.F.A., and yet beyond this there was a virile and challenging quality in his good-

will, which made him go out to give himself in apparently hopeless crusades, undertaken on behalf of the poorest of the poor, against the entrenched powers of exploitation and oppression, in many lands. He was a fighter, all his life, on behalf of the needy against the mighty.

Yet there was more even than this in the quality of his spirit. There was a radiance about him, which may perhaps be put into expression in the great words of St. Paul's 'Hymn to Love' in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Yet even that does not quite give the interpretation which we need. We can only say that Christ shone through our friend, and that as we knew him better, we knew Christ better also.

Words written of George Fox, in the seventeenth century, may perhaps be quoted again: "His authority was inward and not outward, and he got and kept it by the love of God and power of an endless life. . . . So meek, contented, modest, easy, steady, tender, it was a pleasure to be in his company. He exercised no authority but over evil, and that everywhere and in all; but with love, compassion, and long-suffering. A most merciful man, as ready to forgive as unapt to take or give an offence."

Or again, we may think of the words written by John Woolman, as expressing his motive for undertaking a hazardous missionary journey: "Love was the first Motion, and thence a concern arose to spend some time with the Indians, that I might feel and understand their life and the spirit they live in, if haply I might receive some instruction from them, or they be in any way helped forward by my following the leadings of Truth amongst them."

Other such quotations might be chosen—many of them—in the fruitless effort to find words which will express the spirit that was in our friend, C. F. Andrews.

But the effect of that spirit was clear to all who came into contact with him. It 'reached to the witness of God' in themselves and in others. 'Charlie' believed, and practised the belief, that in *any* situation of conflict and hatred, however bitter, this spirit of simple serving good-will can bring peace, by appealing to the best in those who seem steeped in hatred and oppression. He went into the heart of the conflict, and by the spirit of service and humility that was in him, found the avenues of peace-making.

C.F.A. could gather facts with patience and marshal them with skill. He could also present them forcefully and convincingly. But he was no believer in argument and controversy. Here again his spirit of love showed forth. "Friends," said George Fox, over two hundred and fifty years ago, "go not into the aggravating part to strive with it, lest ye do hurt to your souls and run into the same nature; for patience must get the victory, and answers to that of God in everyone, and will bring everyone from the contrary. . . . That which joins to the aggravating part sets up the aggravating part, and breeds confusion, and reaches not to the witness of God in everyone."

C.F.A. saw through argument and controversy in the same way. His object was to reach the Witness of God in the hearts of those with whom he dealt, whether they belonged to an alien social and religious system, or to an oppressing Government, or to an exploiting class, or whether they were just his own circle of friends. He knew that in all of us there exists what George Fox calls in this passage 'the aggravating part', the contentious, self-assertive, aggressive element, the outward expression of the evil side of our nature, the false self, 'that in man which is to be damned' (to quote Fox again). We have constantly to be on our guard, even after many years of the attempt to live a

Christian life, lest this hidden evil part of our nature suddenly slip out and gain control. In speaking of one occasion on which this happened, John Woolman says: "One valuable friend got off his watch!" The phrase implies that in a very real sense 'sin is ever present with us'. All of us are liable to find at any moment that, quite imperceptibly, the evil element has crept in through some unguarded cranny, and has begun before we are aware, to play havoc with our psychology. Then suddenly, at a moment of strain or crisis, and especially when we are plunged (if we are foolish enough to let ourselves be plunged) into the heat of controversy, the evil element leaps into control, and we speak words or do deeds of which afterwards we are abundantly ashamed.

His friends often saw Charlie worried and anxious; sometimes they saw him strained; but they never saw him 'get off his watch', because his anxiety and his nerve-strain were always for other people; his concern was always outside himself; he eschewed all 'joining with the aggravating part', all barren contentiousness.

At the age at which C.F.A. 'forsook all to follow Christ', the age of forty-two, most men of his station in life have reached a position of comfort and stability. They have gained, perhaps by quite unselfish methods, a position of authority over other people, even if those other people are only their own children. Power is inherently and inevitably bad for human beings. "Power corrupts: absolute power corrupts absolutely," said Lord Acton, and truer words were never spoken. Perhaps as a result of this possession of power, or more probably even as a result of the revival of long-forgotten childhood jealousies, now transferred to other objects and using different methods of expression, the evil self, 'the blind, rough, profane seed' (George Fox again)

gets control, and before it can be curbed a really terrible amount of damage may have been done.

But at the same time there is another side to human nature, to which appeal may be made; and it was gloriously true that the spirit of good-will which was in C. F. Andrews could appeal directly to this 'true Seed' in others, this life of God Himself in the soul. C.F.A. was certain that this Divine Witness exists in every man, and that it may be reached, above all by actions of humble service. He knew that whereas controversy and argument merely raise up the evil, contentious, selfish element in man, humility, kindness, loving service kindle the like spirit, even in the most improbable people. Thus C.F.A. went through the world, in unceasing journeyings, reaching the Witness of God in all men, by this type of action. In so doing he was bringing to recognition the universal Sovereignty of God; he was founding God's Kingdom. He was unshakably convinced that, even in the hard-boiled, aggressive type of man, there exists somewhere deep down this better element to which appeal may be made, by the expression of unconquerable good-will through humility and service.

Those who have read his books will readily realize that this spirit which was in C. F. Andrews, and which worked such wonders through him for the Sovereignty of God, was founded in, and nurtured upon, his devotion to Christ. He was always bidding his friends study Christ, turn to Christ, have fellowship with Christ inwardly. And we realized that it was his own Christ-centred life which made Charlie what he was as a friend, both to ourselves, and to all the needy people in the world.

He would point out to us how Christ had been a master of friendship, and of a wise and discerning type

of friendship, which knew at once how best to get alongside those with whom it was dealing. Jesus dealt with men in the spirit of His own teaching in the Sermon on the Mount, not in the spirit of compulsion, or of crushing authority. He came amongst them in humility, as a poor wayfarer, prepared to serve their needs in any way that was possible. Yet He spoke to them directly and fearlessly; and because His words came out of arduous service done for the clamant needs of the poorest and wretchedest around Him, the spirit of truth in those words, manifested in action and reinforced by action, reached the Divine Witness in those to whom He spoke and for whom He worked.

As we think of the fashion in which Charlie showed us, by his own spirit and action, what these things had meant in Christ, we give thanks again and again for our friend.

He would remind us of the manner in which, through His teaching, our Lord made His appeal to 'that of God', to the best spirit, the highest possibilities, in those around Him; of how in His parables Jesus continually emphasized the existence of this higher element even in the most debased. He points to a village ne'er-do-well, lazy and bad-tempered, who is sharing a crust of bread with one of his little children; and He says, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father in Heaven give His best gift of all, His Holy Spirit, to those that ask Him." There is a little flickering spark of goodness in the wastrel, which can so be focussed, by Jesus' matchless sympathy and insight, as to throw a dazzling light upon the very heart of God.

George Fox used to bid his friends 'give heed to that which is pure in man *to guide you to God.*' This was exactly the way in which our Lord taught. He drew attention to the better element in humanity, and so

taught deep fundamental truth about the very nature and purpose of God. In word and practice C.F.A. followed his Master here.

Jesus takes the case of the Unjust Judge, who does not care for the justice of the poor widow's plea, but who still possesses a sort of lazy good-humour, which eventually leads him to yield to her importunity and attend to her grievances. Such lazy good-humour is a very poor thing perhaps, yet even here there is something which Jesus can use, a spark of light to illumine the nature of God.

Then there is the ordinary industrious faithfulness and carefulness of common-place working-men and women. The farmer tilling his fields; the sower sowing his seed; the merchant seeking his pearls; the housewife sweeping out her room, or baking her bread; above all, the shepherd looking after his sheep. In each case there is something in them which gives Jesus Christ the opportunity to give a new and living message to humanity about God.

In the case of the shepherd, the fact that in the ordinary course of his everyday work he will be called upon to venture his life in loneliness and tempest for the sake of the creatures committed to his charge, leads Jesus to paint us a picture for ever unforgettable and unique of the Divine activity of redemption. There is something extraordinarily significant, for human nature as a whole and permanently, in the fact that this common-place working-man, in what he must have regarded as a purely routine matter (the shepherds in the mountainous regions of our own country still regard their duty in this light at times of flood or blizzard), should have been able to give Jesus Christ *right out of his ordinary working-life*, the material for so illuminating and final an affirmation of the Divine redemptive activity.

Then there is the generosity of the rich landowner

who chose, perhaps somewhat fantastically—or so it must have seemed—to pay the men who had only worked one hour the full pay for a whole day's labour. Jesus takes that action, and uses it to throw a flood of light upon the truth that God, in His relations with men, has of necessity (and fortunately for ourselves) gone deeper than justice.

Or there is the other rich man, who makes the wedding-feast, and welcomes in the poorest and meanest from the neighbourhood. It is to be noticed, in this connection, that Jesus does not draw His illustrations of the nature of God from the best elements of only one type of human nature. He can show forth God by 'reaching' in this way the best element in rich men —even in kings—as well as in farmers and workmen.

Above all, there is the greatest of all our Lord's word-pictures of the nature of God, His story of the Prodigal Son. In the wayward boy himself there is humility, love, trust, a resolute turning from his evil ways, a change of ideals (that essential element which Jesus, or His Greek translator, calls Metanoia). But the Divine nature is shown signally in the old father, who waits hungrily all those years; is watching down the road as his boy stumbles back; runs to meet him; embraces him without reproaches; welcomes him in; feeds him and clothes him unquestioningly, just because he knows that the boy's spirit is changed, and that therefore his own love can find full scope.

It was all quite an ordinary affair; a topic of gossip, no doubt, in a near-by village. Many people must have taken the side of the elder brother, and have said that the father was an old fool. But Jesus can take the common-place episode, and use it to give to all ages a unique picture of the nature and action of God—because He 'gave heed to that which was pure', to the Divine element in the old man.

C. F. Andrews' teaching, and his converse with his friends, was full of such illustrations of Christ's methods of conveying the deepest truth about God, by means of stories which dwelt upon the best element in human nature; but he was even more fond of pointing to the fashion in which our Lord's *actions* made appeal to the Witness of God in the human beings with whom He came in contact. In a sense, Christ's example in this respect is more significant for us even than His words; for whilst no man spake, or ever can speak, as This Man, we are all called to follow Christ's example of a friendship that shall be truly creative, because it brings into expression the best elements in our friends.

It will be well for us to remind ourselves, before we begin to consider C. F. Andrews' attitude to Christ from this point of view, that there *is* a Spirit of Christ-likeness which may enter and control human hearts. It is the Spirit spoken of by our Lord in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew; the spirit whose mode of operation is dealt with in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of St. John. It is the Spirit of Love spoken of by St. Paul in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. It is the Spirit in which St. Francis lived and worked in the thirteenth century, George Fox in the seventeenth, John Woolman in the eighteenth, and so forth. If our Christian belief in this Holy Spirit means anything at all, we know that it is the purpose of God that this Spirit should not merely occasionally enter human hearts, but that it should suffuse and rule all human motives and all human relationships, everywhere and always. As we study, with a man like C. F. Andrews, the creative friendship of Jesus, we see how this may be achieved; and therefore how the Sovereignty of God may be recognized and effectually established in what shall eventually become an effective control over all human affairs.

As C.F.A. used to point out, the creative friendship of Jesus worked, in the first place, through His daily labour of love and service on behalf of the needy multitudes that thronged around Him. He gave them His best—with all that this meant—both in word and in action. He healed their diseases; He fed their hunger; He gave sight to those of them that were blind; He made the lame to walk, the deaf to hear; He gave back sanity to minds that had lost it as the result of war-strain. And He did all this not mechanically, in indiscriminate broadcast relief, but personally, in such a way that the needy people whom He served realized that they themselves meant something—and a very great deal—individually to Him; that they were not mere 'cases'.

We see this principle operating in striking instances, such as that of the paralytic who was let down at the feet of Jesus through the roof, and in regard to whom Jesus at once realized that his chief need was that of moral health; or that of the Roman military officer, whose servant was not merely healed, but who was made an object-lesson of faith to the Jews around; or that of the child who was brought back to life, and handed over to her parents, with the careful injunction that her chief immediate need, that of food, should at once be met. There is enough of such 'clinical material' in the Gospels to convince us that in the many thousands of other instances about which we have no such specific details, Jesus' procedure was the same. He served the needy people around Him, often in the most commonplace, even menial, fashion, as individuals, each one of whom was precious in the sight of all the universe for himself or herself.

We have numerous specific details, in addition, about cases in which the friendly contact of Jesus with

individuals called into active expression the best element, the Divine Seed, in them.

For example, there was the Woman at the Well, who was awakened into a new kind of life, simply through Jesus' frank readiness to accept a kindly service at her hands, though according to the common thought of the Jews in those days, she was trebly unclean, as a woman, a Samaritan woman, and a bad Samaritan woman.

There was Zacchaeus, who was transformed by the fact that Jesus proclaimed Himself ready to accept hospitality from him, the renegade Jewish traitor, the hardened defrauder of the poor, who was caught like a rat in a trap, and might well have expected scathing reproaches, or something worse.

There was the poverty-stricken widow, whose generosity in giving the little all she had to the service of God, outweighed the ostentatious munificence of the wealthy.

There were the twelve disciples, some of them cynical, some hot-headed, some pessimistic, some treacherous; yet all with some hidden excellence which made all of them (except one) leaders later on, in a unique movement of peaceful revolution. Even that one was valued and trusted by Jesus, for instance in connection with his careful management of the slender material resources possessed by the group.

There were Roman officials, and well-to-do Jewish leaders, each commended for some valuable characteristic, perhaps of trustfulness, or even just of readiness to learn, and commended in such a manner that the whole nature of the individual in question was raised and ennobled.

There was the woman with the alabaster box of ointment, changed into newness of life by Jesus' gratitude for her loving service. There was even the

dying thief on the cross, welcomed into paradise because of his spirit of humility, teachableness, and repentance.

Many other instances could be taken of the manner in which Jesus saved men by the spirit of friendship in him, which seized upon and built up in them the best that was in them, unto eternal life and the redemption of the whole man. "Give heed to that which is pure in one another, to guide you to God."

C. F. Andrews taught his friends, not so much by words, as by the inner quality of his friendship, that there is one essential outcome of the endeavour to bring about, by the method of Christ-centred creative friendship, the recognition of the Sovereignty of God. That essential outcome is Joy.

George Fox was in the habit of saying to his friends, over and over again, "Walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every man." On one occasion he added a postscript to a letter of his wife's, "So be cheerful in the seed of life which is over all." Two days before his death, when he caught a fatal chill on coming out of a Friends Meeting, it is stated that "he felt the cold strike to his heart as he came out of the meeting, but was pretty cheery with Friends." One of his travelling companions speaks of the manner in which Fox discoursed to him concerning the 'language of the birds'. Fox always insisted that no one could understand or expound the Scriptures unless he were 'in the same spirit in which they were given forth'. We may apply his own principle to the 'language of the birds', and say that no one can appreciate and interpret that language unless he has in him that same spirit of Joy. In a time of bitter suffering and persecution, when he was in prison at Lancaster, Fox wrote (and the words remind us of his early days as a countryman), "Friends, you who are now come to suffer by

a land-flood, keep on the rock, for there is safety, though a storm be in the sea, and the flood be great, and the winds great, and the way rough and crooked, the Seed, Christ, can make all things plain. And so think not the winter and cold weather nor the night long, for the lilies do grow, and the garden do give a good smell . . . And the sun shines and the light is clear and not dim, that you may see your way and life, though there is a storm and tempest in the sea. And so mind the summer and singing of birds, and not the winter and night in which evil beasts do yell."

The thought behind this notable passage is clear. Even in the midst of suffering, injustice and grief, *there is a spirit* which can conquer these things, and bring Joy. It was that spirit which we knew in C. F. Andrews.

St. Paul was in the experience of this spirit when he wrote his letter to the Philippians. He was an old man, and a prisoner, chained night and day to a Roman soldier. His work was frustrated. Death lay close ahead. Yet he can repeat over and over again his message of Joy. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice." As he dwells deep in that Spirit of love, which is the very life of God, Joy shines radiantly through all the darkness which surrounds him.

St. Francis teaches again and again the same great truth. Here too, we find the spirit which can understand the singing of the birds, and can feel a kinship with them sufficient to make the Saint's Sermon to the Birds, instead of fantastic foolery, an occasion deeply expressive of his whole attitude to life. Incidentally it is a sermon largely about Joy. As the years go by, he and his followers tramp ahead, penniless and defenceless, over the roads of Italy, and the roads of all Europe, and then far beyond Europe, always 'singing gay little songs'. Everywhere they are known

as the Troubadours of God. They re-create, by Joy, Christian civilization.

This Franciscan Joy—and we knew it in C.F.A.—is not a superficial thing, fobbed up from time to time for public exhibition. It is constant, and it comes from the deepest heart. It is based on the doing, for Christ's sake, of manual menial service on behalf of the neediest who can be found and helped anywhere in the would-be Franciscan's environment. And this Joy is proof against every kind of rebuff, as Francis taught his disciple in his famous discourse on perfect Joy. "If, when we reach home through the snow and the tempest, numbed and frozen and very weary, the porter take us for robbers, and drive us away with blows of a great cudgel, *and we take it all patiently, in the spirit of unfaltering good-will,* then *in that spirit* Perfect Joy is to be found."

The old Stoics had taught that it is not what happens to us that matters, but the fashion in which we take it. Here is the same principle, but interpreted in the light of Christ's love, the love which is ceaseless activity of the will for the good of others, and which is expressed in a quenchless Joy, springing from the living presence of the Spirit of Christ in the heart.

It all goes back to Jesus Himself; to His love of wild things, birds, flowers, mountains; but above all, to the great final sacrament of the Feet-washing, which His Church as a whole has so comfortably forgotten.

It is the last crisis of all His work. He knows that the Cross is close ahead; and what that means to Him none of us can even remotely guess, because none of us have seen, as He had seen, the men of our own home-village slowly dying on the crosses outside the village gate, by the side of the path to the essential village water-supply, after the abortive Sepphoris insurrection, which had originated four miles from Nazareth when

Jesus was about three years old. Modern psychology can teach us something of what the fears thus engendered must have meant to Jesus at Passiontide; something of why His sweat ran down as it were great drops of blood. But no theories can acquaint us with a thousandth part of the meaning and horror of such suffering, faced for us.

Here are His men around Him. They are the hope of the future of His movement, of the fulfilment of God's plan for the saving of the world. He knows only too well what poor tools they are, with their doubts, their gross ambitions for power and wealth in the 'Kingdom'. Their cowardice now that the hope of that 'Kingdom' seems to be vanishing, even their active treachery. Yet Jesus knows that somewhere in the heart of each one of that uninspiring, futile group of beaten men there is the Witness of God, the capacity for an unlimited degree of love and courage and inspired leadership. He calls that spirit into action; He 'answers that of God in them'; He appeals to the Divine Witness in their hearts, by a very simple and very characteristic course of action.

Quietly He rises, takes off His outer garment, brings a basin of water and a towel.

They all know what it means. They could not afford to pay for this commonplace piece of service. Each of them had known that it ought to be performed: and having been with Jesus for a long time, each of them felt inward prickings of conscience telling him that he ought to be the one to offer to perform it. The Witness of God was struggling into practical expression in each one of them. But they were lazy; they were tired; above all they were jealous and proud towards each other. James thinks, 'John is younger than I am; it is his job'. Matthew thinks, 'Peter is a fisherman; and I am an intellectual; it is his job'; and so forth.

The result is that the work does not get done. Even when Jesus starts to do it Himself, they all sit there motionless, ashamed of each other, and let Him do it.

And so the Master goes the round of those travel-stained feet. Each man, as he stretches them out to be sponged and dried, feels the Witness of God expostulate within his soul, feels the better spirit rise up within him, strong and indignant, prompting him to protest against the Master doing such menial work for him. But all except Peter are too proud and jealous to speak. They are afraid of what the others will think. They feel that it is somebody else that is in duty bound to make the first move. Even Peter only makes a feeble protest, and is soon overruled, instead of springing up and seizing from Jesus the instruments of menial toil, and doing the work himself.

Jesus goes calmly round the shamefaced circle of them. There is no trace of resentment in Him at their allowing Him thus to 'demean Himself', as some of them at least must have felt it. Gravely, quietly, lovingly, He performs for them the great symbolic act of sacramental service, which is to mean so much (and also, it is to be feared, so little) for His Church. At last He takes His garments again, and lays upon us that supremely authoritative final command, which we have so light-heartedly forgotten, "If I, your Master, have done this menial service, with My own hands, for you, you *must* do the same for one another." And with this command, comes the great word also of Promise: "If you understand and act upon this command, *you shall have Joy.*"

The average man thinks of the typical Christian as above all a joyless soul, as bilious, both inside and out, as a wet-blanket, and a spoil-sport. This is so because we are not yet Christians; and we are not Christians, largely because we do not obey this last most solemn command of our Master. Not obeying it, we lack also

the fulfilment of the promise of Joy which accompanied the command.

But at any moment it is possible that little groups of Christ-followers may begin to take their Master literally, and to obey him implicitly. Then they will begin to have Joy.

This lesson of Joy in humble service for others was one of the deepest and loveliest that we learnt from our friend, C. F. Andrews.

CHAPTER XIV

PRACTICE

THE friendship of C. F. Andrews had a creative quality about it, in that those who had been kindled by fellowship with his spirit—and this could take place not merely by intimate personal relationship, extending perhaps over many years, but also through hearing him speak, or even through reading one of his books—were stimulated to go out and *act* in the ways he suggested.

Mention has been made in this connection, of the teams which went to Austria in order to help unemployed men dig in 1935, 1936, 1937, as a direct result of the suggestions made by C.F.A. (at a memorable meeting held in Cambridge early in 1935) regarding the possibility of the development of a new type of foreign policy. We went because we felt that we were following C.F.A. as Minister of Reconciliation, and putting into practice his conception of this new Christian international diplomacy.

In succeeding years other such work camps were held in Spain (under war conditions), Norway, Italy, France, Denmark, Sweden, Ireland, Holland, and Germany. The movement has also spread to the United States, and has been taken up vigorously there.[1]

[1] It is important to notice that Mr. Gandhi has frequently emphasised the necessity of manual service in any movement of Satyagraha that is to be successful. Thus in *Harijan* for January 27, 1940, he writes: "Non-violence in practice means common labour with the body. A Russian philosopher, Bodaref, has called it bread-

It may be of advantage now to give an account of one such enterprise. As it is read, the fact must be kept in mind that here was a spirit in action, and a spirit derived from the teaching and example of C. F. Andrews, especially in respect to his firm belief in the necessity of following literally Christ's command of humble service, and also in respect to his belief that through such service the Divine Witness may be reached and raised up, not merely in those who are directly served, but perhaps in an immensely wider circle of people.

C.F.A. held that those to whom the appeal is made in this fashion may seem implacably hostile and hardened, even incurably vicious and depraved; but in every case some method of humble service may be found by means of which the witness of the Spirit may be stirred into effective activity within their souls, to the glory of God and the building of peace and reconciliation amongst men.

In August, 1939, it appeared almost certain that war would break out before long between England and France on the one hand, and Germany on the other. C. F. Andrews was now once more in India, and had been there for some years, deeply immersed in the service of the needy in that vast enclave of misery. But he had left behind him in the West, in his ministry of Reconciliation, the living conception of Franciscan service as the method of building peace; and it seemed clear that we must do what we could to avert the threatening tragedy of a new world-war, by practising Franciscan methods of reconciliation—though indeed

labour. It means closest co-operation. . . . Thirty-four years of continuous experience and experimenting in truth and non-violence have convinced me that non-violence cannot be sustained unless it is linked to conscious body-labour and finds expression in our daily contact with our neighbours. This is the constructive programme. . . . The power of non-violent resistance can only come from honest working of the constructive programme."

those of us who have shared in such activities would be the first to declare that we have no right to take upon ourselves any name so august as that of St. Francis.

Under the guidance of men who had known something of the spirit and ideals of C. F. Andrews, the Youth Hostel Association of England and Wales arranged for a team of English people to go to Germany in August, 1939, and to co-operate there with a team of Germans at a job of work intended to improve a Youth Hostel at St. Goar, in the Rhineland. The enterprise may appear trifling, but experience in Austria, India, and elsewhere, had shown that there is no limiting the effect of such manual service done in the spirit of reconciliation. At the same time a team of Germans was invited over to England in order to co-operate with an English team at a similar job in connection with a Youth Hostel in Suffolk. The exchange difficulties were conveniently dodged by arranging that the money paid in Germany before they left by the German team in Suffolk should pay for the board and lodging of the English team in the Rhineland, whilst the money paid by that English team in England before they left should pay the board and lodging of the German team in Suffolk. It sounds fairly simple in theory, but in practice took a good deal of working out!

There were some forty of us English people engaged on this job in the Rhineland. Some of us were older schoolboys or schoolgirls, some were in business, some teachers, a few were University undergraduates. The Germans were much the same, except that there was probably a higher proportion of older schoolboys and schoolgirls.

We English crossed the frontier at Aachen at the beginning of August. Tension was already acute between the governments of England and Germany. The

position in regard to Danzig was become rapidly worse. It was an interesting experience to pass through the frontier tunnel and come out to Aachen station, and see there the grilles and glorified hen-coops, and exchange and money-checking offices which give ocular demonstration of Nazidom. The young man who eventually entered our compartment to examine our luggage spoke English fluently. He informed us, as soon as he came in, that there would be war between England and Germany in a few weeks' time, and that it would be our fault. He proceeded to tell us briefly what he thought about Mr. Chamberlain's trying to set up an English domination of Europe and an encirclement of Germany. He said in fact, about Mr. Chamberlain, very much the same kind of thing, and showed very much the same kind of spirit, as the English newspapers had been saying and showing in regard to Herr Hitler, for months and years past.

We remembered that we had not come to Germany to talk politics, and preserved a judicious silence.

Still in a somewhat prickly temper, the young man began to examine my rucksack. He paid special attention to one or two books, looking askance at the first ones he found (for example a New Testament, if I remember rightly). Then, however, he came upon the *Odyssey* of Homer. His face changed. "Oh, that is magnificent!" he cried. He became friendly at once, and none of us had any further difficulty with the customs.

That was our first experience with regard to the 'reaching of the Witness' in the first German whom we met in Germany. It had nothing to do with anything we said or did, but merely demonstrated the uniting influence across the national barriers of a shared admiration for the greatest European literature, coming from a common fountain of truth, beauty and light.

Some of our team, including Michael, my boy of fourteen, and myself, were going across first to Denmark for another work camp. We had a long night in the train, crowded like sardines into a third-class carriage, with very hard wooden seats. Exactly opposite us two sat a young Storm-trooper, in full Nazi regalia of brassards, brown uniform and swastikas. He was an awe-inspiring sight, especially to Michael. He was also an object of considerable envy; for he possessed that inestimable boon to those who travel third-class in Germany by night, an air-cushion.

Michael could not get to sleep. Finally I pulled down my rucksack from the rack, put it on my knee, and got him to rest his head on it, but that did not seem to be much better, probably because of the presence of boots and other nobbly objects in the rucksack. Michael could not get to sleep.

Seeing his weariness, the Storm-trooper quietly extracted his own precious air-cushion, and handed it across to the English schoolboy; he laid it on the top of the rucksack, and managed to get to sleep for a while.

It was a second piece of evidence regarding appeal to the Witness across the international barriers. We had done nothing at all, except be there in a friendly spirit; and friendship—a really costing form of friendship; oh, the hardness of those seats—had sprung into being in the Storm-trooper, whom we had been taught to regard as the hardened agent of an iniquitous tyranny.

We had a similar night-journey on the way back. There happened again to be a Storm-trooper in the carriage with us. He was an older man, and had with him his wife and his little girl of about three. Both the wife and the little girl got exceedingly weary during the night. The child began to cry and was very fretful. The mother, tired out, could do nothing with her.

But the father took her, and in a few moments deftly got her to sleep; and the next morning (we had many hours during the day also in the company of this trio) proved himself admirably skilful at keeping the little girl happy and contented. The Witness once more.

These are trivial incidents, no doubt; but they served to show us that we only needed to be there, in the right spirit of friendliness, to find that same spirit in evidence around us.

Finally we reached St. Goar, which is a delightful little Rhine town, with an ancient wall, snuggling at the foot of a steep bluff on the top of which stands the great Rheinfels Castle, once the largest and strongest fortress on the Rhine. It is now ruined, but very picturesque. The town is named after a muscular Christian of the sixth century, who came to the place when it was still pagan, and set up a ferry across the river, worked by himself. His procedure as an evangelist was simple. He would take on board a boat-load of pagans, and row out into the rapid-flowing river. As soon as he had started, he began to preach to them (somewhat breathlessly in all probability, at any rate in the spring floods). He went on preaching as energetically as his rowing would allow, till he was about three-quarters of the way across. Then he would rest on his oars, and say brightly, "Now then, who will be baptized?" Those who were ready, he baptized then and there. The rest he threw overboard!

We were received with the very greatest kindness by the members of the German team, and the rest of the English team. We were all quartered together in a really beautiful Youth Hostel standing high above the river, close below the Castle, with marvellous views. The Hostel was supposed to accommodate 150, but must frequently have had far more than that number of visitors. They swarmed; chiefly quite young boys

and girls, arriving by cycle, by train, on foot. Many were in parties, led by Hitler Jugend officers, often boys and girls little older than themselves. We had a very lovely dining-room set apart for the use of our combined team. The German and English men of the team had also one bedroom (the froust was terrific, as the nights were hot, and there was only one small window to open), and the girls of the combined team had a similar room. All was not entirely plain-sailing, as something went wrong with the food at first, and a number of us, both English and German, were sick, and when one says sick, one means SICK, and at night too! Fortunately Mickie and I abstained from what was judged afterwards to be the doubtful element. There was a considerable improvement in the food later, but the difference both in quantity and quality between it and the Danish food which we had been enjoying beforehand, continued to be marked.

The little town of St. Goar has two churches, each of them so large as to be almost worthy of the name of cathedral. They are both picturesque and indeed beautiful. One of them is Catholic, and the other Protestant. The first day of our stay was Sunday, and we sallied forth to try to go to church. The Protestant church was, however, shut up; when at last we gained entrance it appeared unkempt and forlorn, and there was no vestige of a service. So we went to the Catholic church. We soon joined a stream of people making their way in the same direction, and when we got near, we found the congregation already bulging far out of the doors. By dint of a good deal of worming and squeezing, we got inside, to find every single seat occupied, the aisles full of standing people, and the back of the church filled with an extremely tightly-compressed crowd, which, as has been said, was squeezed out of the doors. It was unbearably hot

inside, and standing in that crowd was not an easy experience. But it was worth a little discomfort. One noticed immediately that the great congregation was in a state of tense but restrained feeling. When the priest began to preach, one understood the reason.

He spoke of the sufferings endured by the early Christian Church, and of the spirit in which those sufferings were borne. He spoke then of the martyr-spirit in face of persecution as a permanent possession of the Church of Christ. There were no political allusions, and the preacher's manner was quiet and even friendly in an informal way, but one could feel the pulse of the congregation, the people realizing that the days of suffering, even to poverty and death, in Christ's name, were not all over yet.

Standing in that suffocating heat, amongst those people of alien thought, religion and race, with whom our own nation was so soon to be at war, it was possible to feel the One Spirit, of loyalty to Christ, and of willingness to suffer for His name. The preacher succeeded in holding Christ up, and in making us feel that we were all gathered round Him. Once more, we had found the Witness in those whom we had come to try to serve, and we had begun to learn from them, as the earnest Christians amongst them face suffering and even martyrdom for the sake of our common Lord.

We found at the Youth Hostel one or two high-up Nazi officials, down from Berlin. They were leaders in the Hitler Jugend, and had come down to discuss the manner of holding the Work Camp. All the way through, we were impressed by the way in which the central potentates of the Party kept an eye on things. Nothing was left to chance. There was an all-pervasive and definitely appreciable influence, though so far at least as our activities were concerned this was exerted

in a perfectly quiet and pleasant manner. It was quite clear that the German members of our team, for instance, had been carefully hand-picked, and also methodically conditioned and prepared in order that they might in a satisfactory manner stand up to the strain of continued contact with English people. It may as well be said here that we made no discernible impression on this pre-conditioned mentality in our work-mates. They were, so to speak, fool-proof, from the Hitler Jugend point of view.

We had a pleasant enough conclave with the brass-hats from Berlin, of whom mention has just been made. It immediately became apparent that we held precisely identical views on a most important point, namely, that there should be no formally-staged lectures or discussions at this Work Camp. Both sides agreed that such lectures or discussions would merely feed what George Fox calls 'the aggravating part'. We were there to promote understanding and friendship between the young people of the two nations, and if we began arguing, at any rate in a set official way, we should merely emphasise our own points of view, drift farther apart, and so deliberately defeat the object for which we had come together.

It was rather surprising, after what I had heard before coming to Germany, to find the Hitler Jugend bosses so eminently reasonable on this point, but at any rate they were so; and we settled, with great mutual satisfaction, that when the teams were not engaged in their shared work, we would have lots of excursions, sing-songs, and social gatherings, with parlour games and so forth, but no lectures and no discussions—no propaganda, in other words, from either side.

It was an admirably wise decision, and it was loyally observed. There was one occasion, during a sing-song on one of the first days of the Work Camp, when a

rather uncouth member of the German team struck up a vile anti-Semitic song. X, our admirable German leader, looked exceedingly uncomfortable, turned to the people sitting near him on the far side, and began conversing in a distinctly audible voice with them, obviously dissociating himself from the song. That song was not pleasant hearing, sung practically as a solo, so that we could distinguish the words. However, no further such incidents took place.

Once more we had found the Witness, and curiously enough by the help of Hitler Jugend officials!

We had other visits from such Hitler Jugend official leaders later in the Work Camp, and discussed future possibilities of similar work. I think even then we were all adding to ourselves, 'after the war'. We reached various conclusions regarding the desirability of such international co-operative efforts, and the manner of conducting them, and in everything we found the Hitler Jugend authorities exceedingly easy and pleasant to deal with.

But—and this must be emphasised—there was never any weakening, either in them or in their young disciples, of their 'ideological' outlook regarding recent political events, the position of the Nazi dictatorship in Germany, their policy at home (for instance with regard to the Jews), or their foreign policy (for instance with regard to Czechoslovakia). We had innumerable *informal* discussions of these things with our fellow-workers, in the intervals of combat with the weeds in the Youth Hostel garden, or during our long walks together. Their minds were completely and absolutely impervious to any other point of view than that of the Nazis.

We were conscious at these times (to quote George Fox again) of 'an ocean of darkness and death'—that there was an extraordinary moral blindness, as it seemed to us, in these new friends of ours. But then, ever and

again, even after the worst experiences of this kind, there would come to our notice some element of friendliness and excellence, and we would feel that there *is* an 'ocean of light and life which flows over the ocean of darkness and death'.

I made especial friends with a school-teacher named Y. He was a convinced and loyal Nazi. Nothing that his Fuehrer or the German Government had done, was doing (for instance in regard to Poland), or could by any conceivable stretch of imagination ever do in the future, was wrong. I remember asking him about the somewhat dubious compact with Mussolini regarding the deportation of the German population from the Trentino. His reaction was automatic and immediate. Though politely expressed, it was in effect this, from a lofty pinnacle of pity, "You poor boobs, do you *really* believe that kind of lying propaganda? Why, there's not a word of truth in it. Our leaders would never agree to a compact like that."

This was characteristic. Inconvenient facts were dismissed, light-heartedly, as hostile propaganda, very probably stirred up by the Jews!

There was one Horror of Horror, which these young German friends of ours could hardly be brought to mention at all, and then would only mention as it were with bated breath, as a thing too filthy, too obscene, even to be spoken about. A dark, evil, corrupting influence, which some day would have to be met and countered, but in the meantime had better be ignored in decent people's conversation.

This was Communism, especially Russian Communism. The idea of any kind of dealings with Communism, especially Russian Communism, apart from the forcible extirpation of the evil thing, seemed to them as unthinkable as the mixing of light with darkness, or of water with oil! The thing was the

ultimate blasphemy, against which implacable hostility was to be proclaimed.

Yet, when a few days later the news of the Russo-German pact came through, these same comrades of ours received it with the most extravagant delight. It was a master-stroke of the Fuehrer's skill. Whatever he does is right. It would prevent war. It would make the justice and strength of the German position unassailable!

In short these minds, into such close contact with which we came during those unforgettable days, were closed minds. They had been so persistently and methodically conditioned, that it might have been thought that no shadow of what we are wont to regard as 'truth' could get through.

But we were not concerned with the propaganda of views of any sort, even with the propaganda of views about the urgent problems of current foreign politics, the development of which was about to plunge all these delightful young people, on both sides, into personal relationship with the prolonged and scientific attempt to slaughter each other by the iniquitous methods of modern warfare.

We were concerned with Truth in a far deeper realm than any which can be affected by skilfully-arranged conditioning of young people's minds. We were concerned to find and to raise up the Witness of God in one another.

It rapidly became clear to the English members of our team that the German Youth Hostel movement is, like everything else in Germany, under very strict regimentation. We had agreed amongst ourselves for obvious reasons, never to refer in conversation to Herr Hitler, but when we desired to mention him, always to say 'Mr. Smith'. Similarly we had agreed never to speak about the Storm-troopers, who appeared to swarm in all directions, but to call them (from a

recollection of *Peter Pan*) 'Bad Boys'. This name was perhaps not a very fortunate choice, but it stuck, as nick-names have a habit of sticking.

Now the Hostel Warden was one of these 'Bad Boys', and we had reason to stand in considerable awe of him. Mickie, for example, unwisely attempted to go upstairs in his boots on the first evening. He was observed. There was a portentous bellow. And Mickie was brought skipping down again, in double quick time, to remove the objectionable objects, more or less resignedly, at the foot of the stairs! Then there was the matter of the folding of blankets. You had to make your own bed, of course; but in addition, you had to make it in a very special pattern; and it was inspected with great ruthlessness, by the 'Bad Boy' in question, shortly after you had made it. If he was not pleased, you had to make it again! And for some obscure reason the men's blankets had to be folded double, whilst the girls of the team told us that their blankets had to be folded single. The reason for this subtle form of sex-discrimination was never revealed to us.

As we observed the rather blustering demeanour of this particular 'Bad Boy', amongst the swarms of young people frequenting the hostel, it was rather hard not to conceive a dislike for him. However one morning I observed him playing with his little girl—aged about three. He was a married man, and his wife helped him a great deal in the hostel work. My feelings towards him entirely changed after I had watched him with the child for a minute or two. There, at any rate, in what had seemed a fairly hard-boiled and somewhat repulsive specimen, agent of an evil system of compulsion and violence, was something obviously beautiful and good, the Witness of God.

But the Storm-trooper's domestic virtues did not appeal so much to Mickie, who after all had borne the

full brunt of the tempest in the matter of going upstairs in boots (I fortunately had gone to bed later and had been warned in time). Before long, however, the inevitable happened. Mickie lost his knife. He did not know (of course) where he had left it. It was a very precious knife, and its absence caused acute grief. We hunted high and low. No result. We asked everyone we could think of. At last I suggested going to enquire of the 'Bad Boy'. Mickie flatly refused. He had had enough of him already! However, screwing my resolution to sticking-point, and going over again and again in my best German what I was going to say (the 'Bad Boy' knew no English) I made my way to his office, feeling very like a youngster on his way, well-padded, to the headmaster's study.

However, when I reached the dread sanctum, and had worked off my enquiry, all was smiles and pleasantness. There was the knife. It had been found lying on the stairs, or somewhere equally appropriate, and had been duly garnered in, and kept till it should be claimed. Here was a sound side of the 'Bad Boys' and their system, and one which appealed at once to people liable to lose knives! We were told indeed that, with a hundred and fifty people passing through daily, strangers from all over Germany and beyond, they had never had a single theft at this hostel. Here was something admirable, at any rate.

The hours of work at this work camp were decided by our German comrades. We had expected extreme rigour, having heard grim accounts of the way in which the young people are worked in the German Labour Camps. One English girl, in fact, had told us before we started that at a camp of this kind which she attended, they were expected to do fourteen hours a day of extremely heavy harvesting work! And that was a girls' camp!

However, the Hitler Jugend officials may have discovered what tender plants our English young people are compared to their own, and we were let off quite lightly. The types of work varied. The girls had fruit-picking in the orchard, and hay-making. Also a considerable amount of potato-peeling and other kitchen work. The boys had the task of making paths through a very much neglected garden, and digging up some patches of ground for vegetables. That sounds simple enough, but the soil was peculiar. It seemed to consist almost entirely of small sharp stones; and how the famous Rhine vineyards can flourish as they do on hillsides which seem to be entirely composed of this kind of stuff it is hard to understand. As a matter of fact, the garden in which we were working was itself in part a vineyard. And some of us, who had joined for years in work camps in many parts of Europe, could say truthfully that now for the first time we were really working in the 'Lord's Vineyard'.

We soon realized how it is that the grapes ripen so magnificently on these Rhineland terraced hillsides (we counted thirty-two terraces one above another on one of these hillsides, each painfully built up, often with a high stone retaining wall above and another below, and with some terraces only wide enough for a couple of rows of vines). The fact that the grapes ripen so well is due to the heat of the sun! That heat has to be felt to be believed. Beautiful as the Rhine gorge is, it is stuffy. It winds about so much, and is so narrow, and the hills on either side are so steep and high, that scarcely a breath of air seems to get into it. In our own situation we were also sheltered from wind, though not from sun, by overhanging woods, and we faced more or less directly south! The heat on that steep slope (it was so steep as to be hard to stand

steady on) was something incredible. If you took your shirt off, there was risk of terrific sunburn, though our German comrades seemed to be hardened to this. We sweated gallons, rivers. There were occasional fruit-trees, which gave a patch of grateful shade every here and there. But one soon worked beyond this, and the blazing sunlight seemed the more painful afterwards by comparison.

But the great thing was that we were able to work in small groups, and to get to know our German fellow-workers really well. I fear the conversation was almost always conducted in English. They all seemed to know a surprising amount of English already, and to be exceedingly anxious to increase the store. They also were totally devoid of that absurd fear of making a fool of oneself, which prevents so many English people trying their hand at, and therefore improving their knowledge of, foreign languages of which they may possess a smattering. The talk was absolutely unrestricted in its range. Of course there was a lot of politics, especially foreign politics, and here, as has already been observed, no impression was to be made; but there were plenty of other subjects also, especially the ordinary life of the towns, and the homes, from which our fellow-workers came. We found, as on so many previous occasions, that the mere fact of working arduously together for the sake of other people, possesses in itself an extraordinary power of creating friendship, and cheery—even hilarious—friendship. The New Testament promise of Joy began to be fulfilled once more.

CHAPTER XV

PRACTICE (*continued*)

ONE element—and a very considerable element—in the fulfilment of this promise of Joy lay in the realm of singing. From the first we were amazed at the musical capacities of the German members of our joint team. At the very first meal of all, there had been several German songs, wonderfully sung, though the German members of the team had never met each other before as a team, and had had no opportunity for practice. Then came a horrible moment when the leader politely asked our English leader, a student from Leeds, whether the English members of the team would not give a song. There was a painful silence, and then someone, in a more or less cracked voice, struck up *Clementine*, and by degrees other similar voices laboriously and inharmoniously joined in. The Germans were amazingly polite. There were no smiles, and no comments! Then came *There is a Tavern in the Town*, even more feebly rendered. On subsequent occasions we laboured through one or two more songs, with ever-increasing feelings of shame and futility!

But here too, even in our feebleness and laughableness in the realm of song, we found somehow that what may be called the Divine Witness (since God is beauty as well as truth and goodness) was being reached. We were naturally extremely apologetic regarding our singing-powers. But the Germans were forgiving, and one of them, Z., who had a guitar, began to pick up

the tunes. He was an artist by profession, and though a convinced and total Nazi, was a real genius with his guitar. He soon had the tunes, and we got the words together for him also, both of the two songs already named, and of a few more.

The Germans were exceedingly anxious to learn English songs. They got together round Z., who was an excellent teacher in addition to his other virtues, and soon they were singing our English songs far better than we could sing them ourselves! It was an instructive experience both in the 'finding of the Witness', and in the fulfilment of the promise of Joy, to hear them so rendered, and after that series of events.

One day we all went a long Rhine-excursion together, to see the famous National Memorial which stands on the top of a hill near Mainz. We boarded a large Rhine steamer, already crowded tightly with sight-seers, rounded the Lorelei Rock, without seeing the mermaid who used to lure voyagers to their doom by siren-songs from its top, and got excellent views of large numbers of lovely ruined castles, each more picturesquely (and precariously) placed than the last. Meanwhile there were refreshments, and much singing on board.

Finally we reached, and examined, a delightful little town, and climbed in blistering heat an exceedingly long and rough track, which led steeply up the side of an interminable mountain. Exhaustion was extreme, especially when we reached the top and gazed upon the Monument, which was erected by Bismarck after the Franco-German War, and looked like it. A young English member of the team was standing at my right hand side during that first moment of revelation, and breathed to the universe, unfortunately in a voice unwisely loud, "Appalling!" To my horror I then heard the voice of the German leader of our team from my left hand side, asking, "What's appalling?" In a

moment of inspiration I had the presence of mind to reply, "Why, the heat, of course!" And it was quite true! Fortunately our German leader was satisfied; but it was a near thing, and will illustrate how careful we had to be!

On another occasion, whilst a small group of us, English and German, were at work trying to dig up the stony soil of the garden, one of our English members, who was at times somewhat unwisely chatty, in speaking of the amount of responsibility which lay upon Herr Hitler, cheerfully observed, "You Germans will kill him". He meant, of course, with overwork. But this was not clear to the German members of the group, and there was a shocked and outraged silence, fortunately broken by hurried explanations regarding what the terrible words had really been intended to mean!

When we reboarded the Rhine steamer, on our way back from the memorable visit to the National Memorial, there was more eating, and yet again more eating. The crowd was terrific, and we had had to find resting-places for the soles of our feet wherever we could, and were all scattered in consequence. Mickie and I had got wedged into a heap of ropes and unwanted deck-chairs somewhere, and a few yards away (the boat was very large) there was a little group of German members of our team, gathered round the artist with the guitar, already mentioned. It was a perfect evening. The ruined castles looked even more superb than in the morning. There were huge rafts of logs floating down towards Holland, with little temporary log-cabins on them for the men in charge. An unending stream of traffic came up and down the river; boats and barges of many nations, often in long strings towed by perspiring tugs. Soon the little group of German members of our team began to sing, as they always did when in the neighbourhood of a guitar. They sang

admirably, though they were only a random-gathered bunch. The motley crowd on deck listened eagerly. One lovely song after another. Then, to my astonishment, *Clementine*, wonderfully rendered. Then, *There is a Tavern in the Town*. Then *Polly Wolly*, and one or two similar classics. Though they were admirably sung, my ears were perhaps unduly sensitive to the æsthetic difference between such songs and the German songs to which we had been listening before. Moreover, I was sure there would be trouble. It was a few days before the War. Relations between the two countries were already strained almost to breaking-point. There was sure to be someone in this large miscellaneous crowd on deck sufficiently Nazi-minded to object!

Sure enough, in a pause after one of these English songs, there came a bellow from a nasty-looking specimen half-way down the deck, "Why do you sing English songs?" with some additions.

There was a strained pause for a moment. Then a marvellous thing happened. The young Nazi with the guitar began to explain to all and sundry why they had been singing the English songs, and what the work camp was about! He did it admirably: far better than any of us could have done it. A young Nazi explaining Franciscan peace-building to his fellow-countrymen!

The Witness had been reached, and reached in such a fashion that, without any of us saying a word, the explanation of international action-for-friendship was given by one of our potential national 'enemies'.

Later, the group gave other songs, and there was loud applause from the crowds on deck, who had heard the explanation given.

This incident may appear to be trivial, but it was not trivial. It was symptomatic of something very

remarkable that happened to our joint team, as the days went by, and war drew nearer and nearer. We still kept, apparently absolutely unmodified, our divergent and in a sense hostile 'ideologies'. But the experience of working together at a shared task undertaken for the benefit of someone entirely beyond ourselves, and the shared Joy which came from this creative fellowship, were making us one, in a sphere far deeper than that of 'ideologies' and international politics. We were coming to see the good in one another, to reach the Divine Witness in one another. As we did so, the Joy and the fellowship increased and deepened.

Yet in a sense there was no 'religious' fellowship at all. We members of the English part of the joint team became more and more impressed with the fact that if you throw over everything Jewish, as the Nazis have done, you throw over the Christian religion also, and substitute for it a religion of the State and the Race, which is a monstrous, a pagan, and fundamentally an inhuman thing. The process was exemplified in the one anti-Semitic song sung at any of our sing-songs, which has already been mentioned. Here 'the Lord' was named derisively, and indeed, to our ideas, blasphemously, but as part of the Jewish outlook on life. We were impressed by the fact that though the Jews are not Christian, and would (especially in view of recent happenings) energetically repudiate any tendency to equate them with Christians, we Christians cannot light-heartedly fling away our Jewish heritage without also scrapping the Christianity which from the beginning has been so securely rooted in its Jewish antecedents.

There was an extreme secularism about this work camp, so far as concerned any outward observance of religion. We were impressed by the feeling that the whole outfit of Christianity, both Protestant and

Catholic, has been flung overboard, bag and baggage, by the new Nazi religion of Germany. I have been told that at official Labour camps in Germany to-day a sort of daily service of solemn dedication takes place, devotional extracts being read from *Mein Kampf*, and prayers being actually offered to Herr Hitler. We did not see anything so extreme as this, but some of the morning exercises of the Hitler Jugend groups passing through our Youth Hostel seemed to approximate very closely to religious worship. Evidently it is impossible for human nature—and especially for German human nature, with its highly-strung emotional sensitivity—to do without religion. As soon as one religion is dispensed with, another must be brought in to take its place; and evidently also the Nazi cult is genuinely religious. This was why we Christians felt so entirely at sea in our efforts to appreciate the outlook and the ideology of our German friends.

None the less we found that it was possible to discern and to 'raise up' the Witness of God in them, in a sphere deeper than that of ideology or of outward observance of religious belief, whether Christian or Nazi. And we found also the method of appealing to this Witness. It was simply and solely the method of working hard with our hands, side by side with our German friends, without material reward, at a project which would benefit them rather than us. It was, in other words, the method of St. Francis, the method of our Lord's Sacrament of the Feet-washing, the method recommended by C. F. Andrews and practised by him on so many occasions. Moreover, this method of appealing to the Witness of God in man through hard manual work done in fellowship on behalf of others, brought with it in amazing measure the fulfilment of the promise of Joy. In our excursions together amongst the lovely wooded hills on either side of the Rhine gorge, in the

sing-songs and the social gatherings of various kinds, in the details of our shared life, there came the fulfilment of this promise, so that the whole experience, as one looks back on it from this distance of time, and especially in view of what was to follow, seems one paean of Joy.

I have mentioned Y., the young school-teacher, who usually worked in the same group with myself in the garden. He told me one day that as a child he had been fed by the Quaker child-feeding scheme after the war of 1914–19; perhaps he owed his life to that Quaker food. He was immensely interested in the work camp idea, and in its possibilities. His 'ideology' was completely unshakable; but his spirit and his attitude were Franciscan, and became (to my mind) more so as the days went by. At the end of the Work Camp, when international affairs began to move at high speed, and when the joint team was suddenly turned out of house and home, at an hour or two's notice, because the military commandeered the Youth Hostel, Y. was one of those most eager to see to it that the English members of the team were brought safely to the station, and were provided with double rations for what might be a long and difficult journey. Although his own destination was Berlin, he insisted on coming with the English group not merely to Cologne, but to Aachen, in order to see them safe across the frontier. There were interminable delays at Aachen, and it was night-time, but our friend stuck to us, and would not be persuaded to get his own train for Berlin. Finally he was separated from his English friends by a barrier far down the platform, so far that nothing that he said could be heard, and he could only be dimly seen waving. He stayed there faithfully for an hour and a half, in the small hours of the morning, till the train with the English team on board finally pulled out. It was an amazing

instance of friendship, across the international barriers, on the very threshold of war.

We spent one extremely sultry afternoon being conducted round the huge Rheinfels Castle, on the flanks of whose supporting hill we had been working. There was an extremely conscientious local guide, who had copious information to give on every possible point of interest in the immense place. His lectures had to be translated into English. Consequently the visit was a lengthy, and at times somewhat tedious, proceeding. But there was one very clear and very salutary historical lesson to be learnt from Rheinfels. It had a dungeon with a roof seventeen feet thick, the walls being correspondingly thicker, and it had a fine collection of medieval instruments of torture. In the old days each one of these Rhine castles used to be held by a robber-baron, who kept his private army, and also his little private navy on the river. He made war on his neighbours, both barons and peasants, and did quite a considerable amount of indiscriminate plundering of the surrounding districts. But his strongest line was harrying the river-traffic. He would wait till a rich-looking barge came down-river from Strassburg or Basle, or up-river from Cologne or Holland. Then he would send out his private navy, and capture it. The merchants or their agents on board would be brought ashore and cast into the dungeon, there to be operated on with the instruments of torture till such time as they arranged for substantial ransom-money.

So things went on, century after century, till war was ended in the only way in which war ever has been ended or ever will be ended, by the establishment of a superior government-control, which deprived these petty baronies of their independent sovereignty, i.e. of their power of making war. Then and not till then did the Rhineland have peace.

The Rhineland no longer has peace; and it will not have peace again till the same solution is adopted for the problem of international warfare as was adopted for the problem of feudal warfare—namely, the setting up of a new Government supreme above all the Governments that now make war, and supreme because they have handed over to it their independent sovereignty, their power of making war.

In other words, our painful researches in the great Rheinfels Castle convinced us more than ever of the truth that there is only one solution for the problem of war, and that is the development of the United States of the World. We came away from Germany feeling that Federal Union is the only hope of the future for a war-torn world, but that it must be a truly inclusive Federal Union, not one aimed merely at the strengthening of 'democratic' against 'totalitarian' States. The task of our generation is the building of a world-order in which it will be possible for these young Germans, in whom we had found so many delightful excellencies, to dwell safely side by side with the young English people, in whom they had found the same, without the prospect that twice in a generation they shall all be compelled to do their best to murder each other. The building of such a world-order is to be achieved not by dictation, but by willing consent. It must be a *Federal* solution, freely entered upon and freely maintained. There must be no tendency to keep the totalitarian Powers out or down, or to coerce them in. To quote the *Christian Century* of New York, which represents enlightened and responsible American opinion:

> "A genuine federation for Europe must include all Europe. It is even more important that it shall take in the states whose disabilities have produced

the present catastrophe than those that have had every reason to be satisfied with the status quo. . . . If a genuine federation of all Europe is offered as the basis for peace, then the relation of the United States to Europe will be fundamentally altered. For in a genuine federation the divisions and rivalries which have rent Europe into warring camps will be transcended and in time done away. Toward a united Europe this nation (i.e. the United States of America) would feel little of that fear of entanglement which has, for a hundred and fifty years, formed the basis of American foreign policy. A continental federation which thus saved Europe from anarchy would so clearly point the way by which the world might be saved from anarchy that the United States would inevitably find itself being drawn into a movement for a world federation. A *true* federation of Europe would thus hold out the hope at one and the same time of breaking the vicious circle of recurring wars in which that continent is now destroying itself and of making it possible for the United States to enter without fear on a co-operative venture for the establishment of a peaceful world order. But the emphasis in that sentence must be kept upon the italicized adjective. If Europe federates for honest co-operation and not conquest, then America must lend a hand."

These are notable words, and they bear a great hope with them. But the spirit behind any such genuine federation must be the spirit of willingness to perceive, to trust, and to appeal to, the Witness of God, the good and right element, in the life of every other people. This spirit is not a thing that can be manufactured wholesale, and to order. It must come from within, from that true inner friendliness of which

C. F. Andrews spoke and wrote, and which above all he *lived.*

Therefore if the new world-order is to come into being, we need more and more people prepared, and self-trained, for the task of expressing such friendship in action. We need, as C. F. Andrews used to put it, a new type of foreign policy and a new sort of unofficial ambassador, the man and the woman who will go and work without reward, in the way of St. Francis, on behalf of the needy across the international barriers.

A word in conclusion regarding this enterprise in Germany in August, 1939. We did not stop the war. The young men of the German group are now no doubt all in the Army or the Air Force, and may conceivably soon be at work killing English people, even ourselves. The young women, we as a nation, are now trying to starve. Yet we left Germany, with the war-clouds already about to break, absolutely certain that a spirit had been developed at St. Goar that would survive all war; a spirit that would make it possible to start again our enterprise of Franciscan peace-building just where it had been laid down, as soon as war should be over. And we felt this certainty as a united team, both English and German.

There *is* a spirit which is beyond all war, deeper than all war. We had been living together, however inadequately, in that spirit, as a united Anglo-German team. The spirit had been built up on our shared activity for other people, and had been fostered in the fulfilled promise of Joy. That spirit was, and is, an eternal thing, existing in a realm safe from all war and all the wreckage of war, moral as well as material.

What matters, and this is the deepest and most permanent lesson taught by fellowship with C. F. Andrews to those who loved him—what matters is that this spirit should grow; that it should be implanted

in more and more minds, of all races and nations and classes. In a sense that must be the work of God; but in another sense it is a Divine activity in which multitudes of us are called to join, as we swing shovels or run barrows or ply dish-clouts for Christ's sake, to reach the witness of God in those whom men like St. Francis and C. F. Andrews have taught us to love and to serve.

CHAPTER XVI

LEADERSHIP

A WORD may now be said on the question of the leadership of the team which is to endeavour to do work of international reconciliation by 'reaching the Witness of God' in others, across the international or inter-racial barriers, by Franciscan methods of service. Those who have had contact with C. F. Andrews, and with his work of creative peace-building, are left with certain fairly clear conceptions on this most important point, conceptions gained largely through their fellowship with C.F.A. himself, and their consequent study of his own methods of leadership.

In the first place, all Franciscan leadership—it goes without saying—must be a leadership from alongside and not from above. The leader must share to the utmost of his power in the actual work of his team. If he is old and feeble (and in this case he should probably not be leader at all), he must still do all that he possibly can, side by side with his team, at the actual job of manual service which they have undertaken. He must not excuse himself by pleading rheumatism, lumbago, or important correspondence to deal with. He must train himself, before the enterprise starts, so that he may be physically fit enough to take his place in the gang swinging a shovel or running a barrow. He must sit up late to deal with his correspondence. Of course there are occasions when he

has to be away from the gang, perhaps to make arrangements about future activities. But he must grudge the time thus taken, and must limit it to the minimum. Wherever possible he must delegate to others the responsibility for making such arrangements, so that he himself can swing the shovel or run the barrow, because this is pre-eminently the work of Christ for him, being leader; it was Christ who took the towel and the basin.

In the second place, it must be his ambition to work himself out of the job of leadership. He must continually have his eye on one and another of the team who will make good leaders in the future of similar Franciscan enterprizes. He knows that responsibility is the only way of training for leadership, and so it must always be his policy to keep himself in the background, and to ask this one or that of the team to take on this responsibility or that, till there is literally nothing left for himself to do except the plain straightforward job of swinging the shovel or running the barrow. He is to recognize that his success or failure as a leader is to be measured entirely by his success or failure in the task of thus making himself completely superfluous, except as a mere unit in the direct Franciscan action.

In the third place, wherever possible, young people should be made leaders, not merely for this activity or that of the team, but of the team as a whole. There are immense advantages in having a young leader. Your team as a whole will almost certainly be mainly composed of youngsters, for it is terribly hard for older people to obey the Franciscan call. Youth leads youth best in this type of activity. Youth has most power of inspiring youth. The original words of Watts' much-bowdlerized hymn (C. F. Andrews' favourite, which he sang to Gandhi at the conclusion of the

famous Delhi fast for Hindu-Musalman unity in 1924) are profoundly true,

> "When I survey the wondrous Cross,
> Where *the young Prince* in glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss,
> And pour contempt on all my pride."

In the St. Goar work camp of August, 1939, which has been dealt with above, we had the advantage of two young leaders. The German leader, X., who was also the leader of the whole team, was a young man of perhaps twenty-five. He was a devoted Nazi, but he certainly understood thoroughly the principles that govern the right kind of leadership for an enterprise of this type. The leader of the English group was not only young, but extremely handsome, with the very desirable result that the girls of the German group became ardently, and at times embarrassingly, attached to him. This made for international fellowship!

The great majority of the Franciscan enterprises which have been organized to build international understanding, since C. F. Andrews floated the idea of a new kind of Foreign Policy at the Cambridge meeting in February 1935, have been led by young people in this fashion. Numerous other advantages of the practice could be quoted. Young people do not get tired so soon; they are less afflicted with rheumatism and lumbago; they arouse less suspicion amongst the local authorities, if these are inclined (as sometimes) to be restive. They are less afflicted with false pride, and with ideas of keeping up their dignity. In short the Franciscan idealism and the Franciscan methods of action come more naturally to them than to middle-aged or elderly people. Above all, they are not distinguished yet. They are not run after by reporters.

They are not apt to be hoisted into the limelight. And they have not yet got spoilt by anticipating such hoisting and enjoying it covertly even while they pretend they don't!

At this point a *caveat* must be uttered, and given emphasis. All this does *not* mean that old people are of no use on these Franciscan peace-building teams which C. F. Andrews inspired. On the contrary, they are of very great use. In fact, man for man, though to say so may sound inconsistent with what has gone before, they are more useful than young people—and not only man for man, but also woman for woman. This is so because it is more unusual, and also more difficult, for an older man, and especially for an older woman, to be taking a share in swinging shovels or running barrows or plying dish-clouts and scrubbing-brushes. The more difficult, and even (within limits) the more crazy Franciscan service may appear, the more useful it is, not merely because it attracts more attention and so builds more peace, but also (and chiefly) because it *is* more difficult and more liable to be regarded as crazy. The fact that older people, with grey hair and unsupple backs, take the trouble to come across the barriers of nation, race or class, and to swing shovels or run barrows on behalf of other needy people, without getting paid, is therefore intrinsically more valuable from the Franciscan point of view than the fact of such service being performed by younger people. Always provided, of course, (and the proviso is fundamentally important) that the spirit of the older people in performing this service is right—that they do not do it merely to make themselves conspicuous, or to get themselves regarded as remarkably self-sacrificing and noble.

In the fourth place—and this too will appear fantastic to some people—wherever possible have a woman as your leader. If the local authorities are suspicious

and awkward, a woman will arouse less suspicion than a man, and will probably be able to manage the authorities better. The fact that she is a woman, leading a team consisting largely of men, has also more 'publicity value' from a strictly Franciscan point of view, than if a man is leader. It makes the fact more immediately plain to all and sundry that this is an enterprise of service and of humble service.

The Friends' Relief Unit which, for some seven years after 1919, was responsible for the restoration of peasant life in large parts of devastated Poland, was under the leadership of a woman, and it was admirable leadership. The Unit began by distributing seeds for cottage gardens, in villages where the population was still living in dug-outs. They went on to the arranging of workshops and the organization of cottage-industries; then to the buying of horses and ploughs for ploughing-teams on fields which, in some cases, had not been cultivated for seven years, and which were rapidly returning to primitive forest; then to the buying of timber in distant forests, and its transport to the villages; then to the sawing of the timber and the giving of direction and help for the rebuilding of the villages. At one stage it was necessary to buy, to feed and to manage one thousand cavalry horses. Large sums of money were handled, and were disbursed in an economical and efficient manner. All manner of problems were faced, including the temporary conquest of the part of Poland they were helping, by Soviet Russia in 1920. Finally, and this was perhaps the greatest triumph of all, the peasantry were left rehabilitated, and no longer dependent upon external aid. The Unit was able to retire with its work done, in marked contrast to other forms of relief work which have resulted, especially in the East, in the setting up of communities permanently dependent on foreign

money and foreign personnel. The history of this Polish Unit is an ideal instance of what can be done in Franciscan ways under the leadership of a woman.

Another instance may be taken from the story of the work camp held in Austria in 1935, as a direct result of the appeal for a Ministry of Reconciliation made by C. F. Andrews at Cambridge University in February of that year. A team of sixty-six, most of whom were men, was in operation under the leadership of Mary Campbell, of Girton College. She became immensely popular with the Austrians of all types, the officials and intellectuals as well as the unemployed. She made history by running with a wheelbarrow, for (probably) the first time in the history of Austria. She became a legend by swimming the Danube, running a mile up the far bank, and swimming back again, landing where she had started. She spoke German much better than the rest of us, and was immensely efficient in all necessary negotiations and other arrangements. She dug with the best of the team, and for as long hours. But in addition she managed to squeeze in house-work done for the family in which she was billeted, and such unpaid house-work is an invaluable form of Franciscan service. The team was lucky indeed in having such a leader. It was very largely as a result of Mary Campbell's work and personality that, towards the end of that work camp, one of the Austrian unemployed men whom we were helping start the first unemployed allotment association in Austria, observed to me with great particularity, "I hate the Italians; I hate the Czechs; I hate the Hungarians; I hate the Germans; but I love the English." He had not got very far perhaps in understanding the idealism of Franciscan peace-building, but at least he had begun; a start had been made towards the 'reaching of the Witness' in him.

Many other instances might be taken of the success

of women's leadership in such enterprises. One must suffice, very briefly told. It is the case of A.C., who had been a schoolmistress in a Scottish Girls' High School. She felt the call of Christ to give herself to Franciscan service, that by so doing she might appeal to the Divine Witness in the neediest around her. She gave up her job, and began to earn a maximum of eighteenpence a day by charing work done in the evenings at business offices. She spent a shilling a night on a bed in a women's lodging house, and sixpence on food, chiefly stale bread or discarded fruit. The daytimes she spent in working as an unpaid domestic helper in the homes of the poorest of the poor. In this work she found the greatest satisfaction and joy. Her example has been an inspiration to many people.

The question arises as to the ideal size for a team undertaking Franciscan service of reconciliation. The last-named instance shows that such a team may consist of only one, and still be a strong force. St. Francis, and our Lord Himself, sent disciples out two by two. C. F. Andrews did some of his own most significant work in a team of two. The original Christian group consisted of thirteen. Each of these numbers, and all those in between, have been tried at various times in modern Franciscan enterprises, together with many numbers higher than thirteen, up to one hundred, and even over. The ideal number for a team engaged on this type of service is, however, probably between eight and fifteen. If there are more, the team tends to split up into cliques, and a group-consciousness is apt to develop, distinct from the surrounding people. If there are less, a lack of strength is apparent both for the actual job undertaken, and for the purposes of general fellowship.

But if the spirit of the team is right, the precise numbers do not matter very much. Everything depends upon the spirit in which the service is undertaken.

CHAPTER XVII

CONCLUSION

As these words have been written, news has come from an Indian College Principal regarding C. F. Andrews' desperate illness in Calcutta[1]. Hearing of the illness, he had travelled a thousand miles each way, in order to be with his old friend for a few minutes. He had found him fighting for his life, but 'surrounded by an atmosphere of love, joy and inward peace'. The message is characteristic, both as regards C.F.A. himself, and in showing the affection with which Indians of all stations in life regard him. Mr. Gandhi, who lives many hundreds of miles away from Calcutta, in the Central Provinces, has also interrupted his multitudinous busy activities, in order to be with his sorely-stricken friend. His seventy-one years and his own frail health have not hindered him in this regard.

It is well that these signs of love and gratitude should be shown. But indeed we need not be afraid that C. F. Andrews, the friend whom we have loved so much, and who has done so much for the needy all over the world, will 'die'. His spirit will go to be with the Christlike God whom he has loved and served. In Him we shall have Charlie's friendship still, unchanged and yet perfected. The lover of men, the minister of reconciliation, is also the pilgrim of eternity. In God, who is the God not of the dead but of the living, and who lives in all service for the suffering, Charlie's spirit will pass on across the world, serving

[1]C.F.A. died in Calcutta, April 4, 1940.

in humble ways the neediest everywhere, and founding the Sovereignty of God by reaching through such service the Witness of God in every man. He will march on.

'Give heed to that which is pure in one another, to guide you to God.'

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