

above, and around all these tonal impressions is that of the sound of water in motion, from the gurgle of the brook to the roar of the waterfall.

We find such moments in 'Finlandia,' the famous and beautiful work that breathes of the emancipation and hopes of a race, and that was banned at one time by Russian officialdom because of its strongly national appeal: and in 'Karelia.'

At a 'Prom.' Concert in October, 1903, Sir Henry Wood gave English musicians their first introduction to the important work of the composer by a performance of his first Symphony in E minor Op. 39. Its rhythmic invention is fresh and original and in the *Scherzo* a thematic figure with which the movement opens is daringly assigned to the tympani. The second Symphony in D sharp Op. 43 is more conventional; and the

third, Op. 52, may be regarded as transitory between that and the strongly original fourth Symphony. The fifth Symphony, still in MS., which received its London premiere (and second public performance) under the composer's direction in Queen's Hall on February 12th, was first performed in Helsingfors in December, 1915. Independence of rhythmic thought and a harmonic invention that is original without blatancy demonstrate that whilst the composer progresses in classic work he does so along his own already well-defined idiomatic course.

Amongst his newest works may be mentioned still one more symphonic poem, 'The Oceanides'; a sonatina for violin and orchestra; several symphonic works for voice and orchestra; the music to a morality play and a number of songs and small instrumental solo pieces.

## RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN HOLLAND

BY C. F. ANDREWS

From *The Modern Review*, March

(CALCUTTA NATIVE MONTHLY)

FROM the many letters which have been received from the Poet since he left India for the West, it is clear that his stay in Holland touched him most deeply of all. In England, last summer, he had found disappointment and disillusionment, except among those who had been, from the first, among his literary friends. The attitude of the people in general, especially the upper classes, towards his own country and towards Ireland, had left upon him an impression of gloom. In France that gloom was lifted, and he felt himself at once at

ease among those, who had no relation to India, such as that of ruler and ruled,—a relation which destroyed all hope of pure friendship. The French also, he found, had no racial pride separating them from Asia. Rather, they revered Asia, as the Mother of Civilisations. Thus, in France, the Poet's letters became brighter and happier than those he had written from England.

But it was in Holland, as I have said, that Rabindranath Tagore was most deeply touched of all. I had intended to make extracts from letters,

which I had received from those who were with him, giving descriptions of his visit; but, by great good fortune, we have had staying with us, quite recently, at Shantiniketan, Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw, and he has written out for me his own impressions of the Poet's reception. Dr. Van der Leeuw was the Poet's host in Rotterdam and accompanied him elsewhere, so that he is able to write with a first-hand knowledge of the facts. While staying with us in the Ashram, he gave us a strikingly vivid picture of the way in which the Dutch people, who belonged to the poorer classes, flocked everywhere to see the Poet, and how he had won all hearts.

Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw's description runs as follows:

When the wise Poet came to visit Holland, he did not find an audience strange to him and his works, but, on the contrary, thousands of enthusiastic admirers, full of joy at his coming, full of love for him and his works. In Holland, Tagore is considered as one of the representative men of the New Era; his works in English and in Dutch translations are widely read and appreciated. 'The spirit of Tagore' is even an expression used to denominate a certain attitude in life, which is becoming more and more universal, as time goes on.

Thus it was a loving group of friends, whom Dr. Tagore found on his entering Holland, where he had been invited by the Theosophical Society and the Free Religious Community. Wherever he came he found homes open to receive him, people proud to call him their guest. I do not know of any European, who in these later years, has been received as this great Poet, to whom such signal honor has been paid by the people of Holland.

The love and admiration for him grew as his visit progressed. By his lectures, but even more by his personal charm, he strengthened the tie already existing. What struck us in him, was the spirit of beautiful wisdom and simple joy in life, which made his very presence a blessing.

During the fortnight of his stay, he lectured in the chief towns: Amsterdam, the Hague, Rotterdam; the universities of Leyden, Utrecht and Amsterdam, and also at the school of Philosophy at Amersfoort. Everywhere the halls were packed, thousands had to go away without being able to find a place. From all over the country, people flocked to hear him, and to see him. In Utrecht, he was received by a welcome speech in Sanskrit, which by the way is taught at all the Dutch universities. But perhaps the greatest honour was paid to him, when he was invited, in Rotterdam, to deliver his lecture, not merely in the Church there, but from the pulpit itself. It was the first time that a non-Christian had thus been honoured; and it was meant to convey the message, that his importance as a religious teacher was universal enough to give him the right to stand on the pulpit of a Christian church.

No one who was present, on that occasion, will ever be likely to forget him, as he stood amongst the flowers decorating the pulpit and gave his message on. 'The Meeting of the East and the West.' One of the most moving moments was when the president of the committee of reception had thanked him for his stay amongst us (Rotterdam concluding his tour) and when he answered with a few words of farewell, which went straight to the hearts of all present.

The only consolation on his going was his promise to return to Holland.

Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw told me, in conversation, that his own Dutch people are somewhat phlegmatic in character and not easily moved; but when they have once given their heart's affection, they never take it away again. He himself had felt the greatness of this event; that had happened in his own country—the visit of the Indian Poet. No one had ever come to Holland from India before, and won the hearts of his own Dutch people in such a manner. He explained to me, that the Dutch have a deep vein of spiritual religion running through their nature, and that it was as a *religious* Teacher that they received the Poet, who came to them from the East.

A letter written in French to the Poet may partly reveal the spirit, in which the younger generation of thoughtful men and women, on the continent of Europe, (who have just come through all the horrors of the Great War), are regarding the writer of *Gitanjali*. I shall strictly eliminate anything, that might disclose the writer's identity, and shall thus make the letter anonymous. It is one of many hundreds of letters, from every part of the world, which I have had the privilege of seeing and reading. None are so poignant, in their spiritual longing for help in time of need, as those which have come from Europe. The hunger for spiritual truth is so great. The writer says:

From my early childhood, everything I heard about India attracted me irresistibly; and so I began to read the Belgian translation of your *Gitanjali* in a spirit of unique sympathy. I was then twenty years old,—full of zeal and love for liberty. Modern Christianity had only touched my heart superficially: it had not got the power to satisfy it fully.

I was very deeply moved after reading your first songs. Quite a new world, of which I had been dreaming for a long time, suddenly and actually revealed itself to me in them. You had touched the most intimate chords in my heart's music, and they had responded. A great happiness flooded my life, till it brimmed over. I used to speak about you and your religious ideas to my friends. These friends were a group of young poets and musicians with Christian convictions. But they were steeped in dogmas and creeds, which satisfied them; and they were alarmed at my enthusiasm and my joy. Their antagonism to your 'pantheistic' philosophy, as they called it,—from which they undertook to save me,—ended by throwing me back into doubt. I had now estranged myself from you, and I felt the full weight of my moral isolation.

And yet, in the very depth of my being, I could hear the voice saying,—if I may apply your own words,—*'I am certain that priceless wealth is in thee, and that thou art my best friend. But I have not the heart to sweep away the tinsel that fills my room.'*

The great war in Europe found me in this mood. Fate took me to England; and there, in solitude, I was reconciled to myself. I saw your books. I took up again *Gitanjali*. I read it and read it over again, and also the *Gardener, Crescent Moon, Chitra, Sadhana, Fruit-gathering*. In the month of May, there came upon me a complete transformation, a joy at times overpowering. A boundless gratitude and admiration filled my mind. *Gitanjali* became now my constant companion. Every morning, I read a poem from it; and its profound

meaning became more and more clear. Unconsciously I learnt to pray.

During the winter of 1917, I read *Personality*. Then it was, there dawned upon me the full light, the assurance of truth itself in its fullness.

That was Peace. You had uplifted my spirit to make me understand and love intensely all things. I had realised the existence of this infinite rhythm, which united my soul to the universal Spirit. I understood the secret of that harmony, which must unite me to all that exists and will exist,—the true love, which does not seek *me*, but *Thee*. I could understand that this love feels the soul of the all-embracing world and seeks to place itself in unison with it. And then,—since it is the love of unity, of harmony,—it is the love of the One, the Infinite, which ‘floods my life and brings me such intensity of joy.’

I will conclude with one more extract from a letter, written in German, which again I shall quote without mentioning anything that might disclose the writer’s identity. It runs as follows:

How glad I would have been, if I might have known personally one, whose works are now so inexpressibly dear to me! Indian philosophy had long been familiar to me, through my dear friend and teacher, Paul Deussen. I have longed always to go deep into the Upanishads and the Vedas. But I am sorry, that I do not know sufficient Sanskrit yet, to reach out to the originals.

You have perceived so thoroughly the tragic fate of the West, in her giving up her soul to the tyranny of the Machine. Yes, this reliance on the mechanical, rather than on the personal, has undoubtedly been our spiritual death. But is there now any

deliverance left from the general break-down of the Civilisation of Western Europe? Is not the whole of mankind being drawn into that whirlpool which lies between Scylla and Charybdis? And, if so, is not the deliverance of a single individual only half a deliverance?

You, in common with the best of mankind, believe that the Infinite Spirit will create a new force, in order again to unite mankind that has gone astray. You know, that a spiritual inter-nationality will lead men back to the origin of Life,—to the Soul. And you know, also (for you have taught us), how little mere organisation can do to effect this, of how little worth outward institutions are, in comparison with persons who are in earnest. I wrote to you, revered Poet, that a movement of a deep inner kind, born out of necessity, is taking shape, and that it will work and work only for the rebirth of Humanity. We require no programmes, no institutions, but only Humanity itself.

You have brought forward a noble theme in your Ashram, at Shantiniketan, Bolpur, and it was a great joy to me to hear, that you were intending to invite comrades from the West to share your Eastern hospitality.

Alas! How terribly the bridges that lead from one people to another have been shaken! How obstructive have been the barriers separating one race from its fellow! It has been my great longing to travel, at least once in my life, to India, and to breathe the spiritual atmosphere that pervades your circle. But, after this war, who knows whether at all, or when, that desire may be made possible?

Revered Poet, my command of English is so little, that I have been obliged to write in German. If you

honour me with an answer, will you please write in English or French, both of which I can understand to read. If it is possible for me to come to India, the greatest desire of my life will have been fulfilled! For, there, I shall drink of the Spirit of Wisdom from the fountain-head. With profound reverence I greet you."

These letters appear to me to reveal something of the deep reverence and affection, with which the Poet is held on the continent of Europe. They explain what Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw has written about his visit to Holland. There is no shadow, of that patronising spirit, which has darkened the minds of so many English people, owing to that supremely false relation, of one people ruling over another people. As Mr. H. G. Wells has so

wisely said, in the concluding volume of his *Outline of History*, the time has surely come when this hateful phrase, 'subject nation,' should be blotted out altogether from the history of mankind. It poisons all friendship at the very source.

Rabindranath Tagore is proposing to come back from America to Europe in April, and to visit the different countries of Europe during the summer months of this present year. The most cordial invitations have poured in upon him from every side, and he is hoping that his new purpose to found a Shantiniketan, Bolpur, an International University,—a meeting place of East and West,—may be carried one step farther forward by his visit to the continent of Europe this summer.

## ARMS AND ARMOR

From *The London Telegraph*, March 24

(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

If swords could speak what stories they would tell. A Viking sword soon to appear at Christie's, for example, would have something to say, and it might make a dry comment on its having been found in the Thames near the peaceful tea-terrace of St. Stephen's, where the sword never plays the part of orator. Yet it must have been a merry Westminster day of cut and thrust when the Viking and his sword went into the Thames mud together. The late Mr. Morgan S. Williams, of Aberpergwm, had a pretty taste in swords and the like, and he displayed his treasures for many years at St. Donat's, whence they have been removed for sale on April 26. He owned the famous 'Bastard' duelling sword, with its

superb blade engraved with circular medallions of flowers, which, as an example of Ercole di Fideli's art, was one of the prizes in the Earl of Londesborough's sale, 1888. This was the type of sword which the fencer, Wulson de la Colombiere worshipped, and also of that which Francis I. would have used if the ascetic Emperor Charles V. had accepted his challenge. And there are Scots swords of the days when Highlanders called their trusty blades by the name 'Claidheamh-mor,' and of such is one with drooping quillons, said to have belonged to William Wallace, that national hero who, when he was executed in London in 1305, started the real line of Smithfield martyrs.

Coincident with Chicago and Phila-