



D. E. WACHA



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C. K. GOKHALE

THE LATE Mr. JUSTICE RANADE.*

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen :—

In January last, my friend Mr. Padhye invited me in the name of the Hindu Union Club to deliver the address at this year's Anniversary of Mr. Ranade's death. When I received his letter, I felt at once that it was a call to which it was my duty to respond. but I was then in Calcutta and there was no prospect of my returning to this side before the end of March. I, therefore, wrote back to explain how I was situated, offering at the same time to place my humble services at the disposal of the Club, should it on any account be thought desirable to postpone the day of this gathering. The Committee of the Club very courteously accepted my offer, and appointed a day convenient to me. And thus it is that you find me this afternoon standing before you

* Anniversary Address at the Hindu Club in Bombay by the Hon'ble Mr. G. K. Gokhale, B.A., C.I.E.

to deliver an address, which should really have been delivered something like six months ago.

Ladies and gentlemen, it was easy for me to say 'yes' to the request contained in Mr. Pailby's letter. It was by no means so easy to make up my mind as to what I should say in the course of my address. You all know that Mr. Ranade had great talents, and were joined to a prodigious amount of industry, and a singular depth of earnest conviction. And for thirty-five years, this most remarkable man read, and thought, and wrote, and spoke, and worked incessantly, almost without a day's break or holiday. The material, therefore, on which one may base one's address on Mr. Ranade, is bound to bewilder and overwhelm by its very immensity. Indeed, it seems to me to be an easier matter to deliver a series of a dozen addresses on the different aspects of Mr. Ranade's life and life-work, than to attempt a general discourse such as I am expected to deliver this afternoon. Thus we might speak of Mr. Ranade as a man—one of the saintliest men

of our time—one, contact with whom was elevating and holy; or we might speak of him as a patriot, whose love of India overflowed all bounds and whose unwearied exertions for her welfare will always be a bright, and shining example to the people of this land; or we might speak of him as a reformer, whose comprehensive gaze ranged over the entire fabric from summit to base, and took in at the same time all parts of it, political, social, religious, industrial, moral and educational; or we might speak of him as a scholar or as a teacher, or again as a worker, I believe, the greatest worker of our time; or we might take his opinions and teachings and the methods that he favoured in the different fields of our national activity and examine them. We might thus have a dozen different discourses, and yet not exhaust our subject. But a general address touching on all these sides of Mr. Ranade's work, and yet avoiding the appearance of mere common-place observations, is, in my opinion, a most difficult task. In what I am

going to say to you to-day, I do not propose to present anything like a critical estimate of Mr. Rauade's career or achievement. In the first place, we are not sufficiently removed from his time. And secondly, I stood too near him to be able to possess that aloofness, without which no critical estimate can be usefully attempted. But this very nearness, which disqualifies me, to a certain extent, for forming a critical estimate, gave me exceptional opportunities to become acquainted with his innermost thoughts and hopes, with his ideals and aspirations, and with the main springs of that magnetic influence, which he exercised on all who came in contact with him. And it is of these that I propose to speak here to-day. I will tell you as briefly as I can what it was that struck me most in him during the fourteen years that I was privileged to sit at his feet; what was the faith in him, and what sustained that faith in the midst of great difficulties and disappointments; and finally what message he has left behind for the rising generations of his country, so that the

harvest for which he laboured may be reaped and not lost in the fullness of time.

HIS PATRIOTISM.

The first thing that struck any one who came in contact with Mr. Ranade, as underlying all his marvellous personality, was his pure, fervent, profound patriotism. In all my experience, I have met only one other, so utterly absorbed, day and night, in thoughts of his country and of her welfare—and that is Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. To him India's past was a matter of great, of legitimate pride; but even more than the past, his thoughts were with the present and the future, and this was at the root of his matchless and astonishing activity in different fields of reform. Mr. Ranade had realized clearly and completely the great possibilities for us Indians under British rule and the limitations under which practical work for the country had to be done in the existing state of things. I have heard that at the College, his ideas were indeed Taverilal Bhai once told Ranade once wrote

essay, disparaging greatly the British Government, as contrasted with Mahratta rule. Sir Alexander Grant, who was then Principal of Elphinstone College, and who had great admiration for Mr. Ranade's talents, and a feeling of personal affection for him, sent for him, and after pointing out to him the error of his views, said to him, "Young man, you should not thus run down a Government which is educating you and doing so much for your people." And to mark his serious displeasure, he suspended Mr. Ranade's scholarship for six months. I may state at once that this remonstrance left no bitter feeling behind, for Mr. Ranade, throughout his life, used to speak of Sir Alexander Grant with deep reverence and admiration. With more reading and thinking came sounder views, and the out-look became broader. And before long, Mr. Ranade came to realize the great mission of his life, and reached that faith, which met with no opposition, no disappointment. His one aspiration th

should be roused from the lethargy of centuries, so that she might become a great and living nation, responsive to truth and justice and self-respect, responsive to all the claims of our higher nature, animated by lofty ideals, and undertaking great national tasks. And he came to recognize that the present contact between India and England was a Providential arrangement brought about in order that this aspiration might be realized. His conviction on this point never wavered, whatever happened. Even when he himself was misjudged and misunderstood, here he was firm. He often said to those who were about him that though under the present *regime*, there was less field for personal ambition and less scope for the display of individual talent, there were greater possibilities for the mass of our people, and a great future lay before us, if only we roused ourselves to a true sense of our position, and did not let slip our opportunities.

And it was this belief, ardent and passionate which inspired all Mr. Ranade's activity in the

field of reform. It was not merely love of truth, or impatience of evil that made a reformer of Mr. Ranade—these, of course, were there, but Mr. Ranade was by nature far too gentle and forbearing to cause pain to others by an aggressive attitude towards their religious beliefs or social practices, if that pain could by any means be avoided. There have been reformers—and great reformers—in the history of the world and of India too, who have preached reform, and braved persecution for the sake of truth and of conscience, because they heard a higher voice urging them to proclaim that truth at all hazards. I think, such men stand on a pedestal all their own; the highest on which man can stand. Mr. Ranade's platform was not this—he preached reform, not merely because his conscience urged him to do so, but also because his intellect was satisfied that without reform there was no hope for us as a nation. Men who preach truth for its own sake live really for all humanity, though their words are addressed to the people of a particular

time and place. Mr. Ranade was content to live and work for his country only, and though he was a careful student of the history and institutions of other people, he studied them mainly to derive lessons from them for the guidance of his own countrymen. I think, this essential difference between Mr. Ranade and other great reformers has to be clearly grasped in order to understand the true character of his work and teachings. Thus Raja Ram Mohan Roy took up his stand against idolatry, because to his mind the worship of idols was wrong in itself, was against truth, and as such called for his denunciation. Mr. Ranade too spoke against idolatry, but it was mainly because it gave rise to low and grovelling superstitions, which impeded the progress of the nation towards a higher stage of moral and religious life. I want you to note this point, because it explains much in Mr. Ranade's conduct, which sometimes puzzled his friends. Some of you will remember that a few years ago, several members of the *Prarthana Samaj* were displeased with Mr. Ranade,

because he went to the Thakurdwar temple to deliver discourses on the lives of saints Tukaram, Ramdas and Eknath. What he said in those discourses was, of course, in entire accord with the teachings of the *Samaj*, but the very fact that he, a prominent member of the *Samaj*, should have gone to a place of idolatrous worship for addressing people, gave offence to some. I do not, of course, mean that these gentlemen were wrong in feeling as they did on the occasion. I should probably have felt the same in their place. But Mr. Ranade thought that the discourses were every thing—the place where they were delivered was nothing. He wanted his ideas to reach his countrymen and he had no objection to going wherever they were assembled, provided he got an opportunity to speak to them.

A WELL-BALANCED MIND.

The next thing that struck us in Mr. Ranade was that he was the most profound thinker among the Indians of our time, with a mind remarkably well-balanced and fitted for taking

comprehensive views of things and a great sense of justice and proportion. He was never in a hurry to draw conclusions, always seeking to look beneath the surface, and trace results and growths to their hidden causes. His views were based on wide reading and observation, and were the result of mature reflection, and when once formed, they were urged upon the attention of his countrymen with a force and persistence which could only come of deep and earnest conviction. Again, his comprehensive mind ranged over the entire field of national work, and perceived the necessity of a due co-ordination between different activities—and this made him equally keen for reform in all directions—equally interested in all movements—whether they were for the removal of political disabilities and the redressing of administrative grievances, or combating the evils of female ignorance and early maternity and righting the wrongs of widows and the depressed classes, or spreading a correct knowledge of the economic situation of the country,

or purifying worship and making it simpler and more spiritual. But while recognizing the necessity of all these reforms, he realised that above all, it was necessary for the individual man to be renovated in spirit, so that his springs of action might be purer, his ideals nobler, and his practical life courageous and devoted to worthy ends. His ideas on these subjects he preached with great courage, earnestness, and persistence, but never were they marred by any extravagance of thought or speech. And his convictions were never disturbed by any amount of personal wrong or injustice.

THE DHULIA INCIDENT.

Many of you probably know that about twenty-five years ago, there was considerable un-rest in the Deccan, and a Poona man, named Vasudeva Balvant, openly rose against the Government, collecting a number of ignorant followers and committing dacoities and plundering innocent people. The Government of Sir Richard Temple somehow took it into its head

that the dacoits had the sympathy and support of the leading citizens of Poona—because, I believe, Vasudeva Balvant was a Poona Brahmin—and among others, their suspicion fell upon Mr. Ranade. It was, of course, a monstrous suspicion, absolutely undeserved, for Mr. Ranade was the recognized inspirer and leader of the constitutional movement in Poona, as against the resort to violent methods, represented by Vasudeva Balvant. However, when in May 1879, the two palaces in Poona were set fire to by an incendiary, the Government at once transferred Mr. Ranade to Dhulia—he had already been transferred to Nasik, but Dhulia was thought safer, as being more remote from Poona—and though it was vacation-time, he was ordered to leave Poona at once and proceed to Dhulia.* This action of Government was so ex-

* It was at the beginning of 1878 that Mr. Ranade had been transferred from Poona to Nasik. The Poona Sarvajenik Sabha, of which Mr. Ranade was known to be the guiding spirit and with which Government afterwards maintained for a number of years very friendly relations, was at that time an object of grave suspicion to the Bombay Government—the Revenue member of that Government having gone so far as to describe the Association by name as a 'seditious organization' and to suggest that it should be suppressed! (Fide his minute on the Vernacular Press Bill;

traordinary that even the High Court subsequently protested against the transfer; and as a matter of fact, it was Mr. Ranade himself who had detected the culprit and secured his confession. On his arrival at Dhulia, Mr. Ranade believed that his private correspondence was closely watched for about a month, and curiously enough, at that very time he began to get letters from the Poona side, purporting to be

published in a Parliamentary Blue-book.) At the end of 1878 came the rebellion of Vasudeva Balwant Phadake. The following year, Mr. Ranade came to Poona from Nasik for the summer vacation on 5th May. A week later—on the 13th—the two palaces were burnt. On 16th May, a man—unfortunately surnamed Ranade, but no relation of Mr. Ranade—confessed that he was the incendiary and that he had committed the crime under the instigation of the rebel Phadake. And on 19th May, Government transferred Mr. Ranade from Nasik to Dhulia, and ordered him, though it was vacation time, to leave Poona at once and join his appointment! The officer, whom Mr. Ranade displaced at Dhulia—Rao Bahadur Gupte—had received orders to retire on pension in July and yet he was sent to Nasik for the few weeks that he was to remain in service, to make room for Mr. Ranade! On going to Dhulia, Mr. Ranade submitted a representation to the Governor, in which he spoke of the great anxiety with which his sudden transfer and the peculiar circumstances connected with it had filled him, asked Government not to be misled by the mere accident of the incendiary's surname being the same as his own, made a pathetic reference to his eye-sight, which even then was failing, being further injured by the heat and glare of Dhulia and requested that he should be retransferred to Nasik or Mr. Gupte's retirement so as to restore confidence in him to the minds of those under whom he had to serve. No heed was, however, given to this representation. It was only when, later on in the year, Phadake was captured and his diary seized that the suspicion against Mr. Ranade wholly disappeared.

reports from leading dacoits of what they intended doing. Mr. Ranade could not help concluding that these letters were sent by the Police to ascertain if he really had any relations with Vasudeva Balvant, and he scrupulously handed over to Dhulia Police all such letters. After a month, during which he often felt bitter in regard to the treatment he was receiving, Mr. Ranade had a talk in the matter with an English officer there—a member of the Civil Service, whose name is well-known in this Presidency for his broad-minded sympathy with the people. This officer then expressed his regret at what had been done, assuring Mr. Ranade that Government was satisfied that the suspicion against him was ill-founded.* Now any

* Mr. Ranade narrated this incident to me in 1898, when we were discussing the events of 1897 and I was disposed to take somewhat too pessimistic a view of the situation. That I have correctly stated Mr. Ranade's own belief in the matter is confirmed by Mrs. Ranade, who was with her husband at Dhulia in 1879 and by Rao Bahadur Pattak—a most intimate friend of Mr. Ranade from the days of childhood—with whom he had a talk on the subject in 1880. Dr. J. Poller, however,—the officer referred to in the address, who was then Assistant Collector at Dhulia—contradicts the statement, so far as he is concerned. And in fairness to him, I quote what he writes in reply to a letter from me:—

one in Mr. Ranade's place would have spoken with more or less bitterness, whenever there was occasion to recall the incident. But I remember how in speaking of it to me, he was careful to add:—"Oh, such misunderstandings are occasionally more or less inevitable in the present state of things. After all, we must not forget that we might have done much worse in their place." It was a striking illustration

"Throughout my service, I have detested and discouraged 'confidential Reports' 'anonymous petitions' and 'espionage'—and it is not likely I should forget it—had Government ever asked me to tamper with anybody's Post! And I don't think Government would have forgotten it either! For, even as an Assistant Collector, I should have spoken out!

I think I may, with justice, claim that I put a stop to anonymous petitions—at any rate for my time—in the various Districts and Departments, with which I was connected—and I have always despised and deplored what I call the 'Detection craze,' as a method of administration!

So you see it is not at all probable my memory should be in any way at fault in so memorable a matter as this of Ranade's correspondence. You may therefore take it from me that the facts are *not* as stated.

I only met Mr. Ranade once in Dhulia. I dropped in upon him, I remember, much the same as I did upon you at Fergusson College—and he came out to talk to me on the "Nagai" (!) Road.

We, no doubt, spoke of the events of the day—and he probably gathered from my friendly manner that I at any rate did not look upon him as a 'suspect.'

If this helped to relieve him from any of his anxiety, as I gather from your recollection of what he said, it did, I am very glad indeed! But I could not possibly have expressed regret at having done what I never did and, would never do, in connection with his correspondence."

of his strong sense of justice, and of the fact that no amount of personal wrong affected his faith in the character of British rule. Another instance, of a different kind, illustrating how his mind was habitually alive to all the considerations involved in a question, occurred nine years ago, when we were returning from Madras after attending the Congress and the Conference, and when Mr. Ranade was insulted by a young Civilian at the Sholapur Station, who, taking advantage of Mr. Ranade's absence in a second class carriage, (in which the rest of us were travelling) threw down his bedding from his seat in a first class carriage and usurped the seat himself. Mr. Ranade, on being informed of what had happened, quietly went back to his carriage and without one word of remonstrance, sat on the other seat with Dr. Bhandarkar, who was then with us. When the hour for sleeping came, Dr. Bhandarkar, as the lighter of the two, took the upper berth, and gave his own seat to Mr. Ranade. On arriving at Poona, the Englishman,

who was then an Assistant Judge, somehow came to know that the gentleman, whom he had insulted, was Mr. Ranade, Judge of the High Court, and it appeared that he wanted to apologize to Mr. Ranade. Mr. Ranade, however, on seeing him come towards him, simply turned his back on him and walked away. The next day I asked him if he intended taking any steps in the matter. He said:—"I don't believe in those things. It will only be a case of statement against statement, and in any case, it is not worth fighting about." "Moreover," he asked me, "is our own conscience clear in these matters? How do we treat members of the depressed classes—our own countrymen—even in these days? At a time, when they and we must all work hand in hand for our common country, we are not prepared to give up the privileges of our old ascendancy, and we persist in keeping them down-trodden. How can we, then, with a clear conscience, blame members of the ruling race, who treat us with contempt?" "No doubt," he continued, "incidents like this

are deeply painful and humiliating, and they try one's faith sorely. But the best use to which we can put even these unpleasant incidents is to grow more earnest and persistent in the work that lies before us."

HIS DEVOTION TO WORK.

Another striking characteristic of Mr. Ranade was his great faith in work. One is filled with a feeling of wonder and awe, as one contemplates the amount of work which this great man did during his life—his mighty brain incessantly engaged in acquiring knowledge and in imparting it with an enthusiasm and an energy of purpose, rarely witnessed in this land. Not only was his capacity for work phenomenal, his delight in it was so keen—he almost seemed to revel in it. In it he lived and moved and had his being. Apathy, he always was one of the greatest curses in these days. He could stand; but apathy filled him with deep sadness—that he found harder to overcome. He himself approached almost all

work with a religious sense of responsibility. Just think of how much work he was able to get through during his life! His official duties throughout were heavy enough; but they did not come in the way of his doing for the country more work in various fields than half a dozen men could have together done. The range of subjects that interested him was wide—philosophy, theology, sociology, history, politics, economics—all seemed to interest him equally. His reading in respect of them was vast, and he tried, as far as possible, to keep himself in regard to them abreast of the times. Then in politics it is well-known that for nearly a quarter of a century, he was the guiding spirit of the Poona Sarvajanik Sabha. All the best work of the Sabha, in its palmy days, either came from his hands direct, or else had to pass ^{by his hands} through them. About two-thirds of the articles ^{published} in the Quarterly Journal of the Sabha, in its seventeen years' existence, were contributed by him. Under his guidance, the Sabha had attained the first position among the Political

Associations of the country, and its representations, for a number of years, had admittedly far more weight with Government than those of any other Indian organization. In the field of social reform, his activity was boundless almost from the day he left College to the hour of his death. Constantly writing, speaking, discussing, advising, helping, he took a leading part in every reform movement of his time. Of the Social Conference, he was the father and founder, working for it with a faith that was a sight for gods and men. His interest in religious reform was also deep and continuous, and I have never heard anything richer than some of his sermons. He was a profound thinker, and a frequent writer on economic subjects, and his studies in Indian Political Economy are a valuable guide to those students who wish to apply their knowledge of our economy to the practical conditions of our country. He was one of the principal organizers of the Industrial Conference that used to meet in Bombay for some years, and of the Industrial Exhibition that was held during the time of

Lord Reay. And most of the industrial and commercial undertakings that have sprung up in Poona during the last twenty years owe a great deal to his inspiration, advice, or assistance. He has left us a History of the Mahrattas, though unfortunately it is incomplete. While in Bombay, he used to take a leading part in the affairs of the University, and Mr. Justice Candy, the late Vice-Chancellor has borne willing and eloquent testimony to the value of his work in the Syndicate. In addition to all these activities, Mr. Ranade carried on a voluminous correspondence with numerous friends and followers all over India. For a number of years, he received and replied to over twenty letters a day, and these concerned a wide variety of subjects, from petty matters of mere domestic interest to high questions of state policy. He was in touch with every earnest worker throughout India—his heart rejoiced when he met an earnest worker—he noted such a man with unerring judgment, and kept himself in communication with him ever after. But it was

not merely the amount of work that he did, which excited our admiration. The spirit in which he did it, was, if anything, even more wonderful.

HIS OPTIMISM.

Speakers and writers have often remarked on Mr. Ranade's robust optimism, which they have regarded as a part of his mental constitution. No doubt, to a certain extent, it was so. He had a temperament, which was essentially hopeful. It was this which made him note and gather together for use even the smallest signs of progress visible in any part of India. To a certain extent also, his optimism sprang from the fact that his horizon was wider than that of others—he saw as from a mountain-top, when others could see only from where they stood on the plain below. But it always appeared to me that Mr. Ranade's great optimism was mainly the result of his being so magnificent a worker. It is generally those who do not work—who do not realize the dignity and the power of work—that give themselves up to preaching the gospel

of despair. Mr. Ranade was profoundly convinced that if only our people worked earnestly, their future was in their own hands. Work was to him the one condition of national elevation, and having fulfilled it so gloriously in his own case, it was not possible for his mind to be weighed down by thoughts of despondency. About twelve years ago, in speaking of the Social Conference and of its unpopularity, I once ventured to ask him what it was that sustained his faith in the Conference work, seeing that some of the best friends of Social Reform shook their heads, and said that nothing was to be achieved by such hollow work as holding meetings and passing resolutions. Mr. Ranade turned to me and said : "Not that the work is hollow, but the faith in these men is shallow." After a little pause, he said : "Wait for a few years. I see a time coming, when they will ask the same question about the Congress, which, at present, evokes so much enthusiasm. There is something in the race, which is unequal to the strain of sustained exertion." For himself, Mr. Ranade

had clearly realized that patient and long sustained work was necessary before any appreciable results could be achieved. A remark of his, made to me in, I believe, 1891, has firmly fixed itself in my memory. In that year, there was severe scarcity in the Districts of Sholapur and Bijapur. The Sarvajanik Sabha, of which I was then Secretary, had collected a large amount of information about the condition of those Districts, and a representation on the subject was in due course submitted to Government. It was a memorial in the preparation of which we had spent considerable labour and thought. Government, however, sent us a reply of only two lines, just saying that they had noted the contents of our letter. I was greatly disappointed when we received this reply, and the next day, joining Mr. Ranade in his evening walk, I asked him:—"What is the good of taking all this trouble and submitting these memorials, if Government don't care to say anything more than that they have noted the contents of our letter?" He replied:—"You

don't realize our place in the history of our country. These memorials are nominally addressed to Government; in reality they are addressed to the people, so that they may learn how to think in these matters. This work must be done for many years, without expecting any other result, because politics of this kind is altogether new in this land. Besides, if Government note the contents of what we say, even that is something."

Another notable feature of Mr. Ranade's work was his readiness to play any role that was necessary, however humble it might be. In the building of the temple, he did not insist upon being assigned the architect's part; he was willing to carry bricks and stones on his back so the edifice was raised. In the performance of public duties, he was prepared to bear personal humiliation, if thereby public interests could be furthered. A striking instance of this came to my notice within a few months of my going to Poona in 1885. In that year our Municipal Boards were reconstituted in

accordance with the liberal legislation of Lord Ripon's Government. The elective system was for the first time introduced, and the elections in Poona aroused an extraordinary amount of interest. Before that year, the Municipal *regime* in Poona had been virtually official, and Mr. Ranade was anxious that in the new Board, the popular element should have a chance of administering the affairs of the city. Unfortunately, another distinguished citizen of Poona—the late Mr. Kunte—came forward strongly to support the official side. Mr. Ranade and Mr. Kunte had been great friends from their childhood, having been class-fellows from the very beginning. Mr. Kunte's support of the old *regime*, however, drew from Mr. Ranade a sharp remonstrance, and Mr. Kunte, who was a powerful speaker, immediately organized a series of Ward-meetings to oppose the popular party. Feeling for a time ran very high; and it appeared that Government would misunderstand the character of the struggle then going on. Mr. Ranade, therefore, thought it necessary to

conciliate Mr. Kunte and with that object, he attended one of Mr. Kunte's meetings, though it was known that Mr. Kunte indulged in strong denunciation of Mr. Ranade personally at almost every one of his meetings. The meeting in question was held in Raste's Peth. It was in the hall of a private house, and we were all squatting on the floor and Mr. Kunte was addressing us from one end of the hall, the door being at the other end. After Mr. Kunte had spoken for some time, Mr. Ranade's figure was suddenly seen entering the hall. He came and squatted on the floor near the door like the rest of us. Mr. Kunte immediately turned his back upon him, and, therefore, practically upon the whole audience, and after a few words uttered with his face to the wall, abruptly closed his speech. On his sitting down, Mr. Ranade left his seat and went and sat by him. After the meeting was over, Mr. Ranade invited Mr. Kunte to go with him in his carriage for a drive. Mr. Kunte, however, roughly said:—"I don't want to go in your carriage," and he went and

took his seat in his own carriage. Mr. Ranade, however, quietly followed him, and after saying, "Very well, if you won't go with me in my carriage, I will go with you in yours," he stepped into Mr. Kunte's carriage. After this, it was impossible for Mr. Kunte to avoid Mr. Ranade, and they went out for a long drive, and everything was satisfactorily settled before they returned. Mr. Kunte's anger was appeased, and his opposition to the popular party wholly withdrawn.

HIS SAINTLY DISPOSITION.

I have so far spoken of Mr. Ranade's comprehensive intellect, the balance of his mind, his patriotism and his great passion for work. A word or two I will add about the nobility of his nature—his saintly disposition, which, even more than his great intellectual gifts, won for him the devoted admiration and attachment of large numbers of his countrymen throughout India. It is no exaggeration to say that younger men who came in personal contact with him felt as in a holy presence, not only

uttering 'nothing base' but afraid even of thinking unworthy thoughts, while in his company. The only other man who has exercised a similar influence on me in my experience is Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. Among Mr. Ranade's great qualities, one of the most prominent was his utter, absolute selflessness. As I have already told you, he was incessantly working in several fields, but never did he seek the least recognition, never did he think of his getting or not getting credit for this or that. Indeed, nothing pleased him more than to do his work—not only political but almost of every kind—from behind somebody else. His great anxiety was to get more and more men to be interested in and associated with the work. I do not think anybody ever heard Mr. Ranade say:—“I did this, I did that.” It was as though the first person singular did not exist in his vocabulary. The humility with which he sought to discipline himself almost to the last day of his life was another of his great qualities. By nature he was very sensitive, feeling keenly injustice or meanness if

any shape or form; but his constant effort to discipline himself enabled him to preserve his calmness under the most trying circumstances. The normal state of his mind was indeed one of quiet cheerfulness, arising from a consciousness of work well done, and from humble faith in the purpose of Providence. But even when he was seriously displeased with anything, or disappointed with any one, or suffered inwardly owing to other causes, no one, who did not know him intimately, could detect any trace of that suffering on his face. - And never did any one—not even those who stood nearest to him—hear him utter a word of complaint against those who might have done him personal injury. He insisted on having all attacks on him in newspapers carefully read out to him. He was constantly before the public in one capacity or another, and his views, therefore, came in for a good deal of criticism—friendly and unfriendly—almost from day to day. The appreciative notices that appeared, he did not always read through—I know, because, I sometimes had to read the

papers to him—he rarely read them himself, his sight being defective. But all unfriendly criticism he made a point of hearing. He wanted to know, if there was any idea therein that he could accept. And in any case, even if there was pain in hearing all that was said, that pain itself had its disciplinary value. One more great quality of his, I would like to mention on this occasion, and that was his readiness to help all who sought his help—and especially those who were weak and oppressed. He was accessible to all—even the humblest—at all hours of the day. No one ever wrote to him without receiving a reply. He listened patiently to every one, whether he was able to help or not. This indeed was to him a part of his practical religion. After the Amraoti Congress of 1897, when we were returning to this side, he and I were, for one night, the only occupants of our carriage. At about 4 A. M., I was suddenly roused by some singing in the carriage, and on opening my eyes, I saw Mr. Ranade sitting up, and singing two *Abhangs* of Tukaram again.

and again, and striking his hands together by way of accompaniment. The voice was by no means musical, but the fervour with which he was singing was so great, that I felt thrilled through and through, and I too could not help sitting up and listening. The *Abhangs* were:—

त्रे कां रंजले गांजले । त्यांसी झण्ये जो आपुले ।
 तेचि साधू ओळखावा । देव तेथेचि जाणावा ॥
 करि मस्तक ठेंगणा । लागे संतांच्या चरणा ।
 जरि व्हावा तुज देव । तरि हा सुलभ उपाव ॥

“He who befriends the weary and the persecuted—he is a true saint and God himself is to be found there.” And “Be you humble and seek the favour of saints. If you want to meet God, this is an easy way.”

As I sat listening to these verses, I could not help realizing how constant was Mr. Ranade's endeavour to live up this teaching, and how simple and yet how glorious was the rule of life that it inculcated! It was a rich moment in my own life. The scene indeed will never fade from my memory.

THE MESSAGE OF HIS LIFE.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have told you as briefly as I could, what it was that most struck me in Mr. Ranade. I think that for about thirty years he represented our highest thought and our highest aspiration, and it will be long before we shall have another like him in our midst. It is almost a significant circumstance that Mr. Ranade has passed away at the commencement of a new century, which should have opened for us full of hope and encouragement, but which in reality finds us filled with deep despondency and gloom. That voice—so calm; so faithful, so full of hope—is now hushed in the silence of death; and yet it was now that our need of it was the greatest. A kind of despair is settling on the minds of some of our foremost workers. I grant that there is much in the present juncture to try our faith and justify such despair. The middle and lower classes of our community seem to be slowly but steadily sinking lower and lower in various parts of the country. And we see

to be losing ground in several directions in the great struggle, in which we are engaged. But I am sure it is only a passing phase, and in any case, in giving ourselves up to such despondency, we show ourselves unworthy of the work that Mr. Ranade did for us, and of the legacy that he has left behind him. You remember how we wept for him when he died. Never before had such universal grief been witnessed in our land. It was as though a mighty flood of sorrow swept over the whole country, touching every one,—high and low, rich and poor—equally touched by it. But our duty towards Mr. Ranade is surely not done by only mourning his loss. The message of his life must be recognized by us, especially by the younger generations, as sacred and binding. The principles for which he laboured all his life—greater equality for all, and a recognition of the essential dignity of man as man—are bound to triumph in the end, no matter how dark the outlook occasionally may be. But we can all strive to hasten that triumph, and herein

lies the true dignity of our life. "Work and sacrifice for the motherland"—This is the message which Mr. Ranade has left us. And, my friends, our motherland, whatever may be her present condition, is worthy of the best work we can give her, of the highest sacrifice we can make for her. She was at one time the home of all that is great and noble in the life of a nation,—a noble religion, a philosophy and literature and art of every age. This great heritage is ours; and if we remember this and realize the great responsibility which it imposes upon us, if we are true to ourselves and are prepared to live and die for her in the spirit of our departed leaders, there is no reason why her future should be in any way unworthy of her past.