

**REFLECTIONS ON
THE PROBLEMS OF
INDIA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649173402

Reflections on the problems of India by Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ARDASER SORABJEE N. WADIA

**REFLECTIONS ON
THE PROBLEMS OF
INDIA**



A. S. Wadid

Hln
W1221.5

REFLECTIONS
ON THE
PROBLEMS
OF
INDIA

BY

ARDASER SORABJEE N. WADIA, M.A.

*Sometime Professor of English and History, Elphinstone College,
Bombay; Dakshina Fellow in Natural Science; Homji
Cursetji Dady Prizeman; and Author of the
"Message of Zoroaster."*

428624
18.10.44

"CAST FORTH THY WORD, THY ACT, INTO THE EVER-LIVING,
EVER-DYING UNIVERSE: 'TIS A SEED-GRAIN THAT CANNOT DIE.
UNNOTICED TO-DAY, IT WILL BE FOUND FLOURISHING AS A
BANYAN GROVE—PERHAPS, ALAS! AS A HEMLOCK FOREST, AFTER
A THOUSAND YEARS."—*Carlyle.*

LONDON AND TORONTO
J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD.

All rights reserved

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY	IX
CHAP.	
I ELEMENTARY EDUCATION	I
II CASTE SYSTEM	47
III INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT	79
IV POLITICAL FUTURE	107
INDEX	167

"There are—nothing strikes me much more than this when I talk of the better mind of India,—there are subtle elements, religious, spiritual, mystical, traditional, historical in what we may call for the moment the Indian Mind, which are very hard for the most candid and patient to grasp or to realise the force of; *but we have got to try.*"—MORLEY.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY
TO
Robert Cecil Owen

"You Indians are the heirs of all the ages if you will accept your inheritance, and you can be true and worthy leaders of thought in India if you learn to study and *to think for yourselves* and NOT *take your opinions ready-made*. . . . The men who court neither popularity nor power for themselves, who will speak and write the truth *unflinchingly* and who will trust to reasoning based on knowledge and not to declamation, must in the future, far more than in the past, exercise a determining influence upon your national progress."—SVDENHAM.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

MY DEAR OWEN,

You will remember on a certain occasion when Boswell was indulging in one of his heroics, Johnson turned round and said, "My dear friend, clear your mind of cant." I believe at the present moment no sounder advice could be given to the Educated Classes in India than in those memorable words of the bluff old Doctor, and my efforts in the following pages are solely or mainly directed towards assisting my Countrymen in clearing their minds of CANT.

One thing I wish you to bear in mind is that I do not pretend to *solve* the Problems of India as most other writers have attempted to do before me ; I only venture to give my REFLECTIONS on them, or rather, the thoughts that have crossed my mind while reading all the wit and wisdom that the leaders of Indian thought have so lavished upon them.

Some of my readers will be sorely tried by my reiteration of certain facts and arguments, but repetition is often unavoidable, and at times even necessary for the purpose of driving home a point or establishing a principle, and may be defended on the Socratic dictum that : "We ought to repeat twice, and even thrice, that which is good." Others will be equally distressed by my unmitigated cynicism as displayed in the first two chapters, but I would warn them to withhold their judgment till they have finished the third chapter, otherwise they themselves—unless they have a sufficiently developed personality to follow me in all my passionate ardour and overflowing enthusiasm for the cause of *true*, robust humanity—will stand confessed comparative cynics long before they have gone through half of that chapter.

Mr. H. P. Mody—to whose rare and delicate penmanship many a sentence of mine owes its 'decent existence and position in life,'—took me to task for being at times unnecessarily aggressive, and mixing up persons with the principles they propound. I am not unaware that at times I appear to be aggressive, and am frequently carried away by a vehemence calculated to defeat its own purpose,—but then I felt the