

A pair of *tititibhas* lived on the shore of the southern sea. The female when near her delivery said to her husband—My dear, find out a retired place convenient for my delivery. The male said—My dear, this very place is surely fit for your delivery. She replied—This place is washed over by the tide. The male observed—What? Am I so powerless that the sea should insult me, stationed in my own house? The female said smiling—My lord, vast is the difference between the sea and yourself. Or rather,

It is difficult to form a correct estimate of one's self—whether one is capable (of achieving a thing) or not: he who has such knowledge does not experience trouble even in a difficulty. The beginning of an unworthy act, opposition to one's relatives, emulation with the stronger, and condence in young women—these are four doors to death.

Then following (with difficulty) the advice of her husband she laid her eggs there. Having heard all that, the sea too, wishing to know their strength, carried off their eggs. Then the female *tititibha*, smitten with grief, said to her husband—Lord, evil has befallen us. Those my eggs are lost. The male said—Fear not, my dear. With these words he called together a council of birds and repaired into the presence of Garuda, the king of the feathered tribes. On reaching the place, the *tititibha* related the whole affair before the divine Garuda (saying)—Lord, without any fault, I, who was stationed in my house, was wronged by the sea. Having heard his words, Garuda besought the Lord, the divine Narayana, the author of the creation, preservation and destruction of the universe, who ordered the sea to restore the eggs. Then having placed on the crown of his head (obeyed with deep reverence) the divine order, the sea returned the eggs to the *tititibha*. Hence I say—Without knowing the relation of principal and subordinate, &c. The king asked—How is it to be known that he is maliciously disposed (towards me)? Damaska replied—Your Highness will know it when he, full of pride, will approach you, ready to strike with the tips of his horns and like one displayed (or bewildered). Having uttered these words, he went to Samjivaka. On reaching the place, he, approaching gently, presented himself like one amazed. Samjivaka inquired with affectionate regard—Friend, are you