

HYMN TO FAITH

By Faith the holy fire is lit,
And sung the liturgy;
We pray to Faith with all our wit
For prosperous piety.

Give wealth, O Faith, to me who give
Such worship as I can;
Make me respected, make me live
A rich, religious man.

The gods have faith from imps, I see;
For what they will, they can;
Enlarge my prosperous piety
As a rich, religious man.

Gods worship Faith, and pious men
Must worship every hour;
If faith first fills our bosoms, then
Faith gives us wealth and power.

We call on Faith by morning's light,
On Faith in glare of day,
On Faith when evening sinks to night:
O Faith, give faith to pray!

—From the *Rig-Veda*

WIPE OUT DELUSION

Wipe out delusion, O my soul!
Seek peace in Shiva ever;
Dwell on the banks whereunder roll
Floods of the sacred river;

Who trusts in waves that break and crash,
In bonfires' flaming flakes,
In bubble or in lightning-flash,
In women, streams, or snakes?

—From BHARTRIHARI

LIFE

Here is the sound of lutes, and there are screams and wailing;
Here winsome girls, there bodies old and failing;
Here scholars' talk, there drunkards' mad commotion—
Is life a nectared or a poisoned potion?

—From BHARTRIHARI

HOW LONG, O LORD?

Alone, without desire, at rest,
In atmosphere of heaven drest,
My hand for spoon, when shall I be,
O Shiva, God! from *karma* free?

—From BHARTRIHARI

LITERARY CRITICISM

Established fame is not enough;
Not all the new is wretched stuff.
The wise approve where'er they may;
The fools repeat what critics say.

—From KALIDASA'S *Malavika*

A JOY FOREVER

The poet-kings who know the art
To touch the chord that moves the heart,
Secure may draw their breath;
Far from the body of their fame apart
Lurk fears of age and death.

—From BHARTIHIARI

HOSPITALITY

A mat of straw upon the floor,
Water, and kindly words as well:
These things at least, if nothing more,
Are always found where good men dwell.

—From the *Hitopadesha*

HE CAN'T STAND PROSPERITY

The man who does not steel his heart
To evil fates and fair,
Is crumbled by prosperity
Like unbaked earthenware.

—From the *Mahabharata*

NO NEED OF BOASTING

The wise who conquer cities vast,
Win wealth untold, and call
The mighty earth their own, are not
Disposed to boast at all.

The fire cooks silently; the sun
Shines, but he does not talk;
The dumb earth bears all moving things
And all that do not walk.

—From the *Mahabharata*

DRONA'S DEATH

From the *Mahabharata*. Drona is the eighty-year-old hero who had instructed the heroes of both the opposing armies in the use of arms.

While Drona led the Kuru van,
The Pandu army to a man
Was beaten back and strove in vain
To dominate the battle-plain.

Where tramp and clash of battle grew
Like crackling flames in dry bamboo,
There Drona blazed, a smokeless fire
That fed on death and mounted higher.

Where aged Drona's arrows passed,
Horse, man, and tusker breathed their last.
Like hissing snakes his arrows sped
And left a trail of reeking red.

The Pandu army fought in vain
Against him. They had all been slain,
Had not they striven to beguile
Their foe with false and wicked wile.

For Bhima cried aloud and said:
"Old man, your son is stark and dead."

"As silly simpletons will fight
For wife and child and money bright,
So you have fought—and all for one,
Your dearly loved, your only son;

"Who studied in the school of strife,
And paid his lesson with his life.
Dead on the plain his body lies
A prey to all that creeps and flies."

The father heard the lie, and slow
His hand released the fatal bow;
He sank, yet roused himself again
In one strong cry: "Fight on, my men!"

"Destroy the treacherous Pandu line,
But hope no more for aid of mine.
All hatred dies from out my breast;
Remains religion's peaceful rest."

His foe believed the Brahman's word
And darted with uplifted sword
To pierce him through, while all the men
And all the horses shrieked in pain.

But Drona, in ecstatic prayer,
Knew not his foe was standing there;
Wrapped in inviolable fire,
He thought on God with pure desire.

We saw his lifted face; we heard
His murmuring lips pronounce the word
"Amen!" We felt him pray; at last
We knew his hero soul had passed.

For while his body tumbled dead,
A flame flashed from his cloven head;
His soul flew in the flame above
To dwell with God in deathless love.

There were but five of mortal birth
Who saw his spirit leave the earth;
Who heard the choirs of angels sing
Divinely in their welcoming;

Saw heaven's everlasting fire
Flash out, and flicker, and expire;
And knew that he was with the saints
Where God's love wearies not nor faints.

But all could see the bloody corse,
By arrows torn and trampling horse;
All sorrowed for the evil done
Save one insatiate foe alone,

Who scorned our hero's eighty years
And scant hair gray behind the ears;
He hacked the body from the head,
To show his hatred for the dead.

And all the army fled away;
Where Drona died, they could not stay;
But Drona's spirit dwells on high
Among the stars that light the sky.

THE THIRSTY FOOL

A thirsty fool had labored much
To reach a river fair;
Then would not drink, perceiving such
A lot of water there.

"Why don't you drink?" a neighbor cried
Who saw the thing befall;
"How can I?" Simpleton replied;
"I couldn't drink it all."

"Suppose you leave a little bit,"
Said neighbor, "Do you think
The king would punish you for it?"
The booby would not drink.

Just like a fool! He sees a thing
That terrifies his heart;
He loses time in dallying,
And never gets a start.

—From the *Kathasaritsagara*

PESSIMISM

Our happiness is past; a curse
On sin and lack of truth!
Yet each tomorrow will be worse,
For earth has lost her youth.

Fraud and illusion crowd the time;
Conduct and virtue flee;
Religion seeks a happier clime—
The worst is yet to be.

—From the *Mahabharata*

OPTIMISM

Toward Death we move with every breath;
Death dogs us every day;
However far we journey, Death
Is never far away.

We laugh to see the rising sun,
And laugh to see him set;
Nor think that when the day is done,
Our days are fewer yet.

Our hearts are warm to each new spring,
Each summer, winter, fall;
But what the passing seasons bring
Is only Death to all.

As log collides with log upon
The sea, and parts again,
So friend and gold and wife and son
Love and abandon men.

As if a traveler should meet
A hurrying caravan,
And say: "I too with willing feet
Will follow as I can,"

So to the long parade we cleave
That with the world began:
Then do not grieve, you cannot leave
The social caravan.

The hours of youth grow ever less;
No river climbs the hill;
Then turn your thoughts to happiness,
Which is your portion still.

—From the *Ramayana*

THE THIEF'S SONG

The *Chaura-panchashika* of the poet Bilhana, who lived in Kashmir in the eleventh century. The thief has stolen a princess' heart, and has been thrown into prison, on the discovery of the intrigue, by the irate father. While awaiting the king's pleasure, he writes his song, which comes to the royal ear, procuring him liberty and the legitimation of his love. The verbal trick of the translation is found also in the Sanskrit.

As then she was, I think of her today:
The face that blossomed as she woke from sleep,
The slender waist, the golden champaks gay,
The self-surrendering love; and I must weep
For magic happiness I could not keep.

If I could see her once again today,
Fair as the moon, as beautifully pale,
Full-bosomed, love-sick, bearing queenly sway
O'er youth and charm, that only would avail
To heal my fever, and to make me hale.

If I could see her lotus-eyes today,
The breast that into sloping shoulders slips,
Would I not clasp her in my arms straightway
And drink the maddening honey of her lips,
Drunk like the bee that from the lotus sips!

In prison I remember her today:
Dark curls against the pallor of her cheek;
The soft resistance as she strove to stay
My eager love with arms around my neck—
Yet shamed, and even in her resisting, meek.

Awaiting death, I think of her today:
Of her sweet face, her timid, downward glance,
Her eyes that in their restlessness betray
The madness of love's long and waking trance—
Queen-swan among love's flowering lily-plants!

If I could see her in my cell today,
If arms that yearn for her could but receive her,
My best of love should comfort her, should slay
The absence and the sorrows that bereave her,
I'd close my eyes, and never, never leave her.

A vision comes to comfort me today,
A slender form that gives to dance a grace
Unknown before with beauties that obey
Love's bidding, and a pale but shining face,
And earrings that in air strange patterns trace.

And I remember in my bonds today,
How she, with soft, smooth sandal-powder sweet,
And musk diffusing pungent perfume, lay
Upon her couch, how arching brows would greet
Her lovely eyes, like lips that kissing meet.

Here, chained and fettered, I recall today,
The slender form, eyes veiled in modest fear,
The wine-sweet lips I kissed in loving play,
The musk, the saffron of my own Kashmir,
Betel, and camphor, that to her were dear.

The crowning moment I recall today,
When all her soul is given to my lips,
When, clad in love's warm, golden, glad array,
My darling from the hated palace slips,
Like to the moon delivered from eclipse.

But slighter joys are in my mind today,
How once a lovers' quarrel checked our glee;
Then when I sneezed, the princess would not say
"God bless you!" but with silent coquetry
Stuck blossoms in her hair, to madden me.

Another picture visits me today:
The drops of weariness that oft would seek
To make upon her face a pearl inlay
When love had left her pale and worn and weak;
The golden earring that would fret her cheek.

I seem to see her lovely breast today,
The skirt that tripped her quick steps on the floor,
The glance that modesty would lead astray
And love bring back to me, the lips grown sore
Because I would be kissing evermore.

I seem to see my princess-bride today
Moving with swanlike, undulating grace,
And in her hand a red ashoka-spray,
Pearl necklace on her breast in close embrace,
Quick smiles that light the pallor of her face.

I see her gold-bespangled dress today
Held as a frail defending shield, the pain
Of my too eager passion to allay,
Clutched tightly as she struggles once again
For very shame to leave me—but in vain.

Her golden bracelets haunt my thoughts today,
Her restless eyes that pierce a gloom like this
As memories that none can take away,
The teeth of pearl, red lips, the secret bliss,
The wealth of hair that fresh-picked blossoms kiss.

That wealth of hair I seem to see today
When ribbons break and flowers begin to fall;
Then heaven is opened in the dazzling ray
Of her dear smile; at love's imperious call
We sink in bliss that none may share at all.

And I remember in my cell today
How she would come to find me through the night,
Guided by beams illumining her way
From lamps that glitter with a gemlike light
On her shamed face, and mine with kindness bright.

Well I remember thee, my love, today:
Thy startled eyes as of a gentle deer,
Thy body wasting at the least delay
Of love, thy graceful gait, thy teeth so dear—
Delights of heaven transplanted to Kashmir!

I hear the echo of thy laugh today:
I see thy bosom quiver in sheer glee;
I see the necklace, darting beams that stray
About thy neck; sure, Love has planted thee
Upon a hill, his bright flower-flag to be!

Yes, I can hear through dungeon-walls today
Sweet flatteries of thine, when, soon or late,
Passion grew weary in its house of clay;
I hear the parrot quaintly imitate,
Learning soft words to utter to her mate.

Even as in prison I recall today
The limp, surrendered form, the luscious hair,
The half-shut eyes, the swanlike, queenly play
In love's bright lotus-pool, I cannot bear,
In death or life, to be without her there.

If I could see her once again today
At sunset, see her fawnlike, gracious eyes,
If on her heavenly bosom I could lay
My cheek and rest—oh, I should quite despise
The saint, the king, the blest in Paradise.

For I remember fervently today
Her beauty perfect in its every part,
To which all other lovely women pay
Their homage, for 'tis far beyond their art—
Queen of love's drama, mistress of my heart!

I could not, if I would, forget today
Even for a moment, such a wondrous wife,
So young, so helpless that she seems to pray
For pity, stabbed by love as by a knife,
Nearer than garments are, more dear than life.

The vision of her beauty comes today
To make all other beauty seem awry,
To shame the pride of women, and to slay
Men's hearts by hundreds; and I know that I,
Consumed by absent fires, shall surely die.

Heroic wisdom, teach me how today
To act, to save a life than life more dear,
And deeds of heaven's heroes to outweigh;
For well I know that death is creeping near,
And for my bride, my brave, true bride, I fear.

My bride! And must I think of her today
With bright eyes dimmed by sorrow and by fears,
With light feet treading slow the future gray;
I hear her voice come stumblingly through tears,
And see her bowed by woe through endless years.

For I have never seen, nor see today
A face that with my darling's could compare,
Though all the rival world should challenge. Nay,
The sweetness of Love's wife is not so rare;
The moon itself is not so spotless fair.

Her wealth of wondrous hair I see today,
Her teeth of pearl; and I remember well
How sorrow in her presence would not stay;
How union with my bride would ever spell
The bliss of heaven; one moment's absence, hell.

The last grim moment I recall today
When from her palace slaves that seemed to be
Resistless slaves of Death, tore me away,
And all her prayers for me were vain; yet she
Still gazed and gazed. That gaze still tortures me.

I think with anguish of her face today—
The face that in its beauty overbore
The wonder of the moon's unclouded ray—
Because upon that face I may not pore
Again, and yet again, and evermore.

I think of her, my hope of life, today,
How she would listen with her mind and heart
To all I said. My maiden young and gay,
Thy youth was mine alone, thine artless art,
And shall be mine again, though death us part.

And I recall what I have lost today,
How she would move in such sweet perfume clad
That bees would gather round her cheek alway;
The very tinkle that her bracelets had
When she would fix her hair, will drive me mad.

And I remember woefully today
How gently I would waken her, while she
Would shiver, and her startled eyes would stray,
Unable yet our love's new day to see—
She wakes, starts back, then recognizes me.

And I recall another hour today
When, jealous, she would leave me. I entreat
Her, and she does not turn her face away
But weeps when kissed. I fall before her feet:
"Be gracious to thine humble servant, sweet."

"Thou canst not think that I would fall today
In thy bedchamber, victim to the glance
Of others, I, the subject of thy sway—
Far rather would I perish in a trance
Of thy dear kisses, playfulness, and dance."

I wonder, as I think of her today,
If she be heaven's queen come down to earth,
Or Shiva's bride, or Vishnu's. Or she may
Be God's own thought of beauty in mortal birth,
To drive men mad with woman's perfect worth.

There is no man that lives on earth today
Who could depict her; none but me has seen
Such beauty. Should the king of heaven essay
The task, with memories of his heavenly queen,
He might succeed. None other could, I ween.

And I remember in my cell today
How she would stop her ears in graceful fun.
No other face like hers is lovely. Yea,
And if her form blots out beneath the sun
All other beauty, why, what harm is done?

No doubt her heavenly features keep today
The pallid splendor of the autumn moon,
And trip the saint on his ascetic way:
Would I might gain the glory lost so soon,
And lose no more forever such a boon!

Ah, yes, if I might plunge again today
Beneath love's waters that so long I miss,
Might save love's lotus-blossom from decay
And share with her the heaven of a kiss,
I'd give my life for one such moment's bliss!

Though lovely women walk the world today
By tens of thousands, there is none so fair
In all that exhibition and display
With her most perfect beauty to compare—
This is my consolation, and my care.

As then she floated, so she floats today
A swan-queen, down the river of my mind
O'er waves that thrill beneath her plumage gay;
She leaves my admiration far behind,
And flying dust of blossoms turns me blind.

In sadness I remember her today,
The daughter of my king, whom love has driven
To me with timid, eager eyes—then say,
Was she a goddess, or a nymph of heaven,
Angel, or fairy, to my longings given?

I cannot for an hour forget today
From dawn until the evening sinks in night
How, sleeping, she would gather beauty; nay,
Her form seemed slenderer, her breast more white,
Her gems more radiant yet, by morning's light.

Her golden beauty comes to me today,
Her slow, coquettish grace, as she would lie
In shamed humility upon her couch, would pray
For maddening love and kisses. Oh, might I
Taste that elixir now, I could not die.

I could not die, might I enjoy today
That bliss so deep as almost to be woe;
We hardly knew if it were war or play,
So fiercely did we clasp each other, so
Fire-hot with passion did our faces glow.

How could I, after that, endure today
The subtlest fascinations of another?
Far rather would I end my life straightway;
Come quickly, Death! Come as a kindly brother,
With one swift act my spark of life to smother.

God Shiva has his poison even today;
The ocean guards his awful, hidden fire;
The tortoise bears upon his back alway
The burden of the earth. However dire
The things they love, they keep what they desire.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Success the strenuous will reap,
And not your pensive sinner;
For when the lion fell asleep,
He had no deer for dinner.

—From the *Hitopadesha*

A SINGLE GRAB

Remember that a single grab
Suffices for a fish or crab,
For fool or woman; and 'tis so
For sot, cement, or indigo.

—From the *Panchatantra*

ART IN A PUPIL

Art in a pupil shows
The artist doubly well;
The raindrop turns to pearl
When falling in a shell.

—From KALIDASA's *Malavika*

FATALISM

What shall not be, will never be;
What shall be, will be so:
This tonic slays anxiety;
Taste it, and end your woe.

—From the *Hitopadesha*

EXTRAVAGANCE

They cook their grain in beryl kettles
With fuel of sandal-shoots,
They plough with ploughs of precious metals
To get the yercum-roots,
They make a hedge of camphor wood
About the humblest corn,
Unhappy fools! who are not good
On earth where they were born.

—From BHARTRIHARI

NATURE

The habits we acquire are little worth;
The nature that was ours before our birth
Will master us, while yet we live on earth.

—From the *Hitopadesha*

YOUR NATURE

Your nature is a thing you cannot beat;
It serves as guide in everything you do:
Give a dog all the meat that he can eat,
You can't prevent his gnawing at a shoe.

—From the *Hitopadesha*

PREACHING

He longs, with twigs from lotus-bowers
To bind an elephant,
He strives, with softest siris-flowers
To sever adamant,
He yearns, with honey-drops alone
To sweeten ocean's taint,
Who hopes, with sugar-coated tone
To make a rogue a saint.

—From BHARTRIHARI

DEAD LOVE

In early days, my husband, we
Were one unsevered entity,
And neither of the lovers knew
Were I the dearer half, or you.
Now you are tyrant of my life,
And I am nothing but your wife.
Oh, it was hard as stone for me,
The fruit of life's alluring tree!

—From AMARU

HEAVEN ABOVE AND HEAVEN BELOW

Oh, dwell by Ganges' holy wave
Where passion's slave his soul may lave;
Or on the bosom of a girl
Where strings of pearl would charm a churl.

—From BHARTRIHARI

THE BAD SON

What profits the begetting of a son,
So he be neither good nor wise?
With sightless eyeballs what is to be done?
They ache and yet they are not eyes.

—From the *Hitopadesha*

ENTER INTO THY CLOSET

Although thou sink to hell, fly through the air,
Or flutter o'er the earth and never cease,
Think not, my soul, to find salvation there:
Remember God at home, who gives thee peace.

—From BHARTRIHARI

TRY AGAIN

Do not despise yourself, my son,
For early ill-success;
For things that were not, come to be,
While things that are, grow less.

—From the *Mahabharata*

THE BLESSING OF SILENCE

The fool among the wise may shine
A moment, if his dress be fine;
But
One moment, while his mouth is shut.

—From the *Hitopadesha*

SIMPLE DEER-HORN

I

Young Deer-horn was a pious youth
Devoted to religious truth,
A hermit innocently good
Who grew to manhood in the wood.

His mother left him at his birth;
He only knew one soul on earth,
His austere father; therefore he
Grew up in natural piety.

Now in a kingdom near at hand
No rain had fallen on the land,
Prevented by the magic skill
Of priests the king had treated ill.

An aged priest advised the king:
"Propitiate the clergy; bring
Pure-minded Deer-horn from the wood,
That hermit innocently good."

"He dwells in purity afar;
He does not know what women are:
Fetch him, and then the rain will fall;
Of this I have no doubt at all."

The counsel pleased the king; he planned
To entertain the hermit, and
Invited women of the town
To go and bring young Deer-horn down.

But they refused the royal plan,
Fearing to meet a holy man;
At last an aged crone's ambition
Drove her to undertake the mission.

"If you will give me what I ask,"
She said, "I can fulfill the task;
But I require a rich reward
Of gold and gems, my royal lord."

With royal bounty richly laden,
She took her child, a youthful maiden
More known as beautiful than good,
And so departed to the wood.

II

She waited till the coast was clear,
And then she sent her daughter dear
To interview the hermit who
Had never learned what women do.

The maiden found the lad and said:
"I trust your pious life is led
Without offense, and that your food
Of roots and fruits is sweet and good."

"I trust your father's heart is blest
With deep religious peace and rest;
For I am hither come to see
Your unpretending piety."

And Deer-horn answered: "Sir, you are
As radiant as a beaming star;
I never saw a man like you;
Then tell me, sir, what shall I do

"To make you happy? Here are roots,
Water, a couch of skins, and fruits.
What vows are yours, most holy sage?
Where is your pious hermitage?"

"My hermitage," the maid replied,
"Is three long leagues from here, beside
The river; there I practice now
A fearfully ascetic vow.

"For I have sworn that I will greet
Such other hermits as I meet;
And I must clasp and kiss you too—
So my religion bids me do."

She spurned the fruits that he had offered,
And in their stead to him she proffered
Confectionery sweet and good
That she had brought into the wood.

She gave him fragrant garlands too,
And brilliant garments, clean and new;
She offered wine; and while he quaffed,
She played and swayed and danced and laughed.

She played about him with a ball,
And oft coquettishly would fall
Upon his bosom, until he
Took fire from her immodesty.

At last she saw the deed was done,
That she had charmed the hermit's son;
And, gazing o'er her shoulder, fled,
To make her sacrifice, she said.

When she had left him, peace and joy
Departed from the luckless boy;
Sadly he sighed, by love distressed,
An aching void within his breast.

His father, while he sighed, returned,
Whose eyes with fire ascetic burned,
Whose life was one devoted prayer,
Whose nails were overgrown with hair.

When he beheld his son distressed
With eye upturned and heaving breast,
With longing written on his face
And passion in contentment's place,

"What troubles you, my dearest son?"
He asked, "and are your duties done?
Who has been here with you today?"
And Deer-horn answered him straightway.

III

"A hermit youth with hanging hair,
Not short, nor very tall, but fair
And bright as gold, with lotus-eyes,
Some child of heaven, wondrous wise.

"He came in beauty like the sun,
Black eyes, sweet voice, his hair undone
And hanging soft, dark, fragrant, and
Encircled by a golden band.

"A relic on his neck was seen
That danced like flashing lightnings keen;
Below it, two soft swellings white
That thrilled me with a strange delight.

"Large hips he had, but slender waist
Which I could see was close embraced
By a golden belt; I saw it shine
And it was not at all like mine.

"And on his ankles something stirred
That jingled like a cooing bird,
While on his wrist there tinkled free
A novel kind of rosary.

"And as he moved, the beads would sing
Like gay flamingoes in the spring;
His pious robe was wondrous fair,
And quite unlike the garb we wear.

"His face was beautiful to see;
His speech was kind and gladdened me;
His voice was like the nightingale;
It made me sigh and yearn and pale.

"And as in spring the forest trees
Wave beautifully in the breeze,
So, father, when the wind blew, he
Shed fragrance like a flowering tree.

"His hermit locks—I wondered how
They parted on his noble brow;
And dangling from each ear, there stirred
And danced what seemed a brilliant bird.

"A round, elastic fruit he had
That bounded from the earth like mad
When he would strike it merrily—
'Twas very wonderful to see.

"He moved and swayed with graceful ease—
I thought of wind among the trees:
A wonderful delight and joy
Came when I saw the godlike boy.

"He held me in a tight embrace;
I felt his hair; he pressed his face
Against my face and made a noise
That waked in me the strangest joys.

"Our simple fruits he did not think
Were good, or water that we drink;
He gave me other fruits and rare,
And said: 'This is my humble fare.'

"They were not like the fruits we eat,
But tasted wonderfully sweet;
They had a different sort of skin,
And different was the pulp within.

"A strange, sweet kind of water he
Offered with noble piety;
It filled me with an odd delight,
And earth grew wobbly to my sight.

"Sweet garlands with a careless mirth
He wove, and scattered on the earth;
Then, glorious as an ancient sage,
Departed to his hermitage.

"And since he went, I feel distressed;
My limbs are burning and my breast;
I long to go to him today
Or have him here with me alway.

"Yes, I will tread the path he trod
And learn the way he worships God;
With him I long to make a trial
Of holy life and self-denial.

"I find no peace from him apart;
Religious yearnings fill my heart."

IV

"It was a devil, dear my son;
By foes like these we are undone;
They walk the earth in conquering charm
And work religious men much harm.

"They win us with their cunning wiles,
Their wondrous beauty and their smiles,
Then show themselves as demons fell
And plunge us in the pit of hell.

"The man who seeks religious peace
Should keep himself from such as these;
To ruin us is their delight,
My pious boy. Forget the sight.

"And those sweet waters that you had
Are tasted only by the bad;
And we ascetics never wear
A perfumed garland on our hair.

"Resist the devil, boy"; he said
And then he hunted for the jade;
Three days he sought without success
And ceased for very weariness.

Meantime, the tempting minx returned,
And seeing her, young Deer-horn burned;
"Come quick," he said, "and let us roam;
You see my father's not at home.

"Your hermitage I fain would view";
So, hand in eager hand, they flew
And found a boat and floated down
The river to the royal town.

No sooner did the hermit gain
The royal palace than the rain
Fell, drenching every thirsty part
And gladdening the sovereign's heart.

The joyful monarch to the brave,
Bewildered young ascetic gave—
Lest he should ever seek release—
A princess—and her name was Peace.

VISION

Who sees his life in others' life,
In others' wealth a clod, a weed,
His mother in his neighbor's wife,
He sees, he sees indeed.

—From the *Hitopadesha*

PEACE

I would not call a friend or foe mine own,
A gem or clod, a bed of flowers or stone,
A serpent or a string of precious pearls,
A bunch of grasses or a bunch of girls,
So might I see with calm, unwavering eye
My peaceful days move softly gliding by,
The while I murmured in a pious grove
To Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, all my love.

—From BHARTRIHARI

I LOVE THE WOODS

Girl, girl! What mean those tender glances
Like budding flowers in languid dances?
Stop, stop! Your art no more entrances.

I love the woods. My childish madness
Awakens memories of sadness.
The world? A straw brings equal gladness.

—From BHARTRIHARI

NO COMPROMISE

Oh, I would have her whole,
Else leave her free;
Not clasp her, while her soul
Is not for me.

No, let us rather die
Hopeless, apart,
If in a lonely sigh
Heart answers heart.

—From KALIDASA's *Malavika*

CAUSE AND EFFECT

As knowledge in the just
Increases self-distrust;
In others, pride and lust—

Just so, the saint will find
When lonely, peace of mind;
Not so the lovesick kind.

—From BHARTRIHARI

NATURAL BEAUTY

The color on the lily's face
Is natural. So is maiden grace.
The bee flits vainly round the flower,
The fool round beauty's virgin power.

—From BHARTRIHARI

WOMAN'S WEAPONS

The skillfully coquettish frown,
Bashfulness choking laughter down,
The love-word seeming free from guile,
The undulating step, the smile—
These things, to every woman true,
Are ornaments, and weapons too.

—From BHARTRIHARI

A NEGLECTED EDUCATION

Alas, my foolish, foolish boy,
Whose nights are spent in thoughtless joy,
Among the wise as ill you stand,
As some poor cow in boggy land.

—From the *Hitopadesha*

THE FAILURE OF EDUCATION

Uneducated moths will fly
Into the blazing fire;
Ignorant fish will take the hook
In the bait of their desire.
And we who know so many things
Forget the price, and feed
The creeping lusts that coil us round—
Oh! We are fools indeed.

—From BHARTRIHARI

YAYATI'S SONG

Desire is never satisfied
By winning each desire;
As fuel, added to the blaze,
Gluts not the hungry fire.

Not all the barley in the world
And rice and gold and kine
And women, are enough for one—
Remember, and resign.

For when our longings and our sins
Toward every creature cease,
When deed and thought and word are pure,
We find eternal peace.

When all things lose their fear of us,
And when we find release
From fear of them, and hate, and hope,
We have eternal peace.

—From the *Mahabharata*

GOOD-BYE TO SPRING

The mango trees are bending
Beneath the fruits they bring;
The amaranths are spending
Their flowers with lavish fling;
The heart of youth is sending
A sad good-bye to spring.

—From KALIDASA's *Malavika*

USE THE ROD

The youngsters nowadays run wild
From petting; whipping makes them mild.
And therefore I would never pet
But whip a pupil or a child.

—From the *Anthology*

STRIKE

Fear fearful things, while yet
No fearful thing appears;
When dangers must be met,
Strike, and forget your fears.

When all his safety lies
In fighting, blow for blow,
The wise man fights and dies,
And with him dies his foe.

—From the *Hitopadesha*

LITTLE CHILDREN

They show their little buds of teeth
In peals of causeless laughter;
They hide their trustful heads beneath
Your heart. And stumbling after

Come sweet, unmeaning sounds that sing
To you. The father warms
And loves the very dirt they bring
Upon their little forms.

—From KALIDASA's *Shakuntala*

WHY MEN FIGHT

Perhaps the warrior, smitten by his foe,
Will rise to heaven and leave the world below;
Perhaps the fighting is its own reward;
No god has told us and we do not know.

We only know that the applauding beat
Of eager hands, the joyous shouts that greet
The sturdy fighter from his foes and friends,
Are music in his ears, and very sweet.

—From BHARTRIHARI

AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER

My mind no longer loves philosophy
No longer seeks delight in poetry,
Contemns the paths of doubt so often trod,
And yearns to be united with its God.

—From BHARTRIHARI

THE INTELLIGENT CORPSE

A beggar in the graveyard cried:
"Awake, my friend, be satisfied
To live again and bear the weight
Of poverty; for I of late
Am weary grown; my heart is led
To crave the comfort of the dead."
The corpse was silent; he was sure
"Twas better to be dead than poor.

—From BHARTRIHARI

WISDOM'S SOUP

A scholar who can merely quote
Unmastered learning got by rote,
Is erudition's luckless dupe,
A spoon to ladle wisdom's soup.

The fool who hears but cannot prize
The wisdom of the truly wise,
He too is erudition's dupe,
A spoon to ladle wisdom's soup.

But you, dear reader, if you prize
This wisdom of the truly wise,
Will soon be added to the group
Of tongues that relish wisdom's soup.

—From the *Mahabharata*

FROM BHARTRIHARI

BEASTS

Men void of learning, character, and worth,
Religion, kindness, wisdom, piety,
Are but a mortal burden on the earth;
Such men are beasts allowed to wander free.

A CONSOLATION

If there are famous poets, fit
To teach the art of poesy,
So sweetly smooth their verses flit,
And if they live in poverty—

That shows the dullness of the king;
Poets, though poor, are rich in fame.
Where gems find undervaluing,
Only the jeweler is to blame.

All men alike, birth after birth,
Enter upon a life on earth;
But he is born indeed, whose house
Gains glory from his sterling worth.

The rich man is of noble birth,
Has learning, sense, and sterling worth;
Is eloquent, and beauty's mould—
For every virtue clings to gold.

ALL OR NOTHING

Vishnu or Shiva—but one god I crave;
One friend—a lordly king or hermit good;
One home—a city or a lonely wood;
One love—a beauty or a desert cave.



Although the strong man be disdained,
His purpose never bends:
As when a lighted torch is held
Flame-down, the flame ascends.



A noble soul, in days of power,
Is tender as a lotus-flower;
But when it meets misfortune's shock,
Grows hard as Himalayan rock.

THE FLATTERER

By stammering and tumbling down
You try to smooth the monarch's frown;
In the farce of life you play the clown.

What part, I wonder, will you play,
When age has sucked your strength away,
And when your ears are fringed with gray?



Hark to the counsel of the good,
Although irrelevant it looks;
Their simple talk is richer food
And wiser than the best of books.

WOMEN'S GLANCES

What will not women's glances do,
When man is moved by pity true
To yield the heart that they pursue?

They fascinate and gladden him,
Bewilder, mock, and madden him,
And at the end they sadden him.

NOBILITY

If fate should ever stay the birth
Of every lily on the earth,
Do you suppose that swans would scratch,
Like roosters, in the dunghill patch?

THE GOLDEN MOUNT

Why did God make the Golden Mount,
Fair riches' never-failing fount?
It never wakens longing in
Contented breasts that know not sin;

It never satisfied the mind
Of men with greedy passions blind;
Its wealth is for itself, I see;
It seems quite valueless to me.

SORROWS OF SPRING

When spring comes on the wanderer
From her he loveth far,
With cooing songs of nightingales
And winds from Malabar,

Though sweet the season, sweet the song,
His sorrows are so grim
That even a cup of nectar seems
A poisoned cup to him.

AN APRIL EVENING

A little lazy loitering
With her you love, in early spring,
Is not a despicable thing—

A little music in your ear
From nightingales that warble near
A smiling bower, is sweet to hear—

A little converse with a few—
Not many—first-rate poets who
Enjoy the moonlight as do you—

An April evening, taken so,
Is not without delights to show—
Believe me! to the few who know.



The pious scholar talks and talks
Of leaving girls alone;
With tinkling girdle in She walks
And he must change his tone.

YOUTH

A bed of poison-flowers is youth,
A cloud that hides the moon of truth,
A linked chain of passions fell,
Source of the hundred woes of hell,
The dwelling-place of every badness,
The friend of Love, the seed of madness.

PERFECT LOVE

Then only is a perfect love,
When hearts harmonious wed;
Love void of harmony must prove
A union of the dead.



Graceful amid the forest shade
Wandered a weary, weary maid;
Alone, by moonbeams sore oppress,
Lifting the garment from her breast.

WOMAN

Abode of wanton impudence,
Sin's palace, field of false pretense,
Whirlpool of doubts, and basket stored
With tricks and mean deception's hoard,
Bolt barring heaven's gate too well,
Wide portal to the house of hell—
Who made that strange contrivance, woman,
That poison sweet, which keeps us human?

THE FEAR OF DEATH

The joy I felt in life is dead,
And men's respect for me is fled;
My dear-loved friends are all in heaven
To whom my days were gladly given;
I rise up slowly with a stick,
And in my eyes the dark is thick:
But the body still is obstinate;
It feared Death soon, it fears him late.

VAIN EFFORT

The joys of home I have resigned,
But not for higher ends;
To mercy I was not inclined
In treating foes as friends;

Storm, heat, and cold I faced unbent,
But not to save my soul;
My days in centered thought were spent,
My heart in stern control.—

Alas! I did not think of God,
But wealth, to win and guard;
The paths the pious tread, I trod,
And fail of their reward.

EVERYTHING OR NOTHING

Suppose you have the sweetest song before you,
The graceful poets of the south beside you,
Fan-girls behind who winsomely adore you
With tinkling rings; if nothing be denied you,

Then you may well be most extremely greedy
To taste each charming, mortal delectation;
But if you be in anything left needy,
Renounce it all and plunge in meditation.



Since kings are peevish, and their lords
Like restive horses are,
I fix my wish and set my mind
On a high place and far;

Since age will snatch my body, and
There waits the final trial
Of death for all, naught else is wise
And right but self-denial.



Is he a Brahman, or a slave,
Outcaste, or saint forsooth?
Or yet perchance a finished sage,
Skilled in dividing truth?

Such doubtful chatter meets him, while
The sage in contemplation
Pursues his course, devoid alike
Of pleasure and vexation.

THE BETTER PART-II

Have mountains lost their running streams,
The hillside nooks their roots,
The trees their bark-enveloped limbs
And all delicious fruits?

Why else should man disgrace himself
Before a loveless brow
That scowls in pride of scanty pelf,
With pain acquired but now?



"Another night, another day"—
So thinks the foolish man,
Runs to the same old job again
As briskly as he can.

Frustrations that reiterate
How life is e'er the same,
Still leave him keen for stale delights.
Mad, mad! Is there no shame?

JOY SUPREME

Forget society and clothes and food;
Seek thou that knowledge sure
Which makes imperial power that men think good,
Insipid and impure.
There is a higher joy, eternal, free—
Self-knowledge is its name—
Whose taste makes universal sovereignty
And such-like joys seem tame.

FROM THE MAHABHARATA

HOW TO LIVE HAPPILY ON NOTHING A YEAR

Imagine that what is
Does not exist at all;
Then will you not be grieved,
However low you fall.

Your deeds of yesterday
And those that went before
Are past and gone; for them
You need not sorrow more.

What was, no longer is;
What was not, will not be:
The past need bring regret
To none from blindness free.

Where is your father now?
Where may his father be?
You do not see their life;
Your life they do not see.

And you, O King, and I,
With every foe and friend,
Will surely cease to be,
Since all things have an end.

The men of twenty years,
Or thirty years, or more,
Will all be dead when once
A hundred years are o'er.

And even should riches cling
To you, do not repine,
But seek for comfort in
The thought, "They are not mine."

If man leave not his wealth,
Then wealth the man will leave.
Since this is surely so,
Why should the prudent grieve?

And poor men live today
Who calm a nation's fears
By wisdom and by strength,
Your betters or your peers.

They do not grieve like you;
Then cease to grieve at length;
Surpass or equal them
In wisdom and in strength.

Consider what the past
And what the future teach,
Not grieving at events,
Indifferent to each.

Desire the things you may,
Not those you may not gain;
Enjoy the gifts of fate—
Those lost deserve no pain.

And he is surely fool
Who curses God and weeps
For what he had, and lost—
Ingrate for what he keeps.

And be not troubled if
Men show unworthiness
Of wealth they have; for thus
Your sorrows grow no less.

Endure though riches smile
On all but you alone;
For men of sense enjoy
The wealth that others own.

Yea, brave and righteous men
In willing sacrifice
Abandon wealth and home,
Knowing salvation's price.

Even kings a kingdom leave
And count their loss a gain:
In pain's extremity
They seek the end of pain.

From such men learn to find
In penury, relief:
Grief often comes as joy;
Joy wears the form of grief.

Nay, who would set his heart
On gold that ends as dross,
On life that ends as death,
On love that ends as loss?

The pole-tusked elephant
Is like the sage; for he
Lives lonely in the woods,
Gladly, and frugally.

xii. 104

THE LAZY CAMEL

There was a camel once who prayed
To Brahma fervently. He said:
"O Brahma, if your lordship please,
I wish to browse with greater ease.

"I pray you make my neck to grow
Longer, a hundred miles or so."
"So be it," said the god. And he
Regained his forest, filled with glee.

From stupid pride at Brahma's grace
He sank in laziness apace.
He would not stir a foot to find
His provender. Fate made him blind.

One day he stretched his neck to eat
A hundred miles from legs and feet,
And browsed in comfort and repose
Until a mighty windstorm rose.

While freezing rain began to fall
On living things, and drenched them all,
The creature stored his neck and head
Upon a cavern's sheltered bed.

Just then a jackal with his wife
Entered the cave to save his life
From chilling cold and pelting rain,
Starvation, and exhausting pain.

Starving, fatigued, and furthermore
By nature's law a carnivore,
The jackal started in to eat
The camel's neck, as being meat.

But when the wretched creature knew
His neck was being eaten through,
He frantically used his strength
To shrink the neck to lesser length.

Yet while he tossed the neck about,
Upward and downward, in and out,
The starving jackal calmly ate—
The wife was not behind her mate.

At last the jackal and his wife
By eating took the camel's life,
And when the wind and rain were gone,
They left the cave and wandered on.

The camel died in consequence
Of foolish pride and indolence.
Behold how evil follows hard
On laziness, as its reward.

xii. 112

THE WAY OF PEACE

In shifting joy and grief
Should I rejoice, repine,
I should despise the soul
That I must still call mine.

Because this life, this world
Are other men's no less
Than they are mine, I win
An end to all distress.

As log meets log upon
The sea, and parts again,
So kinsman, friend, and son
Love and abandon men.

Grief starts and ends as joy;
Joy starts and ends as grief.
The wheel, while whirling, finds
Antipodal relief.

With countless bonds of love
Men cling to objects, and
Assailed by failure's waves,
Collapse like banks of sand.

To him with foe, with friend,
Him lacking friend, or foe,
To wise or fool, comes joy,
If fate will have it so.

To hero, sage, and coward,
To poet, dullard, fool,
To weak and strong, comes joy
By no discovered rule.

To him who drinks her milk—
Obtained no matter how—
Calf, herdsman, king, or thief,
A cow is still a cow.

The dullest wights on earth
Live joyfully; and so
Do men supremely wise—
The rest are sunk in woe.

For brave men love extremes,
Never the prudent mean;
Extremes, they say, are joy;
And grief, what lies between.

The dunce sleeps joyfully,
Setting his deeds aside,
Wrapped in his foolishness
As in a blanket wide.

The man supremely wise,
Past opposites, and all
Mean envy, sees unmoved
What good or ill befall,

While men not wholly fools,
Yet something less than wise,
Are boisterous in success
And writhe when fortune flies.

The fool is always gay
As angels are in heaven,
Glad in his self-conceit,
That gift by folly given.

Joy ends in sloth—and grief;
Grief ends in skill—and joy.
And fortune dwells with skill,
To sloth is ever coy.

Then greet whatever comes
Of joy or grievous smart,
Delight or pain, with brave,
Unconquerable heart.

A thousand sorrows and
A hundred fears assail
The fool from day to day.
The wise man does not quail.

For sorrow cannot touch
The truly modest soul,
Long-suffering, peaceful, wise,
Rooted in self-control.

If your own limb should be
The seat of sorrow, doubt,
Wrath, or timidity,
Cut roots, and cast it out.

Desires, departing, leave
A void. Joy fills it higher.
But he who will pursue
Must perish by desire.

All heart's desires of earth
And heaven's great bliss fulfilled
Form one-sixteenth the joy
That comes from passion stilled.

This wisdom clasp. Faint not
Upon the righteous path.
Scorn all desires of sense,
And put behind you wrath.

For love is death that lives
And feeds within the heart:
And anger lives until
The soul and body part.

As turtles pull inside
Their shells, pull free from sin:
For glory, light, and peace
Are only found within.

Whatever deeds are done
By one who thinks "Tis mine"
Slope downward through remorse
To death, in sure decline.

When none has fear of you,
And when you find release
From fear and hate and hope,
You have eternal peace.

Leave true and false behind;
Sorrow and glee control,
Pain, pleasure, safety, fear—
Find rest unto your soul.

Be brave! Let sinful word
And thought and action cease
Toward every living thing—
So find eternal peace.

Passion—the fatal taint,
The fool's enticing toy,
Still young in aged hearts—
Abandon. This is joy.

xii. 173

THE JACKAL'S PRAYER

Oh, thrice and four times blest are they
Who have a pair of hands!
I lift a fruitless prayer to heaven
In envious demands.

I cannot pull a sliver out
Because I have no hands,
Nor nab the lowly parasite
Where sting or nipper lands.

While those to whom a kindly god
Gave two five-fingered hands
Can catch a bug on any limb
And smash him where he stands.

They get them beds and dress and food
And shelter with their hands;
They build a house no frost or heat
Or wind or rain disbands.

And they bestride the lesser world
With all-contriving hands:
They make the bullock pull the cart
In fear of reprimands.

Yes, all the rest of us on earth
Must follow their commands;
For we are poor but honest folk,
And weak. We have no hands.

Thank God you are not classified
By bug or jackal brands,
Or mouse, or snake, or frog, or such.
Thank Heaven, man, for hands!

xii. 178. 11-18

WISDOM OF BALI

I notice Time destroying all
The creatures in his path;
If 'twere not so, I should indulge
In joy and pride and wrath.

You see me living as an ass
In lonely stall forlorn,
Devouring husks. And seeing this,
You chuckle, filled with scorn.

And if I would, I could assume
Some form so terrifying
That you, beholding it, would soon
Be seen in terror flying.

If heaven's king in armor stood
Here in a gleaming mist,
I could, if Time commanded, smite
Him low with naked fist.

But this is not a time for fight;
This is a time for peace:
Time causes every action; Time
Bids every action cease.

I understand the ancient laws
By which events unroll.
You too may understand. But first
Make friends with your own soul.

xii. 231

MEDHAVIN'S WISDOM

He plucks a blossom here and there,
His thoughts directed otherwhere;
Before he sees desire or plan
Complete, Death comes upon a man.

Tomorrow's duty do today;
Let not the evening's task delay
Till evening hours. Death will not stay
To ask if it be done or nay.

Work out salvation. Do not wait;
Lest Death your thought anticipate.
Who knows the hour? or who can say
Whose fatal moment comes today?

Regardless of his settled plan,
Death seizes on the helpless man.
Then let your youth be given all
To virtue. Life is whimsical.

xii. 283

THE YOGA PATH

For as a steersman guides a ship,
Holding the tiller down,
Who, leaving stormy seas behind,
Sails to a lordly town,

Just so the wise and earnest man
May guide his soul, and find
A far, high place of perfect peace,
The body left behind.

172

Or as a careful driver yokes
Good horses to his car
And quickly drives an archer to
The spot desired, though far;

As arrows hit the target, when
The bowstring gives release,
Just so the saint, with centered thought,
Soon reaches perfect peace.

Yes, but the learnèd Brahman knows
How hard that path may be,
And no man, so the wise declare,
Can tread it easily.

For just as in a lonely wood
That creeps and crawls with snakes,
Where pitfalls yawn and water fails,
Tangled, with thorny brakes,

A wild and foodless wood whose trunks
Are gnawed by forest fire,
A youth may seek, where robbers hide,
The path of his desire,

So may a Brahman find and tread
The Yoga path. Yet he
May quickly lose his footing there,
So many snares there be.

To stand on whetted razor-blades
Is easy. Not a soul
May stand upon the Yoga path
Who lacks in self-control.

xii. 306

173

VERSES

The dullest people in the world
Live happily; and so
Do they whose wisdom is supreme:
The rest are sunk in woe.

xii. 25. 28; also xii. 173. 34



But for their patience, self-control,
But for their common sense,
And but for scorn of wealth, the wise
Have no preëminence.

xii. 81. 26



There is no grief in others' grief—
So fools proclaim aloud:
For they who never suffered much,
Love babbling in the crowd.

He cannot speak who feels the stab
That brings the stifled groan,
Who knows the taste of perfect grief,
His neighbor's as his own.

xii. 139. 65, 66



Rate not too high your righteousness,
And preach to other men still less:
Great cattle drink the water cool,
Though frogs are croaking in the pool.

xii. 141. 82



An evil word, though men may shout
It loud, grows dim and flickers out.
A worthy word, though whispered low,
Pervades the world with steady glow.

xii. 293. 32

Speak not, unless you questioned be,
Nor speak, if questioned wrongfully:
The truly wise are able to
Sit quiet, just as boobies do.

xii. 293. 35



Fire, water, moonbeams, good, and ill—
We know them by the way they feel.

xii. 293. 39



Alone each creature sees the light;
Alone grows into youthful might;
His pains and pleasures are his own;
He journeys toward his death—alone.

xii. 294. 16



A calf can find its mother cow
Among a thousand kine:
So good or evil done returns
And whispers: "I am thine."

xii. 330. 16

THE ONE TREASURE

Many the treasures for which men sigh;
One only is peerless forever:
Thieves cannot plunder, gold cannot buy
The wisdom that perisheth never.

THE HYPOCRITE

The man who flatters you before your face,
Then mars your plans, and lets affection drop,
Him from your list of friends you'd best erase:
He is a poison-jug with cream on top.

Notes

Page 3. "Aëtius at Châlons." From the *University of California Chronicle*, XVI: 61, 62 (Jan., 1914).

Page 6. "Buddha's Wife." *Ibid.*, XVI: 63, 64 (Jan., 1914).

Page 9. "Tolstoi." *Ibid.*, XIV: 430-36 (Oct., 1912). This poem was read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the University of California on May 10, 1912. The following excerpts from Ryder's unpublished "lay sermon" are of interest in connection with it:

"The last generation produced in Tolstoi one of the great saints of Christian history. His life was sadly torn, for he had fallen on evil days for saintly living, and evil journalistic tongues were busy with him. Yet with less external encouragement, he suffered more for religion than Peary suffered for the North Pole. The mute, inglorious Tolstois cannot be numbered...."

"There are still occasional, very unclerical saints. By far the greatest of these is Tolstoi. For a variety of reasons, sainthood came hard to Tolstoi. In the first place, it came late, and met vociferous obstacles in the shape of a numerous family, carried over from heathen days. Then, it was unpopular in Russian high society, if books may be trusted, and even the saint cannot wholly escape the fashion. More important than all else, Tolstoi had brains. The saint is usually a rather dull man, though he becomes majestic and even wise by hitching his wagon to a star. And having brains, Tolstoi was required to sacrifice more than the stupid saint. Francis probably felt no pangs at renouncing novel-writing and literary fame, Peter the Hermit was not troubled by giving up psychology and economics, vulgar old Stylites could without pain turn away from the fifth-century equivalents of Wagner and Baudelaire. Thus many things conspired to make sainthood hard for Tolstoi, and his testimony becomes on that account doubly valuable. The whole world knows—perhaps too well—the sad wreck of family life that came, growing ever more hopeless as Tolstoi grew more religious. Nor does he fear to state his belief about the matter plainly. Thus, in the sequel to *The Kreutzer Sonata*:

"Being in love, and union with the beloved object, never makes [sic] it easier to gain any end worthy of man, but always makes it more difficult."

"In Christ's teaching there is no basis for the institution of marriage."

"Christian marriage never existed or could exist."

"...marriage is, ...from the Christian point of view ... a fall, a sin...."

"Then, at the very end, came the strength to break away entirely. Tolstoi died as, with his beliefs, he should have died, away from his family. His last days proved him a true saint." [But see Introduction, p. xxiii.]

Page 17. SONGS FROM NIRVANA. From the *University of California Chronicle*, XVI: 172-80 (Apr., 1914).

With the poem on Ignatius Loyola may be compared a passage from Ryder's unpublished "lay sermon":

"People often speak as if religious persecution were a strange and illogical excrescence which happened to appear in the Spanish Inquisition, the execution of the Salem witches, and in a few other sporadic cases; as if religious persecution were now dead. Even a slight acquaintance with history, even a brief observation of the pious now living, shows that this is not the case, that on the contrary persecution has always been, and will always be, where men are pious, that is, are moved by religious feeling, yet do not withdraw from communion with their kind.

"Religion is antisocial. The pious man, whether consciously or not, separates himself from his family and friends. He gradually loses the power of human sympathy. He does not, he cannot know how other people suffer. At the same time, he is applying a daily stimulus to himself. This may lead him to the ascetic life, as it has often done historically. More often—for most men are timid and illogical—he remains among his kind, in whom some portion of his daily self-stimulation must find its object. These two things—the zeal which eats him up, and his inability to sympathize with other human beings—lead necessarily to an activity which has the results of conscious cruelty. The whole external history of religion is a history of asceticism and persecution, of cruelty to oneself and cruelty to others.

"It is necessary to use the word cruelty, and a little explanation is in order. It is by no means meant that religion leads a man to take pleasure in the sufferings of others; quite the opposite is often the case. But by blunting his human sensibilities, by making him blind to any kind of existence except his own kind, religion leads the pious man to do, or sanction, acts which cause exquisite suffering. Bloody Mary was by nature a gentle woman. Perhaps the monstrous Torquemada was not intentionally cruel. The everyday clergyman of the present is certainly not bent upon causing pain. Yet pain always results from the activity of such people; and the fact that their cruelty is not conscious, makes its effects none the less disastrous. Perhaps they save themselves, others they cannot save."

Page 28. "Torquemada." From the *University of California Chronicle*, XVII: 403, 404 (Oct., 1915). Compare the note just above.

Page 30. "The Young Mother." *Ibid.*, XVII: 405 (Oct., 1915).

Page 31. "Kalidasa." From *Kalidasa: Translations of Shakuntala and Other Works* (London, Dent, n. d. [1913]), p. xxiii.

A comment on Kalidas in the Introduction (p. xvi) to that volume is of interest in connection with Ryder's own ideals of life:

"Kalidasa preserves his intellectual balance and his spiritual initiative: what greatness of soul is required for this, every one knows who has ever had the misfortune to differ in opinion from an intellectual clique."

Page 32. "Pierre's Prayer." From the *University of California Chronicle*, XIX: 247-49 (July, 1917).

Page 37. "Laboremus." From the *University of California Chronicle*, XXIV: 269-72 (Apr., 1922). The Harvard Oriental Series now (1938) contains 32 volumes; but, alas, volumes 22 and 23 have not yet been issued.

Page 43. "The Passion of Our Brother the Poilu." From the *University of California Chronicle*, XX: 93-99 (Jan., 1918).

Page 55. WOMEN'S EYES. This collection of one hundred verses was published in San Francisco, by A. M. Robertson, in 1910. In his Introduction, Ryder states that eighty-five of the verses are by Bhartrihari, while "the remaining fifteen are from various sources." But in his own copy of the book he made penciled notes

that "Arrows of Love," "She Only Looked," "Who Understands a Man?" and "When My Love Draws Nigh" were from Amaru; that "The Thief of Hearts" and "Divine Vision" were from "Subhāś," which is probably an abbreviation for the *Subhāśitāvali* of Vallabhadeva; that "The Danger of Delay," "Untrustworthy Things," and "Vexations—I" were from the *Hitopadesha*; that "Does She Love Me," "Thou Art a Flower," "On Giving a Daughter in Marriage," and "Struggling Fancies" were from the *Shakuntala* [by Kalidasa]; that "Logic" was from the *Bhāmini-vilāsa* [of Jagannātha]; that "Procrastination" was from an "Anthology"; and that "Should Fancy Cease" was from the *Uttarārām[acarita]*, a drama by Bhavabhūti]. This is a total of sixteen verses. The discrepancy may perhaps be explained by the statement in Keith's *History of Sanskrit Literature* (p. 175) that "the collections [of verses by Bhartrihari] contain stanzas from well-known works such as the . . . *Shakuntala* of Kalidasa . . . and stanzas which in the anthologies are ascribed to other authors than Bhartrihari." To the other eighty-four verses Ryder added numbers evidently referring to the edition of Bhartrihari that he used, except that "Vexations—II" is left unmarked. This present note smacks of a pedantry such as Ryder himself disliked; but the editor may remark that in *Relatives* Ryder indicates the sources of his translations.

Page 87. RELATIVES. This collection was published in San Francisco, by A. M. Robertson, in 1919. "Pot-car's Awakening," however, has been given in a version found among Professor Ryder's papers. When he inserted the poem in *Relatives* he omitted many stanzas, apparently thinking the translation disproportionately long in comparison to the others that he included in the small volume.

Page 153. FROM BHARTRIHARI. Hitherto unpublished. "The Better Part—II" was evidently intended for *Women's Eyes*, but rejected: see p. 79.

Page 161. "How to Live Happily on Nothing a Year." From *Indian Studies in Honor of Charles Rockwell Lanman* (Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press, 1929), pp. 213-15.

Page 164. "The Lazy Camel." Hitherto unpublished.

Page 165. "The Way of Peace." From the *University of California Chronicle*, XXIII: 31-34 (Jan., 1921).

Page 170. "The Jackal's Prayer." From the *Occident* (students' magazine of the University of California), LXXV: 336 (Mar., 1920).

Page 171. "Wisdom of Bali." Hitherto unpublished.

Page 172. "Medhavīn's Wisdom." Hitherto unpublished.

Page 172. "The Yoga Path." Hitherto unpublished.

Page 174. "Verses." Hitherto unpublished. The first stanza is a variant translation of stanza 9 of "The Way of Peace" (p. 166).

Page 176. FROM THE HITOPADESHA. Hitherto unpublished.

List of Publications

List of Publications by Arthur William Ryder

(The following list does not include any material printed in this volume, or any translations printed in the *University of California Chronicle* that were later reprinted in the volumes *Kalidasa*, *The Panchatantra*, or *The Bhagavad-gita*.)

Latin Composition. Pp. 20. [Privately printed, probably in 1897 or 1898.]
Die R̄bhu's im R̄gveda: Inaugural-Dissertation zur Erlangung der Doktorwürde der hohen philosophischen Fakultät der Universität Leipzig (Gütersloh, C. Bertelsmann, 1901). Pp. 50.

"Note on br̄hācchandas, AV. iii. 12. 3," *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, XXIII: 77-78 (1902).

"Kṛṣṇanātha's commentary on the Bengal recension of the Çakuntalā," *ibid.*, 79-83.

The Little Clay Cart [Mṛcchakaṭīka]: A Hindu Drama Attributed to King Shūdraka, translated from the original Sanskrit and Prākrits into English prose and verse. Cambridge, Massachusetts, published by Harvard University. 1905. (Harvard Oriental Series, vol. 9.) Pp. xxx + 177.

The Little Clay Cart: A Hindu Drama Attributed to King Shudraka, . . . adapted for the occidental stage by Agnes Morgan. Version as produced at the Neighborhood Playhouse for the National Theatre Conference. (New York, Theatre Arts, Inc., 1934). Pp. vii + 107. (Illustrated.)

"Notes on the Mṛcchakaṭīka," *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, XXVII: 418-54 (1906).

"The Old Tiger and the Traveller [from the *Hito-padeśa*]," *University of California Chronicle*, X: 450-53 (Oct., 1908).

Kalidasa: Translations of Shakuntala and Other Works (London, Dent; New York, Dutton, n. d. [1913] [Everyman's Library, vol. 629]). Pp. xxv + 216.

Shakuntala: An Acting Version in Three Acts, by Garnet Holme and Arthur W. Ryder (Berkeley, University of California Press, 1914). Pp. 34 [Reprint from the *University of California Chronicle*, XVI: 249-80 (July, 1914).]

Malavikā: A Five-act Comedy of Kalidasa (Berkeley, University of California Press, 1915). Pp. 47. [Reprint from the *University of California Chronicle*, XVII: 123-67 (Apr., 1915).]

"Fables from the *Hito-padeśa*," *University of California Chronicle*, XIX: 15-29 (Jan., 1917).

"Lovers' Meeting, translated from the *Kathasaritsagara*, Canto 104," *ibid.*, XIX: 364-76 (Oct., 1917).

Twenty-two Goblins, Translated from the Sanskrit (London and Toronto, Dent; New York, Dutton, 1917). Pp. viii + 220. (With twenty illustrations in colour by Perham W. Nahl.)

A Correspondence with the Harvard University Press (Berkeley, California, 1921). Pp. 13. [Privately printed.]

The Bhagavad-gita: A Brief Analysis (Berkeley, University of California Press, 1921). Pp. 6.

The Panchatantra, Translated from the Sanskrit (Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1925). Pp. vii + 470.

Gold's Gloom: Tales from the Panchatantra (Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1925). Pp. vi + 151.

Stories from Gold's Gloom (Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1925). Pp. iv + 26.

Dandin's Dasha-kumara-charita: The Ten Princes, Translated from the Sanskrit (Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1927). Pp. xvi + 240.

The Bhagavad-gita (Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1929). Pp. xxiv + 139.