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BY ARTHUR WILLIAM RYDER

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
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1939

Editorial Note

THE PRESENT BOOK contains (1) original poems (and one prose essay) published by Professor Ryder many years ago, mainly in the *University of California Chronicle;* (2) a few translations from the Sanskrit, and one from the French, which also appeared for the most part in the *University of California Chronicle;* (3) some translations from the Sanskrit, hitherto unpublished; (4) reprints of *Women's Eyes* and *Relatives,* two small volumes of "verses translated from the Sanskrit" that are now out of print and difficult to obtain. "Pot-ear's Awakening," one of the translations in the latter volume, has been expanded by the addition of verses found among Professor Ryder's papers.

For permission to reprint *Relatives* the University of California Press is indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Harry Robertson, the owner of the copyright on the volume. For similar permission to reprint Professor Ryder's sonnet on Kalidasa it is indebted to Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company, the American publishers of Everyman's Library, in which Professor Ryder's volume of translations from Kalidasa is included. The title of the present book does not provide for the prose tribute to Professor Lanman ("Laboremus") and the verse translation from Leclerc; it seemed pedantic to draw up a long-winded title that would include them.

The account of Professor Ryder's life and work is by myself, but it is based to a large extent on conversations with his friends and students; I should like to acknowledge the special kindness of Dr. A. E. Hutson, Miss Dorothy Elise Madison, Dr. Rajko H. Ružić, and Mr. William A. P. White. Professor Walter E. Clark of Harvard University, also one of Professor Ryder's pupils, has written me a letter on his work, from which I have quoted passages, usually with no indication of the source. But I am particularly indebted to a glowing appreciation of Professor

Ryder's character and achievement that was written for me by his devoted pupil, Professor Harold Cherniss of Johns Hopkins University, and later privately printed by him. Parts of this I have inserted with quotation marks; other passages, in some of which I have slightly modified his wording, I have with his permission utilized without indication of the source. Professor Cherniss, and also Professor I. M. Linforth of the University of California, have been kind enough to read my work and they have made most valuable suggestions for the correction and improvement of it. Professor Leon J. Richardson, the friend to whom Ryder dedicated his volume, *Relatives*, has courteously permitted the use of his sonnet to Ryder as a dedication to the present book.

Professor Ryder occasionally varied in his transliteration of Sanskrit words, using for example both *Hitopadesha* and *Hitopadeça*. I have normalized his usage, employing such forms as *Hitopadesha* in order to avoid the use of diacritic marks.

Professor Ryder spoke to Professor Cherniss of his desire at some time to publish a collection of his own work; whether he had abandoned that intention before his death I do not know. To another pupil he protested vigorously against the custom of giving to the world compositions that the author had not intended for print. Under such circumstances it seemed safe to be guided by the wishes of his sister, Miss Winifred Ryder, with whose coöperation this volume has been compiled. Such of his unpublished work as she did not wish printed has not been included.

G. R. NOYES

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Arthur William Ryder

Arthur William Ryder was born March 8, 1877, at Oberlin, Ohio. He was the son of William Henry Ryder, a Congregational clergyman, then Professor of the Greek Language and Literature at Oberlin College, later (1888–1908) Professor of New Testament Interpretation at Andover Theological Seminary (Massachusetts), still later (1908–18) Andover Professor of New Testament Interpretation at Harvard University. He thus grew up in an atmosphere of classical scholarship. He graduated from Phillips Academy (Andover) in 1894 and from Harvard College in 1897. In his college course his main interests were Greek and Latin literature, but in his last year he began the study of Sanskrit under Professor C. R. Lanman. During these early years, aside from his formal studies, he read extensively in Greek and Latin authors. In 1897–98 he taught Latin at Phillips Academy. In 1898–1901 he studied in Germany, one semester at the University of Berlin and three semesters at the University of Leipzig. Among his teachers were Professors Brugmann, Geldner, Pischel, and Windisch. He continued to work in Greek and Latin and began Old Persian, his minor subject for the doctorate. His chief study, however, was in Sanskrit; he received his doctor's degree from the University of Leipzig in 1901, his dissertation being on *Die Ṛbhu's im Ṛgveda*.

Returning to America in 1901, Ryder taught at Harvard University: during 1901–2 as Assistant in Sanskrit, from 1902 to December, 1905, as Instructor in Sanskrit. In his years at Harvard he assisted Professor Lanman in his work as editor of the Harvard Oriental Series. In January, 1906, he came to the University of California (Berkeley, California), as Instructor in Sanskrit; in 1908 he became an assistant professor, in 1919 an associate professor, and in 1925 a professor. At the time of the war he wished

to enter the United States service and he took lessons in French conversation preparatory to life in France. But, owing to high blood pressure, he could not obtain a government position of any sort. On March 21, 1938, he was seized by a heart attack while teaching, and died while being taken to the hospital.

Ryder was not in the conventional implications of the terms either a scholar, a man of letters, or even (except by title) a professor; he was a reader, a man of literature, and a teacher. He was a man of genius, but his genius was not of the academic type.

Ryder went to Germany, partly at least, to study comparative philology. But during a semester's work with Brugmann he discovered—or thought he discovered—that Brugmann, the acknowledged master of linguistic science, "could speak only one language and could understand none." Hence he acquired a profound contempt for comparative philology; he quoted with approval a remark by Pischel, a teacher for whom he had deep respect, that the subject was "the greatest fake of the nineteenth century." (Yet chance comments in his classes would show that he remembered more of the subject than he might have cared to admit.) Henceforth for Ryder grammar was merely a tool to be used, not something to be studied for its own sake. "In the formal structure of a complicated grammar," Professor Cherniss writes of him, "he took the same delight as does the mathematician in an elegant demonstration, and he could expound the whole of Sanskrit grammar with such intimate knowledge and loving understanding that it seemed to be a cosmic fugue constructed by a demiurgic organist; but he did not believe that such knowledge even supported by an exhaustive knowledge of 'vocabulary' and 'etymology' constituted knowledge of a language, for a language, he knew, is not analyzable into words and grammatical forms but consists of phrases, idioms, nuances of thought.* It was the language as it came alive from the author

* "Suppose I plan a long walk, and find a pebble in my shoe. Its removal is a necessary condition of success in my plan, yet of itself does not further that plan; hinders it indeed, if I imagine this action to be of itself meritorious, and become attached thereto. The same reasoning applies to the acquisition of the grammar of a language by one whose object is the enjoyment of poetry written in that language."—Introduction to the *Bhagavad-gita*, p. x.

that he desired to know. 'Not what this word *should* mean according to the philologists but what the author intended it to mean in this particular place,' this was his principle. It is measured by this standard that one must understand his serious statement that he knew only one language well, his native English. That he was a master of English his writings amply prove; that he came miraculously near to realizing the same standard in Sanskrit, however, is obvious to anyone who is capable of comparing his translations with their originals. His determination to approximate this standard in any language that he studied was the reason for his early decision to curtail the number of languages to which he would devote his energies. He soon abandoned all but Sanskrit, Latin, French, and German. Only the abandonment of Greek, he said, remained a matter of sorrow to him. What he called his 'abandonment of Greek,' however, would have been considered by most philologists the continuation of a lively interest and understanding; he would in the course of conversation recite whole choruses of Sophocles and long passages from Homer and discuss with penetrating intelligence both Greek literature and Greek philosophy. Yet he felt that it would be quixotic for him to attempt to master both Greek and Sanskrit; he had made his choice and he abode by it. His regret was due to his belief that in Greek was written one of the world's three truly great literatures, the other two being in Sanskrit and in English."

For all technical scholarship of the usual academic type Ryder soon came to cherish the same aversion (that is, as far as laboring on it himself was concerned) as for comparative philology. Of his doctoral dissertation, on a subject in Vedic mythology, he spoke with no great pride. His later contributions were two very brief articles in the *Journal of the American Oriental Society* for 1902: one (two pages) on a *hapax legomenon* in the Veda, the other (five pages) on a modern Hindu commentary on the *Shakuntala* of Kalidasa; and a longer article (37 pages) in the same journal for 1906, containing notes on *The Little Clay Cart*.

The failure of well-read and reputedly brilliant university men to fulfill the promise of their youth in productive scholarship is

usually due to mere intellectual laziness or to a lack of any synthetic ability; they merely soak up information and perhaps use it in their class teaching, but do not organize it. They illustrate Milton's lines:

> Who reads
> Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
> A spirit and judgment equal or superior, . . .
> Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
> Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself.

This was by no means true of Ryder. He was emphatically not lazy; though deep-versed in books he was not shallow in himself, and he probably did not lack constructive capacity. But he thought that he could do better and more useful work in other ways than in technical scholarship. In an unpublished "lay sermon" he writes: "We know how in the universities the fetish of scholarship is held before the eyes of young men, and is used to pervert and crush all disinterested love for intellectual things." In the introduction to his translation of *The Ten Princes* he says (p. x): "Let us pay homage to the unknown artist of chapters i–v, who was zealous for art, not for self-exploitation; who stands a silent rebuke—needed, if unheeded—of any age greedy for scholarship and other stultifying self-advertisement." And again (*ibid.*): "Dismal studies in influences and sources may be securely left in the hands of those who have no love for literature, since the result is always the same. A great author uses what fits his purpose, and in using it, so transforms it as to make it his own." In his translations Ryder never used footnotes; the text, he thought, should speak for itself, without commentary. Yet Ryder could respect sound and honest work of a sort that he himself would never undertake. A proof of this is his brief article "Laboremus" (reprinted in the present volume), a noble tribute to Professor Lanman, a man who in temperament and in ideals of accomplishment was utterly different from Ryder himself.

Professor Cherniss cites Ryder's own explanation of his refraining from scholarly publication:

"He had been reading Sanskrit drama and had noticed a peculiarity of technique which he one day mentioned in conversation with an older Sanskritist. This scholar urged him to write a paper on the subject; and he, deferring to his older colleague, went home with the intention of following this advice. Upon sitting down to write, however, it occurred to him that for anyone who did not read the texts themselves the essay could have neither meaning nor legitimate interest, while anyone who did read the dramas must either observe the point himself or else be so obtuse that he could not profit by having it pointed out to him. From that time forth Ryder never published any 'scholarly research.'"

This reasoning most men will find fallacious, merely whimsical, not worth attention. A man who has not read *Beowulf* may have a legitimate interest in an account of its position in English literature and of the alliterative technique of its verse. And scholarship is a coöperative business. Even the most brilliant student may fail to observe all the peculiarities of a text that he is studying and may profit by the aid of others. The discovery of the composite authorship of the Pentateuch, for example, was the work of a whole series of scholars. But for Ryder the reasoning was characteristically satisfactory.

On the other hand, reading was for Ryder a controlling passion. Almost deaf to music, he was sensitive to all shades of expression in prose and poetry. Through his careful reading of English authors he became himself a master of English style.

But even in his native English Ryder's reading had curious gaps. He loved Shakespeare but apparently cared nothing for the other Elizabethan dramatists; neither did he care for English ballad literature. He was no more an omnivorous reader than an omnivorous student of languages. He followed his own inclinations, reading over and over again his favorite books; Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* he read six times. Nevertheless his taste was more catholic than, say, that of Matthew Arnold. He admired the high seriousness of Milton; he was equally devoted to W. S. Gilbert and Edward Lear. (Once, probably whimsically, he told a student that Walt Mason was the best American poet; his serious opinion gave that rank to Emerson.) Wit and humor were part of his nature as much as moral earnestness.

According to Ryder, literature should be read intelligently and thoughtfully, for its own sake, for instruction or amusement, or for both. Information about the lives of authors was in his eyes superfluous. "Dandin" [the author of *The Ten Princes*], he wrote, "has been as successful as Homer—more successful than Shakespeare—in baffling the impertinences of the 'Who's Who' brand of scholarship. And while a few more details might prove piquant, it is better to know too little than too much. In the case of truly great writers, both understanding and enjoyment are commonly enhanced when we have their works and have lost their lives." Hence most teaching of English literature in school and college was abhorrent to him: the language was that of the reader and the reader must make himself one with the author. Apparently he expected the average boy or girl to be of the same temperament as himself. He enjoyed biography for its own sake, in fact Boswell's *Johnson* was one of his best-loved books; but he objected to gossip on domestic details as a substitute for the sympathetic understanding of literature.

During his residence in Germany Ryder acquired a fine command of German; he could write the language well, with more than mere grammatical correctness. But for German literature, aside from Heine, Lenau, the romantic poets, and Schopenhauer, he cared little. He concurred in a colleague's verdict that Goethe was "a local celebrity"; the fact that Goethe should be regarded as the greatest German poet he deemed a definite proof of the poverty of the literature. Yet in his volume of translations from Kalidasa (p. xvii) he refers to Goethe as being in 1789, when Sir William Jones translated the *Shakuntala*, "the greatest living poet of Europe."

For French poetry, aside from Villon, Racine, and Molière, Ryder cared little, but French prose he thought the most consistently great of any in the world. Montaigne, Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, and Anatole France were ever in his hands or on his lips. Molière, however, he believed to be the greatest glory of France.

Among the Latins Ryder's favorites were Virgil, Lucretius, Horace, and Caesar, whom he regarded as the greatest writer of

prose in the language. These, with Catullus and Tacitus, he read and reread, and none of the other Latin writers did he believe really significant.

Though Ryder could read Italian, he apparently was little acquainted with Italian literature. Of Spanish literature he was ignorant. Of the Russian writers he read Tolstoi, whom, judging from his poem on him, he respected even more as a personality than as a novelist. Yet in his later years, when he himself had grown intensely conservative, he came to dislike the Russian genius because of his socialistic and anarchistic teachings.

The Sanskrit language Ryder valued solely as the vehicle of a great literature, a literature in his eyes of more worth than that of Greece. In it his tastes were as individual as they were in English literature. Despite his early study of the Vedas he cared less for them than for classical Sanskrit literature. Though his erudition in Hindu mythology was vast, he was not interested in its anthropological or historical aspects, only in its function in literature, in what the great poets had made of it. His attitude towards *Realien*, details of domestic and public life, was the same: a knowledge of them seemed to him interesting and valuable only as it aids one to understand the literary texts. The Rig-Veda, however, he never ceased to read, not merely because he felt that it is the stuff of which all Indian literature is made, but as a collection of great poems. Sanskrit drama and the "fable literature" he read exhaustively and repeatedly; but all this he took seriously even as he did Indian philosophy, not as a collection of primitive *curiosa* but as the work of real artists to whom he was not ashamed to go to school. When he read the *Mahabharata* or the *Ramayana* he read it from first to last; and that he *read* them thus not once but several times will furnish some notion of the way in which he read Sanskrit. He said to a student that if he were confined for life to a single book he should certainly choose the *Mahabharata*. He read for his own instruction and amusement, not merely as an aid to teaching or publication. He roundly condemned an eminent Sanskritist because he "never read any Sanskrit for fun." He would have scorned the attitude of a famous Spanish scholar who said: "I do not read ballads,

I study them." He was equally devoted to the high seriousness of the *Bhagavad-gita* and to the elegantly picaresque narrative of Dandin's *Ten Princes*.

Through and through a man of literature, Ryder was not to any great degree a man of letters. (Here he is in sharp contrast to Paul Elmer More, a man of similar training to his own and like him in many peculiarities of temperament.) The few original poems contained in this volume—all of them fine in their own way, and all of them self-revelatory—and the short introductions to his volumes of translation constitute his only claim to that title. Criticism in general he despised, though he could not resist indulging in bits of it in his introductions and though his conversation was full of it. In the introduction to his volume of translations from Kalidasa, after quoting a paragraph from Lévi's *Théâtre Indien*, he writes:

"It is hardly possible to say anything true about Kalidasa's achievement which is not already contained in this appreciation. Yet one loves to expand the praise, even though realizing that the critic is by his very nature a fool. Here there shall at any rate be none of that cold-blooded criticism which imagines itself set above a world-author to appraise and judge, but a generous tribute of affectionate admiration."

Ryder was passionately devoted to the Indian systems of philosophy, not as a subject for scholarly investigation, but as a guide of life. Western philosophy was for him "frivolous" because it does not discuss salvation. Of Aristotle he said: "He seems to me a man of great learning and industry, often acute, but rarely right as to what is really important. It is an open question whether his labors have done good or harm." On the other hand, he regarded the Sankhya system as "a nearer approximation to the truth concerning the soul's relation to the physical universe than [is] any Occidental philosophy." Yet, aside from the brief introduction to his translation of the *Bhagavad-gita* from which this quotation is taken, he wrote nothing on the Hindu philosophies. Perhaps he felt that his energies were better spent on translation; and, when he had ceased to translate, he had probably lost any impulse for constructive work.

History Ryder regarded as a pleasant and instructive subject for study and reflection but not a matter of equal importance with great literature, for he agreed fervently with Aristotle that poetry is more philosophical and more serious than history. For him history was an art, not a science. He knew best the history of Greece, Rome, the French Revolution, and (by "fortuity of birth," as he explained) the United States. He was specially interested in the period of the Civil War. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* remained for him the greatest work on Roman history. The notes added to it by later scholars he termed impertinences that merely demonstrated the greatness of Gibbon and the inability of his commentators to understand him. This is the point of view of a bright twelve-year-old lad poring over his Christmas Plutarch. Nothing could better illustrate Ryder's almost exclusive interest in literature and his dislike of scholarly disquisitions about it. It would seem that any truth-loving man with enough interest in history to read Gibbon from cover to cover would wish to know how far the statements and views of an eighteenth-century Englishman have been corrected by sources of information discovered since his time.

Ryder loathed the formal features of academic life; he detested the machinery of courses and grades, examinations and degrees. One of the bitterest gibes in his "Tolstoi" is:

> They of the Inquisition prayed
> To him of Galilee!
> The Renaissance of learning made
> A University!

His own examinations in his language courses were perfunctory; he appraised his students by his personal knowledge of them. Only one student ever received under his supervision a higher degree in Sanskrit, and that was only a master's degree. The student wanted the degree and had the requisite preparation for it. The Dean of the Graduate Division sent to Ryder the formal papers that must be filled out and Ryder tossed them in his wastebasket. The unfortunate student appealed for help to the Dean, who instructed him to capture Ryder and bring him to his office.

The student, finding Ryder in a mellow mood, did so. So after weeks of delay the proper documents were made out and filed. Ryder now loosened up; he conducted a formal examination and the student received his coveted degree. It is fair to state, however, that at least once Ryder encouraged a brilliant student to proceed to the doctorate in Sanskrit. But the student's main interest was in Greek, so that he offered Sanskrit only as a minor for the degree.

Nevertheless Ryder took part in the administration of the University, doing loyal service on the committees to which he was assigned—service of more value than that of the majority of his colleagues. The Dean of the Graduate Division testifies that there has been no better chairman than Ryder of the important Committee on Fellowships and Graduate Scholarships.

Ryder was a teacher of the most genuine worth; he hoped to be remembered primarily as a teacher. In his first-year class the students had to learn Sanskrit grammar, though Ryder did not drill it into them. They had to work. If they did not work, Ryder did not order them to leave the class; they just left, awed by the personality of the man. Ryder led his students; he did not drive them. Professor Clark remarks that he had "a gift for encouraging students to think that they could do things for themselves." After the first year the classes usually met, if no women were enrolled in them, in Ryder's room. Ryder would assign a lesson that he thought adequate, cover it in half an hour, and then chat for the rest of the time—or beyond the time—on topics suggested by the text or on topics not suggested by it: on literature, the general conduct of life, or the ways of the world. For students who seemed to have a genuine interest in Sanskrit literature and to be worth while in themselves Ryder would do anything. He enjoyed reading Sanskrit privately with students or ex-students more than he did the conduct of formal classes. He would listen respectfully to the opinions of the lowliest student, and he never tried to force his way of thinking upon anyone; for, although he might condemn with vehemence the actions or opinions of another, he staunchly upheld the right of every man to make his own mistakes in his own fashion.

Ryder believed that the only true foundation for a general education was a knowledge of Greek, Latin, and mathematics. He found the world fallen on evil days and coped with the situation as best he could, permitting students to start Sanskrit with him even if they had little previous experience in language study. Once a young woman who was intensely interested in Hindu philosophy, but who had never studied either Latin or Greek, enrolled in his elementary class. According to her own account she worked about eight hours on a lesson, and at that was "the dunce of the class." In her second year she was reading the *Bhagavad-gita* with intelligence and understanding. In her third year she started in on the *Upanishads;* sometimes Ryder would read with her only two verses and then discuss with her the Hindu philosophies.

Besides his courses in Sanskrit Ryder offered lecture courses on "The Veda and the Philosophical Systems" and "Classical Sanskrit Literature." These soon became crowded with miscellaneous and untrained students. He skillfully remedied affairs by limiting the registration to "students who for four years have studied ancient languages: Sanskrit, Latin, Greek."

Ryder was a man of wonderful personal charm and he displayed fasctinating wit in conversation. Yet from the first he shunned general society; he was not seen at teas, though at least twice he gave them himself. He repeatedly expressed, for instance in his poem on Tolstoi, his scorn for "respectability." Yet his own offenses against it were no more than breaches of convention. He was no Bohemian; no breath of scandal was ever attached to his name. He belonged to no clubs except the Faculty Club of the University, where he would spend long hours playing chess or billiards, games at which he was an expert. He was intimate at different times with various colleagues; then he would suddenly drop the friendship, apparently not from any ill will but because the society of the person concerned no longer gave him pleasure; he might speak with warm appreciation of the individual from whom he had parted company. Nevertheless by his desertion he sometimes caused real pain to men who valued his friendship. To his students and to his brothers and sisters he was

always devotedly loyal and helpful. Frugal in his own habits, he was a man of generous nature, repeatedly giving assistance to friends who were in need of it.

Among Ryder's most attractive traits was his fondness for little girls. He had a whole series of small protégées, whom he usually deserted at the age of seven or so. But the last of them endured; she was eleven when he died: during his last years she perhaps meant to him more than any other human being. In an unpublished poem, "The Bachelor's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*" he counts among his blessings:

> The power of leaving happy thoughts
> In many children's minds,
> Than which an honest-hearted man
> No keener pleasure finds.

Ryder's peculiarities grew upon him with advancing years. When he came to Berkeley he spoke of his intense longing to visit India, quoting a fellow Sanskritist who had said that the long journey was worth while even if one never left the dock but returned home on the same steamer. Later, when he had ample means for a year in India, the desire to see the country had left him; he never took sabbatical leave from the University. His reading, his teaching, and his work as a translator sufficed him. He had become convinced that the sight of the actual life of modern India would disappoint him. To teaching he was so devoted that during the War he helped the University, depleted of many of its instructors, by taking over classes in French. At another period he taught Latin in a private school.

On coming to Berkeley Ryder was eager to build up a Sanskrit collection in the University Library. He received a small allowance for the purpose, but he soon ceased to spend even that, so that the allowance was canceled. He explained to a student that he "saw no reason for spending much of the University's money for things that the University really did not want; and to amass Sanskrit books which no one would ever read could serve only the purpose of ostentation." Here again the reasoning was whimsical; the ultimate value of apparently useless books is something

well proved by academic experience. In his youth Ryder likewise expressed admiration for men with large private libraries. Yet he himself at his death had only a small collection, well under two thousand volumes, and those mostly in cheap editions, for he had none of the collector's spirit. Four or five shelves would hold his Sanskrit books. These were mostly texts of the authors that he loved; he would study in Sanskrit, as in other languages, only works that he regarded as masterpieces, and he cared little for books about books. He lived in a small room, comfortable enough, but bereft of all beauty and without even the simplest luxuries. He desired nothing better.

Ryder hated mental arrogance, the spirit of persecution, as his poems on Torquemada and Ignatius Loyola amply testify. Yet he himself was by no means free from it. His words on the *Bhagavad-gita,* "In its combination of sternness with tolerance, the Song is unique," might be applied to himself. Sometimes he passed the bounds of discretion in expressing his scorn for very worthy men. To a student he described one colleague, a man of more than ordinary ability as a teacher, scholar, and writer, as "a perfect fool"; another colleague, one of the finest scholars in the University and a man of genial and generous temperament, was "a menace to intellectual life." The basis for this last judgment was probably the fact that the man in question occupied himself with details of scholarship that Ryder thought frivolous. He castigated whole departments of study: economics was "vile," public speaking "not worth damning." In 1921, indignant at what seemed to him an unrighteous act of the Harvard University Press in raising the price of volumes of the Harvard Oriental Series that it held in stock, Ryder addressed to the Press violent letters of protest and was not appeased by the explanations offered him. He published and distributed the documents in the case, sending to the Harvard University Press a sarcastic bill for ninety-five dollars for "printing and distributing matter designed to raise the moral tone of the Press." The documents prove his singular wrongheadedness and singular command of vituperative language but also his own honesty of purpose.

Brought up after the most straitest sect of our American reli-

gion, New England Puritanism, Ryder early departed from the faith and the church of his fathers. He joined no other church, for he disbelieved in religious organization just as he disbelieved in academic organization, though he could never decide whether the Christian Church in its historic existence had benefited or injured mankind. In an unpublished "lay sermon," written under the obvious influence of Tolstoi and of William James, he divides mankind into three classes, the saints, the pious, and the heathen. The saint "is a man who is ready to sacrifice love, friendship, art, science, flowers, dogs, children, comfort, reputation for religion's sake." In particular, he is willing to renounce the supreme happiness of human life, that of the family. He can give comfort and inspiration to all men, because his affection is not concentrated on a few. Hence the celibacy of the clergy is the chief reason for the strength of the Roman Catholic Church. Among the saints have been Jesus, Buddha, St. Francis, men who dared reject the family. (Compare the poem, "Buddha's Wife," in the present volume.) By far the greatest saint of the modern world is Tolstoi.*

The heathen "is a man whom religious longings do not move to any considerable sacrifice. He commonly finds it hard to understand how religion can harass men."

The pious man "is genuinely moved by religious feeling, but not to the point of following Jesus' command: Sell all that thou hast and follow me. He spends his life in trying to find some middle ground where he may enjoy the great satisfactions of earth, plus the rewards of religion." The pious man believes in religious organization, in a church. And, Ryder tells us, "the church is an efficient organization, seeking to deliver a mediocre moral product on a large scale: 'Let us all think in the same way, let us all speak in the same manner if possible.'" Hence the church always leads to cruelty and persecution.† It rejects individual moral genius. Tolstoi was right, according to Ryder, when he wrote: "Every church, as a church, has always been, and always must be, an institution not only foreign, but absolutely hostile,

* See Notes, p. 179.

† See Notes, pp. 179–180.

to the doctrine of Christ." "But the heathen, no less than the saint," Ryder adds, "always perceives that the church is hostile to his ideal, because it works toward a standard."

Ryder classified himself among the heathen. As far as doctrine goes, if one may trust his endorsement of the atheistic Sankhya philosophy, he apparently had no faith in a personal God, but did believe in the immortality of the soul. As for morals: "I began to consider what goodness meant, and at last hit upon a definition which has ever since given me tolerable satisfaction. To be good, I thought, meant to do hard work and to add as much as possible to the happiness of others." And further: "Our first duty is that of clear, honest thinking, which is in practice not to be severed from courage. If we cannot bring ourselves to leave all and follow Jesus, let us not . . . pretend to follow Jesus. If we believe that love and friendship are worth all they cost, let us be as brave as those who believe that saintship is worth what it costs. Let us rise to the courage of the magnificent challenge: He that is not with me is against me. Let us dare to say: We are not with you, therefore against you. That is, we believe that the religious ideal is an ideal full of truth and beauty and hardness, but one-sided and therefore crippling to all who are not called and chosen. We natural men believe, with Paul, that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him. And in this belief we find great comfort and joy. Secondly, it is our obvious duty to strive toward genuine sympathy with other human beings. This is the very cardinal point of our gospel. If we fail here, we have given up something of value [prayer], and gained nothing in its place. . . . Now sympathy and loving kindness would be easy if all felt as we do. The pinch comes when we feel the duty of sympathy toward the pious. This is our stern test. Here we must not fail. We must improve on the Golden Rule. It is not enough for us to do as we would be done by. Though this is hard enough, yet it requires no human sympathy. We must do as other people would be done by. . . . We must treat the pious—not as we would be treated, but as they would be treated. We must not talk frankly with them about serious things, for they do not like that. It is

very hard, particularly because there seems something of insincerity in using the terms of intimacy where we feel that real intimacy is lacking. But it can be done without sacrifice of delicate honor.... Perhaps I may be permitted one small piece of prudential wisdom. Gallio is more successful in pious surroundings than Robert Ingersoll."

Ryder in practice fell short of his "heathen" ideals, but probably not more so than the majority of the "pious" fall short of their ideals.

The record of a teacher is usually written in water. Aside from teaching, Ryder made translation from the Sanskrit the chief occupation of his life. His published volumes are: *The Little Clay Cart* (a drama attributed to King Shudraka: 1905), *Women's Eyes* (verses translated from the Sanskrit: 1910), *Kalidasa: Translations of Shakuntala and Other Works* (1913), *Twenty-two Goblins* (1917), *Relatives* (further verses translated from the Sanskrit: 1919), *The Panchatantra* (1925), *The Ten Princes* (a collection of prose tales, mainly by Dandin: 1927), *The Bhagavad-gita* (1929). Aside from these books, Ryder published many short bits of translation, and one long translation, the *Malavika* of Kalidasa. Most of these are included in the present volume. Taken as a whole, Ryder's work as a translator is probably the finest ever accomplished by an American. It is also probably the finest body of translation from the Sanskrit ever accomplished by one man, if translation be regarded as a branch of literary art, not merely as a faithful rendering of the meaning of the original text.

"Translation English," Ryder of course abhorred. With the exception of the proper names and of bits of Indian flora such as "red ashoka branches" his versions read like the work of an English master of many styles, in prose and in verse. His ideals for a translation were: first, that it should be accurate, giving correctly the sense of the original and adding nothing to it; second, that it should be in a form that would make the same esthetic effect on an English reader that the form of the original makes on a student skilled in Sanskrit. Prose should be translated as prose, verse as verse; but the form of the Sanskrit verse,

as alien to English, should not be copied, any more than Greek hexameters should be rendered into quantitative English hexameters, or even accentual English hexameters. Ryder decided that English rhymed verse best reproduced the effect of the Sanskrit meters, and he used it consistently, in stanza form.

These principles are illustrated in Ryder's translations of *The Little Clay Cart, Shakuntala,* and *Malavika.* The Sanskrit dramas had previously been rendered either into prose or into blank verse. But as Ryder explains in his introduction to *The Little Clay Cart* (p. xxiii):

"The Indian plays are written in mingled prose and verse; and the verse portion forms so large a part of the whole that the manner in which it is rendered is of much importance. Now this verse is not analogous to the iambic trimeter of Sophocles or the blank verse of Shakespeare, but roughly corresponds to the Greek choruses or the occasional rhymed songs of the Elizabethan stage. In other words, the verse portion of a Sanskrit drama is not narrative; it is sometimes descriptive, but more commonly lyrical: each stanza sums up the emotional impression which the preceding action or dialogue has made upon one of the actors. Such matter is in English cast into the form of the rhymed stanza; and so, although rhymed verse is very rarely employed in classical Sanskrit, it seems the most appropriate vehicle for the translation of the stanzas of a Sanskrit drama."

Granting skill in execution, which Ryder possessed to an eminent degree, one can see how vastly superior, from a literary point of view, his versions of the Sanskrit dramas are to those made by his predecessors.

Ryder's version of *The Little Clay Cart* was performed in the Greek Theatre of the University of California on April 10, 1907, and many times at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, beginning December 5, 1924. (For these performances in New York Ryder characteristically refused to accept compensation.) His version of *Shakuntala* was performed in the Greek Theatre on July 18, 1914.

In his minor translations Ryder often deviated from his general principles. His versions from *Bhartrihari* are sometimes

even more brief than the originals. In an epigram brevity is the soul of wit and omission does no harm if the spirit of the original be preserved. His versions from the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* usually consist of single verses extracted from a long passage, sometimes with an occasional change of order. The result is a short cento, an English poem based on the Sanskrit. "The Lovers' Meeting," a translation of an episode in the *Kathasaritsagara* that tells a story of somewhat the same type as those in Dandin's prose work, *The Ten Princes,* is in prose, while the original is in verse.

Among his many books, the result of more than twenty-five years of toil, Ryder regarded *The Ten Princes* as his masterpiece. He reveled in his power to reproduce in some measure the elaborately artificial prose of the original. Professor Clark, an expert judge, writes of the version:

"Of all the translators Ryder is the most successful in rendering the elusive spirit and 'flavor' of the original Sanskrit style, in turning what is literature in one language into what is literature in another language. But even so the translator himself, however successful he may have been, must have a feeling of disappointment at the impossibility of giving in English more than a faint reflection of the brilliant original.... [He] has a happy facility in coining words and in picking out unusual words with which to render unusual words in the original. The captious critic might think that occasionally ... the renderings are more flippant and ironical than the author of the original intended them to be."*

The Ten Princes, both in the original and in the translation, is a work written solely for the amusement of the truly cultivated, of literary experts, judges of style. The *Panchatantra,* on the other hand, is addressed to the great reading public, to amuse and to instruct at the same time. It is a textbook on the conduct of life, couched in the form of entertaining beast fables, mingled with verse epigrams of the cleverest sort. Most readers will regard this book, with its mingling of wit and wisdom, as Ryder's masterpiece.

* *University of California Chronicle,* XXX: 474, 476 (Oct., 1928).

Professor W. Norman Brown, himself a specialist on the *Panchatantra,* writes that he does not always agree with Ryder's interpretation of the sense or the tone of individual passages:

"Yet there is a general literary character that charms. By ignoring the lexical and interpretative problems he has made a book that is definitely readable. His prose is sure; his verse at times almost as neat as that of the Sanskrit. Without the verses the Sanskrit text would be good fable, as is 'Aesop' or Babrius; with them it becomes rare and precious literature. Never, to my observation, does Professor Ryder miss a humorous point; in fact he seems at times to insert a Rabelaisian touch where none was intended."*

For the *Bhagavad-gita* Ryder had the greatest admiration, terming it "the most influential, and probably the greatest, among the many sacred books of India." He writes further: "Why do one's duty, in such a world as the present? How is it possible, in such a world, to see any profit or joy in duty done? Partial answers may be found in Homer, Ecclesiastes, Lucretius, the New Testament, and elsewhere; the full answer, satisfying both intellect and spirit, is given in the *Song of the Blessèd One.*" Whether this *Song,* which takes for granted both the Indian caste system and the transmigration of souls, can become a practical guide for duty for us Occidentals, is a question that may be asked. Brushing this question aside, let us see what difficulties Ryder had to overcome in translating the *Song.*

He faced the same problem that confronts a man who attempts to translate the Hebrew Psalms into modern verse forms. No English poet has ever solved that problem for the Psalms with even tolerable success. Ryder's solution of it for the *Bhagavad-gita* was far from complete, but it merits our admiration. Ryder had a theory that only three meters in literary history could be read indefinitely without becoming monotonous: the classical hexameter, English blank verse, and the Sanskrit *shloka.* But he translated the *shlokas,* here as elsewhere, into English "eights and sixes," with a rhyme on the sixes. This meter is

* *Saturday Review of Literature,* II: 313 (Nov. 21, 1925). The sentences, taken from a long review, have been rearranged.

familiar to us in ballads, in humorous verse, and, with a rhyme on the eights, in hymns. It is rarely used in long poems; Chapman's translation of the *Iliad* is one of the few exceptions. For a long poem consisting of discourses on religious and ethical topics it seems incongruous, and it certainly becomes monotonous. Furthermore, as Professor Clark remarks, Ryder was at his best with works that had quaint humor or wit; he did not do so well with simplicity or with sustained seriousness.

Ryder states in his introduction to the *Bhagavad-gita:*

"Several of the prose translations into English have real excellence; they reproduce the substance of the text, insofar as substance can be divorced from form. . . . The present version aims, so far as is possible, at the exactness of the better prose translations, while holding as much of the original's poetic grace and power as could be captured."

Despite the drawbacks of Ryder's version, the splendor of his achievement may be seen by comparing two stanzas of the work, selected at random—they are the opening stanzas of the sixth canto—in two well-reputed prose translations with the same stanzas as he rendered them. Here is the version by Annie Besant (Theosophical Publishing House, 1914):

"He that performeth such action as is duty, independently of the fruit of action, he is an ascetic,[1] he is a Yogī, not he that is without fire, and without rites.

"That which is called renunciation know thou that as yoga, O Pāṇḍava; nor doth any one become a Yogī with the formative will[2] unrenounced."

"[1] The ascetic, the Sannyāsi, lights no sacrificial fire and performs no sacrifices nor ceremonies; but merely to omit these, without true renunciation, is not to be a real ascetic."

"[2] Saṅkalpa, the imaginative faculty that makes plans for the future."

The version by Pramada Dasa Mitra, published by the Vedanta Society (ed. 2, n. d.), runs thus:

"Depending not upon the fruit of action, he who doeth the work that ought to be done is a Sannyâsi as well as a Yogî; not he who hath renounced the (sacrificial) fire, nor he who hath renounced action.

"What they call Sannyâsa (Renunciation), know, O Pândava, that to be Yoga; for never doth any one become a Yogî who hath not renounced his fancies."

Ryder's version is:

That man renounces *and* performs
  Who scorns his labor's price
Yet does his work, not he who shuns
  Fit work and sacrifice.

Renunciation, discipline
  As one we must admire:
No man is disciplined without
  Renouncing heart's desire.

In the prose versions, not to speak of their fatal lack of any beauty of expression, the letter killeth any emotional reaction to the impressive ideas of the original; it likewise leadeth Mrs. Besant into pedantic footnotes, as it doth even Pramada Dasa Mitra in some other places. No reader who has not steeped himself for years—or at least months—in Hindu philosophy will feel his heart leap up at the mention of "Sannyâsa," "Yoga," or for that matter "formative will." Ryder preserves the essential ideas of the original and expresses them with a poetic skill that at once evokes an emotional response.

After finishing his *Bhagavad-gita,* Ryder practically ceased his work as a translator. To a casual inquirer he would say simply, "I have done enough." To a student he gave a more satisfying explanation: For his work he must have a text that was worthy of translation, that had not hitherto been worthily rendered into English, and that was *within his own powers.* Nothing remained in Sanskrit literature that satisfied these three conditions. But perhaps he no longer felt the same joy in poetic expression that he had in his youth. It is noteworthy that his last original poem dates from 1917. He had longed to translate a drama by Bhavabhuti, but he felt that he could not write an English style that would be worthy of the original.

In his last years Ryder became more and more solitary. Probably no more than two close friends remained to him. His chief

relaxations were visits to his little protégée Virginia and the study of military tactics, which held a great if purely academic fascination for him. In his youth a fanatic idolater of Grover Cleveland, in his last years he was an equally fervent despiser of the New Deal. At heart a conservative and perhaps somewhat of an aristocrat, he was at odds with the world and with its ideals of education. Probably he parted from life with no regret.

This inadequate attempt to describe the achievement and the personality of Arthur William Ryder may fitly close with tributes from two of his pupils.

Professor Cherniss writes:

"Ryder . . . loved Sanskrit literature and it was his desire 'to extend an accurate and joyful acquaintance with the world's masterpieces'. This he could do in two ways, by teaching people to read the books themselves and by translating into English some of these masterpieces, in order that those who did not know Sanskrit might still gain a measure of the profit and enjoyment which these books contain, or even by enjoying this sample of the wealth of Sanskrit literature might be induced to learn the language which would put the original treasure into their possession. These two things he set himself to do; that he did them both supremely well is attested to by the best of witnesses: the translations themselves, which are now monuments of English literature and at the same time the best commentaries on their originals; the thousands of English readers who have gained delight and knowledge from these books; his students, to whom Sanskrit is not merely a language but a world of beauty over which broods forever the spirit of a teacher and a friend half divine in his great humanity."

Another pupil, Dr. Rajko Hariton Ružić, feels that Ryder's personality could not be better described than by the opening stanzas of his version of Canto XVI of the *Bhagavad-gita:*

A generous spirit, upright, strict;
  Pluck; purity within;
Study; self-conquest; sacrifice;
  Strong, wise self-discipline;

A truthful spirit, slow to wrath,
  Detached, just, peaceful, kind;
Good-will to life; a lack of greed;
  A shy, firm, gentle mind;

A radiant spirit, patient, pure;
  A loyal valor sage—
Are his, brave prince, succeeding to
  The godlike heritage.

Original Poems

ORIGINAL POEMS

AETIUS AT CHALONS, SEPTEMBER, 451

Yes, I have crushed them; yet a few more years
The empire staggers, free from sickening fears
Lest all the glory of its massive past,
Dishonored now, decaying to the last,
  By vermin Hun
  Poisoned, undone,
Should rot in death irreparably vast.

Nay, heaven could not decree that such a foe
Should win, that Caesar's Rome should perish so—
By witches' seed struck down, with black, lank hair,
Whom devils fathered in a desert lair,
  Their cheeks rough-gashed,
  Their noses pashed,
Moon-legs, and deep-slit eyes with lust aglare.

Yet why these labors for a dying state?
Why struggle briefly with a certain fate?
Why strive to keep the body still upright
When that is gone for which men love to fight?
  For well I know
  The Gothic woe
Engulfs the world, and superstitious night.

This Gothic and Germanic brotherhood
We hate, as always, both for ill and good;
Though all are brave and many of them chaste,
By vulgar vice each virtue is defaced;
  Their brutal, rude,
  Dull hardihood
Creeps low, by stern, artistic aim ungraced.

And they inherit man's great centuries—
The sombre dignity of Rameses,
Plato's clear light that calms us while it thrills,
And Caesar's splendid majesty, that fills
  The trump of time
  With breath sublime,
From Nile reëchoing to the Roman hills.

Dark days I see, when faith and grace are gone
And art that warms a man to look upon,
When Christian superstition onward creeps,
Obliterating human depths and steeps,
  When honor's prize
  With honor dies,
When priests and women rule, for manhood sleeps.

Religion is like empire; they alone
Are fit to keep it who create their own;
While worship borrowed from a foreign sky
Serves only to deceive and stupefy
  (For tyrants' use
  And priests' abuse)
Brave men, and at the last will surely die.

So is my question answered; I must fight
Just to abridge the inevitable night;
To bring some civilizing vision home
To these rough German brutes, of what was Rome,
  That they may see
  The mystery,
Ere all dissolve in froth and bloody foam.

What will the world be, when at last the dawn
Kindles, the sadness of the night is gone?
Decaying Egypt could not well foresee
What Greece, decaying Greece what Rome should be;
  And sudden change
  As great as strange,
Will startle men again and make them free.

In this assured belief I fight forlorn
For men whose parents' parents are unborn;
For men who never will be told that I
(And some few others) did not weakly cry,
  But conquering fears
  Shed blood for tears
And dared to fight unthanked, unpaid to die.

BUDDHA'S WIFE

Now the Future Buddha . . . thought to himself, "I will take just one look at my son" . . . Within the chamber . . . the mother of Rahula lay sleeping, . . . her hand resting on the head of her son . . .

"If I were to raise my wife's hand from off the child's head, and take him up, she would awake, and thus prevent my departure. I will first become a Buddha, and then come back and see my son." So saying, he descended from the palace.

—*Introduction to the Jataka, Warren's translation.*

The best-loved man that ever trod
  The ancient earth, is he who taught
That by denying wife and God
  Man's peace is won, nirvana bought.

Through fifty sacrificial years
  He lived his sweetly even life,
And prospered, and forgot the tears
  Of her he'd loved too well—his wife.

To all he brought nirvana rest,
  So could not spare a single heart
From love's peck-measure in his breast
  A disproportionable part.

For Buddha, like the Jewish saint—
  And every saintly soul agrees—
To hearts for special kindness faint
  Would murmur: *Love your enemies.*

She wore her life away in sorrows,
  Making her perfect sacrifice
Of sad todays, and sadder morrows;
  She, more than others, knew the price

At which the world might be redeemed;
  She even trained her orphaned son—
Not now the pledge of what she dreamed,
  But first-fruits of nirvana won—

And gave him to her faithless lord,
  His faithless father, bade him prove
A faithful follower of the Word,
  Forgetting home and mother's love.

What shall she have for recompense
  Of so great sacrifice that shook
The deep foundations of her sense?
  Some mention in a Pali book.

And what is his reward? That still
  Through twenty centuries and five,
While men forget his mastered will
  And love, they keep his name alive;

That all his myriad following
  From Singapore to Kandahar,
From Lion Island to Peking,
  Cares little what his teachings are.

Oh, tragedy the soul to flay,
  That through all near and distant lands
Though many study, preach, and pray
  Scarce one is found who understands!

There may be persons who believe
  One woman's deep-devoted soul
Would, in eternal justice' sieve,
  Outsift this more diluted whole.

No! He must sacrifice—'twas known
  To Buddha, as to every other
Who strives for light—not self alone,
  (Small task!) but son and wife and mother,

Preparing thus the perfect day
  When, to nirvana fully grown,
We put all loves of earth away
  And know, at last, as we are known.

TOLSTOI—A CRITICAL SYMPOSIUM

I. BY THE CLERGYMAN

This Tolstoi puzzles me a bit;
  Although an earnest man
He does not seem to be a whit
  Episcopalian.

He seems quite free from moral stain;
  Then why so oddly live?
Religious life is easy, plain,
  And mostly negative.

To trust in words, and not in things,
  To teach in Sunday-school,
Reject all brave imaginings,
  Love, think, and pray by rule:

Conventions dear to mine and me,
  From testing which we shrink;
Ah, where would true religion be,
  If everyone should think?

A young and fair parishioner,
  Too lovely to be chid,
Told me that Tolstoi seemed to her
  To do what Luther did,

And Paul, and Augustine, and all
  The saints of long ago:
He sacrificed at Heaven's call
  The things that pleased him so,

To find his Savior crucified,
  Contented though his search
For righteousness should end outside
  Of the Established Church.

A moment dashed, my spirits rose:
  "Dear sister, be not led
Astray by reasoning from those
  Long comfortably dead.

"Their duty was, to brave the powers
  Of darkness, and to die;
To be respectable, is ours,
  Nor ask the reason why."

I trust the godly will not mock;
  Doubts must not, shall not be
The robbers of my little flock—
  Yet Tolstoi puzzles me.

II. BY THE ENTOMOLOGIST

His thoughts are not the thoughts I love;
  Into the world he lugs
A God he cannot touch nor prove;
  I count the spots on bugs.

The world seems very plain to me;
  Full half its joy is missed
By him who feels no call to be
  An entomologist.

And no such call has Tolstoi known;
  At science' need he laughs—
The Hymenoptera alone
  Lack many monographs.

In classifying, much remains
  Today, to be made tidy.
A man of taste would find his pains
  Rewarded by Vespidae.

And here's a man of mighty brain
  Who spreads his writing thin
O'er such vague themes as love, and pain,
  And duty, God, and sin.

Strange, in a scientific age,
  To spend one's efforts thus!
As if the scientific page
  Were not enough for us!

Yet is it all so plain to me?
  His words, sincere and burning,
Have made me doubt that there may be
  At least two roads to learning.

Some broad, true highway have I missed,
  That Tolstoi's feet have trod?
Is he my fellow scientist,
  A specialist in God?

III. BY THE LADY

All men are queer: and Tolstoi seems
  Just half as queer again,
His novels haunt me in my dreams,
  And yet—these men! These men!

He lacks the decent, social pride
  That makes us better, sweeter;
I fear it cannot be denied,
  His linen might be neater.

He does not need to pinch and save
  And miser all the while—
He is not clean; he does not shave;
  His clothes are not in style.

Why should he labor with his hands?
  He might make more of life,
As every woman understands—
  His poor, unhappy wife!

She must be jealous of his books;
  A man who writes so clearly
Of Anna's fascinating looks,
  Might act a little queerly.

I wish I had the faintest trace
  Of Anna's power of pleasing;
I would not wear a double face,
  But just a little teasing

Would do my husband good today—
  How bitterly I cried
To read about the awful way
  In which poor Anna died.

I try to be a faithful wife;
  But Anna, mangled under
Those cruel wheels, makes all my life
  Seem strange. Could I, I wonder,

Learn duty from that dirty man?
  I wonder if I need it.
One thing I should do, and I can—
  My daughter shall not read it.

IV. BY THE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

Tolstoi, *qua* artist, is my theme;
  But I must travel far
To separate such things as seem
  From such as vital are.

The common herd heed common things;
  When they have understood
This man's evangel frightened kings,
  And helped to make men good,

They are impressed. The critic, no!
  His task, so subtly sure,
So poignantly elusive, so
  Strange, intimate, obscure,

Is this: in cultured phrase to tell
  An inattentive earth
The *pith* of books; to strip the shell
  And pierce to inner worth;

To classify, to eliminate
  All that may touch the heart,
Inform the mind, improve our state—
  The residue is Art.

In Tolstoi's work there is not much
  Of Art in evidence;
Why, people read his books as such,
  And understand the sense.

They love his drastic, vulgar scenes;
  Small chance for Art is there!
Now, no one knows what Pater means,
  And none but critics care.

An idle hour may well be spent
  On Tolstoi, it may be;
But let more earnest thought be bent
  On Arnold, Lamb, and me.

V. BY THE ENTHUSIAST

I cannot praise him as I ought;
  When I was sick of soul,
I found true peace in what he taught:
  He saved me, made me whole.

He helped me to be simple, pure,
  To do what good I can,
To laugh at mad ambition's lure,
  To trust in God and man.

Thus I found Tolstoi; he my guide
  Forevermore shall be;
The best of mortals, magnified
  In his humility.

And so I spend contented days
  In teaching what he taught,
Till all the world shall sound his praise,
  And think as Tolstoi thought.

'Twill be the climax of my joys
  When we shall down the fools,
And teach the truth to glad-faced boys
  In Tolstoi Sunday-schools.

VI. BY THE OLYMPIAN

The man by whom new fire is brought,
  Is never understood;
They praise his most imperfect thought,
  And blame him for the good.

Whatever fits their petty scheme,
  With flowers of praise they strew;
Whatever makes them think, they deem
  Fantastic and untrue.

Yet worse, the littler ones are sure
  To organize his truth—
Some school or church that shall endure
  In everlasting youth.

And thus they always kill at length
  The thing they organize;
The more the body gathers strength,
  The more the spirit dies.

They of the Inquisition prayed
  To him of Galilee!
The Renaissance of learning made
  A University!

None seeking forms, or praise of man,
  Or scholarship, or art,
Or any social glory, can
  Be quite sincere at heart.

This Tolstoi was sincere; his pride
  Of power and brain and birth
And glory, flickered out and died
  In the vision of an earth

Where men should save their souls by pain,
  Should conquer pride and bind it;
The ancient truth he taught again:
  Who loses life, shall find it.

This is his lesson to his race,
  Distort it as they can:
The world becomes a better place
  For one brave, honest man.

SONGS FROM NIRVANA

NIRVANA

What all have sought with mad or tame surmise,
  To India's seers was given—
A glad, serene, and lasting Paradise
Which, wisely known, the wisest most would prize,
  A satisfying heaven.

By none beside was such a vision found,
  Though many sought in vain;
The red man with his happy hunting ground,
The Arab in his sensual fetters bound,
  Stir wiser men to pain.

The Christian drops the clean, insipid scheme
  That John at Patmos saw;
For life's impetuous, turbid, Gothic stream
Makes more appeal to men than such a dream
  Of inadventurous awe.

Wise in our generation, very true,
  But too unpractical;
For all the thoughts we think and deeds we do
Are vain unless they lead us onward to
  That which should be and shall;

Nirvana, where the knower and the known
  Weave and compenetrate;
Where special name and personal form are gone,
Where, in a life-crammed desert, truth alone
  Broods in majestic state.

Not there the clawing after mysteries,
  The dull brain overborne,
The thirst, the fret, the chase of that which flees,
Until such bits of truth as we do seize
  Seem fragments soiled and torn,

But whole preception, living, free from flaw,
  Of truth forever growing;
Thus Heraclitus or Pythagoras saw
In *Things are numbers* an eternal law
  Or *Everything is flowing*.

When such light dawns, the truth is me, and so
  All petty aims of men—
All hate, all love and hope, all suffered woe
From friend desirèd or detested foe—
  Dissolve and perish then.

Nor kindly fate to lesser folk denies
  A glimpse of such a heaven.
The lover's paradise, his lady's eyes,
The book-worm's, incunabulary prize—
  To each, some hint is given.

Hints only! Yet a hint may be enough
  To burst the cage and flee,
Freed from this fettering and mortal stuff,
Past vice and virtue, earthly smooth and rough,
  Past thee and him and me,

Past all that separates and makes afraid,
  All good and ill ambition,
To find, when fears are stilled and doubts are laid,
Truth, from within unfolding and self-made,
  In one glad intuition.

DREAMS

Once upon a time, I, Chuang Tsu, dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my fancies as a butterfly, and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly, I awaked, and there I lay, myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man.

—Butterfly Chuang

I dreamed I was a butterfly,
  And how, I wonder, can
I know for certain if I be
  A butterfly or man?

I dreamed I was a spider fierce,
  By Fabre classified;
I ate my husband with a will,
  And laid my eggs, and died.

I dreamed I was an ocean wave,
  Majestically slow;
I had a pleasant passage from
  Hongkong to Mexico.

Again, I was an emperor,
  With empress all my own;
And while the others worshiped me,
  I worshiped her alone.

Another night, 'twas radium,
  Endeavoring to dodge
The keen research that Soddy makes
  And Rutherford and Lodge.

And once I was a little child
  And happier by far
Than all the clergymen and kings
  And science teachers are.

I can't deny I am a man;
  And yet, with such a store
Of incarnations, I am sure
  That I am something more.

The man is but a thick cement
  Or skeleton, it seems,
To bind the bricks and blood and life
  Of never-ending dreams.

RENUNCIATION

Some austerity and wintry negativity, some roughness, danger, stringency, and effort, some 'no! no!'

—W. James

Some danger sought, some scorning of a part
  From what is offered whole,
Some self-contempt, some jolting of the cart,
  Preserves an unbribed soul.
Some hate of what is prudent, thrifty, mean,
  Some love for what is grim,
Some dusty plodding though the grass be green,
  Keeps men in fighting trim.

How else be man where sober judgment rules
  And artificial peace,
Where social cloisters give to weak and fools
  From Adam's curse release?
"Peace, peace!" they cry, where peace is none; so wild,
  So crammed with risk is life,
Where safety cradles man or youth or child,
  He looks within for strife.

Else, like the vulgar comfort-seekers in
  The hours they trade or pray
Or paint or love, he sinks in stagnant sin,
  Dribbling his soul away,
Until he loses all things fierce and warm,
  Grows shriveled, blunt, inane,
A flat distortion, like a solid form
  Projected on a plane.

And freedom is so cheap! Some hardy scorn
  Of death and thirst and pain,
Some willingness to love yet be forlorn,
  Will make a man again;
Some inner sympathy with dogs and tramps,
  Some readiness to flee
The age-old enemy that chains and clamps—
  Respectability.

A few can make the last, great sacrifice,
  All others far above,
Sweetly renounce the pearl beyond all price
  Of woman's special love,
Contented see the long years follow years,
  The loneliness, the sense
Of what might be, yet view them still through tears
  Of soft, glad reverence.

These are the heaven-foretelling salt of earth,
  The spray before the wave,
Hints of an age that struggles to the birth,
  More clean and free and brave,
More swayed by truer, deeper art, more warm
  And truthful and intense,
When special loves shall all dissolve to form
  One vast benevolence.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA TO THE COMPANY OF JESUS

"Let us all think in the same way, let us all speak in the same manner if possible."

Shoulder to shoulder, warriors, fight,
  Fight for the Prince of Peace!
The world is full of Jesus' foes,
And every Christian comrade knows
It is his privilege and right
To burn and torture, slay and fight,
  Fight for the Prince of Peace.

Well ye remember, comrades all,
  Ere God me gave release,
How I have fought for women's praise,
For gold and lust—ah, sinful days!
But never with the courage high
And love that fills my heart, while I
  Fight for the Prince of Peace.

For when in lazaret I lay
  (Fight for the Prince of Peace!)
My broken bones and sweating pain
Were, by God's mercy, not in vain;
'Twas then the shining Virgin came
With Christ, and set my blood aflame
  To fight for the Prince of Peace.

And from that consecrated hour
  Until my heart-beats cease,
I fight for Jesus—here at home,
In wicked Paris, holy Rome,
Where Gama and Columbus spy
New worlds for Christ to govern, I
  Fight for the Prince of Peace.

We dare not doubt, we must not think,
  We may not look for ease;
Our enemies are legion-strong
Who think—and thought is sinful wrong;
Chastise them, disobedient
To Jesus' orders, heaven-sent—
  Fight for the Prince of Peace.

The Jew, the Moor, the heathen all,
  (Fight for the Prince of Peace!)
The German monk who dares to flout
God's holy pope with canting doubt—
Uphold our Inquisition well
And give the curs a taste of hell
  Who scorn the Prince of Peace.

Dear Jesus loves His Spanish men;
  (Fight for the Prince of Peace!)
He has elected us to see
What He desired in Galilee,
To fill the world with slaughter grim
And render it, blood-washed, to Him,
  Our King, our Prince of Peace.

And when we gather at His throne,
  When earthly labors cease,
Perchance He'll bid us fly to hell
And souse in some deep, sulphurous well
Iscariot and the Roman throng
Who did the unpardonable wrong—
  Fight for the Prince of Peace!

JOB'S VALEDICTORY

One hundred years are gone and forty more
  Since God relaxed my toils,
Replaced my children and renewed my store,
  And freed me from my boils;
And better, solved my problem, when it seemed
  Solution grew more distant,
By simpler methods than I could have dreamed—
  He showed it nonexistent.

For I and other men accounted wise
  Had wondered what it meant
That good men suffered in the very eyes
  Of God omnipotent.
We searched out evil, whether it be true
  Or but illusive semblance;
We hugged our problem, as men ever do,
  Kept evil in remembrance.

Real evil came; I cried to God in tears,
  And He in storm replied;
I've proved His answer through a hundred years
  And forty years beside.
He showed how ignorant I was of fact
  In His detailed creation,
Showed moral problems soluble by act
  But not by speculation.

He told me wonders of Egyptian Nile
  Far from our land of Uz—
The quaintly imperturbable crocodile,
  And hippopotamus,
The wild ass, unsubdued to human laws,
  The war-horse proud, commanding,
The ostrich heedless of her eggs, because
  God gave no understanding.

What is my duty if young lions roar?
  To probe their mission here?
Nay, either win their pelts to deck my floor
  Or leave them far to rear.
What is my duty if a Shuhite friend
  Or Temanite reproach me?
Why, make my exit certain or his end,
  Ere Buzite friend approach me.

Evil is not a problem, but a fact;
  No need to seek its cause;
Our duty is to lessen it by act—
  To break the spoiler's jaws;
To save the fatherless and the oppressed;
  To see each sorrow tended:
And so to earn the grave's eternal rest.
  The words of Job are ended.

ECCLESIASTES

Stern, truthful figure of an antique day,
  Whose roughly tested plan
Of life stands firm, while others fade away,
  Endures, while man is man.
For, building an abiding monument,
  He builds it square and good,
Like other noble architects, content
  To be misunderstood.

Such doctrine, piled of massive blocks of fact,
  All cosmic weather spares;
Such fundament, the rock of righteous act,
  Brave superstructure bears.
Not his the higher stories; none the less
  Should firm foundation-stone
Have honor, not the added stateliness
  And ornament alone.

He shows us that the visions vast and vain
  Of prophets, saints, and seers
May topple down, yet certain truths remain
  Unshaken through the years;
And what abides to man, is still enough
  To save and fortify
In righteous doing through the journey rough,
  Until he comes to die.

No flabby God is his, conferring peace,
  Whereon a man may throw
Responsibilities, and find release
  From labor, danger, woe;
No quicksand God, glad to engulf and hide
  Things inconvenient;
No God who weak excuses will abide
  "It was not what we meant."

His God is built upon a sterner plan
  Deserving of man's awe,
Greater than man, and yet himself, like man,
  Bound by eternal law;
A God who knows that life worth living must
  A real adventure be;
That dust infallibly returns to dust,
  That none is wholly free.

But is it truth? The insistent question moans,
  Must man forever grope,
Like-destined with them, in the sands and stones,
  Without a larger hope?
One answer, yet sufficient, Heaven can
  Vouchsafe us, tonic, grim—
Eternal truth is not, or not for man,
  But truths are given him;

And of the given truths, not least nor last
  Is that the Preacher saw,
When larger visions fade, and hopes are past,
  To instil courageous awe—
Let life be stripped of all we cannot touch,
  Of future joys be reft,
The life we live today availeth much,
  And righteousness is left.

TORQUEMADA

Why do they hate me? Me who only do
  My Christian duty?
Who, under God and Jesus, struggle to
Fill Spain with unity, with passion true,
  And holy beauty?

Yet scarcely will two hundred men suffice
  My life to guard,
When forth I fare to smite abjuring vice;
Thy service, with its strictly reckoned price,
  O God, is hard.

With stern devotion have I spent my life—
  For Jesus' sake—
In bringing heretics, with child and wife,
To sackcloth, dungeon, torture, rack, and knife,
  And to the stake.

Six thousand of the vermin have I burned—
  Thou know'st the story;
One hundred thousand, penitent, returned
With loss of goods, to thee whom they had spurned;
  Be thine the glory.

So has thy will been done throughout the land;
  No fear, no pain
Has stayed my toil for good King Ferdinand,
For tender-hearted Isabella, and
  For God and Spain.

And how, great God, could life be better spent
  Through length of days,
Than planting truth, than crying out "Repent!"
And sternly smiting the impenitent,
  Unto thy praise.

For if God's truth be truth, to us revealed,
  There cannot be
A task more urgent than to see them healed
By fire who err, that God's church may be sealed
  In unity.

Should I be lukewarm, godless men would blight
  The church's power;
It is for their salvation that I fight;
It is from deepest pity that I light
  The stake's red flower.

And still they hate me! Ah, my God, my God,
  The task is hard;
So may I have, when this beneath the sod
Is laid, when the last dusty mile is trod,
  My great reward.

THE YOUNG MOTHER

She seems a diamond set
  In gold of motherhood;
A rare, white violet
  Within the dark pine-wood;
A saint that never yet
  Need struggle to be good;

A spray of pink and white
  Unfolding hour by hour;
A river sparkling bright
  In answer to the shower;
A beam of purest light
  Whose gentleness is power;

A life awaking late
  To find how sweet is earth;
A happiness too great
  To show itself in mirth;
A young soul incarnate,
  New-born in giving birth.

KALIDASA

An ancient heathen poet, loving more
God's creatures, and His women, and His flowers
Than we who boast of consecrated powers;
Still lavishing his unexhausted store

Of love's deep, simple wisdom, healing o'er
The world's old sorrows, India's griefs and ours;
That healing love he found in palace towers,
On mountain, plain, and dark, sea-belted shore,

In songs of holy Raghu's kingly line
Or sweet Shakuntala in pious grove,
In hearts that met where starry jasmines twine

Or hearts that from long, lovelorn absence strove
Together. Still his words of wisdom shine:
All's well with man, when man and woman love.

PIERRE'S PRAYER:
THE PETITION OF A HUMBLE CITIZEN OF RHEIMS

Father, forgive. They know not what they do.
They who bombard thy dead saints' witness true,
Our shrine and very soul, with fire and steel,
Know neither what they do nor what we feel.
    Thy temple's wounds
    Cry without sounds,
Father, to thee. And only thou canst heal.

For human love and labor nevermore
Shall set upright again the battered door,
Renew the roof from black and moldering sticks,
Restore the murdered glass whose fragments mix
    With powdered stones
    And sacred bones,
Or piece again the shell-torn crucifix.

Oh, have we loved the symbol overmuch?
Our weakness, Father, loves to see and touch.
And if the sifted daylight let us win
Some heaven (with earthy colors mingled in)
    And helped us see,
    Though dimly, thee—
All-merciful, dost thou impute a sin?

If sin it was, thy chastisement is sore.
The thing we loved is dead forevermore.
Yes, worse than dead, for we can never lay
The rotting ruins decently away;
    Each deadly rent
    A monument
To them who hated God upon that day.

Why, Father, hast thou given power of late
To them whose hearts are full of childish hate?
Save France from that! May our brave soldiers still
Show condescending love for what they kill.
    If heathen must
    By France be crushed,
Let all be done according to thy will.

Help us, our Father, freely to forgive
Our martyrs' death, the rape of some that live;
Even as a mother with a child whose day
Was spent in selfishness and cruel play,
    Still hopes the best,
    Lays him to rest,
And prays that God may take his guilt away.

Then all the world shall send a happy glance
At Jesus' spirit shining over France.
Father of mercy! Let thy mercy shine
Upon us with a radiance divine.
    Let some dim rays
    Of prayer and praise
(Great things we ask) appear beyond the Rhine.

The saints of France have borne the cross afar
Wherever heathen sin and sorrow are;
And red men listened, black men turned to thee,
The brown and yellow pondered patiently.
    All these have heard
    Thy holy word,
But not the heathen by the Baltic sea.

For these last heathen, Father, do we pray.
Commend our preaching to their hearts today.
Bid them in sad humility repent
When they behold their sin, Thy temple rent,
    Which they, in scorn
    Of God, have torn.
Make men of them. Thou art omnipotent.

Original Prose

ORIGINAL PROSE

LABOREMUS

Everybody likes a compliment, said Lincoln. I hope that C. R. Lanman, Professor of Sanskrit at Harvard, will like this, though it is not, strictly speaking, a compliment, as it contains no pleasant window-dressing. It is a mere statement of facts, plus a moral lesson for the rest of us—the writer is of New England ancestry.

Professor Lanman went to Harvard in 1880. His early years there were occupied as the years of professors are. His publication dating from those years enhances, but does not create, his lasting title to gratitude.

Then came the task that fitted his attainments and his nature. Mr. H. C. Warren, who was (I hope to be believed) an Orientalist and a man of substance, left a generous sum of money and an admirable volume on Buddhism from his own pen, as a foundation for the Harvard Oriental Series. For more than thirty years, Professor Lanman has been the editor of this series. It is hard to imagine a man and a task more fully absorbing each other.

The Series now comprises some twenty-five stately volumes. The contributors live in America, in Europe, in India. Every volume is competent, a fair percentage of high excellence.

Professor Lanman is the Napoleon of editors. If a contributor dies, Professor Lanman, with prodigious *sang-froid,* completes his volume. If any detail is wrong, he sets it right. If right, he makes triply sure that it is wholly right. He illustrates the manly sentiment of an old Hindu (all the verses quoted are translated from a Sanskrit text published in the Oriental Series):

> Mount Meru is not very high,
> Hell is not very low,
> The sea not shoreless, if a man
> Abounding vigor show.

Or, to put it otherwise, he runs the last snake to ground, realizing the wisdom of the Sanskrit saying:

In houses where no snakes are found,
One sleeps; or where the snakes are bound;
But perfect rest is hard to win
With serpents bobbing out and in.

Or, in yet another form:

The final penny of a debt,
The final foeman dire,
The final twinges of disease,
The final spark of fire—
Finality on these imposed
Leaves nothing to desire.

Of the difficulties, the heartbreaking delays and frustrations involved in this world-wide coöperative work, it is vain to give a list. Let one illustration stand for a thousand. Here is a recent note:

Volumes 21 and 22 and 23. . . . Dr. Belvalkar, when returning to India in 1914 from his studies at Harvard, shipped his manuscript-collations and other papers and his books by the German freighter, "Fangturm." In August, 1914, the "Fangturm" was interned at the port of Palma, Balearic Islands. In 1919, she was released. In May, 1920, Dr. Belvalkar rcovered his papers.

Volume 21 was issued in 1915, complete.

Of volume 22, the first 92 pages . . . have been in print since January, 1915, awaiting for over five and one-half years the recovery of the material for the rest of the book. . . . manuscripts . . . from Nepal to Madras, from Calcutta to Bombay . . . the generous assistance of His Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council . . . There is hope now that volumes 22 and 23 may be issued.

Through the tangled mass of troubles raised by man's machinery and by cantankerous man, Professor Lanman ploughs his sturdy way, trampling obstacles like a rhinoceros in the jungle. It might be more graceful to proceed like a serpent, but there would then be no broad trail for followers. It is inspiring.

One bold and plucky fighter
Will give an army pluck;
One broken, routed blighter
Diffuses evil luck.

Now for the moral lesson. It is plain enough—nothing but the power of devoted work on worthy material to raise a massive memorial, if life be spared. But it is a needed lesson, when the natural sciences, having seized much ground from mathematics, find themselves defeated by the nature of their victory, themselves yielding in turn to baser things; when the modern foreign languages, having stolen upon the serene classics, themselves give way to the so-called "study" of English, while other subjects, nameless here, are beginning to make Shakespeare actually appear almost a "study," no longer the joyful recreation of the educated. The power of work is forgotten, the joy of work is missed. Hurrah for Professor Lanman! *Laboremus.*

Professor Lanman studied in early life under the direction of W. D. Whitney. Filled with veneration for his teacher, he would be indignant were it stated that his own native abilities or achievements attain the white grandeur of that Himalayan peak of philology. But in dogged work the two men are equal. Hence we may quote:

While water is given
By fate out of heaven,
If men dig a well,
It bubbles from hell.
Man's effort (sufficiently great)
Can equal the wonders of fate.

And since we like this, we shall continue the quotation:

Success complete
In any feat
Is sure to bless
True manliness.
Man's effort (sufficiently great)
Is just what a dullard calls fate.

And why not have the last stanza?

> There is no toy
> Called easy joy.
> But man must strain
> To body's pain.
> Even Vishnu embraces his bride
> With arms that the churn-stick has tried.

Beside the massive dignity of this laborious life, how mean seems all cleverness!

> The lion's majesty derives
> From nature, rich because he strives
> To crown his feats with nobler feats.
> What golden-collared dog competes?

Translation from the French

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH

THE PASSION OF OUR BROTHER THE POILU

Translated from the French by A. W. Ryder
With an introduction by G. Chinard

Marc Leclerc

[The following poem was composed in March, 1916, by a soldier of the army of Verdun between two trips to the trenches. This name and this date might of themselves serve as introduction. They would not suffice to explain the success enjoyed in France by "La Passion de Notre Frère le Poilu." In the trenches at Verdun, among the simple territorials of Anjou, the Angevin poet, Marc Leclerc, has caused the spring of medieval popular poetry to gush anew from the soil torn by German shells. The enemy may furiously destroy the monuments of past centuries; our brother the Poilu has preserved the vision of Paradise which his ancestors endeavored to depict on cathedral windows. Toward God and the saints he feels the familiar confidence which the simple of former days felt for the Being, infinitely good, whom they found very near to them and, as it were, a portion of their daily life. The poem of Marc Leclerc is simple and somewhat sly, without being disrespectful; it is picturesque and highly colored, while still remaining deeply religious; with no claim to depict the French soul entire, it will prove pleasing, in its American dress, to all those who love to find, in the France of today, certain of the abiding characteristics of France.—G. C.]

I

He was a poor beggar, a poor Poilu,
Who went to the war, as he had to do.

No doubt he would have found it right
To be somewhere else than in the fight;
But since 'twas duty sent the call,
Well, he just went, and that was all.

For to the Poilu it was plain
There was no reasoning with his pain;
In wartime, lads who plough must serve,
Even the broken-down reserve.

'Tis plain to see not all the mob
Can hope to get a munition job;
'Tis clerks and workmen they must find
For duty on the Front Behind.

Sure, it's worse in the fighting van,
If you're only a common soldier man;
Most shells you *see* are from a gun
That's being handled by a Hun.

Our gunners send some too, you bet;
And everyone says they're better yet.

II

The Poilu and his comrades made
A night attack with hand grenade;
'Twas ugly weather for the raid.

Black night, and falling snow, and sleet,
And shell holes made to catch your feet,
And drop you on your face—or seat.

There were quite enough big holes around;
Farther you went and the more you found,
As if they'd rained all over the ground.

III

Crack! And the burst of a five-point-nine
A couple of rods from the fighting line.
The Poilu cried, "My God, I'm hit!"
And slipped to his knees from the shock of it,

Then flat. And on the earth a tide
Of blood from the poor lad's broken side.
"Pete," he said to the corporál,
"You must tell the wife at home, old pal.

"At first just say that I've fallen sick—
Don't tell her the worst at a single kick.
And in my purse—there's a bit of swag
For the chums—you know, the squad—a jag.
The hand grenades—are in—my bag."

So having made his final will,
He rendered up his soul—quite still.

IV

To heaven the Poilu's soul took flight,
With never a compass, through the night,
And came to Paradise-gates, all right.

There at the door he saw Saint Peter,
Hard at his job as carpet-beater,
Who cried in a voice that might have been sweeter:

"Before you enter, wipe your feet,
Then take the right-hand door," said Pete.
"Clear in you'll find the Judgment Hall;
Wait on the bench until they call."

He entered all a-tremble. Right
In front was an angel, dressed in white,
Who asked for his papers quick enough,
His name, his class, and all that stuff.

The poor boy felt an awful fool,
Dumb in the middle of the vestibule;
But the angel said, before he'd been
Waiting forever, "Walk right in!"

V

He'd never entered anywhere
The kind of church that he saw there—
Gold and vermillion-work, for fair.

He saw God sitting on a sun—
Mary at one hand, Christ at one—
Six bushels of candles to left and right,
And lots of saints in a dimmer light.

They were mostly soldier saints. How fine
To see their helmets and armor shine!
Saint George, and Hubert, and Michael's grace
(The devil was under him making a face).

Leonard and Marcel next appeared,
And Charles the Great with all that beard,
Sulpicius, and Martin the holy one,
Saint Barbara handling her little gun;

There were Maurice and friends in the usual manner,
And Joan of Arc with her splendid banner.

When he saw this military crowd,
The Poilu said, but not out loud:
"This *is* headquarters! Here's a row!
I'll bet I'm going to catch it now!"

But now 'twas much too late to run;
He had to stay and see the fun.

VI

"We wish to have a report from you,"
Said our dear God to the poor Poilu;
"Before the war what did you do?"

"Well, God, I ploughed and sowed the ground;
A job where not much cash is found,
And I had none too much around.

"But still, so long as I didn't shirk,
I had enough to pay my work—
Horse, cow, a wife, two oxen big,
Some hens, and (begging your pardon) a pig."

"Pigs! I should know one pig from t'other,"
Said good Saint Antony, "bless you, brother!"
God frowned, not liking that at all,
And good Saint Antony felt quite small.

"And since you have been a soldier-lad,
You haven't often been very bad?"
"Dear God, my faults were very small;
I'll tell you the truth about it all.

"At times I had too much aboard;
You know I come from Anjou, Lord.
And then 'twas wretched wine we had;
You couldn't call me very bad."

Then Father Noah he chimed in:
"I wouldn't call that much of a sin.
I used to make 'em toe the mark
By always shouting, 'Forward, ark!'"

"They locked me in the jail one night,
But *I* think I was in the right.
My pants were torn. All I could find
To cover up my poor behind

"Was a patch I took from the tail of my coat.
But the captain called me down. He wrote
A long report how I had went
And damaged goods of the government."

Saint Martin said: "I did no more;
I cut my robe to cover o'er
A paralytic once. And see!
They went and made a saint of me."

"And me they jugged," the Poilu said;
"But, then, I covered myself instead,
So that comes under a different head.

"And then the fleas that used to crawl—
So many I couldn't scrunch 'em all."
"Ah!" said Saint Labre, "do like me—
Scratch, scratch in all humility."

At this Saint Michael, sadly bored,
Moved Lab along with the flat of his sword.

VII

"Besides, dear Lord, if I did wrong,
My sufferings were dreadful strong,
And the misery it lasted long.

"I suffered things that were a fright
From cold, and heat, and hunger's bite,
And couldn't always sleep at night.

"Along the roads I used to drag
My poor skinned feet, and mustn't lag;
And great big drops of sweat would flow—
My knapsack wasn't light, you know.

"And sometimes I would carry still
The sacks of others up the hill,
To help a little when 'twas rough,
Though I myself was tired enough."

Saint Simon whispered to Jesus, "Ah!
Like us, dear Lord, at Golgotha!"

"Homeless before you at this hour,
A soul without a body's power,
If I, O Lord my God, did wrong,
Haven't I paid for it pretty strong?
You see me pale. My blood's full tide
Flowed from the wound upon my side."

Then these words from Saint Thomas came,
"In truth, Lord Jesus was the same."

VIII

But God said not a word. And so
The Poilu stretched his hand to show
The Virgin Mother's mantle blue,
The red robe of our Savior, too,

The Father's big white beard. "Oh, see!"
He cried. "There are my colors three—
The colors of my country France,
For whom I died. Those colors dance

"Upon my country's flag. And in
My love for her I lost my skin.
For her I cast my life away;
For her, Eternal God, today
See me, before you, kneel and pray."

IX

God smiled at that. And on each side
Heaven behind him opened wide.

X

And the Poilu saw the angels jumbled,
For something among them moved and tumbled.
Right in their midst there was a fearful
Crowd of the Poilus, mighty cheerful.

Their sky-blue coats made a kind of border,
Fitting as if they were made to order;
Helmets of gold on the heads of the soldiers,
And a great pair of wings on each pair of shoulders,

For easy, dry-shod transportation,
A hundred miles to the nearest station,
And never a blister for amputation.

XI

The Poilu sat in the midst of the crowd
And chanted among them, as loud as loud,
"Glory to God in the highest heaven!"
While the response, by the angels given,

In waves of light seemed ever to flow:
"And Peace be on the Earth below
To all good men who wish it so."

Translations from the Sanskrit

WOMEN'S EYES

BEING VERSES TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT

Should fancy cease,
The world would be a forest dead and dry.
—BHAVABHUTI