

318 The God Juggernaut and Hinduism in India

“ A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they bow to a mystic symbol, or the figures of ancient kings ;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

“ For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass
of the hills ;
Above is the sky, and around us the sound of the shot
that kills ;
Push'd by a power we see not, and struck by a hand
unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a
stone.

“ The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns
hollow and grim,
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in
the twilight dim ;
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain
crest,—
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and
a rest ?

“ The path, ah ! who has shown it, and which is the
faithful guide ?
The haven, ah ! who has known it ? for steep is the
mountainside,
For ever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted
breath
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only
death.

“ Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the fruit of an an-
cient name,
Chiefs who were slain : n the war-field, and women who
died in flame ;
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are
spirits who guard our race :
Ever I watch and worship ; they sit with a marble face.