

# **BUBBLES OF THE FOAM**

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Bubbles of the Foam by F. W. Bain

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**F. W. BAIN**

**BUBBLES  
OF THE FOAM**



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# BUBBLES OF THE FOAM

(फेनोपममाचाप्रोति)

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

BY

F. W. BAIN

*What! Mortal taste Immortal? Earth kiss Heaven?  
Confusion elemental! ah! beware!*

SOMADEWA

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
NEW YORK AND LONDON  
The Knickerbocker Press  
1912

145339  
513/18



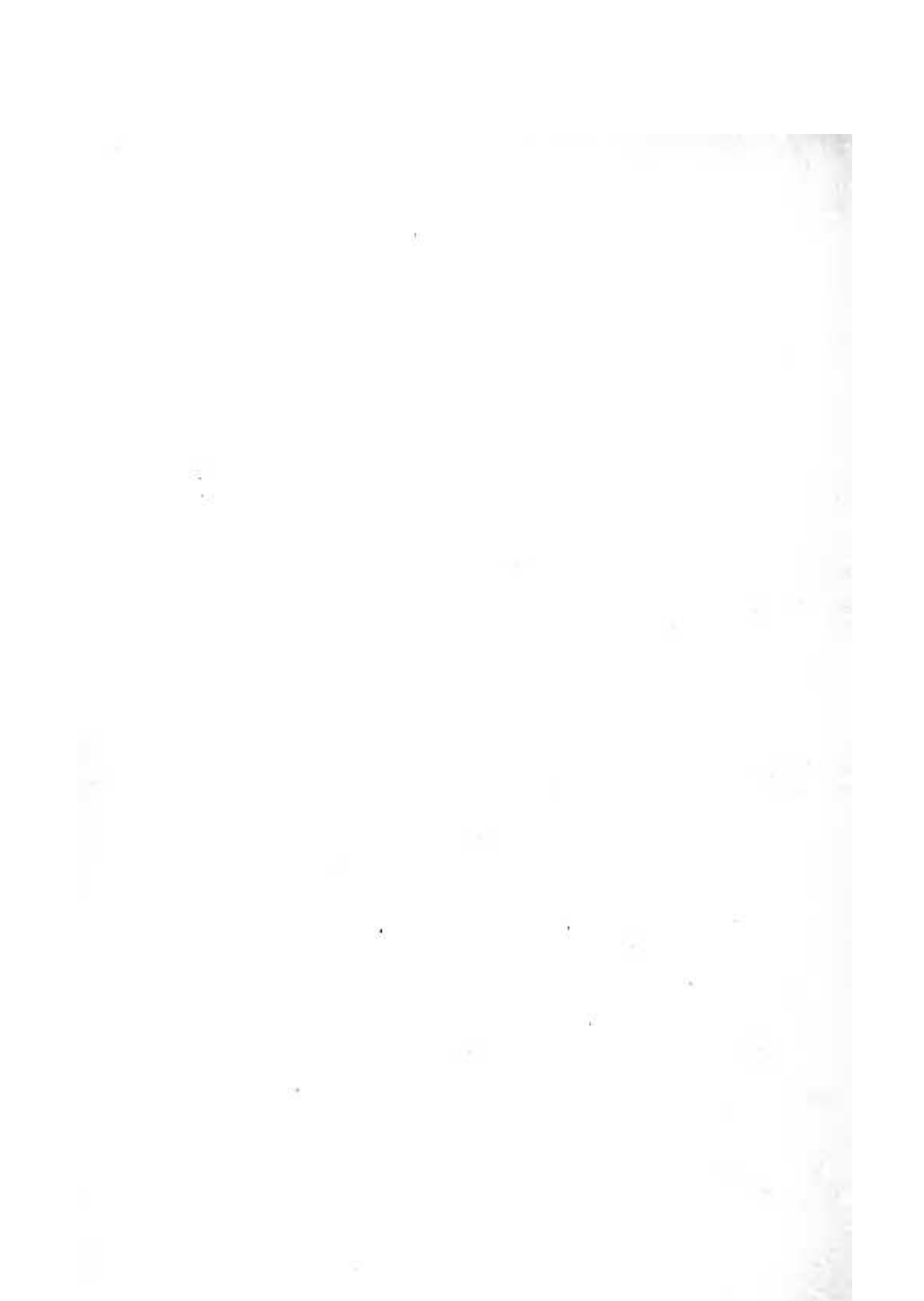
*So Life's sad Sunset prizes  
What Life's gay Dawn despises,  
And always Winter wise is*

*When Summer is no more :  
While Love than lightning fleet  
Turns all he touches sweeter,  
To leave it incomplete  
Behind him, than before.*

AMARA

*Years, looking forward, all too slow,  
Yet looking back, too fast,  
What is your joy, what is your woe,  
But scented ash that used to glow,  
A sandalwood of long ago,  
A camphor of the past ?*

SULOCHANA





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## INTRODUCTION

FOUR things are never far from you, in old Hindoo literature: underfoot, all around you, or away on the horizon, there they always are: the Forest, the Desert, the River, and the Hills.

It is never very easy, to understand the Past that really is a past: and the age of Forests, like that of chivalry, is gone. But in the case of ancient India, the chief obstacle to understanding arises from our bad habit of always looking at the map with the North side up. Why this inveterate apotheosis of the North? Would you understand the old Hindoos, you must turn the map of India very nearly upside down, so as to get Peshawur at the bottom, and the Andaman Islands exactly at the top. And then, history lies all before you, right side up, and you get your intellectual