

# ANATTA

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ANA

BOOK ONE



# ANATTA



ATTAMA



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## NAMO BUDDHAYA!

All that we are is the result of what we have intended, it is founded on our intentions, it is made up of our intentions. If a man speaks or acts with a bad intention, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the cart.

All that we are is the result of what we have intended, it is founded on our intentions, it is made up of our intentions. If a man speaks or acts with a pure intention, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

‘He insulted me, he beat me, he frustrated me, he deprived me’,—in those who harbour such thoughts hatred will never end.

‘He insulted me, he beat me, he frustrated me, he deprived me’,—in those who do not harbour such thoughts hatred will end.

For never does hatred end by hatred anywhere hatred ends by love, this is the eternal law

He who lives seeking pleasures only, his senses uncontrolled, immoderate in his food, idle and weak, him Mara (the tempter) will surely overthrow, as the wind throws down a feeble tree.

He who lives without seeking pleasures, his senses well controlled, moderate in his food, faithful and strong, him Mara will certainly not overthrow any more than the wind throws down a rock mountain.

As rain breaks through an ill-roofed house, desire breaks through an ill-trained mind.

As rain does not break through a well-roofed house, desire will not break through a well-trained mind.

The evil-doer mourns in this world and he mourns in the next; he mourns in both. He mourns and suffers when he sees the evil of his own work.

The virtuous man delights in this world, and he delights in the next; he delights in both. He delights and rejoices when he sees the purity of his own work.

The evil-doer suffers in this world and he suffers in the next; he suffers in both. He suffers when he thinks of the evil he has done: he suffers even more when he has gone in the evil path (to hell).

The virtuous man is happy in this world and he is happy in the next; he is happy in both. He is happy when he thinks of the good he has done. He is even happier when he has gone on the good path (to heaven).



The slothful man even if he can recite many sacred verses, but does not act accordingly, has no share in the monkhood, but is like a cowherd counting another's kine.

If a man can recite but few sacred verses but is a follower of the Law, and, having forsaken lust and ill-will and delusion, possesses true knowledge and serenity of mind, he, clinging to nothing in this world or that to come, has indeed a share in the priesthood.

Earnestness is the path of immortality, slothfulness the path of death. Those who are earnest do not die, those who are slothful are as if dead already.

If a man is earnest and exerts himself, if he is ever-mindful, if his deeds are pure, if he acts with consideration and restraint and lives according to the Law,—then his glory will increase.

By rousing himself, by earnestness, by temperance and self-control, the wise man may make for himself an island which no flood can overwhelm.

Follow not after vanity, nor after the enjoyment of love and lust. He who is earnest and meditative obtains ample joy.

Earnest among the slothful, awake among the sleepers, the wise man advances like a racer, leaving behind the common hack.

As a fletcher makes straight his arrow, a wise man makes straight his trembling and unsteady thought, which is difficult to guard, difficult to hold back.

As a fish taken from his watery home and thrown on the dry ground, our thought quivers all over in its effort to escape the dominion of Mara (the tempter)

It is good to tame the mind, which is difficult to hold in and flighty, rushing wherever it listeth, a tamed mind brings happiness

Let the wise man guard his thoughts which are difficult to perceive, very artful and rushing wherever they list thoughts well guarded bring happiness

Before, long, alas, this body will lie on the ground, despised, bereft of consciousness, like a useless log

Whatever a hater may do to a hater, or an enemy, to an enemy a wrongly-directed mind will do us greater mischief.

Not a mother, not a father will do so much, nor any other relative; a well-directed mind will do us greater service.

Death carries off a man who is gathering flowers and whose mind is distracted, as a flood carries off a sleeping village.

Death overpowers a man who is gathering flowers, and whose mind is distracted, before he is satiated in his pleasures

As the bee gathers honey and goes without injuring the flower or its colour or scent, so let a sage go about a village.

Not the perversities of others, not what they have done or left undone should a sage take notice of.

Like a beautiful flower, full of colour, but without scent, are the fair but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly

Like a beautiful flower, full of colour and full of scent, are the pure and fruitful words of him who acts accordingly

Even as one may make many kinds of wreaths from a heap of flowers, so should one born to the mortal lot, perform good deeds manifold.

The scent of flowers does not travel against the wind, nor that of sandal-wood, or of Tagara and Mallika flowers, but the fragrance of good people travels even against the wind; a good man pervades every place.

Mean is the scent that comes from Tagara and Sandal-wood; the perfume of those who possess virtue rises up to the gods as the highest.

As on a heap of rubbish cash upon the highway the lotus will grow full of sweet perfume and delight thus the disciple of the truly enlightened Buddha

shines forth by his knowledge among those who are like rubbish, among the people who walk in darkness.

Long is the night to him who is awake; long is a league to him who is tired; long is the round of rebirth to the foolish who do not know the true Law.

How is there laughter, how is there joy, as this world is always burning? Why do you not seek a light, ye who are shrouded in darkness?

This body is wasted, frail, a nest of disease; this heap of corruption breaks to pieces, life indeed ends in death.

The brilliant chariots of kings wear away, the body likewise waxes old, but the virtue of good people knows not age,—thus do the good say to the good.

A man who has learnt little, grows old like an ox. his flesh grows but his knowledge does not grow;

Looking for the maker of this tabernacle I ran to no avail through a round of many births; and wearisome is birth again and again. But now, maker of the tabernacle, thou hast been seen; thou shalt not rear this tabernacle again. All thy rafters are broken, thy ridgepole is shattered; the mind approaching the Eternal, has attained to the extinction of all desires.

If a man holds himself dear, let him guard himself carefully; during one at least of the three watches of the night a wise man should keep vigil.

If a man makes himself as he teaches others to be, then being himself well subdued, he may subdue (others); one's own self is indeed difficult to subdue.

Self is the lord of self, who else could be the lord? With self well subdued, a man finds a lord difficult to find.

Even as a creeper over-spreads (and drags down) a Sal tree, so a man's wickedness, when it is very great, brings him to that state where his enemy wishes him to be.

The foolish man who scorns the teaching of the saintly, of the noble, of the virtuous, and follows false doctrines, bears fruit to his own destruction, like the Katthaka reed.

By oneself the evil is done, by oneself one is defiled. Purity and impurity belong to oneself, no one can purify another.

Let no one forget his own good for the sake of another's, however great; let a man, after he has discerned what this good is, be ever intent upon it.

Better than sovereignty over the earth, better than going to heaven, better than lordship over all worlds, is the reward of the first step in holiness.

He whose conquest is not conquered again, into whose conquest no one in this world enters, by what track can you lead him, the Awakened, the all-perceiving, the trackless?

Even the gods envy those who are awakened and mindful, who are given to meditation, who are steadfast and delight is the peace of retirement (from the world).

Difficult it is to obtain birth as a human being, difficult is the life of mortals, difficult is the hearing of the true Law, difficult is the rise of the Buddhas.

Patience, long-suffering, is the highest form of penance, Nirvana the highest of all things, say the Awakened, for he is not an anchorite who strikes another, he is not an ascetic who insults another.

If a traveller does not meet with one who is his better or his equal, let him keep firmly to his solitary journey; there is no companionship with the young in wisdom.

'These sons belong to me, and this wealth belongs to me,' with such thoughts a fool is tormented. He himself does not belong to himself; how much less sons and wealth?

The unwise one who knows his foolishness is wise at least so far. But the unwise one who thinks himself wise, he is called a fool indeed...

If a person young in wisdom be associated with a wise man even all his life, he will perceive the truth as little as a spoon perceives the taste of soup,

If an intelligent man be associated for one minute only with a wise man, he will soon perceive the truth, as the tongue perceives the taste of soup

People of little understanding are their own greatest enemies, for they do evil deeds which must bear bitter fruits

That deed is not well done of which a man must repent, and the reward of which he receives crying and with a tearful face.

No, that deed is well done of which a man does not repent and the reward of which he receives gladly and cheerfully

As long as the evil deed done does not bear fruit, the unintelligent person thinks it is like honey, but when it ripens, then he suffers grief.

If you see an intelligent man who detects faults and blames what is blameworthy, follow that wise man as though he were a revealer of (hidden) treasures.

Let him admonish, let him teach, let him forbid what is improper.—he will be beloved of the good. by the bad he will be hated.

Do not have evil-doers for friends, do not have low people for friends: have virtuous people for friends, have for friends the best of men.

Irrigators guide the water (wherever they like); fletchers bend the arrow; carpenters bend a log of wood; wise people fashion themselves.

As a solid rock is not shaken by the wind, wise people falter not amidst blame and praise.

Wise people, after they have listened to the laws, become serene like a deep, clear and still lake.

There is no suffering for him who has finished his journey, and abandoned grief, who has freed himself on all sides, and thrown off all fetters.

They depart with their thoughts well-collected, they do not delight in an abode; like swans who have left their lake, they leave their house and home.

Men who have laid up no store, who live on recognized food, who have perceived void and unconditional freedom, their path is difficult to understand, like that of birds in the air.

He whose appetites are stilled, who is moderate in food, who has perceived void and unconditional freedom, his path is difficult to understand like that of birds in the air.



The gods even envy him whose senses like horses well broken in by the driver, have been subdued, who is free from pride, and free from evil propensities.

In a hamlet or in a forest, on the sea or on the dry land, wherever venerable persons (Arahats) dwell, that place is delightful.

Forests are delightful, where the worldly find no delight, there the passionless will find delight, for they look not for pleasures.

Even though a speech be composed of a thousand words, but words without sense, one word of sense is better, which if a man hears he becomes quiet.

If one man conquers in battle a thousand times a thousand men, and if another conquers himself, he is the greatest of conquerors

Even an evil-doer sees happiness as long as his evil deed has not ripened; but when his evil deed has ripened, then does the evil-doer see evil.

Even a good man sees evil as long as his good deed has not ripened; but when his good deed has ripened then does the good man see happiness.

Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, it will not come nigh unto me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled; the fool

becomes full of evil, even if he gathers it little by little.

Let no man think lightly of good, saying in his heart, it will not come nigh unto me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled, the steadfast man becomes full of good, even if he gather it little by little.

He who has no wound on his hand may touch poison with his hand, poison does not affect one who has no wound, how is there evil for one who does not commit evil?

Whosoever offends a harmless, pure and innocent person, the evil falls back upon that fool, like light dust thrown up against the wind.

Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sun, not if one enters into the clefts of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world, where if a man abide, he might be freed from an evil deed.

Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not if one enters into the clefts of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world where if a man abide, death could not overcome him.

All men tremble at punishment, all men fear death; remembering that thou art like unto them, do not strike or slay.

All men tremble at punishment, all men love life remembering that thou art like unto them, do not strike or slay.

He who, seeking his own happiness, injures or kills beings who long for happiness, will not find happiness after death

He who, seeking his own happiness, does not injure or kill beings who also long for happiness, will find happiness after death.

Do not speak harshly to anybody; those who are spoken to will answer thee in the same way. Angry speech breeds trouble, thou wilt receive blows for blows.

If like a shattered gong, thou speakest not, then thou hast reached Nirvana, contention is not found in thee.

As a cowherd with his staff drives his cows to pasture, so do Old Age and Death drive the life of men.

Not to blame, not to strike, to live restrained under the precepts to be moderate in eating, to sleep and sit alone, and to dwell on lofty thoughts,—this is the teaching of the Awakened.

There is no satisfying lusts even by a shower of gold-pieces; he who knows that lusts have a short taste and bring suffering in their train is wise.

Even in heavenly pleasures he finds no delight; the follower of the Supremely Enlightened One (Buddha) delights only in the destruction of every craving.

Men driven by fear go to many a refuge, to mountains and forests, to shrines and graves and sacred trees.

But that is not a safe refuge, that is not the best refuge; a man is not delivered from all pains after having gone to that refuge.

He who takes refuge with the Buddha, the Law and the Order; he who with clear understanding sees the four noble truths.

Let us live happily then, not hating those who hate us. Among men who hate us, let us dwell free from hatred.

Let us live happily then, free from ailments among the ailing. Among men who are ailing, let us dwell free from ailments.

Let us live happily then, free from greed among the greedy. Among men who are greedy let us dwell free from greed.

Let us live happily then, though we call nothing our own. We shall be like the bright gods, feeding on happiness.

Victory breeds hatred, for the conquered is unhappy. He who has given up both victory and defeat, he, the contented, is happy.

There is no fire like lust; there is no losing throw like hatred, there is no pain like this body; there is no happiness higher than peace.

Hunger is the greatest affliction, the body the chief source of sorrow; of one who knows this truly, that is Nirvana, the highest happiness.

Health is the greatest of blessings, contentedness the best riches; trust is the best of relationships, Nirvana the highest happiness.

He who has tasted the sweetness of solitude and tranquility, is free from fear and sin, while he drinks in the nectar of the Law.

The sight of the noble is good, to live with them is always blessedness; if a man did not see the unwise, he would be truly happy.

He who consorts with the immature in wisdom suffers a long journey; company with fools, as with an enemy, is always painful; company with the steadfast is pleasant like meeting with kinsfolk.

Therefore one should follow the wise, the intelligent, the learned, the much enduring, the dutiful, the noble, one should follow a good and wise man, as the moon follows the path of the stars.

• He who gives himself to vanity and does not give himself to meditation, forgetting the real aim of life and grasping at the pleasurable, will come to envy him who has exerted himself in meditation.

Let no man ever cleave to things that are pleasant or to those that are unpleasant. Not to see what is pleasant pain, and it is pain to see what is unpleasant.

One should not therefore hold anything dear. Its loss is grievous. Those who hold nothing dear and hate nothing have no fetters.

From pleasure comes grief, from pleasure comes fear; he who is free from pleasure neither sorrows nor fears.

From (earthly) affection comes grief, from (earthly) affection comes fear; he who is free from (earthly) affection neither sorrows nor fears.

From (sensuous) delight comes grief, from (sensuous) delight comes fear; he who is free from (sensuous) delight neither sorrows nor fears.

From lust comes grief, from lust comes fear; he who is free from lust neither sorrows nor fears.

From craving comes grief, from craving comes fear; he who is free from craving neither sorrows nor fears.

He who possesses character and discrimination, who is just, speaks the truth, and does what is his own business, him the world will hold dear.

He in whom a desire for the ineffable has sprung up, whose mind is permeated by this desire and whose thoughts are not bewildered by sensuality is said to be 'bound up-stream'.

Kinsmen, friends, and well-wishers salute a man who has been long away, and returns safe from afar.

In like manner his good works receive him who has done good, and has gone from this world to the other;—as kinsmen receive one who is dear to them on his return.

He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; other people are but holding the reins.

Let a man overcome anger by mildness, let him overcome evil by good, let him overcome the niggard by liberty, the liar by truth.

There is an old saying, O Atula,—it is not only of today. 'They blame him who sits silent, they blame him who speaks much, they also blame him who says little'. There is no one in the world who is not blamed.

• There never was, there never will be, nor is there now, a man who is always blamed, or a man who is always praised.

Beware of bodily anger, and control thy body. Leave the sins of the body, and with thy body practise virtue.

Beware of the anger of the tongue, and control thy tongue. Leave the sins of the tongue and practise virtue with thy tongue.

Beware of the anger of the mind, and control thy mind. Leave the sins of the mind and practise virtue with thy mind.

The taint of prayers is non-repetition; the taint of houses ill-repair; the taint of (bodily) beauty is sloth; the taint of a watchman, lack of vigilance.

The fault of others is easily perceived, but that of one's self is difficult to perceive; a man winnows his neighbours' faults like chaff, but hides his own, even as a dishonest gambler hides a losing throw.

If a man looks after the faults of others and is always inclined to take offence, his own evil propensities will grow; far indeed is such a man from their destruction.

A man is not learned because he talks much; he who is patient, free from hatred and fear, he is called learned.



A man is not an elder because his head is grey. his age may be ripe, but he is called 'old-in-vain';

He who is beyond merit and demerit, who lives chastely, who with knowledge passes through the world, is truly called a mendicant.

A man is not a sage (muni) because he observes silence, if he is foolish and ignorant; but the man who taking the balance, chooses the good and rejects the evil, is a sage and for that very reason. He who understands both worlds is therefore called a sage.

He who does not rouse himself when it is time to rise, who though young and strong is full of sloth, whose will and thought are weak, that lazy and idle man will never find the way to wisdom.

Through meditation wisdom is won, through lack of meditation wisdom is lost; let a man who knows this double path of gain and loss so conduct him; self that wisdom may grow.

Cut down the whole forest (of lust), not a tree only. Danger comes out of the forest (of lust); when you have cut down the forest (of lust) and its undergrowth, then, monks, you will be rid of the forest and free.

Death comes and carries off that man absorbed in his children and flocks, his mind distracted, as a flood carries off a sleeping village.

Sons are no help, nor a father, nor relations there is no help from kinsfolk for one whom Death has seized.

If by leaving a small pleasure one sees a great pleasure, let a wise man leave the small pleasure and look to the great.

He who by causing pain to others wishes to obtain happiness for himself, he, entangled in the bonds of hatred, will never be free from hatred.

What ought to be done is neglected, what ought not to be done is done; the evil proclivities of unruly, heedless people are always increasing.

But they who, ever alert, meditate on the body do not follow what ought not to be done, but steadfastly do what ought to be done. The evil proclivities of watchful and wise people will come to an end.

They who are ashamed of what they ought not to be ashamed of, and are not ashamed of what they ought to be ashamed of, such men, embracing false doctrines, enter the downward path.

They who fear when they ought not to fear, and fear not when they ought to fear, such men, embracing false doctrines, enter the downward path.

They who see sin where none exists, and do not see it where it does exist, such men, embracing false doctrines, enter the downward path.

They who know what is forbidden as forbidden, and what is not forbidden as not forbidden, such men, embracing the true doctrine, enter the good path.

Patiently shall I endure abuse as the elephant in battle endures the arrows sent from the bow: for the world is ill-natured.

They lead a tamed elephant to battle, the king mounts a tamed elephant; the tamed is the best among men, he who patiently endures abuse.

Mules are good if tamed, and noble Sindhu horses, and great elephants; but he who tames himself is better still.

If a man becomes lazy and a great eater, if he is sleepy and rolls himself round like a great hog fed on wash, that fool is born again and again.

This mind of mine went formerly wandering about as it liked, as it listed, as it pleased, but I shall now control it perfectly as a rider controls with his hook a rutting elephant.

If a man does not find a prudent companion to walk with, no one who is upright and steadfast,

Let him walk alone like a king who has left his conquered country behind,—like an elephant in the forest.

It is better to live alone, there is no companionship with a fool; let a man walk alone, let him commit no sin, (let him do) with few wishes, like an elephant in the forest.

If an occasion arises friends are pleasant; enjoyment is pleasant when one shares it with another; a good work is pleasant in the hour of death; the giving up of all grief is pleasant.

The gift of the Law exceeds all gifts; the sweetness of the Law exceeds all sweetness, the delight in the Law exceeds all delights; the extinction of thirst overcomes all suffering.

The fields are damaged by weeds, mankind is damaged by lust; therefore a gift bestowed on those who are free from lust brings great reward.

The fields are damaged by weeds, mankind is damaged by hatred; therefore a gift bestowed on those who do not hate brings great reward.

The fields are damaged by weeds, mankind is damaged by delusion: therefore a gift bestowed on those who are free from delusion brings great reward.

The fields are damaged by weeds, mankind is damaged by craving, therefore a gift bestowed on those who are free from craving, brings great reward.

Restraint in the eye is good, good is restraint in the ear, in the nose restraint is good, good is restraint in the tongue.

In the body restraint is good, good is restraint in speech, in thought restraint is good, good is restraint in all things. A monk restrained in all things, is freed from all suffering.

As the jasmine sheds its withered flowers, even so, O monks, men should shed lust and hatred.

The monk who is quiet in body, speech, and mind, who is collected and has refused the baits of the world, is truly called tranquil.

Rouse thyself, examine thyself by thyself; thus self-guarded and mindful, wilt thou, O monk, live happily.

For self is the lord of self, self is the refuge of self, therefore curb thyself as the merchant curbs a good horse.

### The Dhammapada—Extracts

## THE ADVANTAGES FROM GIFTS

'Monks, there are these five advantages from gifts. What five?

He is good and dear to many folk; good and wise men love him; a good report is spread abroad about him; he strays not from the householder's Dhamma; and, on the breaking up of the body after death, he is reborn in the happy heaven-world.

Monks, these are the five advantages from gifts.

## AT SAMAGAMA

The Exalted One once dwelt among the Sakyas at Samagama near the lotus pond.

Now, when the night was far spent, a deva of exceeding loveliness, lighting up the whole lotus-pond, approached him, saluted and stood at one side. Thus standing, the deva said to the Exalted One :

'Lord, these three things lead to the failure of a monk (of anyone striving for Nibbana). What three? Delight in worldly activity, delight in talk,

delight in sleep. Lord these three things lead to the falling away of anyone striving for Nibbana.'

Thus spake that deva and the Master approved. The deva knowing 'The Master is one in thought with me' and saluting the Exalted One, keeping him on his right, disappeared thence.

When the night was over, the Exalted One addressed the monks and told them all that occurred .. .... and said

'Monks, it is to the discredit of each one of you, it is to the loss of each one of you, that even devas know the things that lead to your failing in righteousness.

Monks, I will also teach you three other things that lead to failure; listen, pay heed and I will speak'.

'Yes, Lord,' rejoined those monks; and the Exalted One said :

'And what, monks are the three? Delight in company, evil speaking and friendship with bad men. Verily, monks, these are the three things that lead to failure.

'Monks, all those who in the long road of the past have failed in righteousness, have failed in righteousness just because of these six things;

all those who in the long road of the future shall fail in righteousness, shall do so because of these six things; yea, monks, all who now fail in righteousness, fail therein just because of these six things.

## LIVING BY DHAMMA

Now a certain monk visited the Exalted One, saluted him and sat down at one side. So seated, he said to the Exalted one.

“Lord, they say, ‘Living by Dhamma, living by Dhamma! Lord, how does a monk live by Dhamma?’”

“Monk, consider the monk who masters Dhamma; the sayings, psalms, catechisms, songs, solemnities, speeches, birth-stories, marvels and runes—he spends the day in that mastery; he neglects to go apart (for meditation) and devotes not himself to the tranquilising of the Internal. Monk, that monk is said to be swift to master, but he lives not by Dhamma.

Again, consider the monk who teaches others Dhamma in detail, as he has heard it, as he has mastered it—he spends the day in convincing others of Dhamma; he neglects to go apart and devotes not himself to the tranquilising of the Internal. Monk,



that monk is said to be swift to convince, but he lives not by Dhamma.

Again, consider the monk who gives in full a repetition of Dhamma, as he has heard it, as he has learned it—he spends the day in repeating it; he neglects to go apart and devotes not himself to the tranquilising of the Internal. Monk, that monk is said to be swift to repeat, but he lives not by Dhamma.

Then consider the monk who turns his mind towards Dhamma, ponders over it, reflects on it, as he has heard it, as he has learned it—he spends his day in thinking about Dhamma; he neglects to go apart and devotes not himself to the tranquilising of the Internal. Monk, that monk is said to be swift to think, but he lives not by Dhamma.

Monk, take the case of the monk who masters Dhamma: the sayings, psalms, catechisms, songs, solemnities, speeches, birth-stories, marvels and runes, and spends not the day in that mastery, neglects not to go apart and devotes himself to the tranquilising of the Internal. Verily, monk, such a monk is one who lives by Dhamma.

Monk, thus, verily, have I declared one swift to master, one swift to convince, one swift to repeat, one swift to think and one who lives by Dhamma.

Monk, what should be done by a teacher for his disciples seeking their good, from compassion and out of pity for them that has been done by me for you.

There are roots of trees, there are empty places, monk! Meditate monk, and be not slothful; reproach not yourself afterwards! This is our exhortation to you.

## THE CAUSES OF ACTIONS

There are, O monks, three causes for the origin of actions (kamma):— greed, hate and delusion.

From greed, O monks, no greedlessness will arise; it is greed that arises from greed. From hatred no hatelessness will arise; it is hatred that arises from hatred. From delusion no non-delusion will arise, it is delusion that arises from delusion.

Due to actions born of greed, born of hatred, born of delusion, neither divine beings will appear, nor humans, nor any other kind of happy existence. Rather the hells, the animal kingdom, the realm of ghosts or any other kind of woeful existence will appear due to actions born of greed, hatred and delusion.

These are, O monks, three causes for the origin of actions.

There are, O monks, three other causes for the origin of actions : non-greed, non-hatred and non-delusion.

From non-greed, O monks, no greed will arise; it is non-greed that arises from non-greed. From non-hatred no hatred will arise; it is non-hatred that arises from non-hatred. From non-delusion no delusion will arise; it is non-delusion that arises from non-delusion.

Due to actions born of non-greed, non-hatred non-delusion, neither the hells will appear, nor the animal kingdom, the realm of ghosts, nor any other kind of woeful existence. Rather divine beings-humans or any other kind of happy existence will appear due to actions born of non-greed, non hatred and non-delusion.

These, too, O monks, are three causes for the origin of actions.

## FOUR TYPES OF MEN

There are four types of men in the world. One who works for his own good, but not for the good of others; one who works for the good of others,

but not for his own good; one who works neither for his own good nor for the good of others; and one who works for his own good as well as for the good of others.

And which is the person who works for his own good but not for the good of others? It is he who strives for the abolishing of greed, hatred and delusion in himself, but he does not encourage others to abolish greed, hate and delusion.

And which is the person who works for the good of others, but not for his own good? It is he who encourages others to abolish greed, hatred and delusion, but does not strive for the abolishing of greed, hatred and delusion in himself.

And which is the person who does not work for his own good nor for the good of others? It is he who neither strives for the abolishing of greed, hatred and delusion in himself, nor does he encourage others to abolish greed, hate and delusion.

And which is the person who works for his own good as well as for the good of others? It is he who strives for the abolishing of greed, hatred and delusion in himself and also encourages others to abolish greed, hatred and delusion.

Which are the things, O monks, that can neither be abandoned by bodily acts nor by speech, but can be abandoned by wisely seeing them? Greed can neither be abandoned by bodily acts nor by speech; but it can be abandoned by wisely seeing it. Hatred can neither be abandoned by bodily acts nor by speech; but it can be abandoned by wisely seeing it. Delusion can neither be abandoned by bodily acts nor by speech, but it can be abandoned by wisely seeing it.

### FOR ONE'S OWN SAKE

For one's sake, monks, vigilant mindfulness should be made the mind's guard and this for four reasons :

“May my mind not harbour lust for anything inducing lust”—for this reason vigilant mindfulness should be made the mind's guard, for one's own sake.

“May my mind not harbour hatred towards anything inducing hatred”—for this reason vigilant mindfulness should be made the mind's guard, for one's own sake.

“May my mind not harbour delusion concerning anything inducing delusion !” for this reason vigi-

lant mindfulness should be made mind's guard, for one's own sake.

“May my mind not be infatuated by anything inducing infatuation;” for this reason vigilant mindfulness should be made mind's guard, for one's own sake.

When now, monks, a monk's mind does not harbour lust for lust-inducing things, because he is free from lust;

When his mind does not harbour hatred towards hate-inducing things, because he is free from hatred;

When his mind does not harbour delusion concerning anything inducing delusion, because he is free from delusion;

When his mind is not infatuated by anything inducing infatuation, because he is free from infatuation.—then such a monk will not waver, shake or tremble, he will not succumb to fear, nor will he adopt the views of other recluses.

## THE VISIBLE NIBBANA

When greed, hatred and delusion are abandoned, one does neither aim at one's own harm, nor at the

harm of others, nor at the harm of both, and one will not suffer pain and grief in one's mind. In that sense is Nibbana visible here and now.

If one experiences the complete elimination of greed, the complete elimination of hatred, the complete elimination of delusion, in that sense is Nibbana visible here and now, has immediate results, invites to come and see, is onward-leading, and is directly experienced by the wise.

## **THE HAPPINESS OF LIBERATION**

He, the Arahant, knows this :

'Once there was greed, and that was harmful; now that is no more, and so it is well.

Once there was hatred, and that, was harmful; now that is no more, and so it is well.

Once there was delusion, and that was harmful; now that is no more and so it is well.'

Thus the Arahant lives, even during his lifetime, free of craving's hunger, stilled and cooled (of passion's heat), feeling happy, with his heart become holy.

**Anguttara Nikkaya—Extracts**

## THE ELIMINATION OF THE TENDENCIES ARISING FROM SIXFOLD SENSE PERCEPTIONS

Dependent on eye and forms eye-consciousness arises—dependent on ear and sounds ear-consciousness arises—dependent on nose and smells nose-consciousness arises—dependent on tongue and flavours tongue-consciousness arises—dependent on body and tangibles body-consciousness arises—dependent on mind and mental objects mind-consciousness arises.

The meeting of the three is contact, and with contact as condition there arises what is felt as pleasant or painful or neutral. If, when touched by pleasant feeling, one does not enjoy it or affirm it or accept it, then no underlying tendency to lust any longer underlies it. If, when touched by painful feeling, one does not worry, grieve and lament does not beat one's breast and weep, and is not distraught, then no underlying tendency to resistance any longer underlies it. If when touched by a neutral feeling, one understands, according to facts the arising and ending of that feeling, and the gratification, danger and escape (connected with it),



then no underlying tendency to ignorance any longer underlies it. Then, indeed, O monks, that he shall here and now make an end of suffering by giving up the underlying tendency to incline towards pleasant feelings, by abandoning the underlying tendency to resistance against painful feelings, and by abolishing the underlying tendency to ignorance in the case of natural feelings, having thus given up ignorance, produce true knowledge—this is possible.

### Majjhima Nikaya—Extracts

## THE CITY

While at Savatthi the Exalted One said,

“Before I was enlightened, brethren, it came to me, a Bodhisat yet unlightened, thus :— ‘Alas ! this world has fallen upon trouble’. There is getting born and growing old and dying and falling, arising, but there is not the knowing of an escape from suffering, from decay and death. O when shall an escape be revealed from suffering, from decay-and-death?”

Then, brethren, this came to me—What now being does decay and death come to be? What conditions decay and death? To me, brethren, thinking according to law came the insight—Where there is birth, decay and death comes to be; decay and death is conditioned by birth. To me brethren, came this—What now being, Does birth come to be? Does becoming come to be?, Does feeling come to be? Does contact come to be?, Does sense come to be? Does name and shape come to be? What conditions name and shape? To me, brethren, thinking according to law came a grasp of insight—where there is consciousness, there is name and shape; name and shape is conditioned by conscious-

ness. To me, brethren came this—what now being, does consciousness come to be? What conditions consciousness? To me, brethren, thinking according to law came a grasp of insight—where there is name and shape, there is consciousness; consciousness is conditioned by name and shape. To me brethren, came this—this consciousness turns back, it goes no further than name and shape. Thus far are you born, or grow old, or die, or fall, or arise. Consciousness, namely, comes to pass conditioned by name and shape, name and shape conditioned by consciousness, sense conditioned by name and shape, contact conditioned by sense, whence come to pass feeling, craving, grasping, becoming, birth, decay and death, with grief, lamentation, suffering, sorrow, despair—even such is the coming to be of this entire mass of ill.

Coming to be, coming to be?, At the thought, brethren, there arose in me concerning things not taught before vision, and knowledge arose, insight arose, wisdom arose, light arose.

To me brethren came this—What now not being, does decay and death not come to be? From the ceasing of what ceases decay and death? To me, brethren, thinking according to law came a grasp of insight—where there is not birth, decay and death is not; from the ceasing of birth ceases decay

and death. To me, brethren, came this—What now not being, does birth not come to be..... does becoming, does grasping, craving, feeling, contact, sense, name and shape not come to be? To me, brethren, thinking according to law came a grasp of insight—where consciousness is not, name and shape come not to be. From the ceasing of consciousness ceases name and shape.

To me, brethren, came this—Won have I to the path of Enlightenment; to this, that from the ceasing of name and shape consciousness ceases; from the ceasing of consciousness, name and shape ceases; from the ceasing of name and shape sense ceases; from the ceasing of sense contact ceases..... yes, feeling, craving, grasping, becoming, birth, decay and death, with grief, lamenting, suffering, sorrow, despair cease. Even such is the ceasing of this entire mass of ill.

Ceasing, ceasing. At that thought, brethren, concerning things not taught before there arose in me vision—knowledge arose, insight arose, wisdom arose, light arose.

Just as if, brethren a man faring through the forest, through the great wood, should see an ancient path, an ancient road traversed by men of former days; and he were to go along it, and going along it he should see an ancient city, an ancient prince's

domain, wherein dwelt men of former days, having gardens, groves, pools, foundations of walls a goodly spot; and that man, brethren, should bring word to the prince or to the prince's minister—'Pardon, Lord, know this. I have seen as I fared through the forest, through the great wood, an ancient path, an ancient road traversed by men of former days. I have been along it, and going along it I have seen an ancient city, an ancient prince's domain, wherein dwelt men of former days, having gardens, groves, pools, foundations of walls, a goodly spot. Lord, restore that city.' And, brethren, the prince or his minister should restore that city. That city should thereafter become prosperous and flourishing, populous, teeming with folk, grown and thriven.

Even so have I, brethren, seen an ancient path, an ancient road traversed by the rightly enlightened ones of former times.

What brethren, is that ancient path, that ancient road traversed by the rightly Enlightened Ones of former times?

Just this Ariyan eightfold path, that is, right views, right aims, right speech, right action, right livelihood, right effort, right mindfulness, right concentration. This, brethren, is that ancient path that ancient road, traversed by the rightly Enlight-

ened ones of former times. Along that have I gone and going along it I have fully come to know decay and death, I have fully come to know the uprising of decay and death, I have fully come to know the ceasing of decay and death, I have fully come to know the way going to the ceasing of decay and death. Along that have I gone, and going along it I have fully come to know birth, and becoming and grasping, and craving, and feeling, and contact, and sense, and name and shape, and consciousness. Along that have I gone, and going along it I have fully come to know activities, I have fully come to know the ceasing of activities, I have fully come to know the way going to the ceasing of activities.

This that I have fully come to know I have declared to the brethren, to the sisters, to laymen, to laywomen, even this divine life, brethren, that is prosperous and flourishing, widespread, and to be known by many, and multiplied so far as it is well made manifest by devas and men.

## THE FIVEFOLD GUILTY DREAD

.. ... ..... at Savatthi.

The housefather Anatapindika came into the presence of the Exalted One, paid obeisance to him, and sat down at one side. To him so seated, the Exalted One said :

“When, housefather, for the Ariyan disciple,  
the fivefold dread is mastered,  
When his are the four possessions of the stream-  
winner,  
and When he has well seen, well penetrated by  
insight the Ariyan Law,

he if he desire it may declare himself by himself  
‘I am he for whom purgatory is perished. I am he  
for whom the womb of beasts is perished, I am he  
for whom the Peta-realm is perished. I am he for  
whom perished is the Waste, the Woeful Way, the  
Downfall. Streamwinner am I. Not for me is the  
falling back. I am sure, having enlightenment as  
my goal.

Which fivefold guilty-dread has he mastered?

- i. That guilty-dread which even in this life the taker of life, conditioned by his life-taking

- engenders, the guilty dread which he engenders also for a future state, the mental suffering too, the sorrow which he experiences—he abstaining from taking life has mastered this guilty-dread.
- ii. That guilty-dread which even in this life the taker of what is not given, conditioned by that taking engenders, the guilty dread as to a future state also which he engenders, the mental suffering too, the sorrow which he experiences—he abstaining from taking that which is not given has mastered this guilty-dread.
  - iii. That guilty-dread which even in this life he who acts wrongly in sense-desire, conditioned by that wrong action engenders; the guilty-dread also as to a future state which he engenders, the mental suffering too, the sorrow which he experiences—he abstaining from wrongful action in sense-desires has mastered this guilty-dread.
  - iv. That guilty-dread which even in this life the liar, conditioned by lying engenders, the guilty-dread also as to a future state which he engenders; the mental suffering too, the sorrow which he experiences—he abstaining from that indulgence has mastered this guilty-dread.



- v. That guilty-dread which even, in this life he who persists in indulging in strong drinks, conditioned by that indulging engenders; the guilty-dread also as to a future state which he engenders; the mental suffering too, the sorrow which he experiences—he abstaining from the indulgence has mastered this guilty-dread.

This fivefold guilty-dread has he mastered.

Which 'four possessions of the Streamwinner, are his?

- i. In this religion, housefather, the Ariyan disciple possesses unwavering faith in the Buddha. He it is, the Exalted One, Arahant supremely Enlightened, proficient in wisdom and righteousness, Wellfarer, Worldknower, peerless Driver of men to be tamed, Buddha, Teacher of devas and men, Exalted One.
- ii. He is possessed of unwavering faith in the Doctrine—Well proclaimed by the Exalted One is the Norm, to be self realised, with immediate fruit, to be but approached to be seen, capable of being entered upon, to be understood by the intelligent, each for himself.
- iii. He is possessed of unwavering faith in the Order—Well practised is the Exalted One's

Order of disciples, upright is their practice, practised are they in the Law, practised in right lines of action, that is the four pairs, the eight groups of persons, this the Exalted One's Order of disciples, worthy of offerings, of oblations of gifts, meet to be reverently saluted, the world's peerless field for merit.

- iv. He is possessed of the virtues dear to Ariyans, kept unbroken, intact, unspotted, unblemished, enfranchising, praised by the intelligent, unperverted, conducive to concentration.

His are these four possessions of the Streamwinner.

Which is the Ariyan truth that he has well seen by insight, well penetrated?

Here, housefather, the Ariyan disciple thoroughly and systematically gives his mind to the Causal Law, thus—This being, that comes to be; this not being, that does not come to be. From the arising of this, that arises; from the ceasing of this, that ceases. Namely activities are conditioned by ignorance, consciousness is conditioned by activities, and so on. Even such is the uprising of this entire mass of ill. But from the utter fading away and cessation of ignorance activities cease, from the ceasing of acti-

vities consciousness ceases, and so on. Even such is the ceasing of this entire mass of ill.

Thus when, housefather, for the Ariyan disciple this fivefold guilty dread is mastered, when his are the four possessions of the Streamwinner, and when he has the insight will see and penetrate this Ariyan truth; he, if he desire it, may declare himself by himself—I am he for whom perished is purgatory, perished the womb of beasts, perished the Peta Realm, perished is the Waste, the Woeful Way, the Downfall. Streamwinner am I. Not for me is the falling back. I am sure, having enlightenment as my goal.

**Sanyutta Nikaya—Extracts**

## KASSAPA THE GREAT

Our Master had already arisen, and was turning the Wheel of the Norm, and staying at Rajagaha, when at the brahmin village of Maha-tittha in Magadha, this Thera was reborn as Pippali-manava, the son of the chief wife of Kapila the brahmin. Four years later Bhadda Kapilani was reborn of the chief wife of the Kosiya-gotta brahmin at Sagala in the kingdom of Madda. Now Pippali-manava refused to marry. 'While you live', he told his parents, 'I will take care of you. afterwards I shall leave the world' But, on being pressed, to appease his mother he had a statue made of a beautiful maiden, dressed in crimson and ornaments, and showed it to her saying. 'Mother, if I find anyone like this, I will lead the domestic life'. His mother was a clever lady, and sent brahmins forth, with the statue, on that quest. They came to Sagala, and setting the statue by the river's edge, sat down apart. Now Bhadda's nurse, who had bathed her charge, and gone down again for her own bath, saw the statue, and thinking 'What, is my young lady ill bred?' slapped it on the cheek, and discovered it was not Bhadda, but a gold statue. The brahmins accosted her, inquiring about her mistress, and she brought them

to the house of Kosiyagotta, where they were made welcome. And they sent word to Kapila: 'We have got the maiden; do you act accordingly' But Pippali-manava and Bhadda, being both unwilling to marry, wrote secretly each to the other, thus—He: 'Bhadda,' and she: 'Sir', 'May you obtain a marriage suitable to your birth and fortune. I shall leave the world. Do not act so as to regret hereafter' Now the two letter-bearers met, questioned each other, read the letters, and said: 'Look at the work of these children.' Throwing away the letters in the forest, they wrote others and took them. So the marriage was celebrated. But the wedded pair spent the night separated by a chain of flowers

When Pippali-manava's parents died, he and Bhadda decided one day, after they had dined and talked together, to renounce the world. They got out yellow raiment from their wardrobes, and cut off each other's hair, slung bowls from their shoulder, passed out through their weeping servants, to all of whom they gave their freedom, and departed together, Pippali-manava walking in front.

Looking back, he thought: 'Here is Bhadda Kapilani, a woman worth the whole of India, walking at my heels. Someone seeing us will think: "These have renounced the world, but cannot do without each other" So, falsely accusing us, they may incur danger of purgatory.' He told Bhadda

this, and she agreed that a woman must needs be a hindrance to the male recluse. So they settled, at the cross roads, that he should go right and she left. Then the earth, though it could bear all Sineru, trembled at the weight of such virtue.

The Supreme Buddha, seated in the fragrant chamber of the great vihara in the Bamboo Wood, knew what the earthquake signified, and gathering eighty chief Theras together, he walked three leagues on the road, and seated himself at the foot of the Bahuputaka Banyan, between Rajagaha and Nalanda. Though The Blessed One was clad in a ragged robe the Buddha-rays shone forth from him and darted to and fro, and the tree took on different colours. Then Kassapa the Great perceived: 'This will be our Master, through whom I have left the world.' And bending low, he said 'The Lord, the Exalted One, is my Master! I am his disciple' And the Exalted One said: 'Sit, Kassapa, and I will show thee thine inheritance.' In three homilies he gave him ordination.

They returned to Rajagaha, Kassapa exchanging his new robe for the Master's old one, and with humility and zeal determining to practise the thirteen dhutangas. On the eighth day thereafter he won arahantship with thorough grasp of the spirit and letter of the Norm. Him the Master pronounced chief among those who undertook the extra auste-

rities. And he, by way of showing the charm of detachment, told his experiences, in admonishing the brethern, thus

On seeing bhikkhus mingling with crowds, and frequenting laymen's houses :

Walk not where many folk would make thee chief;  
Dizzy the mind becomes, and hard to win  
Is concentrated thought. And he who knows:  
'Till bodes the company of many folk,'  
Will keep himself aloof from haunt of crowds.

Go not, O sage, to hearths of citizens.  
Who greedy seeks to taste life's feast entire,  
Neglects the good that brings true happiness.  
A treacherous bog it is, this patronage  
Of bows and gifts and treats from wealthy folk.  
'Tis like a fine dart, bedded in the flesh,  
For erring human hard to extricate.

An exhortation to bhikkhus to practice content respecting the four necessities of life :

Down from my mountain-lodge I came one day  
And made my round for alms about the streets.  
A leper there I saw eating his meal,  
(And as was meet, that he might have a chance,)  
In (silent) courtesy I halted at his side.  
He with his hand all leprous and diseased  
Put in my bowl a morsel; as he threw,

A finger, mortifying, broke and fell.  
Leaning against a wall I ate my share,  
Nor at the time nor after felt disgust.  
For only he who taketh as they come  
The scraps of food, medicine from excrement,  
The couch beneath the tree, the patchwork robe,  
Stands as a man in north, south, east, or west.

When he was asked, in his latter years: 'How is your reverence able at your time of life day after day to climb the hills?'

Where some do perish as they climb the rocks,  
Heir of the Buddha, mindful, self-possessed,  
By forces of the spirit fortified,  
Doth Kassapa ascend the mountain brow  
Returning from the daily round for alms,  
Kassapa mounts some craggy coign and sits  
In meditation rapt, nor clutching aught,  
For far from him hath he put fear and dread.  
So meditation rapt, nor clutches aught,  
For he 'mong those that burn is cool, and still.  
So mounting to some craggy coign he sits,  
In meditation rapt, nor clutches aught;  
His task is done, and he is sane, immune.

On being asked further: 'But why does your reverence at your time of life dwell in the mountain-jungle? Is not the Bamboo Grove, or others like it pleasant to you? He replied



Those upland glades delightful to the heart,  
Where the kakeri spreads its wildering wreaths,  
Where sound the trumpet-calls of elephants  
Those are the braes wherein my heart delights.

Those rocky heights with hue of dark blue clouds  
Where lies embosomed many a shining tarn  
Of crystal-clear, cool waters, and whose slopes  
The 'herds of Indra' cover and bedeck.

Those are the braes wherein my heart delights.  
Like serried battlements of blue-black cloud,  
Like pinnacles on stately castle built,  
Re-echoing to the cries of jungle folk.

Those are the braes wherein my heart delights  
Fair uplands rain-refreshed, and resonant  
With crested creatures' cries antiphonal,  
Lone heights where silent Rishis oft resort  
Those are the braes wherein my heart delights.

Here is enough for me who fain would dwell  
In meditation rapt, mindful and poised.

Here is enough for me, who fain would seek  
The highest good, a brother filled with zeal.

Here is enough for me, who fain would dwell  
In happy ease, a brother filled with zeal.

Here is enough for me who give myself  
To studious toil, so am I filled with zeal.

Clad with the azure bloom of flax, blue-flecked  
As sky in autumn, quick with crowds  
Of all their varied winged populace

Such are the braes wherein my heart delights :  
Free from the crowds of citizens below,  
But thronged with flocks of many winged things,  
The home of herding creatures of the wild  
Such are the braes wherein my heart delights.  
Craggs where clear waters lie, a rocky world,  
Haunted by black-faced apes and timid deer,  
Where 'neath bright blossoms run the silver  
streams .

Such are the braes wherein my heart delights.  
For that which brings me exquisite delight  
Is not the strains of string and pipe and drum,  
But when, with intellect well poised, intent,  
I gain the perfect vision of the Norm.

When admonishing bhikkhus delighting in secular activities and greedy as to gifts of things needful for life, he said :

Let not a brother occupy himself  
With busy works ; let him keep clear of folk,  
Nor strive (to copy nor to emulate)  
Who greedy seeks to taste life's feast entire,  
Neglects the good that brings true happiness.  
Let not a brother occupy himself  
With busy works ; let him keep clear of this  
That no wise tendeth to his real good ;  
The body toils and suffers weariness,  
And thus afflicted he attains no calm.

The following verses were spoken to admonish on certain occasions

By mere repeating with a muttering lip,  
We see not e'en ourselves for what we are;  
And so, stiff-necked, we go about and deem :  
'A better man am I than he, than they.'  
No better, truly, is the fool, and yet  
He deems himself to be the better man.  
But him, poor creature of a stiff-necked mind,  
Commend not they who truly understand.  
Who is not exercised about himself,  
In this way or in that . 'the better man  
Am I'; 'no better, I'; or 'I am worse,'  
Or yet again 'I am as good as he'  
He who doth really know, and speaketh truth,  
Whose heart in righteousness is well composed,  
And holdeth fast the saint's serenity,  
Him do they praise, who truly understand.

He who among his fellow-brethren wins  
No reverence, is far from the good Norm  
As is the firmament far from the earth.  
But they who well have planted modesty  
And eke discretion alway in their heart,  
They in the holy life do richly thrive;  
For them rebirths are ever at an end.

A brother who, though clad in patchwork robe,  
Is of a puffed-up and unsteady mind,

As 'twere a monkey in a lion's hide,  
No glory from his gear august doth gain.  
But who, with uninflated, steadfast mind,  
Is prudent, with his senses well controlled,  
He shineth glorious in a patchwork robe,  
As lion in the sombre mountain cave.

On witnessing the gods of the Brahma world  
doing obeisance to the Venerable Sariputta, and  
marking how the Venerable Kappina smiled.

See how they stand, those thronging deities  
Of mystic potency and glorious,  
Ten times a thousand, all of Brahma's heaven,  
Around our valiant Captain of the Norm,  
Great son of Sari, calm and rapt in thought,  
Acclaiming him with clasped hands upraised  
'Hail thou, humanity's aristocrat !  
Glory to thee, O thou supremest man !  
Lo, past our thinking are thy ranging thoughts;  
O wondrous are the Enlightened of the world.  
Their intuition, how profoundly deep,  
Beyond the powers to which we testify,  
'Though we be skilled as archer splitting hairs !  
Then, seeing Sariputta thus adored  
By hosts divine, saint most adorable,  
A smile stole o'er the face of Kappina.

The Thera's 'lion's roar' concerning himself.

In the whole field of Buddha's following,  
Saving alone the mighty Master's self,  
I stand the foremost in ascetic ways,  
No man doth practise them so far as I.

The Master hath my fealty and love.  
And all the Buddha's ordinance is done.  
Low have I laid the heavy load I bore,  
Cause for rebirth is found in me no more.

For never thought for raiment, nor for food,  
Nor where to rest doth the great mind affect,  
Immeasurable, of our GOTAMA,  
No more than spotless lotus-blossom takes  
A mark from water; to self-sacrifice  
Continually prone, he from the sphere  
Threefold of new becoming is detached.  
The neck of him is like the fourfold tower  
Of mindfulness set up; yea, the great Seer  
Hath faith and confidence for hands, above,  
The brow of him is insight; nobly wise,  
He ever walketh in cool blessedness

## GIRIMANANDA

Reborn in this Buddha-age at Rajagaha as the son of King Bimbisara's chaplain, he was named Girimananda. He saw the power and majesty of a Buddha when the Master attended the meeting at

Rajagaha, and he entered the Order. During his studies he stayed awhile at a village, then came back to the town to salute the Master. And Bimbisara, the maharaja, heard of his coming, and going to him, said: 'Do you dwell here, your reverence; I will supply your needs.' But from his much business he forgot, so that the Thera dwelt in the open. The weather-gods held off the rain for fear of wetting the Thera. Then the king, noting the drought, built him a hermitage. And the Thera, sheltered in his hut, put forth all his efforts, and combining energy and calm, conjured up insight and won arahantship. Then, delighted at its advent, he confessed añña while the rain fell from above:

God rains as 'twere a melody most sweet.  
Snug is my little hut, sheltered, well-roofed.  
Therein I dwell, my heart serene and calm.  
Now an it pleaseth thee to rain, god, rain.

God rains as 'twere a melody most sweet.  
Snug is my little hut, sheltered, well-roofed.  
Therein I dwell, and peace within my heart.  
Now, an it pleaseth thee to rain, god, rain!

Therein I dwell, all passion purged away.  
Therein I dwell, all hatred purged away.  
Therein I dwell, all error purged away.  
Now and it pleaseth thee to rain, god, rain.

## KACCANA THE GREAT

Reborn in this Buddha-age at Ujjeni, in the family of the chaplain of King Candapajjota, he learned the three Vedas as he grew, and succeeded, at his father's death, to the post of chaplain. And he was known by his gens name of Kaccana. Now the king heard of the Buddha's advent, and said : 'Teacher, do you go and bring the Master hither.' He, with a party of seven, went to the Master, who taught him the Norm with such effect that at the end of the lesson, he, with his seven attendants, were established in arahantship with thorough grasp of letter and meaning. Then the Master, saying, 'Come, BHIKKHUS.' stretched forth his hand, and they forthwith were as Theras of a century of rain-seasons, hair of two fingers' length cut off, and equipped with bowl and robes.

Then the Thera, having successfully accomplished his own salvation, invited the Master on the king's behalf: 'Lord, the King Pajjota desires to worship at your feet and hear the Norm.' The Master said: 'Do you, bhikkhu, go yourself; by your mission, too, will the king be satisfied.' He, thus bidden, went with the seven, satisfied the king's desire, established him in the faith, and returned to the Master

One day many bhikkhus, having put aside their duties, and finding pleasure in worldly activities and in society, were leading desultory lives. The Thera thereupon admonished them in two verses, and in the next six admonished the king

Let not a brother occupy himself  
With busy works, let him keep clear of folk,  
Nor strive (to copy nor to emulate).  
Who greedy seeks to taste life's feast entire,  
Neglects the good that brings true happiness  
A treacherous bog it is, this patronage  
Of bows and gifts and treats from wealthy folk.  
'Tis like a fine dart bedded in the flesh,  
For erring human hard to extricate.

(To the King)

Not evil are the actions of a man  
Because of what another (saith or doth);  
'Tis of himself he must from wrong abstain,  
Of their own acts the offspring mortals be.  
No speech of others makes a man a thief,  
No speech of others makes a man a sage;  
And what we know at heart we really are,  
That do the gods who know our hearts know too.

People can never really understand  
That we are here but for a little spell...  
But they who grasp this truth indeed,  
Suffer all strife and quarrels to abate.



The wise man is alive, and he alone,  
Although his wealth be utterly destroyed;  
And if the man of wealth do wisdom lack,  
For all his wealth he doth not truly live.

(To the King consulting him about a dream)

Things of all sorts by way of ear we hear;  
Things of all sorts by way of eye we see,  
And for the wise and strong it is not fit  
All to neglect as things unseen, unheard.  
Let him as seeing be as he were blind,  
Let him, in hearing be as he were deaf,  
Let him, in wisdom versed, be as one dumb,  
And let the man of strength be as the weak;  
But let the thing of genuine good arise  
Be that for him the nesting-place of thought.

## BANDHURA

Reborn in this Buddha-age at the town of Silavati as the son of a councillor, he was named Bandhura. And going one day on some business to Savatthi, he went with the laity to the Vihara, heard the Master, believed and entered the Order, and in due time won arahantship. Now to render service to his raja and so show his gratitude for his success, he went to Silavati and preached the Norm to the raja, declaring to him the Four Truths. The raja

became a convert, built a great Vihare in the township, calling it Sudassana, and bestowed it on the Thera with many honours and offerings. The latter handed over everything to the Order, and going to Savatthi. The bhikkhus said 'Sir, stay with us. If you lack in what you require, we will make it good.' He replied: 'I have no need, friends, of anything out of the way; I keep going on anything I get. I am content with the savour of the Norm,' and uttered this psalm :

Nay, 'tis not this I need, who live in bliss,  
Regaled by sweetest nectar of the Norm.  
Drinking those drops peerless, supreme, shall I  
Forsooth my tongue with poison now acquaint?

## KHITAKA

Reborn in this Buddha-age at Savatthi in a brahmin's family, he heard, when grown up, of the great supernormal powers of Moggallana the Great. And he thought: 'I, too, will become so gifted.' And impelled by prior causes he entered the Order under the Exalted One, and by exercising himself in the training for calm and insight, acquired in due course sixfold abhinna. Then he, enjoying the various forms of supernormal movements, continued to bestow favour on beings by the wonder of

those acts and by the wonder of training. When the bhikkhus asked him: 'Khitaka, friend, do you employ supernormal power?' he uttered this verse :

Buoyant in sooth my body, every pulse  
Throbbing in wondrous bliss and ecstasy.  
Even as cotton down blown on the breeze,  
So floats and hovers this my body light.

### VASABHA

Reborn in this Buddha-age at Vesali, as the son of a Licchavi raja, he was won over by the majesty of the Buddha when the latter went to Vesali, and left the world. In due course he won arahantship, and thereafter, gracious to his patrons, he did not reject the necessaries they provided, but enjoyed what he received. The common-minded deemed him self-indulgent, but he continued taking no account of them.

But near him dwelt a fraudulent bhikkhu, who deceived the people by pretending to lead the simple life, content with little, and was honoured by them. Then Sakka, ruler of the devas, discerned this, and came to Vasabha Thera and asked: 'Your reverence, what is it that an imposter does?' The Thera in rebuke to that evil-doer, replied :

He erst work destruction to himself;  
 Thereafter doth he ruin other men.  
 Most thoroughly works he mischief to himself,  
 E'en as decoy-bird by its own deceit.  
 No brahmin he, by outward colour judged.  
 By inner hue shall ye the brahmin know  
 He in whom deeds show evil, even he  
 Is swarth of face, O consort of Suja.

## ANUPAMA

Reborn in this Buddha-age in a wealthy family at Kosala, his beauty obtained him the name of Anupama—'Peerless'. Come of age, he felt the working of the efficient cause, forsook the world, and dwelt in the forest, practising for insight. But his mind hovered about external objects, revolving about his theme for meditation, so that he thus rebuked himself.

O heart, gone gadding after things that please,  
 O thou that shapest many a shaft of doom,  
 There and there only dost thou ever tend  
 Where block and stake rise at the bitter end.  
 I call thee, heart, the breaker of my luck.  
 I call thee, heart, despoiler of my lot.  
 Lo! He whom many an age thou couldst not find,

The Master now is come—suffer it not  
That I to wreck and ruin be consigned.

Thus admonishing his own consciousness, the  
Thera developed insight, and won arahantship.

## SUBHUTA

Reborn in this Buddha-age in the family of a commoner of Magadha, and named Subhuta, his disposition to seek escape caused him to quit domestic life and to join sectarian ascetics. Finding among them nothing genuine, and seeing the happiness enjoyed by Upatissa, Kolita, Sela and others, after they had entered the Order, he believed in our doctrine and entered also. After winning the favour of his teachers and preceptors, he went into retreat with an exercise; and developing insight he won arahantship.

Thereupon he declared añña by reviewing the suffering he had endured by self-mortification, and his subsequent happiness in jhana, etc. :

A man who yokes himself to things unfit,  
Desiring to accomplish work therein,  
If seeking he doth not attain, his quest  
Doth bear the intrinsic markings of mischance.  
If he surrender but one (vantage-point)

Of (misery's source) drawn out and overcome,  
Like luckless throw of dice his state may be.  
But if he throw all (he hath gained) away,  
No better is he than a blinded man,  
Who sees not if the road be smooth or rough.  
Of him who talketh much, but doeth not,  
Wise men take stock, and rate him at his worth.

Just as a beauteous flower of lovely hue  
But lacking odour, so is uttered word  
That barren proves, by action not made good.  
Just as a beauteous flower of lovely hue  
And fragrant odour, so is uttered word  
That fruitful proves, in action holding good.

### HATTHAROHA PUTTA (Elephant-rider's Son)

Reborn in this Buddha-age at Savatthi, in the family of an elephant-driver, as he grew up, he became proficient in managing elephants. One day as he was training an elephant by the river, he was impelled by maturing conditions to think : 'What is all this elephant-taming to me? Better is it to tame one's self.' So he went to the Exalted One, heard the Norm, believed, entered the Order, and exercised himself in insight on a basis of ethical meditation. And as a skilful elephant-trainer restrains

savage ways by his hook, so he by meditation suffered not his thoughts to wander away from his exercise, saying this verse :

Once roamed this heart a-field, a wanderer  
Wherever will, or whim, or pleasure led.  
To-day that heart I'll hold in thorough check,  
As trainer's hook the savage elephant.

And so acting, his insight expanded, and he realized arahantship.

### PAKKHA (The Cripple)

Reborn in this Buddha-age among the Sakiyans, in the township of Devadaha, in the family of a Sakiyan raja, he was named Young Sanmoda. But inasmuch as, when a boy, he suffered from rheumatism, and at times walked like a cripple, he grew to be called Pakkha (-cripple), and retained the name after his recovery. He was present when the Exalted One visited his kinsfolk, won faith in him, entered the Order, and dwelt in the forest. Going one day to the village for alms, he sat down beneath a tree. Then a kite, seizing some flesh, flew up into the sky. Him many kites attacked, making him drop the meat. Another kite grabbed the fallen

flesh, and was-plundered by another. The bhikkhu thought 'Just like that meat are worldly desires common to all, full of pain and woe.' And reflecting hereon, and how they were impermanent and so on, he carried out his mission, sat down for his afternoon rest, and expanding insight won arahantship. Thereupon making the base of his emotion his goad, he confessed a **ñā** in this verse

They fly at what is fall'n, and as it lies,  
Swooping in greed they come again, again . . .  
But what 'twas meet to do, that have I done,  
And what is verily delectable,  
Therein was my delight: thus happily  
Has happiness been sought after and won.

## BELATTHAKANI

Reborn in this Buddha-age at Savatthi in a brahmin's family, he was named Belatthakani. When after hearing the Master teach he had entered the Order, and was practising calm and insight in a forest of Kosala, he grew very slothful and was also rough of speech. Hence he did not evoke the right state of mind for his exercises. Now the Exalted One considered his maturing insight, and stirred his heart by this admonitory verse



Though layman's life be left, yet if the task  
Remain undone, the mouth harsh furrows plough,  
The paunch be full, the mind all slack with sloth.  
Like a great hog with provender replete,  
He cometh back, again, again to birth.

Then he, seeing the Master as if seated before him,  
was thrilled with agitation at his discourse, and  
establishing insight, was not long in winning  
arahantship. And through the divers expressions of  
the psalm, he declared his añña.

### The ragatha-Extracts

GREATER DISCOURSE ON  
MASS OF ANGUISH  
(Mahadukkhakkhandhasutta)

Thus have I heard · At one time the Blessed One was staying near Savatthi in the Jeta Grove in Anathapindika's monastery. A group of monks, having dressed in the morning, took their bowls and robes, and entered Savatthi for almsfood. It occurred to the monks: "It is too early to walk for almsfood in Savatthi. Suppose we were to approach the park of the wanderers belonging to other sects?" These monks approached the park of the wanderers belonging to other sects; having approached, they exchanged greetings with the wanderers belonging to other sects, and having exchanged greetings of courtesy and friendliness, they sat down at a respectful distance. As these monks were sitting down at a respectful distance, these wanderers belonging to other sects spoke thus to them :

"Your reverences, the recluse Gotama lays down the full understanding of sense-pleasures; we too lay down the full understanding of sense-pleasures. Your reverences, the recluse Gotama lays down the full understanding of material shapes; we too lay

down the full understanding of material shapes. Your reverences, the recluse Gotama lays down the full understanding of feelings; we too lay down the full understanding of feelings. So, your reverences, herein what is the divergence, what the discrepancy, what the difference between the recluse Gotama and us, that is to say in dhamma-teaching as against dhamma-teaching, in instruction as against instruction?"

Then those monks neither rejoiced in nor scoffed at what the wanderers belonging to other sects had said. Rising from their seats they departed, not rejoicing, not scoffing, but thinking: "We shall learn the meaning of what has been said in the Lord's presence.

The monks having walked for almsfood in Savatthi, returning from the alms-gathering after the meal, approached the Blessed One having approached, having greeted the Blessed One, they sat down at a respectful distance. As they were sitting down at a respectful distance, these monks spoke thus to the Blessed One :

"Now we, Lord, having dressed in the morning, taking our bowls and robes, entered Savatthi for almsfood. It occurred to us, Lord : 'It is too early to walk for almsfood in Savatthi. Suppose we were to approach the park of the wanderers belonging to

other sects? So we, Lord, approached the park . As we were sitting down at a respectful distance, Lord, these wanderers belonging to other sects spoke thus to us 'Your reverence, the recluse Gotama lays down the full understanding of sense-pleasures, we too lay down the full understanding of sense-pleasures, rising from our seats, we departed, thinking 'We shall learn the meaning of what has been said in the Enlightened One's presence'."

"Monks, wanderers belonging to other sects who speak thus should be spoken to thus : 'But what, your reverences, is the satisfaction in pleasures of the senses, what the peril, what the escape (from them)? Monks, when wanderers belonging to other sects are questioned in this way, they will not be able to explain, and moreover they will get into further difficulties What is the reason for this? It is that it is not within their scope. I, monks, do not see anyone in the world with its devas, Maras and Brahmas, in creation with its recluses and brahmans, its devas and men, who could win approbation with his answers to these questions except a Tathagata or a Tathagata's disciple or one who has heard (the teaching) from them.

And what, monks, is the satisfaction in pleasures of the senses? Of these five, monks, are the strands

of sense-pleasures. What five? Material shapes cognisable by the eye, agreeable, pleasant, liked, enticing, connected with sensual pleasures, alluring. Sounds cognisable by the ear . . . Smells cognisable by the nose . . . tastes cognisable by the tongue . . . touches cognisable by the body, agreeable, pleasant, liked, enticing, connected with sensual pleasures, alluring. These, monks, are the five strands of sense-pleasures. Whatever pleasure, whatever happiness arises in consequence of these five strands of sense-pleasures, this is the satisfaction in sense-pleasures.

And what, monks, is the peril in sense-pleasures? In this case, monks, a young man of family earns his living by some craft, such as reckoning on the fingers, such as calculation, such as computing, such as agriculture, such as being in a rajah's service, such as by another craft. (Because of this employment) he is afflicted by the cold, he is afflicted by the heat, suffering from the touch of gadflies, mosquitoes, wind, sun, creeping things, dying of hunger and thirst. This, monks, is a peril in pleasures of the senses that is present, a stem of ill, having pleasures of the senses as the cause, having pleasures of the senses as the provenance, being a consequence of pleasures of the senses, the very cause of pleasures of the senses.

If, monks, this young man of family rouses himself, exerts himself, strives thus, but if these possessions do not come to his hand, he grieves, mourns, laments, beating his breast and wailing, he falls into disillusionment, confusion, and thinks. 'Indeed my exertion is vain, indeed my striving is fruitless.' This too, monks, is a peril in the pleasures of the senses that is present . . . the very cause of pleasures of the senses.

If, monks, this young man of family rouses himself, exerts himself, strives thus and these possessions come to his hand, he experiences suffering and sorrow in consequence of looking after them, and thinks: 'Now what means may neither kings nor thieves take away my possessions, nor fire burn them, nor water carry them away, nor heirs whom I do not like take them away? Although he looks after these possessions and guards them, kings do take them away or thieves take them away, or fire burns them or water carries them away. He grieves, mourns, laments, beating his breast and wailing, he falls into disillusionment, and thinks: 'I do not even have that which was mine.' This too, monks is a peril in the pleasures of the senses that is present . . . the very cause of pleasures of the senses.

And again, monks, when sense-pleasures are the cause, sense-pleasures the provenance, sense-

pleasures the consequence, the very cause of sense-pleasures, kings dispute with kings, nobles dispute with nobles, brahmans dispute with brahmans, householders dispute with householders, a mother disputes with her son, a son disputes with his mother, a father disputes with his son, a son disputes with his father, a brother disputes with a brother, a brother disputes with a sister, a sister disputes with a brother, a friend disputes with a friend. Those who enter into quarrel, contention, dispute and attack one another with their hands and with stones and with sticks and with weapons, these suffer dying then and pain like unto dying. This too, monks, is a peril in the pleasures of the senses that is present . . . the very cause of pleasures of the senses.

And again, monks, when sense-pleasures are the cause, sense-pleasures the provenance, sense-pleasures the consequence, the very cause of sense-pleasures, having taken sword and shield, having girded on bow and quiver, both sides mass for battle and arrows are hurled and knives are hurled and swords are flashing. These who wound with arrows and wound with knives and decapitate with their swords, these suffer dying then and pain like unto dying. This too, monks, is a peril in the pleasures of the senses that is present . . . the very cause of pleasures of the senses.

And again, monks, when sense-pleasures are the cause, sense-pleasures the provenance, sense-pleasures the consequence, the very cause of sense-pleasures, having taken sword and shield, having girded on bow and quiver, they leap on to the newly daubed ramparts, and arrows are hurled and knives are hurled and swords are flashing. These who wound with arrows and wound with knives and pour boiling cow-dung over them and crush them with the (falling) portcullis and decapitate them with their swords, these suffer dying then and pain like unto dying. This too, monks, is a peril in the pleasure of the senses — the very cause of pleasures of the senses

And again, monks, when sense-pleasures are the cause, sense-pleasures the provenance, sense-pleasures the consequence, the very cause of sense-pleasures, they break into a house and carry off the booty and behave as a thief and wait in ambush and go to other men's wives. Kings, having arrested such a one, deal out various punishments — they lash him with whips and they lash him with canes and they lash him with (birch) rods, and they cut off his hand — his foot . his hand and foot . . his ear — his nose and they cut off his ear and nose and they give him the 'gruel-pot' punishment . . the 'shell-tonsure' punishment . . 'Rahu's mouth' . the 'fire-garland' . the 'flaming hand' . the



'hay-twist' .. the 'bark-dress' the 'antelope' . .  
'flesh-hooking' the 'disc-slice' the 'picking  
process' 'circling the pin,' and they give him  
the 'straw mattress,' and they spray him with boiling  
oil, give him as food to the dogs, impale him alive  
on stakes and decapitate him with a sword. This  
too, monks, is a peril in the pleasures of the senses  
the very cause of pleasures of the senses.

And again, monks, when sense-pleasures are the  
cause, sense-pleasures the provenance, sense-plea-  
sures the consequence, the very cause of sense-  
pleasures, they behave wrongly in body, they be-  
have wrongly in speech, they behave wrongly in  
thought. These, having behaved wrongly in body,  
in speech, in thought, at the breaking up of the body  
after dying, arise in a sorrowful state, a bad bourn,  
the abyss, Niraya Hell. This, monks, is a peril in  
pleasures of the senses that is of the future, a stem  
of ill, having pleasures of the senses as the cause,  
having pleasures of the senses as the provenance,  
being a consequence of pleasures of the senses, the  
very cause of pleasures of the senses.

And what, monks, is the escape from pleasures  
of the senses? Whatever, monks, is the control of  
desire for and attachment to pleasures of the senses,  
the getting rid of the desire and attachment, this is  
the escape from pleasures of the senses.

Monks, whatever recluses or brahmans do not thus comprehend the satisfaction in pleasures of the senses as satisfaction, the peril as peril, the escape as escape as it really is, these indeed will neither know their own sense-pleasures accurately, nor will they arouse another to a similar condition so that as he fares along, he will know sense-pleasures accurately—this situation does not exist.

But, monks, whatever recluses or brahmans comprehend thus the satisfaction in pleasures of the senses as satisfaction, the peril as peril, the escape as it really is, these indeed either know their own sense-pleasures accurately or they will arouse another to a similar condition, so that, as he fares along, he will know sense-pleasures accurately—this situation exists.

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And what, monks, is the satisfaction in material shapes? Monks, it is like a girl in a noble's family or a brahmin's family or a householder's family who at the age of fifteen or sixteen is not too tall, not too short, not too thin, not too fat, not too dark, not too fair is she, monks, at the height of her beauty and loveliness at that time?"

“Yes Lord.”

“Monks, whatever happiness and pleasure arise because of beauty and loveliness, this is satisfaction in material shapes.

And what, monks, is peril in material shapes? As to this, monks, one might see that same lady after a time, eighty or ninety or a hundred years old, aged, crooked as a rafter, bent, leaning on a stick, going along palsied, miserable, youth gone, teeth broken, hair thinned, skin wrinkled, stumbling along, the limbs discoloured. What would you think, monks? That that which was former beauty and loveliness has vanished, a peril has appeared?”

“Yes Lord.”

“This too, monks, is a peril in material shapes; and again, monks, one might see that same lady diseased, suffering, sorely ill, lying in her own excrement, having to be lifted up by others, having to be laid down by others. What would you think, monks? That that which was former beauty and loveliness has vanished, a peril has appeared?”

“Yes, Lord.”

“This too, monks, is a peril in material shapes, and again, monks, one might see that same lady, her body thrown aside in a cemetery, dead for one, two or three days, swollen, discoloured, decomposing. What would you think, monks? That that which

was former beauty and loveliness has vanished a peril has appeared?"

"Yes, Lord."

"This too, monks, is a peril in material shapes; and again, monks, one might see this same lady, her body thrown aside in a cemetery, being devoured by crows or ravens or vultures or wild dogs or jackals or by a variety of animals. What would you think, monks? That that which was former beauty and loveliness has vanished, a peril has appeared?"

"This too, monks, is a peril in material shapes; and again, monks, one might see that same lady, her body thrown aside in a cemetery, a skeleton with (some) flesh and blood, sinew-bound . . . a fleshless skeleton with a smear of blood, sinew-bound . . . a skeleton without flesh or blood, sinew-bound, the bones no longer held together, scattered in this direction and that: here a hand-bone, there a foot-bone, here a leg-bone, there a rib, here a hip-bone, there a back-bone, here the skull. What would you think, monks? That that which was former beauty and loveliness has vanished, a peril has appeared?"

"Yes, Lord."

"This too, monks, is a peril in material shapes; and again, monks, one might see that same lady, her body thrown aside in a cemetery, the bones white

and something like sea-shells . . . a heap of dried-up bones more than a year old . . . the bones gone, rotten and reduced to powder. What would you think, monks? That that which was former beauty and loveliness has vanished, a peril has appeared?"

"Yes, Lord."

This too, monks, is a peril in material shapes.

And what, monks, is the escape from material shapes? Whatever, monks, is the control of desire and attachment, the getting rid of desire and attachment to material shapes, this is the escape from material shapes.

Monks, whatever recluses or brahmans do not thus comprehend the satisfaction in material shapes as satisfaction, the peril as peril, the escape as escape as it really is, these indeed will neither know material shapes accurately themselves nor will they arouse another to a similar condition, so that, as he fares along, he will know material shapes accurately—this situation does not exist. But, monks, whatever recluses or brahmans comprehend thus the satisfaction in material shapes as satisfaction, the peril as peril, the escape as escape as it really is, these indeed either know material shapes accurately themselves or they will arouse another to a similar con-

dition, so that, as he fares along, he will know material shapes accurately—this situation exists.

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What, monks, is the satisfaction of feelings? As to this, monks, a monk aloof from pleasures of the senses, aloof from unskilled states of mind, enters into and abides in the first meditation which is accompanied by initial thought and discursive thought, is born of aloofness, and is rapturous and joyful. Monks, at the time in which the monk, aloof from pleasures of the senses, aloof from unskilled states of mind, enters into and abides in the first meditation . . . and is rapturous and joyful, if at that time he does not strive for his own hurt, if he does not strive for the hurt of others, if he does not strive for the hurt of both at that very time he experiences a feeling that is not hurtful. I, monks, say that non-hurtfulness is the highest satisfaction among feelings.

And again, monks, a monk, by allaying initial thought and discursive thought, with the mind subjectively tranquilised and fixed on one point, enters into and abides in the second meditation which is devoid of initial and discursive thought, is born of concentration, and is rapturous and joyful . . . the third meditation . . . enters into and abides in the fourth meditation. Monks, at the time in which the

monk by getting rid of joy and by getting rid of anguish, and by the going down of his former pleasures and sorrows, enters into and abides in the fourth meditation, which has neither anguish nor joy and which is entirely purified by equanimity and mindfulness, if at that time he does not strive for his own hurt, if he does not strive for the hurt of others, if he does not strive for the hurt of both, at that very time he experiences a feeling that is not hurtful. I, monks, say that non-hurtfulness is the highest satisfaction among feelings.

What, monks, is the peril of feelings? Inasmuch, monks, as feelings are impermanent, ill, liable to change, this is the peril of feelings.

What, monks, is the escape from feelings? Whatever, monks, is the control of desire and attachment, the getting rid of desire and attachment to feelings, this is the escape from feelings.

Monks, whatever recluses or brahmins do not thus comprehend the satisfaction in feelings as satisfaction, the peril as peril, the escape as escape as it really is, these indeed will neither know feelings accurately themselves nor will they arouse another to a similar condition, so that, as he fares along, he will know feelings accurately—this situation does not exist. But, monks, whatever recluses or brahmins comprehend thus the satisfaction in

feelings as satisfaction, the peril as peril, the escape as escape as it really is, these indeed know feelings accurately themselves or they will arouse another to a similar condition, so that, as he fares along, he will know feelings accurately—this situation exists.”

Thus spoke the Blessed One. Delighted, these monks rejoiced in what the Blessed One has said.

### **Majjhima Nikkaya - Extracts**



## PATIENCE or FORBEARANCE (Khanti)

### A Jataka

Once upon a time a King of Kasi named Kalabu was reigning in Benares. At that time the Bodhisatta came to birth as a brahman youth, called Boy Kundaka, in a brahman family worth eighty lakhs of treasure. When he had grown up and learnt all the crafts at Taxila he set up his own establishment. On looking at a heap of treasure after his parents had died, he thought: "My kinsmen who amassed this wealth have gone on without taking it with them and although I inherit it, I too must go on". So, having carefully given all that wealth as a gift to whoever was worthy of it, he entered the Himalayan region and, having gone forth, lived for a long time on various sorts of fruit. But on regaining frequented paths so as to obtain salt and sour ingredients, he gradually reached Benares and stayed in the royal pleasure-grove. Next day as he was walking in the city for almsfood he arrived at the door of the commander-in-chief's house. The commander-in-chief, pleased at the way in which he comported himself, asked him into the house, offered him a meal he had himself prepared and,

obtaining his consent, asked him to stay on there in the royal pleasure-grove.

One day King Kalabu, inflamed and intoxicated with strong drink, had gone to the pleasure-grove with great pomp and surrounded by dancers. He had had a couch spread on an auspicious stone slab, and had lain with his head in the lap of his favourite lady. While the nautch-girls who were skilled in singing, music and dancing were giving an entertainment with songs and so forth like unto the great splendour of Sakka, the king of devas, the king fell asleep. These women thought: "He for whose sake we are giving this entertainment with songs and so forth has gone to sleep. Why should we sing or anything?" Throwing away their lutes and musical instruments in this place and that and setting out for the pleasure-grove, they delighted in it, fascinated by the flowers and fruits and shrubs.

At that moment the Bodhisatta, passing the time in the bliss of going forth, was sitting like an elephant in the pride of his strength at the root of a flowering sal-tree in that pleasure-grove. As these women were walking about they saw him, and said to one another: "Come ladies, let us sit down until the king wakes up and hear something from whoever it is that has gone forth and is sitting at

the root of this tree". So having gone up and saluted him, they sat in a circle round him and said: "Speak something to us that is worth speaking". The Bodhisatta spoke Dhamma to them.

The lady on whose lap the king was reposing, moving her lap woke the king. When he was awake and did not see the women, he said, "Where have the wretches gone?"

"Sire," she answered, "they have gone away and are sitting down in a circle round some ascetic." The enraged king seized his sword and rushed off thinking: "I will give this rascally matted-hair ascetic a lesson." When those women saw the furious king advancing, the more favourite among them went to meet him, took the sword from his hand and pacified him. He came and stood near the Bodhisatta and asked: "What do you, recluse, profess?"

"I profess forbearance, Sire."

"What is this forbearance?"

"It is being without anger when people curse or strike or revile you."

The king, saying: "Now I will see the reality of your forbearance", had his executioner summoned. In virtue of his office he arrived dressed in yellow

and wearing a red garland and carrying an axe and a lash of thorns. When he had saluted the king, he said, "What do I do Sire?"

"Lay hold of this rogue of a false ascetic and drag him away. When you have thrown him to the ground, taking your lash of thorns and saying: 'Down the front, down the back, and down both sides; give him two thousand stripes even down all four sides'".

The executioner did that.

The Bodhisatta's outer skin was split, his inner skin, his flesh, and the blood flowed forth.

Again the king said: "What do you monk, profess?"

"I profess forbearance, Sire, but you think my forbearance is only skin-deep? My forbearance is not skin-deep, but it could not be seen by you for my forbearance, Sire, is firmly rooted within my heart"

The executioner asked, "What do I do?"

"Chop off both of this rascally matted-hair ascetic's hands."

The executioner took his axe, placed the victim on the executioner's block, and chopped off both his hands. Then the king said to him: "Chop off his feet."

He chopped them off.

The blood flowed forth from the ends of his hands and feet like juice of lac from a cracked jar.

Again the king asked "What do you profess?"

"I profess forbearance, Sire. But you think forbearance is in the ends of my hands and feet. Forbearance is not there, it is firmly rooted in a deep place within me."

The king said: "Cut off his ears and nose."

The executioner cut off his ears and nose. His whole body was covered with blood. Again the king asked: "What is it you profess?"

"It is forbearance that I profess, Sire. But don't think forbearance resides in my ears and nose. Forbearance is firmly rooted in the deeps within my heart."

The king saying, "Rascally matted-hair ascetic sit down and then extol that forbearance", kicked the Bodhisatta over the heart and departed.

When he had gone the commander-in-chief wiped the blood from the Bodhisatta's body and after bandaging the ends of the hands and feet, his ears and nose, he gently made the Bodhisatta sit down

and having saluted him, he sat down to one side and said :

“Reverend Sir, if you would be angry you should be angry only with the king who has transgressed against you, not with anyone else” and so, entreating him, he spoke the first verse :

“Whoso had you hands and feet and ears and nose cut off

With him be angry, Great Hero, but do not ruin this kingdom.”

When he had heard him the Bodhisatta spoke the second verse :

“Whoso had my hands and feet and ears and nose cut off

“Long live that king; ones like me enanger not.”

As the king was leaving the pleasure-grove and had passed just beyond the Bodhisatta's range of vision, this mighty earth, which is two hundred and forty thousand leagues in thickness, split like a strong stout cloth and a flame, issuing forth from Avici Hell, seized upon the king as though wrapping him about with a red woollen blanket that had been the gift of his family. Sinking into the earth at the very gate of the pleasure-grove, he was established in Avici, the Great Niraya Heil.

The Bodhisatta passed away on that same day.

The king's men and the citizens came with perfumes and garlands and with incense in their hands and performed the obsequies for the Bodhisatta's body. Although some of them said: "But the Bodhisatta has only gone back to the Himalayan region", this was not so. He had passed away to fare according to his deeds.

## KUDDALA-JATAKA

This story was told by the Blessed One while at Jetavana, about the Elder named Cittahattha-Sariputta. He is said to have been a youth of a good family in Savatthi; and one day, on his way home from ploughing, he turned in to the monastery. Here he received from the bowl of a certain Elder some dainty fare, rich and sweet, which made him think to himself, "Day and night I am toiling away with my hands at diverse tasks, yet never do I taste food so sweet. I must turn Brother my self." So he joined the Brotherhood, but after six weeks' zealous application to high thinking, fell under the dominion of desires and off he went. His belly again proving too much for him, back he came to join the Brotherhood once more, and studied the Abhidhamma. In this way, six times he left and came back again; but when for the seventh time he became a Brother, he mastered the whole seven books of the Abhidhamma, and by much chanting of the Doctrine of the Brothers won Discernment and attained to Arahatsip. Now his friends among the Brethren scoffed at him, saying: "Can it be, sir, that Lusts have ceased to spring up within your heart?"



“Sirs,” was the reply, “I have now got beyond mundane life henceforth.”

He having thus won Arahatship, talk thereof arose in the Hall of Truth, as follows : “Sirs, though all the while he was destined to all the glories of Arahatship, yet six times did Cittahattha-Sariputta renounce the Brotherhood; truly, very wrong is the unconverted state.”

Returning to the Hall, the Master asked what they were talking about. Being told, he said, “Brethren the worldling’s heart is light and hard to curb; material things attract and hold it fast; when once it is so held fast, it cannot be released in a trice. Excellent is the mastery of such a heart; once mastered, it brings joy and happiness :—

“Tis good to tame a headstrong heart and frail, by passion swayed. Once tamed, the heart brings bliss.

It was by reason of this headstrong quality of the heart, however, that, for the sake of a pretty spade which they could not bring them selves to throw away, the wise and good of bygone days six times reverted to the world out of sheer cupidity; but on the seventh occasion they won Insight and subdued their cupidity,” and so saying, he told this story of the past.

A long time ago when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as a

gardener, and grew up. 'Spade Sage' was his name. With his spade he cleared a patch of ground, and grew pot-herbs, pumpkins, gourds, cucumbers, and other vegetables, by the sale of which he made a sorry living. For, save only that one spade, he had nothing in the world. Resolving one day to forsake the world for the religious life, he hid his spade away, and became a recluse. But thoughts of that spade rose in his heart and the passion of greed overcame him, so that for the sake of his blunt spade he reverted to the world. Again and again this happened; six times did he hide the spade and become a recluse—only to renounce his vows again. The seventh time he bethought him how that blunt spade had caused him again and again to backslide; and he made up his mind to throw it into a great river before he became a recluse again. So he carried the spade to the river-side, and, fearing lest if he saw where it fell, he should come back and fish it out again, he whirled the spade thrice round his head by the handle and flung it with the strength of an elephant right into mid-stream, shutting his eyes tight as he did so. Then loud rang his shout of exultation, a shout like a lion's roar, "I have conquered!. I have conquered!."

Now just at that moment the King of Benares on his way home from quelling disorder on the

border, had been bathing in that very river, and was riding along in all his splendour on the back of his elephant, when he heard the Bodhisatta's shout of triumph. "Here's a man," said the king, "who is proclaiming that he has conquered. I wonder whom he has conquered. Go, bring him before me."

So the Bodhisatta was brought before the king, who said to him, "My good man, I am a conqueror myself; I have just won a battle and am on my way home victorious. Tell me whom you have conquered." "Sirs," said the Bodhisatta, "a thousand such victories as yours are vain, if you have not the victory over the desires within yourself. It is by conquering greed within my self that I have conquered my Lusts." And as he spoke, he gazed upon the great river, and by duly concentrating all his mind upon the idea of water, won Insight. Then by virtue of his newly-won transcendental powers, he rose in the air, and, seated there, instructed the King in the Truth in this stanza :—

The conquest that by further victories  
Must be upheld, or own defeat at last,  
Is vain!. True conquest lasts for evermore!.

Even as he listened to the Truth, light shone in on the king's darkness, and the desires of his heart were quenched; his heart was bent on renouncing the world; then and there the lust for royal dominion

passed away from him. "And where will you go now?" said the king to the Bodhisatta. "To the Himalayas, sire; there to live the anchorite's life." "Then I, too, will become an anchorite," said the king; and he departed with the Bodhisatta. With the king there departed also the whole army, all the brahmins and householders and all the common folk, in a word, all the host that was gathered there.

Tidings came to Benares that their king, on hearing the Truth preached by the Spade Sage, was fain to live the anchorite's life and had gone forth with all his host. "And what shall we do here?", cried the folk of Benares. And thereupon, from out that city which was twelve leagues about, all the inhabitants went forth, a train twelve leagues long, with whom the Bodhisatta passed to the Himalayas.

Then the throne of Sakka, King of Devas, became hot beneath him. Looking out, he saw that the Spade Sage was engaged upon a Great Renunciation. Marking the numbers of his following, Sakka took thought how to house them all, and he sent for Vissaakarma, the architect of the Devas, and spoke thus: "The Spade Sage is engaged upon a Great Renunciation, and quarters must be found for him. Go you to the Himalayas, and there on level ground fashion by divine power a hermit's demesne thirty leagues long and fifteen broad".

"It shall be done, sire," said Vissakamma.

The Spade Sage with his host of people came to the Himalayas and entered the demesne which Sakka had given and took possession of the house and furniture which Vissakamma had created for the hermits. First of all, he renounced the world himself, and afterwards made the people renounce it. Then he portioned out the demesne were fillec. By due performance of all the other rites that conduce to insight, the Spade Sage developed perfect good-will within himself, and he taught the people how to meditate. Hereby they all won the Attainments, and assured their entry thereafter into the Brahma-Realm, whilst all who ministered to them qualified for entry thereafter into the Realm of Devas.

“Thus, Brethren,” said the Blessed One, “the heart, when passion holds it fast, is hard to release. When the attributes of greed spring up within it, they are hard to chase away, and even persons so wise and good as the above are thereby rendered witless.” His lesson ended, he preached the Truths, at the close whereof some won the First, some the Second, and some the Third Path, whilst others again attained to Arahatsip. Further, the Master showed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, “Ananda was the king of those days, the Buddha’s followers were the followers, and I myself the Spade Sage.”

## MUGA-PAKKHA JATAKA (BIRTH STORY OF THE DUMB CRIPPLE)

This story the Master told at Jetavana concerning the great renunciation. One day the Brethren seated in the Hall of Truth were discussing the praises of the Blessed One's great renunciation. When the Master came and inquired of the Brethren what was the topic which they were discussing as they sat there, on hearing what it was, he said, "No, Brethren, this my renunciation of the world, after leaving my kingdom, was not wonderful, when I had fully exercised the perfections; for before, even when my wisdom was still immature, and while I was still attaining the perfections, I left my kingdom and renounced the world"; and at their request he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time a king Kasiraja ruled justly in Benares. He had sixteen thousand wives, but not one among them conceived either son or daughter.

The citizens assembled as in the Kusa Jataka, saying, "Our king has no son to keep up his line"; and they begged the king to pray for a son.

The king commanded his sixteen thousand wives to pray for sons; but though they worshipped the moon and the other deities and prayed, they obtained none.

Now his chief queen Candadevi, the daughter of the king of the Maddas, was devoted to good works and he asked her also to pray for a son. So on the day of the full moon she took upon herself the Uposatha vows, and while lying on a little bed, as she reflected on virtuous life, she made an Act of Truth in these terms, "If I have never broken the commandments, by the truth of this my protestation may a son be born to me." Through the power of her piety, Sakka's dwelling became hot. Sakka, having considered and ascertained the cause, said, "Candadevi asks for a son, I will give her one"; so, as he looked for a suitable son, he saw the Bodhisatta.

Now the Bodhisatta, after having reigned twenty years in Benares, had been reborn in the Ussada hell where he had suffered for eighty thousand years, and had then been born in the world of the thirty-three gods, and after having stayed there his allotted period, he had passed away therefrom and was desirous of going to the world of the higher gods.

Sakka went up to him and said, "Friend, if you are born in the world of men you will fully exercise

the perfections and the mass of mankind will be advantaged; now this chief queen of Kasiraja, Canda, is praying for a son, do you be born in her womb." He consented, and came attended by five hundred deities, and was himself conceived in her womb, while the other deities were conceived in the womb of the wives of the king's ministers.

The queen's womb seemed to be full of diamonds when she became aware of it, she told it to the king, who caused every care to be taken for the safety of the unborn child; and in time she brought forth a son endued with auspicious marks.

On the same day five hundred young nobles were born in the ministers' houses. At that moment the king was seated on his royal dais, surrounded by his ministers, when it was announced, "A son is born to thee, O king"; at hearing it, paternal affection arose, and piercing through his skin reached to the marrow in his bones; joy sprang up within him and his heart became refreshed.

He asked his ministers, "Are you glad at the birth of my son?"

"What art thou saying, Sire?" they answered, "we were before helpless, now we have a help, we have obtained a lord."

The king gave orders to his chief general, "A retinue must be prepared for my son, find out



how many young nobles have been born to-day in the ministers' houses."

He saw the five hundred and went and told it to the king.

The king sent princely dresses of honour for the five hundred young nobles, and he also sent five hundred nurses. He gave moreover sixty-four nurses for the Bodhisatta, all free from the faults of being too tall, or too short, with their breasts not hanging down, and full of sweet milk. If a child drinks milk, sitting on the hip of a nurse who is too tall, its neck will become too long; if it sits on the hip of one too short, its shoulder-bone will be compressed; if the nurse be too thin, the babe's thighs will ache; if too stout, the babe will become bow-legged; the body of a very dark nurse is too cold, of one very white, is too hot; the children who drink the milk of a nurse with hanging breasts, have the ends of their noses flattened; some nurses have their milk sour, others have it bitter etc. Therefore, avoiding all these faults, he provided sixty-four nurses all possessed of sweet milk and without any of these faults; and after paying the Bodhisatta great honour, he also gave the queen a boon. She accepted it and kept it in her mind.

On the day of naming the child they paid great honour to the brahmans who read the different

marks, and inquired if there was any danger threatening. They, beholding the excellence of his marks, replied, "O, king, the prince possesses every mark of future good fortune, he is able to rule not one continent only but all the four—there is no danger visible." The king, being pleased, when he fixed the boy's name, gave him the name Temiya kumaro, since it had rained all over the kingdom of Kasi on the day of his birth and he had been born wet.

When he was one month old, they adorned him and brought him to the king, and the king having looked at his dear child, embraced him and placed him on his hip and sat playing with him.

Now at that time four robbers were brought before him; one of them he sentenced to receive a thousand strokes from whips barbed with thorns, another to be imprisoned in chains, a third to be smitten with a spear, the fourth to be impaled.

The Bodhisatta, on hearing his father's words, was terrified and thought to himself, "Ah, my father through his being a king, is becoming guilty of a grievous action which brings men to hell."

The next day they laid him on a sumptuous bed under a white umbrella, and he woke after a short

sleep and opening his eyes beheld the white umbrella and the royal pomp, and his fear increased all the more; and as he pondered "from whence have I come into this palace?", by his recollection of his former births, he remembered that he had once come from the world of the gods and that then he had been a king in that very city then after that he had suffered in hell. While he pondered to himself, "I was a king for twenty years and then I suffered eighty thousand years in the Ussada hell, and now again I am born in this house of robbers, and my father, when four robbers were brought before him uttered such a cruel speech as must lead to hell; if I become a king I shall be born again in hell and suffer great pain there," he became greatly alarmed, his golden body became pale and faded like a lotus crushed by the hand, and he lay thinking how he could escape from that house of robbers.

Then a goddess who dwelt in the umbrella, and who in a certain previous birth had been his mother, comforted him, "Fear not, my child Temiya; if you really desire to escape, then pretend to be a cripple, although not really one; though not deaf, pretend to be deaf, and, though not dumb, pretend to be dumb. Putting on these characteristics, show no

signs of intelligence." So she uttered the first stanza :

“Show no intelligence, my child, be as a fool in  
all men’s eyes,  
Content to be the scorn of all, thus shalt thou  
gain at last the prize.”

Being comforted by her words he uttered the second stanza :

“O goddess, I will do thy will—what thou com-  
mandest me is best,  
Mother, thou wishest for my weal, thou longest  
but to see me blest”,

and so he practised these three characteristics. The king, in order that his son might lose his melancholy, had the five hundred young nobles brought near him; the children began crying for their milk, but the Bodhisatta, being afraid of hell, reflected that to die of thirst would be better than to reign, and did not cry.

The nurses told this to Queen Canda and she told it to the king; he sent for some brahmans skilled in signs and omens and consulted them. They replied, “Sire, you must give the prince his milk after the proper time has passed; he will then cry and seize the breast eagerly and drink of his own accord.”

So they gave him his milk after letting the proper time pass by, and sometimes they let it pass by once, and sometimes they did not give it to him all through the day. But he, stung by fear of hell, even though thirsty, would not cry for milk. Then the mother or the nurses gave him milk, though he did not cry for it, saying, "The boy is famished." The other children cried when they did not get their milk but he neither cried nor slept nor doubled up his hands nor feet, nor would he hear a sound.

Then his nurses reflected, "The hands and feet of cripples are not like his, the formation of the jaws of the dumb is not like his, the structure of the ears of the deaf is not like his; there must be some reason for all this, let us examine into it"; so they determined to try him with milk, and so for one whole day they gave him no milk; but, though parched, he uttered no sound for milk.

Then his mother said, "My boy is famished, give him milk," and she made them give him milk.

Thus giving him milk at intervals they spent a year in trying him, but they did not discover his weak point.

Thinking, "The other children are fond of cakes and dainties, we will try him with them"; they set the five hundred children near him and brought

various dainties and placed them close by him, and, telling them to take what they liked, they hid themselves. The other children quarrelled and struck one another and seized the cakes and ate them, but the Bodhisatta said to himself, "O Temiya, eat the cakes and dainties if you wish for hell," and so in his fear of hell he would not look at them.

Thus even though they tried him with cakes and dainties for a whole year they discovered not his weak point.

Then they said, "Children are fond of different kinds of fruit," and they brought all sorts of fruit and tried him; the other children fought for them and ate them, but he would not look at them, and thus for a whole year they tried him with various kinds of fruit.

Then they thought, "Other children are fond of play-things"; so they set golden and other figures of elephants, and kept near him; the rest of the children seized them as if they were spoil, but the Bodhisatta would not look at them, and thus for a whole year they tried him with playthings.

Then they thought, "There is a special food for children four years old, we will try him with that so they brought all sorts of food; the other children broke them in pieces and ate them; but the Bodhi-

satta said to himself, "O Temiya, there is no counting of the past births when you did not obtain food," and for fear of hell he did not look at them; until at last his mother, with her heart well nigh rent fed him with her own hand.

Then they said, "Children five years old are afraid of the fire, we will try him with that"; so, having had a large house made with many doors, and having covered it over with palm-leaves, they set him in the middle surrounded by the other children and set fire to it. The others ran away shrieking, but the Bodhisatta said to himself that it was better than the torture in hell, and remained motionless as if perfectly apathetic, and when the fire came near him they took him away.

Then they said, "Children six years old are afraid of a wild elephant"; so they had a well-trained elephant taught, and, when they had seated the Bodhisatta with the other children in the palace-court, they let it loose. On it came trumpeting and striking the ground with its trunk and spreading terror; the other children fled in all directions in fear for their lives, but the Bodhisatta, being afraid of hell, sat where he was, and the well-trained animal took him and lifted him up and down, and went away without hurting him.

When he was seven years old, as he was sitting surrounded by his companions, they let loose some serpents with their teeth extracted and their mouths bound; the other children ran away shrieking, but the Bodhisatta, remembering the fear of hell, remained motionless, saying, "It is better to perish by the mouth of a fierce serpent"; then the serpents enveloped his whole body and they spread their hoods on his head, but still he remained motionless.

Thus though they tried him again and again, they still could not discover his weak point. Then they thought "Boys are fond of social gatherings"; so, having set him in the palace-court with the five hundred boys, they caused an assembly of mimes to be gathered together; the other boys, seeing the mimes, shouted 'bravo' and laughed loudly, but the Bodhisatta, saying to himself that if he were born in hell there would never be a moment's laughter or joy, remained motionless as he pondered on hell, and never looked at the dancing.

Thus trying him again and again they discovered no weak point in him. They then thought "We will try him with the sword", so they placed him with the other boys in the palace-court, and while they were playing, a man rushed upon them, brandishing a sword like crystal and shouting and jumping, saying, "Where is this devil's-child of the king of Kasi?"



I will cut off his head." The others fled, shrieking in terror at the sight of him, but the Bodhisatta, having pondered on the fear of hell, sat as if unconscious. The man, although he rubbed the sword on his head and threatened to cut it off, could not frighten him and at last went away. Thus though they tried him again and again, they could not discover his weak point.

When he was ten years old, in order to try whether he was really deaf, they hung a curtain round a bed and made holes in the four sides and placed conch-blowers underneath it without letting him see them. All at once they blew the conchs, there was one burst of sound; but the ministers, though they stood at the four sides and watched by the holes in the curtain, could not through a whole day detect in him any confusion, of thought or any disturbance of hand or foot, or even a single start. So after a year had past, they tried him for another year with drums; but even thus, though they tried him again and again, they could not discover his weak point.

They thought "We will try him with a lamp" so; in the night-time in order to see whether he moved hand or foot in the darkness, they lighted some lamps in jars, and having extinguished all the other lamps, they put these down for a while in the darkness, and then suddenly lifting the lamps in the jars,

created all at once a blaze, and watched his behaviour; but though they thus tried him again and again for a whole year, they never saw him start even once.

Then said, "We will try him with molasses"; so they smeared all his body with molasses and laid him in a place infested with flies and stirred the flies up; these covered his whole body and bit it as if they were piercing it with needles, but he remained motionless as if perfectly pathetic; thus they tried him for a year, but they discovered no weak point in him.

When he was Fourteen years old, they said, "This youth now he is grown up loves what is clean and abhors what is unclean,—we will try him with what is unclean"; so from that time they did not let him bathe or rinse his mouth or perform any bodily ablutions, until he was reduced to a miserable plight, and he looked like a released prisoner. As he lay, covered with flies, the people came round and reviled him, saying "O Temiya, you are grown up now, who is to wait on you?, are you not ashamed?, why are you lying there?, rise up and cleanse yourself" But he, remembering the torments of the hell Gutha, lay quietly in his squalor; and though they tried, him again and again for a year, they discovered no weak point in him.

They put pans of fire in the bed under him, saying 'When he is distressed by the heat, he will perhaps be unable to bear the pain and will show some signs of writhing'; boils seemed to break out on his body, but the Bodhisatta resigned himself, saying, "The fire of the hell Avici flames up a hundred leagues, this heat is a hundred a thousand times preferable to that," so he remained motionless.

Then his parents, with breaking hearts, made the men come back, and took him out of the fire, and implored him, saying, "O prince Temiya, we know that thou art not in any way crippled by birth, for cripples have not such feet, face, or ears as thou hast; we gained thee as our child after many prayers, do not now destroy us, but deliver us from the blame of all the kings of Jambudīpa", but, though thus entreated by them, he lay still motionless, as if he heard them not. Then his parents went away weeping; and sometimes his father or his mother came back alone, and implored him; and thus they tried him again and again for a whole year, but they discovered no weak point in him.

When he was sixteen years old they considered, "Whether it be a cripple or deaf and dumb, still there are none, who when they are grown up, do not delight in what is enjoyable and dislike what is disagreeable; this is all natural in the proper time like

the-opening of flowers. We will have dramas acted before him and will thus try him." So they summoned some women full of all graces, and as beautiful as the daughters of the gods, and they promised that whichever of them could make the prince laugh, or could entangle him in sinful thoughts should become his principal queen.

They had the prince bathed in perfumed water and adorned like a son of the gods, and laid on a royal bed prepared in a suite of royal chambers like the dwellings of the god, and having filled his inner chamber with a mingled fragrance of perfumed wreaths of flowers, incense, unguents, spirituous liquor and the like, they retired. Meanwhile the women surrounded him and tried hard to delight him with dancing and singing and all sorts of pleasant words: but he looked at them in his perfect wisdom and stopped his inhalations and exhalations in fear lest they should touch his body, so that his body became quite rigid.

They, being unable to touch him, said to his parents, "His body is all rigid, he is not a man, but must be a goblin."

Thus his parents, though they tried him again and again, discovered no weak point in him.

Thus, though they tried him for sixteen years with the sixteen great tests and many smaller ones, they were not able to detect a weak point in him.

Then the king, being full of vexation, summoned the fortune-tellers and said, "When the prince was born you said that he has fortunate and auspicious marks, he has no threatening obstacle; but he is born a cripple and deaf and dumb; your words do not answer to the facts."

"Great king," they replied, "nothing is unseen by your teachers, but we knew how grieved you would be if we told you that the child of so many royal prayers would be all ill-luck; so we did not utter it."

"What must be done now?"

"O king, if this prince remains in this house, three dangers are threatened; to your life, or your royal power, or the queen; therefore it will be best to have some unlucky horses yoked to an unlucky chariot, and, placing him therein, to convey him by the western gate and bury him in the charnel-ground."

The king assented, being frightened at the threatened dangers.

When the queen Candadevi heard the news she came to the king, "My lord, you gave me a boon and I have kept it unclaimed, give it to me now."

“Take it, O queen.”

“Give the kingdom to my son.”

“I cannot, O queen; thy son is all ill-luck.”

“Then if you will not give it for his life, give it to him for seven years.”

“I cannot, O queen.”

“Then give it to him for six years,—for five, four, three, two, one year. Give it to him for seven months, for six, five, four, three, two months, one month, for half a month.”

“I cannot, O queen.”

“Then give it to him for seven days.”

“Well,” said the king, “Take your boon.”

So she had her son adorned, and, the city being gaily decorated, a proclamation was made to the beat of a drum, “This is the reign of prince Temiya,” and he was seated upon an elephant and led triumphantly rightwise round the city, with a white umbrella held over his head.

When he returned, and was laid on his royal bed she implored him all the night, “O my child, prince Temiya, on thy account for sixteen years I have

wept and taken no sleep: and my eyes are parched up, and my heart is pierced with sorrow; I know that thou art not really a cripple or deaf and dumb,—do not make me utterly destitute.”

In this manner she implored him day after day for five days.

On the sixth day the king summoned the chariot-eer Sunanda and said to him, “To-morrow morning early yoke some ill-omened horses to an ill-omened chariot, and having set the prince in it, take him out by the western gate and dig a hole with four sides in the charnel-ground; throw him into it, and break his head with the back of the spade and kill him, then scatter dust over him and make a heap of earth above, and after bathing yourself come hither.”

That sixth night the queen implored the prince, “O my child, the King of Kasi has given orders that you are to be buried to-morrow in the charnel-ground, to-morrow you will certainly die, my son ”

When the Bodhisatta heard this, he thought to himself, “O Temiya, your sixteen years’ labour has reached its end,” and he was glad; but his mother’s heart was as it were cleft in twain. Still he would not speak to her lest his desire should not attain its end.

At the end of that night, in the early morning, Sunanda the charioteer yoked the chariot and made it stand at the gate, and entering the royal bed-chamber he said, "O queen, be not angry, it is the king's command."

So saying, as the queen lay embracing her son he pushed her away with the back of his hand, and lifted up the prince like a bundle of flowers and came down from the palace.

The queen was left in the chamber smiting her breast and lamenting with a loud cry.

Then the Bodhisatta looked at her and considered, "If I do not speak she will die of a broken heart," but though he desired to speak, he reflected, "If I speak, my efforts for sixteen years will be rendered fruitless; but if I do not speak, I shall be the saving of myself and my parents."

The charioteer lifted him into the chariot and saying, "I will drive the chariot to the western gate," he drove it to the eastern gate, and the wheel struck against the threshold.

The Bodhisatta, hearing the sound, said, "My desire has attained its end," and he became still more glad at heart.

When the chariot had gone out of the city, it went a space of three leagues by the power of the gods,



and there the end of a forest appeared to the charioteer as if it were a charnel-ground; so thinking it to be a suitable place, he turned the chariot out of the road, and stopping it by the roadside he alighted and took off all the Bodhisatta's ornaments and made them into a bundle and laid them down, and then taking a spade began to dig a hole.

The Bodhisatta thought, "This is my time for effort; for sixteen years I have never moved hands nor feet, are they in my power or not?" So he rose and rubbed his right hand with his left, and his left hand with his right, and his feet with both his hands, and resolved to alight from the chariot. When his foot came down, the earth rose up like a leather bag filled with air and touched the hinder end of the chariot; when he had alighted, and had walked backwards and forwards several times, he felt that he had strength to go a hundred leagues in this manner in one day. Then he reflected, "If the charioteer were to set against me, should I have the power to contend with him?" So he seized hold of the hinder end of the chariot and lifted it up as if it were a toy-cart for children, and said to himself that he had power to contend with him, and as he perceived it, a desire arose to adorn himself.

At that moment Sakka's palace became hot. Sakka, having perceived the reason, said, "Prince

“Temiya’s desire has attained its end, he desires to be adorned, what has he to do with human adornment?” and he commanded Vishvakarma to take heavenly decorations and to go and adorn the son of the king of Kasi. So he went and wrapt the prince with ten thousand pieces of cloth and adorned him like Sakka with heavenly and human ornaments. The prince, decked with all the bravery of the King of the gods, went up to the hole as the charioteer was digging, and standing at the edge, uttered the third stanza :

“Why in such haste, O charioteer?, and wherefore do you dig that pit?

Answer my question truthfully,—what to do with it?”

The charioteer went on digging the hole without looking up and spoke the fourth stanza :

“Our king has found his only son crippled and dumb, an idiot quite;

And I am sent to dig this hole and bury him far out of sight.”

“I am not deaf nor dumb, my friend, no cripple, not e’en lame am I;

If in this wood you bury me, you will incur great guilt thereby.

Behold these arms and legs of mine, and hear my voice and what I say;

If in this wood you bury me, you will incur great guilt to-day."

Then the charioteer said, "Who is this? It is only since I came here that he has become as he describes himself." So he left off digging the hole and looked up; and beholding his glorious beauty and not knowing whether he was a god or a man, he spoke this stanza :

"A heavenly minstrel or a god, or art thou Sakka, lord of all?

Who art thou, pray; whose son art thou?, what shall we name thee when we call?"

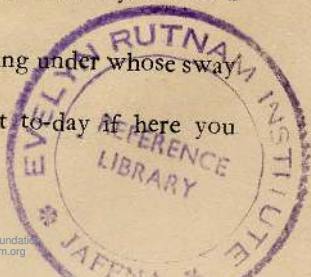
Then the Bodhisatta spoke, revealing himself and the law :

"No heavenly minstrel nor a god, nor Sakka lord of all, am I;

I am the King of Kasi's son whom you would bury ruthlessly.

I am the son of that same king under whose sway you serve and thrive,

You will incur great guilt to-day if here you bury me alive.



If 'neath a tree I sit and rest while it its shade  
and shelter tends,

I would not break a single branch,—only the  
sinner harms his friends,

The sheltering tree—it is the king; I am the  
branch that tree has spread;

And you the traveller, charioteer, who sits and  
rests beneath its shade;

If in this wood you bury me, great guilt will fall  
upon your head.”

Yet, though the Bodhisatta said this, the man did  
not believe him. Then the Bodhisatta resolved to  
convince him “and he made the woods resound  
with his own voice and the applause of the gods,  
as he commenced these ten gathas in honour of  
friends.”

“He who is faithful to his friends may wander  
far and wide,

Many will gladly wait on him, his food shall be  
supplied.

Whatever lands he wanders through, in city or  
in town,

He who is faithful to his friends finds honour  
and renown.

No robbers dare to injure him, no warriors him  
despise;

He who is faithful to his friends escapes all  
enemies.

Welcomed by all he home returns, no cares  
corrode his breast,

He who is faithful to his friends is of all kin  
the best.

He honours and is honoured too, respect he  
takes and gives;

He who is faithful to his friends full meed from  
all receives.

He is by others honoured who to them due  
honour pays,

He who is faithful to his friends wins himself  
fame and praise.

Like fire he blazes brightly forth, and sheds a  
light divine,

He who is faithful to his friends will with fresh  
splendour shine.

His oxen surely multiply, his seed unfailing  
grows,

He who is faithful to his friends reaps surely  
all he sows.

If from a mountain-top he falls or from a tree  
or grot,

He who is faithful to his friends finds a sure  
resting spot.

The Banyan tree defies the wind, girt with its  
branches rooted round,

He who is faithful to his friends doth all the rage  
of foes confound."

Even though he thus discovered, Sunanda did not recognise him and asked who he was; but as he approached the chariot, even before he saw the chariot and the ornaments which the prince wore, he recognised him as he looked at him, and falling at his feet and folding his hands spoke this stanza:

"Come, I will take thee back, O prince, to thine  
own proper home;

Sit on the throne and act the king—why in this  
forest road?

The Great Being replied :

"I do not want that throne or wealth, I want not  
friends nor kin,

Since 'tis by evil acts alone that I that throne  
could win."

The charioteer spoke :

“A brimful cup of welcome, prince, will be prepared for thee;

And thy two parents in their joy great will give to me.

The royal wives, the princes all, Vesiyas and brahmans both,

Great presents in their full content will give me, nothing loth.

Those who ride elephants and cars, foot-soldiers royal guards,

When thou returnest home again, will give me sure rewards.

The country folk and city folk will gather joyously.

And when they see their prince returned will presents give to me.”

The Great Being spoke :

“By parents I was left forlorn, by city and by town,

The Princes left me to my fate, I have no home my own.

My mother gave me leave to go, my father me forsook,

Here in this forest-wild alone the ascetic's vow  
I took.

As the Great Being called to mind his own virtues,  
delight arose in his mind and in his ecstasy he  
uttered a hymn of triumph :

“Even to those who hurry not, th' heart's longing  
wins success;

Know, charioteer, that I to-day have gained  
ripe holiness.

Even by those who hurry not, the highest end  
is won;

Crowned with ripe holiness I go, perfect and  
fearing none.”

The charioteer replied :

“Thy words, my lord, are pleasant words, open  
thy speech and clear;

Why wast thou dumb, when thou didst see  
father and mother near?”

The Great being spoke :

“No cripple I for lack of joints, nor deaf for  
lack of ears,

I am not dumb for want of tongue as plainly  
now appears.



In an old birth I played the king, as I remember  
well,

But when I fell from that estate I found myself  
in hell.

Some twenty years of luxury I passed upon that  
throne,

But eighty thousand years in hell did for that  
guilt atone.

“My former taste of royalty filled all my heart  
with fear;

Thence was I dumb, although I saw father and  
mother near.

My father took me on his lap, but midst his  
fondling play,

I heard the stern commands he gave, ‘At once  
this miscreant slay,

Saw him asunder, go, that wretch impale without  
delay.’

Hearing such threats well might I try crippled  
and dumb to be,

And wallow helplessly in filth, and idiot will-  
ingly.

Knowing that life is short at best and filled with  
miseries,

Who, gainst another for its sake would let his  
anger rise?

Who on another for its sake would let his  
vengeance light,

Through want of power to grasp the truth and  
blindness to the right?"

Then Sunanda reflected, "This prince, abandon-  
ing all his royal pomp as if it were carrion, has  
entered into the wood, unwavering in his resolve  
to become an ascetic with him"; so he spoke this  
stanza :

"I too would choose th' ascetic's life with thee  
Call me, O prince, for I as thou would be."

When thus requested, the Great Being reflected,  
"If I at once admit him to the ascetic life, my father  
and mother will not come here and thus they will  
suffer loss, and the horses and chariot and orna-  
ments will perish, and blame will accrue to me, for  
men will say, 'He is a goblin, has he devoured the  
charioteer?'" So wishing to save himself from blame  
and to provide for his parents' welfare, he en-  
trusted the horses and chariot and ornaments to  
him and spoke this stanza :

'Restore the chariot first, thou 'rt not a free  
man now;

First pay thy debts, they say, then take the ascetic's vow."

The charioteer thought to himself, "If I went to the city and he meanwhile departed elsewhere his father and mother on hearing my news of him would come back with me to see him; and if they found him not they would punish me; so I will tell him the circumstances in which I find myself and will get his promise to remain here"; so he spoke two stanzas :

"Since I have done thy bidding, prince, I pray,  
Do thou be pleased to do what I shall say.

Stay till I fetch the king, stay here of grace,  
He will be joyful when he sees thy face."

The Great Being replied :

"Well, be it as thou sayest, charioteer;  
I too would gladly see my father here.

Go and salute my kindred all, and take  
A special message for my parents' sake."

The man took the commands :

He clasped his feet and, all due honours paid,  
Started to journey as his Master bade.

At that moment Candadevi opened her lattice and, as she wondered whether there were any tidings

of her son and looked on the road by which the charioteer would return, she saw him coming alone and burst into lamentation.

The Master has thus described it :

“Seeing the empty car and lonely charioteer,  
The mother’s eyes were filled with tears, her  
breast with fear :

The charioteer comes back, my son is slain;  
Yonder he lies, earth mixed with earth again.

Our bitterest foes may well rejoice, alack!  
Seeing his murderer come safely back.

Dumb, crippled, say, could he not give one cry,  
As on the ground he struggled helplessly?

Could not his hands and feet force thee away,  
Though dumb and maimed, while on the ground  
he lay?”

The charioteer spoke :

“Promise me pardon, lady, for my word,  
And I will tell thee all I saw and heard.”

The queen answered :

“Pardon I promise you for every word;  
Tell me in full whate’er you saw or heard.”

Then the charioteer spoke :

“No cripple he, he is not deaf, his utterance clear  
and free;

He played fictitious parts at home, through dread  
of royalty.

In an old birth he played the king as he re-  
members well,

But when he fell from that estate he found  
himself in hell.

Some twenty years of luxury he passed upon  
that throne,

But eighty thousand years in hell did for that  
guilt atone.

His former taste of royalty filled all his heart  
with fear;

Hence was he dumb although he saw father and  
mother near.

Perfectly sound in all his limbs, faultlessly tall  
and broad,

His utterance clear, his wits undimmed, he treads  
salvation's road.

If you desire to see your son, then come at once  
with me,

You shall behold prince Temiya, perfectly calm and free."

But when the prince had sent the charioteer away, he desired to take the ascetic vow. Knowing his desire, Sakka sent Vissakamma, saying, "Prince Temiya wishes to take the ascetic vow, go and make a hut of leaves for him and the requisite articles for an ascetic." He hastened accordingly, and in a grove of trees three leagues in extent he built a hermitage furnished with an apartment for the night and another for the day, a tank, a pit, and fruit-trees, and he prepared all the requisites for an ascetic and then returned to his own palace. When the Bodhisatta saw it, he knew it was Sakka's gift so he entered into the hut and took off his clothes and put on the red bark garments, both the upper and under, and threw the black antelope-skin on one shoulder, and tied up his matted hair, and, having taken a carrying pole on his shoulder and a walking staff in his hand, he went out of the hut. Then he walked repeatedly up and down, displaying the full dress of an ascetic, and having shouted triumphantly "O the bliss, O the bliss," returned to the hut; and sitting down on the ragged mat he entered upon the five transcended faculties. Then going out at evening and gathering some leaves from a kara tree nearby he soaked them in a vessel supplied by Sakka in water without salt or butter,

milk or spice, and ate them as if they were ambrosia, and then, as he pondered on the four perfect states he resolved to take up his abode there.

Meanwhile the King of Kasi, having heard Sunanda's words, summoned his chief general and ordered him to make preparations for the journey, saying :

“The horses to the chariots yoke, bind girths on elephants and come;

Sound conch and tabour far and wide, and wake the loud voiced kettledrum.

Let the hoarse tom tom fill the air, let rattling drums raise echoes sweet,

Bid all this city follow me, I go my son once more to greet.

Let palace ladies, every prince, vesiyas and brah-  
mans every one,

All have their chariot horses yoked, I go to welcome back my son.

Let elephant-riders, royal guards, horsemen and footmen every one,

Let all alike prepare to go, I go to welcome back my son.

Let country folk and city folk gather in crowds in every street,

Let all alike prepare to go, I go once more my son to greet."

The charioteers thus ordered yoked the horses, and having brought the chariots to the palace-gates informed the king.

The Master thus described it :

"Sindh horses of the noblest breed stood harnessed at the palace gates;

The charioteers the tidings bring, 'The train my lord, thy presence waits'."

The king spoke :

"Leave all the clumsy horses out, no weaklings in our cavalcade,"

(They told the charioteers, 'Be sure not to bring horses of that kind',)

Such were the royal orders given, and such the charioteers obeyed."

The king, when he went to his son, assembled the four castes, the eighteen guilds and his whole army, and three days were spent in the assembling of the host. On the fourth day, having taken all that was to be taken in the procession, he proceeded to the hermitage and there was greeted by his son and gave him the due greeting in return.



The Master has thus described it :

“His royal chariot then prepared, the king without delay

Got in, and cried out to his wives—‘Come with me all away.’

With yakstail fan and turban crest, and royal white sunshade,

He mounted in the royal car, with finest gold arrayed.

Then did the king set forth at once, his charioteer beside,

And quickly came where Temiya all tranquil did abide.

When Temiya beheld him come all brilliant and ablaze,

Surrounded by attendant bands of warriors, thus he says :

“Father, I hope ‘tis well with thee, thou hast good news to tell,

I hope that all the royal queens, my mothers too, are well ?”

‘Yes it is well with me, my son, I have good news to tell,

And all the royal queens indeed, thy mothers,  
all are well.

'I hope thou drinkest no strong drink, all spirit  
dost eschew,

To righteous deeds and almsgiving thy mind is  
ever true?'

'Oh yes, strong drink I never touch, all spirit  
I eschew,

To righteous deeds and almsgiving my mind is  
ever true.'

'The horses and the elephants I hope are well  
and strong,

No painful bodily disease, no weakness, nothing  
wrong?'

'Oh yes, the elephants are well, the horses well  
and strong,

No painful bodily disease, no weakness, nothing  
wrong.'

'The frontiers, as the central part, all populous,  
at peace,

The treasures and the treasuries quite full—say,  
what of these?

Now welcome to thee, royal Sir, O welcome now  
to thee.

Let them set out a couch, that here seated the king may be.”’

The king, out of respect for the Great Being, would not sit upon the couch.

The Great Being said, “If he does not sit on his royal seat, let a couch of leaves be spread for him,” so he spoke a stanza :

“Be seated on this bed of leaves spread for thee  
as is meet,  
They will take water from this spot and duly  
wash thy feet.”

The king in his respect would not accept even the seat of leaves but sat on the ground. Then the Bodhisatta entered the hut of leaves, and, taking out a kara leaf, and inviting the king, he spoke a stanza :

“No salt have I, this leaf alone is what I live upon,  
O king;  
Thou art come here a guest of mine, be pleased  
to accept the fare I bring.”

The king replied :

“No leaves for me, that’s not my fare; give me  
bowl of pure hill rice,  
Cooked with a subtle flavouring of meat to make  
the pottage nice.”

At that moment the queen Candadevi, surrounded by the royal ladies, came up, and after clasping her dear son's feet and saluting him, sat on one side with her eyes full of tears. The king said to her, "Lady, see what thy son's fare is," and put some of the leaves into her hand and also gave a little to the other ladies, who took it, saying, "O my lord, dost thou indeed eat such food? thou endurest great hardship," and sat down. Then the king said, "O my son, this appears wonderful to me," and he spoke a stanza :

"Most strange indeed it seems to me that thou  
thus left alone

Livest on such mean food and yet thy colour  
is not gone."

"Upon this bed of leaves strewn here I lie indeed  
alone,

A pleasant bed it is and my colour is not gone;

Girt with their swords no cruel guards stand  
sternly looking on,

A pleasant bed it is and my colour is not  
gone;

Over the past I do not mourn nor for the future  
weep,

I meet the present as it comes, and so my colour  
keep.

Mourning about the hopeless past or some uncertain future need,

This dries a young man's vigour up as when you cut a fresh green reed."

The king thought to himself, "I will inaugurate him as king and carry him away with me"; so he spoke these stanzas inviting him to share the kingdom :

"My elephants, my chariots, horsemen, and infantry,

And all my pleasant palaces, dear son, I give to thee.

My queen's apartments too I give, with all their pomp and pride,

Thou shalt be sole king over us, there shall be none beside.

Fair women skilled in dance and song and trained for every mood

Shall lap thy soul in ease and joy, why linger in this wood?

The daughters of thy foes shall come proud but to wait on thee;

When they have borne thee sons, then go an anchorite to be.

Come, O my first-born and my heir, in the first  
glory of thine age,  
Enjoy thy kingdom to the full, what dost thou  
in this hermitage?"

The Bodhisatta spoke :

"No, let the young man leave the world and fly  
its vanities,

The ascetic's life best suits the young, thus  
counsel all the wise.

No, let the young man leave the world, a hermit  
and alone;

I will embrace the hermit's life, I need no pomp  
nor throne.

I watch the boy, with childish lips; he 'father',  
'mother', cries,

Himself begets a son, and then he too grows  
old and dies.

So the young daughter in her flower grows  
blithe and fair to see,

But she soon fades cut down by death like the  
green bamboo tree.

Men, women all, however young, soon perish—  
who in sooth

Would put his trust in mortal life, cheated by  
fancied youth?

As night by night gives place to dawn life still  
contacts its span;

Like fish in water which dries up, what means  
the youth of man?

This world of ours is smitten sore, is ever  
watched by one,

They pass and pass with purpose fell, why talk  
of crown or throne?

'Who sorely smites this world of ours?, who  
watches grimly it?

And who thus pass with purpose fell? Tell me  
the mystery.'

'Tis death who smites this world, old age who  
watches at our gate,

And 'tis the nights which pass and win their  
purpose soon or late.

As when the lady at her loom sits weaving all  
the day,

Her task grows ever less and less, so waste our  
lives away.

As speeds the hurrying river's course, on with  
no backward flow,

So in its course the life of men doth ever forward go

And as the river sweeps away trees from its banks upturn,

So are we men by age and death in headlong ruin borne."

The king, as he listened to the Great Being's discourse, became disgusted at a life spent in a house, and longed to leave the world; and he exclaimed, "I will not go back to the city, I will become an ascetic here; if my son will go to the city I will give him the white umbrella", so to try him he once more invited him to take his kingdom :

"My elephants, my chariots, horsemen, and infantry,

And all my pleasant places, dear son, I give to thee.

My queen's apartments too I give, with all their pomp and pride,

Thou shalt be sole king over us, there shall be none beside.

Fair women skilled in dance and song and trained for every mood

Shall lap thy soul in ease and joy, why linger in this wood?



The daughters of thy foes shall come proud but  
to wait on thee :

When they have borne the sons, then go on  
anchorite to be.

My treasures and my treasuries, footmen and  
cavalry,

And all my pleasant palaces, dear son, I give  
to thee.

With troops of slaves to wait on thee, and queens  
to be embraced,

Enjoy thy throne, all health to thee, why  
linger in this waste?"

But the Great Being replied by showing how  
little he wanted a kingdom.

"Why seek for wealth, it will not last; why woo  
a wife, she soon will die;

Why think of youth, 'twill soon be past; and  
threatening age stands over night.

What are the joys that life can bring?, beauty,  
sport, wealth, or royal fare?

What is a wife or child to me? I am set free from  
every snare.

This thing I know, where'er I go, Fate watching  
never slumbereth.

Of what avail is wealth or joy to one who feels  
the grasp of death?

Do what thou hast to do today, who can ensure  
the morrow's sun?

Death is the Master-general who gives his  
guarantee to none.

Thieves ever watch to steal our wealth, I am  
set free from every chain;

Go back and take thy crown away; what want  
I with a 'king's domain?'

The Great Being's discourse with its application came to an end, and when they heard it not only the king and the queen Canda but the sixteen thousand royal wives all desired to embrace the ascetic life. The king ordered a proclamation to be made in the city by beat of drum, that all who wished to become ascetics with his son should do so; he caused the doors of his treasuries to be thrown open, and he had an inscription written on a golden plate and fixed on a great bamboo as a pillar, that his treasure-jars would be exposed in certain places and that all who pleased might take of them.

The citizens also left their houses with the doors open as if it were an open market, and flocked round the king.

The king and the multitude took the ascetic vow together before the Great Being.

An hermitage erected by Sakkā extended for three leagues.

The Great Being went through the huts made of branches and leaves, and he appointed those in the centre for the women as they were naturally timid while those on the outside were for the men. All of them on the fast-day stood on the ground, and gathered and ate the fruits of the trees which Vissakamma had created, and followed the rules of the ascetic life.

The Great Being, knowing the mind of every one whether he indulged thoughts of lust or malevolence or cruelty, sat down in the air and taught the law to each, and as they listened they speedily developed the Faculties and the Attainments.

A neighbouring king hearing that Kasiraja had become an ascetic, resolved to establish his rule in Benares, so he entered the city, and seeing it all adorned he went up into the palace, and, beholding the seven kinds of precious stones there, he thought to himself that some kind of danger must gather round all this wealth; so he sent for some drunken revellers and asked them by which gate the king had gone out. They told him by the eastern gate so he went out himself by that gate and proceeded along the bank of the river.

The Great Being knew of his coming, and having gone to meet him, sat in the air and taught the law. Then the invader took the ascetic vow with all his company; and the same thing happened also to another king.

In this way three kingdoms were abandoned; the elephants and horses were left to roam wild in the woods, the chariots dropped to pieces in the woods and the money in the treasuries, being counted as mere sand, was scattered about in the hermitage.

All the residents there attained to the eight Ecstatic Meditations; and at the end of their lives became for the world of Brahma.

Yea the very animals, as the elephants and horses, having their minds calmed by the sight of the sages, were eventually reborn in the six heavens of the gods.

\* \* \* \*

The Maser, having brought his lesson to an end said, "Not now only but formerly also did I leave a kingdom and become an ascetic." Then he identified the Birth: "the goddess in the umbrella was Uppalavanna, the charioteer was Sariputta, the father and mother were the royal family, the court was the Buddha's congregation, and the wise Muga-pakkha was myself."

**Jataka—Extracts**

## EKAPANNA JATAKA

Long time ago when Brahmadata was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born again as a brahmin in the North Country. When he grew up he became proficient in the Three Vedas and having completed his studies in Takksila he led a mundane life. When his parents died, he became a hermit in the Himalayas and attained the mystic Attainments and knowledges. He lived there a long time till the need for salt and other necessaries of life brought him back to the paths of laymen. By and by he came to Benares and took his abode in the royal pleasure gardens.

Next morning having garbed himself in the ascetic's dress he went in quest of alms to the city and came to the palace gate. The king was sitting near the window and saw the Bodhisatta; he observed how the recluse wise in mind and heart, with his eyes downcast moved on in lionlike majesty as though at every step he was distributing a purse of a thousand pieces. Thought the king, "If goodness lies anywhere it must be in this man's heart". Calling a courtier he asked him to bring the hermit to his presence. The

courtier went up to the recluse and having paid due respects took the alms bowl in his hand.

“How now, my good man?” said the Bodhisatta.

“The king requests your reverence” replied the courtier.

“My abode is in the Himalayas and I have not the king’s favour”, said the Bodhisatta.

The courtier returned and told the king, upon which the king requested him to invite the hermit again. The Bodhisatta accepted the invitation. On his arrival the king greeted him with great respect and invited him to sit on the golden throne under the white umbrella. The Bodhisatta partook of the delectable food that had been prepared for the king’s own eating.

The king enquired where the ascetic resided and learned that his abode was in the Himalayas. On asking what his present plans were the ascetic replied that he was going in search of rains habitation. Whereon the king invited him to take up his abode in his pleasure gardens. The Bodhisatta consented and the king had a hermitage built in the gardens, with a cell for the day and a cell for the night. This hermitage was provided with the eight requisites of an ascetic. Having made the

Bodhisatta comfortable in the gardens the king charged the gardener to look after him. Thus, the Bodhisatta dwelt in the gardens and the king visited him twice or thrice every day.

Now the king had a son who was beyond the control of his father and kinsfolk; he had a fierce and passionate nature and was known as a cruel prince. Though councillors, brahmins and citizens admonished him to mend his wicked ways he heeded them not.

The king thought maybe the only chance of reforming his cruel son was the virtuous ascetic; so he took him to the Bodhisatta and left him in the ascetic's charge. One day, the Bodhisatta walked with him in the pleasure gardens. When they came to where a seedling Nimb plant on which there were but two leaves, one on either side, was growing, the Bodhisatta broke a leaf and said,

“Taste a leaf of the little plant, prince, and see what it is like.”

The young man did so, but hardly had he put the leaf in his mouth, when he spat it out with a curse and hawked and spat to get rid of the taste.

Asked the Bodhisatta, “What is the matter, prince?”

The prince pulled out the tiny plant and crushed it in his hands, and replied,

“Sir, to-day this seedling only suggests a deadly poison, but allowed to grow will cause the death of many persons:

If poison lurk in the infant tree,  
What will the full growth prove to be?”

The Bodhisatta thus admonished him, “Prince, fearing what the poisonous plant might grow to be you have uprooted and destroyed it. Even so, the people of this country, will uproot you and drive you forth into exile, just as you have pulled out and crushed this Nimb tree. Wherefore take warning by this tree and henceforth live kindly with abounding love to all.”

From that moment the prince's character changed. He became humble and mild and overflowing with compassion. Following the Bodhisatta's advice, when he became king, on his father's death, he did many charitable and good deeds and finally passed away to fare according to his kamma.



## GARAHITA JATAKA

This jataka was related by the Blessed One at Jetavana concerning a brother who was always downcast and discontent. This bhikkhu was unable to concentrate his mind for long on any single subject. On being questioned by the Master whether this was true the bhikkhu confirmed it saying it was due to his passions. The Master said,

“O brother, even the animals did despise this passion. How can you embracing such a noble doctrine yield to discontent arising from passion?” and related an old-world tale.

“Long time ago, when Brahmadata was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the Himalayan regions as a monkey. One day a wood-ranger caught him and having brought him home gifted him to the king. The monkey lived a long time with the king and served him loyally; he during that time learnt a great deal about the ways of the world of men. The king liked his faithfulness and having summoned the wood-ranger, bade him set the monkey free in the very spot wherein he was captured.

When the Bodhisatta returned to his tribe of monkeys they gathered upon a huge rock to see and question him.

“Sir, this long time where have you been residing”?

“At Benares, in the king’s palace.”

“How did you ever escape”?

“I became the king’s pet monkey. The king was pleased with my tricks and he freed me”.

“You must be well acquainted with the way in which they live in the world of men—tell us about it, we like to learn”.

“Don’t ask me about their way of living” replied the Bodhisatta.

“Please tell us for we want to learn.”

Said the Bodhisatta,

“Mine!, mine!”, cry out mankind—even princes and brahmans. They realise not impermanence by which all things pass away. Hark, the way of these blind fools,

“This wealth is mine, this precious wealth!”, so cry they, night and day;

These foolish folk cast never a thought upon the upward way!

There are two lords in the hōme; one goes  
with plaited hair,  
Has ears with holes, long breasts but has no  
beard to wear;  
In countless gold her price is told she harasses  
all people there!

When they were listening to this, all the monkeys cried out—

“Enough, enough, we are hearing what is not good to hear”! They blocked their ears with both hands.

“In this place we have heard things not fitting to hear”. Thus not favouring the place they went elsewhere. Henceforth, this rock was known as the Garahitapitthi Rock or the Rock of Blaming.

The Blessed One related the birth-story and identified the beings, “The present followers of The Tathagatha were the group of monkeys and the Tathagatha himself their chief. He discoursed on the Dhamma, and when he concluded this bhikkhu attained the Fruit of the First Path.

## ARAKA JATAKA

On one occasion when the Enlightened One was residing at the Jetavana Monastery, He addressed the bhikkhus thus :

“Brethren, metta and kindness practised with full devotion of heart, concentrated upon, developed, made a vehicle for progress, made your one object, applied, well begun, will result in eleven blessings :

Happily you sleep, happily you awake, you see no evil dreams, humans love you, non-humans love you, the devas protect you, fire, poison and the sword harm you not, quickly your mind concentrates, tranquil is your bearing, you die undistracted and on death you go to the Brahma Realms”.

Extolling loving-kindness which holds these eleven blessings, the Blessed One stated :

“Brethren, a brother should have loving-kindness to all beings, whether expressly bidden or not, whether the other is friendly or not, unfriendly or not, indifferent or not: thus without distinction, in joyous or sorrowful moments, show loving-kindness to all creatures at all times.

By doing so he will reach Brahma Realms even without attaining Path or Fruit (of Sotapanna).

Wise Beings of old by practising loving-kindness dwelt in the Brahma Heavens for seven ages (aeons) each with its individual cycles of waxing and waning”.

Thus discoursing He told them a story of the past.

“Long time ago, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. When he grew up he renounced his desires and dwelt in the Himalayan region embracing the Holy Life. In no long time he attained the four ecstatic states. He was known as Araka and became a teacher with a large following. He admonished his pupils thus :

“A recluse must always be full of metta and kindness. He must have equanimity at all times—both in joy and sorrow. This state of mind attained with intent and effort prepares him for the Brahma Worlds.

The heart that limitless compassion feels for all  
beings that have birth,

In heaven above, in worlds below, and here in  
the middle—earth,

Full of boundless kindness, boundless charity—

In such a heart nothing limited or narrow can ever be.

Thus did the Bodhisatta admonish his followers on the practice of love and its blessings. His life was one of continuous ecstatic states and when he passed away he was born in the heaven of the Brahmas and was there for seven ages (aeons) with its waxing and wanning periods, not returning to this world during that whole time.

Ending the Jataka the Master identified the beings: the group of sages of that time are now the Buddha's followers and the teacher Araka was the Tathagatha himself.





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