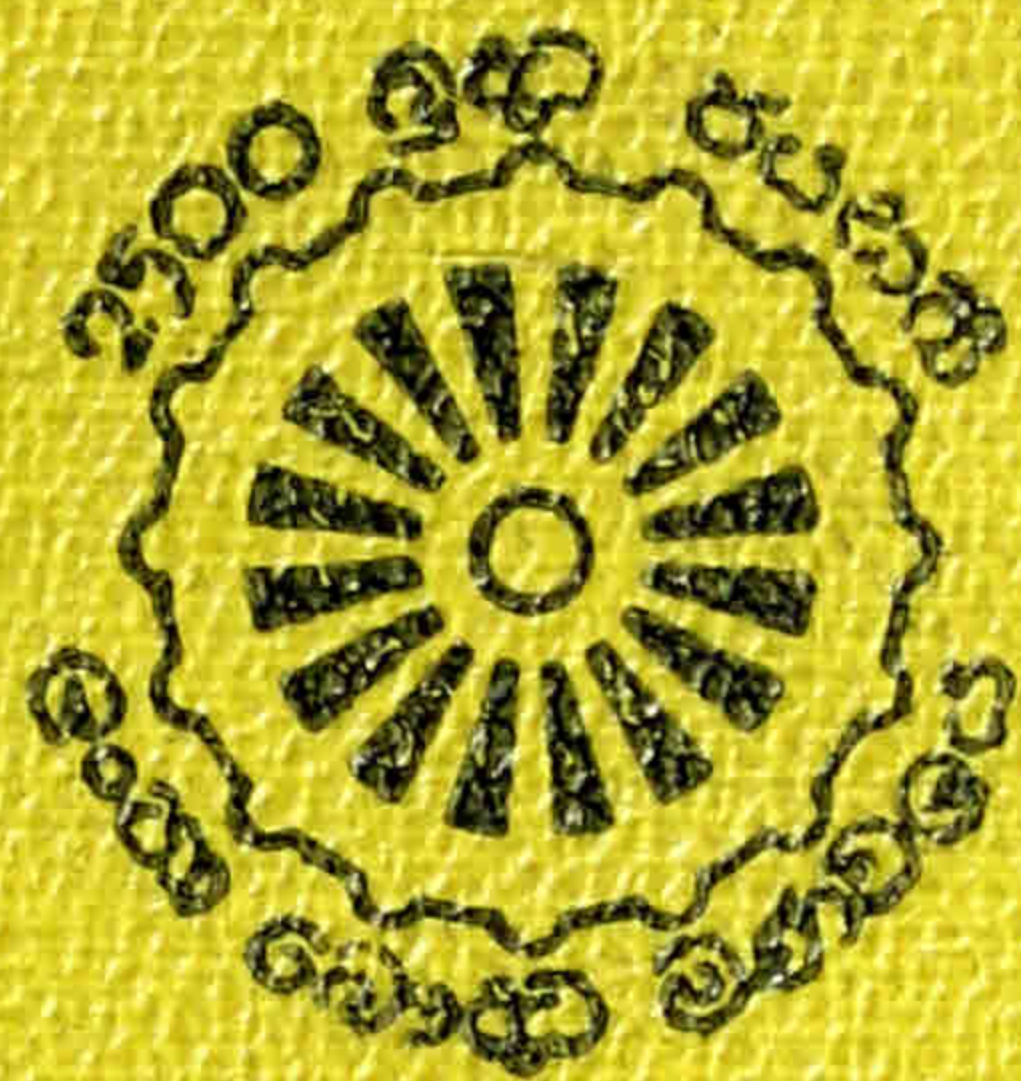


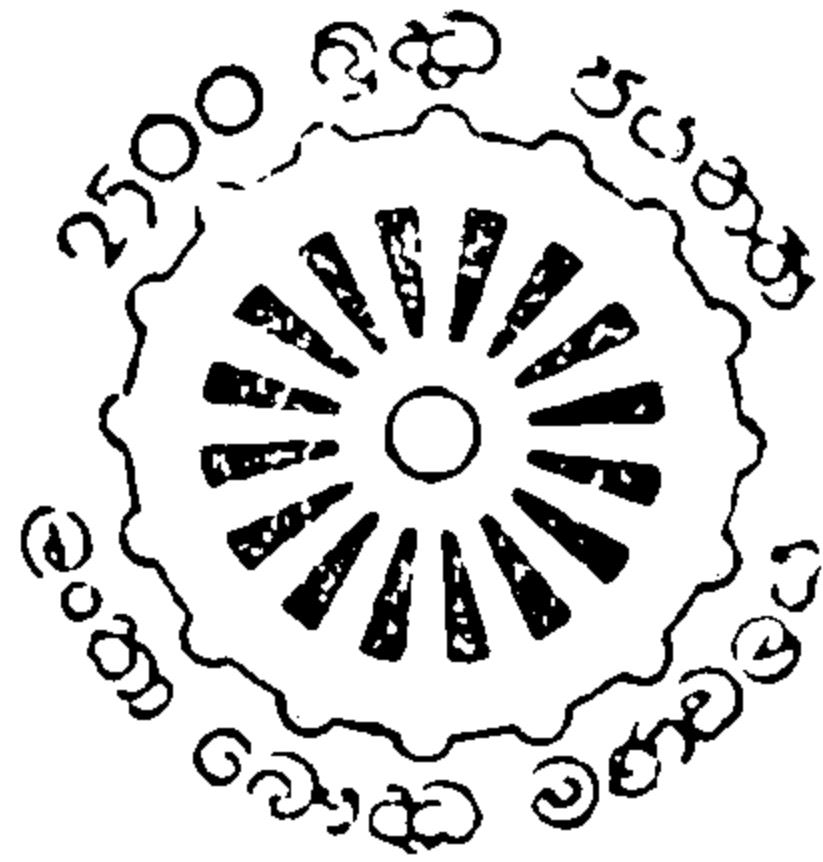
The Path of BUDDHISM



LANKA BAUDDHA MANDALAYA
CEYLON



The Path of BUDDHISM



Consisting of
BUDDHISM FOR THE BEGINNER
by Ven. Bhikkhu Sīlācāra

THE LIGHT OF ASIA
by Sir Edwin Arnold

THE DHAMMAPADA
Translated by Ven. Nārada Mahā Thera

THE WORD OF THE BUDDHA
by Ven. Nyānatiloka Mahā Thera

and

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE
BUDDHA JAYANTI
by the Right Honourable Sir John Kotelawala

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COLOUR PLATES

Sedant Buddha, Watadage, Polonnaruwa
Interior of a Buddhist Temple in Ceylon
The Passing Away of the Buddha a Fresco from
Dambulla Vihara
Kiri Vehera, Polonnaruwa

(*Photos: K. T. Wimalasekera, ‘‘Sīgiri,’’ Horana.*)

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BUDDHISM
FOR
THE BEGINNER



Ven. Bhikkhu Śīlacāra

BUDDHISM FOR THE BEGINNER

*Sabbapāpassa akaraṇaṃ
Kusalassa upasampadā
Sacittapariyodapanam
Etaṃ Buddhānasāsanam.*

To cease from all evil, to do good and to purify one's mind.—Such is the teaching of the Buddha.

The actual name of the founder of what is called in the West, Buddhism,* was Siddhattha Gotama—Siddhattha being his own individual name, and Gotama that of the clan or family to which he belonged. The word “Buddha”† means “Awakened,” or “Enlightened”; hence the full name of the Buddha, in English, was “Siddhattha Gotama, the Enlightened One.” How this Siddhattha Gotama came to be called “Enlightened,” we are now going to tell.

It will be noticed that we do not say “Buddha” but “*the* Buddha.” This is because the word “Buddha” is not a *name* like Jones or Atkinson, but a *title* like “the Conqueror” attached to the name of the first King William of England.

Prince Siddhattha was born about twenty-five hundred years ago as the son of the king of a small country in the north of India, somewhere about where Southern Nepal is now. At the time of his birth the wise men of the country said that all the signs showed that if he followed in his father's footsteps as king of the country he would become a very great ruler, or else, if he abandoned his claim to his father's throne and took to the religious life, then he would become a very great religious teacher. His father naturally wished to have his only son follow him on the throne, so he set about educating and training him in such a way as to make sure, so far as he could, that he would not become a man of religion but an ordinary man of the world.

*Buddhism—pronounced *Boodh-hism*.

†The Buddha—pronounced—*Bood-hah*.

To this end he gave him a good education in all manly exercises and sports, and also in all the book learning of the time, with the result that his son grew up a splendid, handsome, manly youth, able to hold his own with all comers in archery, wrestling and was more skilled in arithmetic, grammar and philosophy than his instructors.

In his anxiety to keep his son's mind turned towards worldly, instead of religious life, the father did even more. He provided his son liberally with the means of enjoying all those pleasures of life such as young men everywhere delight in, also tried to arrange that his son should never see anything of an unpleasant nature that might set him thinking seriously about the world and life. So far as he could, he tried to arrange matters so that his son should never set eyes on any ugly, or ill, or old people, or ever see or hear of a corpse. Naturally he did not succeed. In the course of his movements about his father's city, in spite of all the precautions taken by his father, notwithstanding the strict orders given that no sick or lame or old people were to show themselves on the streets of the city on the days when his son went out for a drive, that son encountered the unpleasant sights which his father tried to keep from his knowledge, and was much astonished and shocked at the sights.

He began to ask many questions about what he had seen, and soon realised that the world at large was full of such unhappy, stricken people as he had chanced to see on the streets of his father's city. He began to think deeply about it, and to ask himself if there was no way of bringing such unhappy state of affairs to an end, if there might not possibly be some way of curing men for ever of their liability to sickness and old age and, after that, death. For in one of his drives through the city he had also for the first time met a funeral procession. And this was the final shock that made him resolve to give up his right to his father's throne, and go out into the wide world as a wandering mendicant, of whom there were many in his day (and

still are to-day), visiting all the religious teachers he could hear of, becoming their disciple and trying to learn from them, if perchance they knew, how to bring to an end all the unhappiness from which, as he now knew, so many men suffered.

So one midnight, when his mind was made up, he rose from his bed, telling no one about it but one faithful body-servant, took a last look at his sleeping wife and child and, stripping off all his royal attire and jewellery, put on the dress of a monk and went out into the world, a homeless wanderer.

He now spent a number of years wandering about, visiting and becoming the obedient pupil of one religious teacher after another, trying to find out if any of them knew the way to the getting rid of sickness, old age and death; but all without success. In following this course he subjected his body to great privations, reduced his food to the smallest possible quantity and on one occasion would have died of very weakness if a shepherd boy had not found him when he lay in a faint of exhaustion brought on by lack of proper nourishment, and forced into his mouth some milk from the goats he was tending. Then Siddhattha Gotama, the prince-beggar, resolved to take enough food into his body as would keep it in moderate health, to give up listening to what any teacher told him to do, and henceforth to rely only on himself and his own effort to find out what he was seeking.

In the course of his wanderings about the country he came to a pleasant, suitable looking place by the banks of a broad river where is now the village of Buddha Gaya in Northern Bengal (present Behar), and there took up his quarters under a tall Bodhi tree, begging what food he required in the village near by. Under this tree he sat thinking hard, pondering deeply and long, on all the ills of one kind and another that men had to endure, and trying also to see what is the fundamental cause, why they have to suffer these ills, and how this cause might be brought to an end, abolished.

At last, one night he saw what he had been searching for, the cause and the cure of unhappiness, of suffering. He obtained light at last on the problem that had tormented his mind for years. His mind was enlightened as to the cause of men's unhappiness, and as to how that cause might be removed. From that night onward he was no longer just Siddhattha Gotama; he was the *Enlightened One*, or, in his own native language, Gotama *the Buddha*.

After a few days of consideration of his great discovery, he went forth into the country round about, teaching and preaching wherever he went, about unhappiness and how it is to be got rid of. And this he kept up continually for the next forty-five years, till at length at the ripe old age of eighty, he died in the little town of Kusinara in Northern India to which he had wandered on foot only a short time before.

What was it, exactly, that he told people in the course of these forty-five years of wandering about on foot among them?

Like all the other teachers of his day and time, he put what he wanted to say in a methodical, logical form; for the people of his country in those days were accustomed to have things put that way. They were clever, intelligent, thoughtful people who did not object to be given teaching which demanded some exertion on their part to seize and understand.

Well, this new teacher who had just begun to be a teacher himself after having been a pupil of others for more than seven years, began his teaching by saying that men are subject to unhappiness, to suffering, by the very fact that they are born. To be born, he said, is suffering. To live, he said is suffering; for we do not always get what we want in life; or we get it, and it is taken away from us again; or else, we have forced upon us what we do not want but actually hate and loathe.

“But why do men who are born, suffer?” he next asked. And the answer he gave to this question, the

answer he found out during his night of hard thought and meditation under the Bodhi tree at Gaya, was this: men suffer, are unhappy, because they have desires, longings, attachments, for things that cannot lastingly satisfy these desires because they are always passing away. They are unhappy because they desire the things of this world which have no real, lasting substance in them.

So then, he went on to tell people, the only way to get rid of suffering and unhappiness and sorrow is to stop wanting and desiring these things that, just because they are transient and unsubstantial, cannot permanently satisfy our desires.

And lastly, he told *how* they could set about ceasing to desire these unsatisfying things of the world. He told them of the *way* he had found for bringing these pain-producing desires to an end. This last, of course, was really what he had spent so many years in search of, and what the people whom he talked to were most interested to learn, so that his Teaching was, and is, nearly always spoken of as a *Way* or *Path*. Moreover, it is generally called an *Eightfold Path*, because it has eight different divisions, or sections or parts, which go to make up the whole.

The first division of this eightfold Way or Path to the ending of unhappiness and suffering and all ill conditions was, by the Buddha, called Right, or Correct, or Perfect Understanding or Seeing. This Right Understanding, this Correct Seeing, means to see, to understand, what has just been said about unhappiness, of suffering, namely, that there is unhappiness in the world, that it is caused by wanting what cannot permanently satisfy our wants, that it can only be removed by ceasing to want these unsatisfying things, and that there is a way—just the Way we are now considering—to bring that wanting of unsatisfying things to an end, and therefore to bring to an end the unhappiness caused by such wanting. These four things which the Buddha wanted men to understand or

see are generally called “The Four Noble, or Superior Truths.”

The second division of the Buddha’s way to end unhappiness we may call Right Mindedness, or a right attitude of mind towards life, an attitude of separation from it, of letting it go in our thoughts, of not clinging to it, such an attitude as naturally follows in any one who has clearly seen that it is full of what is transient and unsubstantial. This second section of the way to end unhappiness also means an attitude of good-will towards all other living beings (which includes every creature alive without any exception), and a desire to help, and never to harm, them.

The third division of the Buddha’s great Way or Path is called Right Speech, and this means, the practice of speech that is true, and kindly, and courteous, and sensible, not frivolous.

The fourth division of the Buddha’s Way is Right Action, and means that the person who follows it abstains from taking the life of any living being or creature, from stealing in any shape or form, from unlawful gratification of the sexual impulse, and from partaking of intoxicating or stupifying liquors or drugs.

The fifth step of the Eightfold Path is Right Livelihood. As we might expect, the Buddha’s injunction to His followers as to the right means of earning a livelihood can be summed up in this one prescription: that they should earn this living only in such ways as do not involve injury or death to any living being, without distinction made between human and non-human beings. Thus the following means of livelihood are strictly prohibited—slaughter of animals, hunting, selling intoxicating articles, dealing in slaves and deadly weapons.

The sixth division of the Path is called Right Effort. This is a section of the way which now means controlling the motions of the mind in addition to the deeds of the body. The man who follows, or tries to pursue,

this part of the Buddha's way of abolishing unhappiness, has to make effort to prevent evil thoughts from obtaining lodgment in his mind, try to expel from his mind such evil thoughts as unhappily may already have found lodgment there, endeavour to cause good thoughts to arise in his mind, and exert himself to increase and strengthen such good thoughts as haply may there be present already.

The seventh section of the Buddha's Path is what is called Right Recollectedness. This also, like the last section, is a right directing or using of the mind. It means, during the time that we are practising it, the fixing of one's whole attention upon what is happening in our bodies or in our minds, so that we know exactly what is taking place and pay attention to nothing else, and thus obtain a true, perfectly correct notion or mental picture of what is happening, see, perceive, that these happenings have no real, solid basis behind them but are just what they are called—happenings, events, occurrences, following one upon another in ceaseless procession, through the natural course of things, through the constant operation of the law of cause and effect.

The practice of this Right Recollectedness is considered very important for making successful progress on the path to the removal of unhappiness, for if one practises it earnestly and assiduously, so as to gain what it is meant to bring to us, a deep indelible conviction of the *empty* nature of all the happenings of our life, their emptiness of all that is worthy of being attached to, then, of necessity our minds cease to be attached to these things, and there follows that deliverance from suffering, from unhappiness, which we all wish to obtain. We obtain that deliverance which is the very thing the Buddha seeks to show us how to obtain in showing us his whole Eightfold Path.

The eighth and last section of that Path is called Right Concentration. The practice of concentration is intended for mental calm. The essence of the attain-

ment lies in this, that the man who reaches it, realises and knows beyond doubt the nature of things as they are. That realisation, achieved in various stages, is the final destruction of ignorance and craving. Then there is nothing more to do; he has reached Nibbana.

For this Nibbāna—or, as it is sometimes called, Nirvāna—is, in its true nature, nothing else but the final, total, complete ending of suffering or ill, such that it can never possibly arise again for the individual concerned. Hence, any man who has so completely got rid of all attachment of his mind to anything this world can give that he is simply no longer a self, even though he still lives on in his physical body,—such a man has Nibbāna, here and now. He is delivered from unhappiness for ever. He cannot be unhappy in his mind even though his body may be hurt. And after the death of his body, there comes what is called Pari-Nibbāna; but what that is, it is useless to enquire. We can form no idea of what it is like any more than a fish can have any idea of what a bird's life is like, this latter being so unlike anything a creature that lives and breathes and has its being in water, can possibly know. It was to this Pari-Nibbāna that the Buddha passed when his body died, and to which all who attain the Nibbāna state of mind among us (if there are any), will pass when they die. But those of us who do not attain this Nibbāna state of mind will be born into the world again and again, many times, until we do attain it, that is, until we learn to act and to speak and to control our minds by Right Effort and Recollectedness and Concentration to such a degree that we are able to loose them from all attachment to anything in this or in any other world.

Perhaps the reader has been a trifle surprised and, it may be, even startled by a phrase to the effect that men are born into this world again and again. Perhaps he never heard of such an idea before, and would be glad to hear a little more about it, would like to have some explanation of what it means.

It is the belief of all Buddhists and Hindus in the

East, and has been an idea looked upon with favour by many eminent men in the West from Plato and Pythagoras in Ancient Greece down to Emerson and Whitman and Thoreau in America, and Browning, Wordsworth and Rossetti, the English poets, among many others less eminent in modern days, that our present birth is not our first one, but that, as Wordsworth expresses it in his great Ode on Intimations of Immortality, “our life’s star hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar,” or, in plain prose, that we have lived on earth before, and shall live on it again many times before we have finally finished our evolution and reached the threshold of our final departure from earth.

There are many reasons why people believe this doctrine of rebirth, as it is generally called, but here we may mention just two of them.

First: We find in the world many different kinds of men, of all stages of development and culture, from the lowest savage up to the most highly evolved men of the Aryan races of East and West. It is clear that the savage cannot learn all he has to learn in order to become a civilised man such as is the average man of India or China or Europe, in his present lifetime; therefore it seems necessary that if he is to get the full benefit of all that this school of the world has to teach him, he should come back to it again a good many times, in the same way that a boy attending school has to return to it again through many days (and not to attend it for one day only), in order to learn all it can teach him, and in this way pass through all its classes before finally leaving it for a higher school, or for another sort of life altogether out in the broad world.

Second: We see that men are born with very widely different characters, and very various natural, inborn aptitudes. There must be a cause for this; it cannot just be chance. There is no such thing as chance in this world; everything has a cause. What is the cause of this?

Buddhists, and others who think like them, say it is because in previous lives on earth we have all developed to some extent the different characters we now bring with us into the world and have practised and to some degree developed in former lives the native aptitudes for music or painting or poetry or mathematics, or whatever it may be (even if only a very ordinary faculty) of which we now find ourselves possessed without having done anything particular in this life to get them. *Heredity* does not explain this inborn character and aptitude, because we are not, any of us, just a repetition of the characters and aptitudes of our fathers and mothers, but very often totally different, as is most strikingly evident in the history of great artists and thinkers, who in hardly any cases have great artists and thinkers for their progenitors. Neither does *environment* explain it. For such geniuses always show what is born in them (as also do lesser men), even in very unfavourable environments. They triumph over their environment, rise above it, when they are born with qualities of character and native aptitudes which do not find full scope in such environment.

“But if we have been born before, why do we not remember it?” is the question that immediately arises in every one’s mind when first he hears about this idea of rebirth.

The reply to this very natural question is, that our memory is not a very good one. We cannot remember everything with it. We cannot remember even having been born: yet we have been born: we can’t deny it! We cannot remember our first attempts to absorb liquid nutriment, yet we certainly did make such attempts and succeeded, in those early days of our tender baby-hood, else we should not be here now! And as our memory is not perfect enough in its workings to recall these first happenings of *this* lifetime, so also it is not good enough in its working to recall the happenings of events in other lifetimes before this one. But it is possible to improve its working so that

it *will* recall those early days of our present lifetime which we usually cannot remember, and also the events of previous lifetimes. The Buddha so developed his memory as to be able to do this; it was one of the things He did on the great night under the fig tree at Gaya when He became enlightened. And the same has been done by many other persons far, far below his stage of evolution and development, even by people now alive today. And so one day, we shall all be able to do, when our spiritual evolution has gone far enough, as a simple, natural outcome of that evolution.

A further feature that may have surprised a little the reader of pages like these, introducing to his notice a *religion*, may be the absence of any reference to “God.” But this omission does not mean that the Buddha denied the existence of beings possessed of greater powers of one kind and another than are human beings. It only means that he saw no reason to expect any efficient help from such beings in his task of finding freedom from unhappiness and suffering. He regarded all gods, even the very highest placed—named among his own countrymen, Mahābrahma—as ultimately standing in as much need of obtaining deliverance from suffering as any human being. For he saw that their exalted positions of happiness and bliss were *impermanent*. He saw that however long they might last, they yet, some day, must, come to an end, that this ending would spell unhappiness, suffering. To the Buddha the gods were but fellow voyagers over life’s sea, temporarily in a happy condition, but actually as far away from the shore of Nibbāna, of *lasting* weal, as any mortal man, and needing to be instructed in the way to reach that shore quite as much as the humblest human being. That instruction He sought to give to them as well as to men; and accordingly one of his titles is “Teacher of gods and men.”

Such—of necessity very briefly put—are the leading teachings of what is called Buddhism. The reader is not asked to believe them under penalty that if he

refuses to do so, he will incur a horrible fate of never-ending torture after death. He is only asked to give them the fair, candid, unprejudiced consideration of his mind; and if, after such consideration, he finds that they are reasonable and, acted upon, are likely to make for his own and others' welfare. then he is asked to accept them and follow them in practical life, and so secure for himself and others the benefit which such following brings here and now, and in whatever future may lie before him in this or in any other world.

THE
LIGHT OF ASIA
OR
THE GREAT RENUNCIATION

(*MAHĀBHINISHKRAMANA*)

Being
THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF GAUTAMA
PRINCE OF INDIA AND FOUNDER OF BUDDHISM



Sir Edwin Arnold

M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

P R E F A C E

IN the following Poem I have sought, by the medium of an imaginary Buddhist votary, to depict the life and character and indicate the philosophy of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India, the founder of Buddhism.

A generation ago little or nothing was known in Europe of this great faith of Asia, which had nevertheless existed during twenty-four centuries, and at this day surpasses, in the number of its followers and the area of its prevalence, any other form of creed. Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend, at the present time, from Nepal and Ceylon, over the whole Eastern Peninsula, to China, Japan, Tibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent Empire of Belief; for though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahmanism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts. More than a third of mankind, therefore, owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious prince; whose personality, though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of Thought. Discordant in frequent particulars, and sorely overlaid by corruptions, inventions, and misconceptions, the Buddhistical books yet agree in the one point of recording nothing—no single act or word—which mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the truest princely

qualities with the intellect of a sage and the passionate devotion of a martyr. Even M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, totally misjudging as he does, many points of Buddhism, is well cited by Professor Max Müller as saying of Prince Siddhârtha, “Sa vie n’a point de tache. Son constant héroïsme égale sa conviction; et si la théorie qu’il préconise est fausse, les exemples personnels qu’il donne sont irréprochables. Il est le modèle achevé de toutes les vertus qu’il prêche; son abnégation, sa charité, son inaltérable douceur ne se démentent point un seul instant . . . Il prépare silencieusement sa doctrine par six années de retraite et de méditation; il la propage par la seule puissance de la parole et de la persuasion pendant plus d’un demi-siècle, et quand il meurt entre les bras de ses disciples, c’est avec la sérénité d’un sage qui a pratiqué le bien toute sa vie, et qui est assuré d’avoir trouvé le vrai.” To Gautama has consequently been granted this stupendous conquest of humanity; and—though he discountenanced ritual, and declared himself, even when on the threshold of Nirvāṇa, to be only what all other men might become—the love and gratitude of Asia, disobeying his mandate, have given him fervent worship. Forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrines, and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula “I take refuge in Buddha!”

The Buddha of this poem—if, as need not be doubted, he really existed—was born on the borders of Nepal about 620 B.C., and died about 543 B.C. at Kusinagara in Oudh. In point of age, therefore, most other creeds are youthful compared with this venerable religion, which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom. The extravagances which disfigure the record and practice of Buddhism are to be referred to that inevitable degradation which priesthoods always inflict upon great ideas committed to their charge. The power and sublimity of Gautama’s original doctrines should

be estimated by their influence, not by their interpreters; nor by that innocent but lazy and ceremonious church which has arisen on the foundations of the Buddhistic Brotherhood or “Sangha.”

I have put my poem into a Buddhist’s mouth, because, to appreciate the spirit of Asiatic thoughts, they should be regarded from the Oriental point of view; and neither the miracles which consecrate this record, nor the philosophy which it embodies, could have been otherwise so naturally reproduced. The doctrine of Transmigration, for instance—startling to modern minds—was established and thoroughly accepted by the Hindus of Buddha’s time; that period when Jerusalem was being taken by Nebuchadnezzar, when Nineveh was falling to the Medes, and Marseilles was founded by the Phocaeans. The exposition here offered of so antique a system is of necessity incomplete, and—in obedience to the laws of poetic art—passes rapidly by many matters philosophically most important, as well as over the long ministry of Gautama. But my purpose has been obtained if any just conception be here conveyed of the lofty character of this noble prince, and of the general purport of his doctrines. As to these latter there has arisen prodigious controversy among the erudite, who will be aware that I have taken the imperfect Buddhistic citations much as they stand in Spence Hardy’s work, and have also modified more than one passage in the received narratives. The views, however, here indicated of “Nirvana,” “Dharma,” “Karma,” and the other chief features of Buddhism, are at least the fruits of considerable study, and also of a firm conviction that a third of mankind would never have been brought to believe in blank abstractions, or in Nothingness as the issue and crown of Being.

Finally, in reverence to the illustrious Promulgator of this “Light of Asia,” and in homage to the many eminent scholars who have devoted noble labours to his memory, for which both repose and ability are

wanting to me, I beg that the shortcomings of my too-hurried study may be forgiven. It has been composed in the brief intervals of days without leisure, but is inspired by an abiding desire to aid in the better mutual knowledge of East and West. The time may come, I hope, when this book and my “Indian Song of Songs,” and “Indian Idylls,” will preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

G L O S S A R Y

<i>Adhidjna</i>		higher knowledge, special wisdom— <i>Pali</i> abhinnā.
<i>Amrit</i>		ambrosia, immortality.
<i>Bhût</i>		ghost, spirit.
<i>Brahmacâris</i>		celibates, students of the Veda.
<i>Cakravartin</i>		universal monarch.
<i>Chuddar</i>		garment.
<i>Dasa-sil</i>		the ten precepts.
<i>Dukha-satya</i>		the Truth of (the existence of) Sorrow— <i>Pali</i> dukkha-sacca.
<i>Gâyatri</i>		usually called Sāvitṛī, a very sacred Vedic verse in the Gâyatri metre (R. V. III. 62.10).
<i>Gow</i>		a league, a quarter of a yojana (q.v.)— <i>Pali</i> gāvuta.
<i>Iddhi</i>		supernormal psychic powers obtained by mental culture.
<i>Jhânas</i>		f o u r special mental states reached by meditation— <i>Sanskrit</i> dhyāna.
<i>Jnana-kând</i>		that portion of the Veda which regards knowledge as the highest.
<i>Kalpas</i>		aeons.
<i>Kâmadhuk</i>		wish-yielding divine cow in Hindu mythology.
<i>Karma-kând</i>		that portion of the Veda which regards action as the highest.
<i>Koss</i>		a league, a quarter of a yojana (q.v.), same as <i>gow</i> — <i>Sanskrit</i> krosa.
<i>Kumbhandas</i>		a class of supernatural beings.

<i>Kusa</i>	kind of grass considered holy by Hindus and used at several ceremonies (<i>Poa Cynosuroides</i>).
<i>Lingam</i>	phallic symbol of Godhead.
<i>Mlech</i>	barbarian.
<i>Môgra</i>	kind of jasmine— <i>Sanskrit</i> mallikā.
<i>Mugallan</i>	<i>Pali</i> Moggallāna.
<i>Nâgas</i>	a class of supernatural beings.
<i>Nâmarupa</i>	mind and body.
<i>Neem</i>	margosa— <i>Sanskrit</i> nimba.
<i>Nidânas</i>	lit. links, causes or relations in the <i>Patīccasamuppada</i> formula.
<i>Nirvâna</i>	the Buddhist <i>summum bonum</i> — <i>Pali</i> Nibbāna.
<i>Om Amitaya</i>	O Immeasurable!
<i>Om Mani Padme, Om.</i>	Hail! Goddess seated on the gem-lotus, Hail!
<i>Paramânus</i>	atoms.
<i>Rishis</i>	seers, sages.
<i>Sakwal</i>	universe, world-system— <i>Pali</i> cakkavāla.
<i>Sankhâra</i>	potentialities generated by kamma leading to existence.
<i>Seriyut</i>	<i>Pali</i> Sāriputta.
<i>Sīlabbat-paramāia</i>	clinging to rites and ceremonies — <i>Pali</i> silabbata-parāmāsa.
<i>Skandha</i>	aggregate.
<i>Smriti</i>	traditional law of the Hindus.
<i>Soma</i>	name of plant <i>Avestan</i> haoma, the juice of which was the most important ingredient

					in Vedic sacrificial offerings and formed the beverage of the gods.
<i>Sruti</i>	.	.	.	.	the revealed Vedic scriptures.
<i>Sumeru</i>	.	.	.	.	a fabulous mountain round which the planets are said to revolve.
<i>Swargh</i>	.	.	.	.	heaven, Svarga.
<i>Upâdâna</i>	.	.	.	.	grasping.
<i>Upeksha</i>	.	.	.	.	equanimity, one of the four Brahmavihāras.
<i>Vidnman</i>	.	.	.	.	consciousness - <i>Pali</i> Viññāna.
<i>Visikitcha</i>	.	.	.	.	doubt <i>Sanskrit</i> vicikitsā, <i>Pali</i> vicikicchā.
<i>Yajnas</i>	.	.	.	.	Sacrifices.
<i>Yakshas</i>	.	.	.	.	a class of supernatural beings.
<i>Yogis</i>	.	.	.	.	Those engaged in Y o g a- practices.
<i>Yojana</i>	.	.	.	.	a distance of about seven miles, lit. as much as can be travelled with one yoke of oxen

THE LIGHT OF ASIA

BOOK THE FIRST

*The Scripture of the Saviour of the World,
Lord Buddha—Prince Siddhârtha styled on earth—
In Earth and Heavens and Hells Incomparable,
All-honoured, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful:
The Teacher of Nirvâna and the Law.*

Thus came he to be born again for men.

Below the highest sphere four Regents sit
Who rule our world; and under them are zones
Nearer, but high, where saintliest spirits dead
Wait thrice ten thousand years, then live again;
And on Lord Buddha, waiting in that sky,
Came for our sakes the five sure signs of birth,
So that the Devas knew the signs, and said
“Buddha will go again to help the World.”
“Yea!” spake He, “now I go to help the World
This last of many times; for birth and death
End hence for me and those who learn my Law.
I will go down among the Sâkyas,
Under the southward snows of Himalay,
Where pious people live and a just King.”

That night the wife of King Suddhodana,
Maya the Queen, asleep beside her Lord,
Dreamed a strange dream; dreamed that a star from
heaven—

Splendid, six-rayed, in colour rosy-pearl,
Whereof the token was an Elephant
Six-tusked, and white as milk of Kamadhuk—
Shot through the void; and, shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,
Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast,
And over half the earth a lovely light
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook; the waves

Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hells
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced. "Oh ye," it said,
"The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!"
Whereat in Limbos numberless much peace
Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind blew
With unknown freshness over lands and seas.
And when the morning dawned, and this was told,
The grey dream-readers said "The dream is good!
The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun;
The Queen shall bear a boy, a holy child
Of wondrous wisdom, profiting all flesh,
Who shall deliver men from ignorance,
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule."
In this wise was the holy Buddha born.

Queen Maya stood at noon, her days fulfilled,
Under a Palsa in the Palace-grounds,
A stately trunk, straight as a temple-shaft,
With crown of glossy leaves and fragrant blooms;
And, knowing the time come—for all things knew—
The conscious tree bent down its bows to make
A bower about Queen Maya's majesty;
And Earth put forth a thousand sudden flowers
To spread a couch; while, ready for the bath,
The rock hard by gave out a limpid stream
Of crystal flow. So brought she forth her child
Pangless—he having on his perfect form
The marks, thirty and two, of blessed birth;
Of which the great news to the Palace came.
But when they brought the painted palanquin
To fetch him home, the bearers of the poles
Were the four Regents of the Earth, come down
From Mount Sumeru—they who write men's deeds
On brazen plates—the Angel of the East,
Whose hosts are clad in silver robes, and bear
Targets of pearl the Angel of the South,
Whose horsemen, the Kumbhandas, ride blue steeds.

With sapphire shields: the Angel of the West,
By Nâgas followed, riding steeds blood-red,
With coral shields: the Angel of the North,
Environed by his Yakshas, all in gold,
On yellow horses, bearing shields of gold.
These, with their pomp invisible, came down
And took the poles, in cast and outward garb
Like bearers, yet most mighty gods; and gods
Walked free with men that day, though men knew not:
For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake,
Knowing Lord Buddha thus was come again.

But King Suddhodana wist not of this;
The portents troubled, till his dream-readers
Augured a Prince of earthly dominance,
A Chakravartîn, such as rise to rule
Once in each thousand years; seven gifts he has—
The Chakra-ratna, disc divine; the gem;
The horse, the Aswa-ratna, that proud steed
Which tramps the clouds; a snow-white elephant,
The Hasti-ratna, born to bear his King;
The crafty Minister, the General
Unconquered, and the wife of peerless grace,
The Istri-ratna, lovelier than the Dawn.
For which gifts looking with this wondrous boy,
The King gave order that his town should keep
High festival; therefore the ways were swept,
Rose-odours sprinkled in the street, the trees
Were hung with lamps and flags, while merry crowds
Gaped on the sword-players and posturers,
The jugglers, charmers, swingers, rope-walkers,
The nautch-girls in their spangled skirts, and bells
That chime light laughter round their restless feet;
The masquers wrapped in skins of bear and deer,
The tiger-tamers, wrestlers, quail-fighters,
Beaters of drum and twanglers of the wire,
Who made the people happy by command.
Moreover, from afar came merchant-men,
Bringing, on tidings of this birth, rich gifts
In golden trays: goat-shawls, and nard, and jade,
Turkises, "evening-sky" tint woven webs—

So fine twelve folds hide not a modest face—
Waist-cloths sewn thick with pearls, and sandalwood;
Homage from tribute cities; so they called
Their Prince Savârthasiddh, “All-Prospering,”
Briefer, Siddhârtha.

’Mongst the strangers came
A grey-haired saint, Asita, one whose ears,
Long closed to earthly things, caught heavenly sounds,
And heard at prayer beneath his peepul-tree
The Devas singing songs at Buddha’s birth.
Wondrous in lore he was by age and fasts;
Him, drawing nigh, seeming so reverend,
The King saluted, and Queen Maya made
To lay her babe before such holy feet;
But when he saw the Prince the old man cried
“Ah, Queen, not so!” and thereupon he touched
Eight times the dust, laid his waste visage there,
Saying, “O Babe! I worship! Thou art He!
I see the rosy light, the foot-sole marks,
The soft curled tendril of the Swastika,
The sacred primal signs thirty and two,
The eighty lesser tokens. Thou art Buddh,
And thou wilt preach the Law and save all flesh
Who learn the Law, though I shall never hear,
Dying too soon, who lately longed to die;
Howbeit I have seen Thee. Know, O King!
This is that Blossom on our human tree
Which opens once in many myriad years—
But opened, fills the world with Wisdom’s scent
And Love’s dropped honey; from thy royal root
A Heavenly Lotus springs: Ah, happy House!
Yet not all-happy, for a sword must pierce
Thy bowels for this boy—whilst thou, sweet Queen!
Dear to all gods and men for this great birth,
Henceforth art grown too sacred for more woe:
And life is woe, therefore in seven days
Painless thou shalt attain the close of pain.”

Which fell: for on the seventh evening
Queen Maya smiling slept, and waked no more
Passing content to Trâyastrinshas-Heaven,

Where countless Devas worship her, and wait
Attendant on that radiant Motherhead.
But for the Babe they found a foster-nurse,
Princess Mahâprajâpati—her breast
Nourished with noble milk the lips of Him
Whose lips comfort the worlds.

When th' eighth year passed,
The careful King bethought to teach his son
All that a Prince should learn, for still he shunned
The too vast presage of those miracles,
The glories and the sufferings of a Buddh.
So, in full council of his Ministers,
“Who is the wisest man, great sirs,” he asked,
“To teach my Prince that which a Prince should
know?”

Whereto gave answer each with instant voice:
“King! Viswamitra is the wisest one,
The farthest-seen in Scriptures, and the best
In learning, and the manual arts, and all.”
Thus Viswamitra came and heard commands;
And, on a day found fortunate, the Prince
Took up his slate of ox-red sandal-wood
All beautified by gems around the rim,
And sprinkled smooth with dust of emery,
These took he, and his writing-stick, and stood
With eyes bent down before the Sage, who said,
“Child, write this Scripture,” speaking slow the verse
“*Gâyatri*” named, which only High-born hear:—

*Om. tatsaviturvarenyam
Bhargo devasya dhîmahî
Dhiyo yo na prachodayât.*

“Acharya, I write,” meekly replied
The Prince, and quickly on the dust he drew—
Not in one script, but many characters—
The sacred verse: Nagri and Dakshin, Nî,
Mangal, Parusha, Yava, Tirthi, Uk,
Darad, Sikhyani, Mana, Madhyachar,
The pictured writings and the speech of signs,
Tokens of cave men and the sea-peoples,

Of those who worship snakes beneath the earth,
And those who flame adore and the sun's orb,
The Magians and the dwellers on the mounds;
Of all the Nations all strange scripts he traced
One after other with his writing-stick,
Reading the master's verse in every tongue;
And Viswamitra said, "It is enough,
Let us to numbers.

After me repeat
Your numeration till we reach the Lakh,
One, two , three, four, to ten, and then by tens
To hundreds, thousands.'" After him the child
Named digits, decades, centuries; nor paused,
The round lakh reached, but softly murmured on,
"Then comes the kôti, nahut, ninnahut,
Khamba, viskhamba, abab, attata,
To kumuds, gundhikas, and utpalas,
By pundarîkas unto padumas,
Which last is how you count the utmost grains
Of Hastagiri ground to finest dust;
But beyond that a numeration is,
The Kâtha, used to note the stars of night;
The Kôti-Kâtha, for the ocean drops;
Ingga, the calculus of circulars;
Sarvanikchepa, by the which you deal
With all the sands of Gunga, till we come
To Antah-Kalpas, where the unit is
The sands of ten crore Gungas. If one seeks
More comprehensive scale, th' arithmic mounts
By the Asankya, which is the tale
Of all the drops that in ten thousand years
Would fall on all the worlds by daily rain;
Thence unto Maha-Kalpas, by the which
The Gods compute their future and their past."

" 'Tis good," the sage rejoined. "Most noble Prince,
If these thou know'st, needs it that I should teach
The mensuration of the lineal?"
Humbly the boy replied. "Acharya!
Be pleased to hear me. Paramânus ten
A parasukshma make; ten of those build

The trasarene, and seven trasarenes
 One mote's-length floating in the beam, seven motes
 The whisker-point of mouse, and ten of these
 One likhya; likhyas ten a yuka, ten
 Yukas a heart of barley, which is held
 Seven times a wasp-waist; so unto the grain
 Of mung and mustard and the barley-corn,
 Whereof ten give the finger-joint, twelve joints
 The span, wherefrom we reach the cubit, staff,
 Bow-length, lance-length; while twenty lengths of lance
 Mete what is named a 'breath,' which is to say
 Such space as man may stride with lungs once filled,
 Whereof a gow is forty, four times that
 A yojana; and, Master! if it please,
 I shall recite how many sun-motes lie
 From end to end within a yôjana."'
 Thereat, with instant skill, the little Prince
 Pronounced the total of the atoms true.
 But Viswamitra heard it on his face
 Prostrate before the boy; "For thou," he cried,
 "Art Teacher of thy teachers—thou, not I,
 "Art Gûrû. Oh, I worship thee, sweet Prince!
 That comest to my school only to show
 Thou knowest all without the books, and know'st
 Fair reverence besides."

Which reverence

Lord Buddha kept to all his schoolmasters.
 Albeit beyond their learning taught; in speech
 Right gentle, yet so wise, princely of mien,
 Yet softly-mannered; modest, deferent,
 And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood;
 No bolder horseman in the youthful band
 E'er rode in gay chase of the shy gazelles;
 No keener driver of the chariot
 In mimic contest scoured the Palace-courts;
 Yet in mid-play the boy would oft-times pause,
 Letting the deer pass free; would oft-times yield
 His half-won race because the labouring steeds
 Fetched painful breath: or if his princely mates
 Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream

Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years
Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves
To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears.
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
Nor ever to be felt. Then it befell
In the Royal garden on a day of spring,
A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging north
To their nest-places on Himâla's breast.
Calling in love-notes down their snowy line
The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted;
And Devadatta, cousin of the Prince,
Pointed his bow, and loosed a wilful shaft
Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan
Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road,
So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes.
Which seeing, Prince Siddhârtha took the bird
Tenderly up, rested it in his lap—
Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Buddha sits—
And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,
Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,
Caressed it into peace with light kind palms
As soft as plantain-leaves an hour unrolled;
And while the left hand held, the right hand drew
The cruel steel forth from the wound, and laid
Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.
Yet all so little knew the boy of pain
That curiously into his wrist he pressed
The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting.
And turned with tears to soothe his bird again.

Then some one came who said, "My Prince hath shot
A swan, which fell among the roses here,
He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"
"Nay," quoth Siddhârtha, "if the bird were dead
To send it to the slayer might be well,
But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
The god-like speed which throbbed in this white wing."
And Devadatta answered, "The wild thing,

Living or dead, is his who fetched it down;
'Twas no man's in the clouds, but fall'n 'tis mine.
Give me my prize, fair Cousin.'" Then our Lord
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek
And gravely spake, "Say no! the bird is mine,
The first of myriad things which shall be mine
By right of mercy and love's lordliness.
For now I know, by what within me stirs,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,
Abating this accursed flood of woe,
Not man's alone; but, if the Prince disputes,
Let him submit his matter to the wise
And we will wait their word.'" So was it done;
In full divan the business had debate,
And many thought this thing and many that;
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
"If life be aught, the saviour of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
Who sought to slay—the slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains; give him the bird:"
Which judgment all found just; but when the King
Sought out the sage for honour, he was gone,
And some one saw a hooded snake glide forth,—
The gods come oft-times thus! So our Lord Buddh
Began his works of mercy.

Yet not more
Knew he has yet of grief than that one bird's,
Which, being healed, went joyous to its kind.
But on another day the King said, "Come,
Sweet son! and see the pleasance of the spring,
And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield
Its riches to the reaper; how my realm—
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me—
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the King's chest filled.
Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,
Green grass, and cries of plough-time.'" So they rode
Into a land of wells and gardens, where,
All up and down the rich red loam, the steers
Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke

Dragging the ploughs; the fat soil rose and rolled
In smooth long waves back from the plough; who drove
Planted both feet upon the leaping share
To make the furrow deep; among the palms
The tinkle of the rippling water rang,
And where it ran the glad earth 'broidered it
With balsams and the spears of lemon-grass.
Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow;
And all the jungle laughed with nesting-songs,
And all the thickets rustled with small life
Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things
Pleased at the spring-time. In the mango-sprays
The sun-birds flashed; alone at his green forge
Toiled the loud coppersmith; bee-eaters hawked,
Chasing the purple butterflies; beneath,
Striped squirrels raced, the mynas perked and picked,
The seven brown sisters chattered in the thorn.
The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,
The egrets stalked among the buffaloes,
The kites sailed circles in the golden air;
About the painted temple peacocks flew,
The blue doves cooed from every well, far off
The village drums beat for some marriage-feast;
All things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince
Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life:
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live; and how he urged
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,
Goading their velvet flanks; then marked he, too,
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed
The fish-tiger of that which it had seized;
The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did hunt
The jewelled butterflies: till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain.
Life living upon death. So the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
Of mutual murder, from the worm to man.
Who himself kills his fellow: seeing which—

The hungry ploughman and his labouring kine,
Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke,
The rage to live which makes all living strife—
The Prince Siddhârtha sighed. “Is this,” he said,
“That happy earth they brought me forth to see?
How salt with sweat the peasant’s bread! how hard
The oxen’s service! in the brake how fierce
The war of weak and strong! i’ th’ air what plots!
No refuge e’en in water. Go aside
A space, and let me muse on what ye show.”

So saying the good Lord Buddha seated him
Under a jambu-tree, with ankles crossed—
As holy statues sit—and first began
To meditate this deep disease of life,
What its far source and whence its remedy.
So vast a pity filled him, such wide love
For living things, such passion to heal pain,
That by their stress his princely spirit passed
To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint
Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat
Dhyâna, first step of “the path.”

There flew
High overhead that hour five holy ones,
Whose free wings faltered as they passed the tree.
“What power superior draws us from our flight?”
They asked,—for spirits feel all force divine,
And know the sacred presence of the pure.
Then, looking downward, they beheld the Buddh
Crowned with a rose-hued aureole, intent
On thoughts to save; while from the grove a voice
Cried, “Rishis! this is He shall help the world,
Descend and worship.” So the Bright Ones came
And sang a song of praise, folding their wings;
Then journeyed on, taking good news to Gods.

But certain from the King seeking the Prince
Found him still musing, though the noon was past,
And the sun hastened to the western hills:
Yet, while all shadows moved, the jambu-tree’s
Stayed in one quarter, overspreading him,

Lest the sloped rays should strike that sacred head;
And he who saw this sight heard a voice say,
Amid the blossoms of the rose-apple,
“Let be the King’s son! till the shadow goes
Forth from his heart my shadow will not shift.”

BOOK THE SECOND

Now, when our Lord was come to eighteen years,
The King commanded that there should be built
Three stately houses, one of hewn square beams
With cedar lining, warm for winter days;
One of veined marbles, cool for summer heat;
And one of burned bricks, with blue tiles bedecked,
Pleasant at seed-time, when the champaks bud—
Subha, Suramma, Ramma, were their names.
Delicious gardens round about them bloomed,
Streams wandered wild, and musky thickets stretched,
With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn,
In midst of which Siddhârtha strayed at will,
Some new delight provided every hour;
And happy hours he knew, for life was rich,
With youthful blood at quickest; yet still came
The shadows of his meditation back,
As the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds.

Which the King marking, called his Ministers:
“Bethink ye, sirs! how the old Rishi spake,”
He said, “and what my dream-readers foretold.
This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's blood,
Shall be of universal dominance,
Trampling the neck of all his enemies,
A King of kings—and this is in my heart;—
Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path
Of self-denial and of pious pains,
Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost
Worth keeping; and to this his wistful eyes
Do still incline amid my palaces.
But ye are sage, and ye will counsel me;
How may his feet be turned to that proud road
Where they should walk, and all fair signs come true
Which gave him Earth to rule, if he would rule?”

The eldest answered, “Maharaja! love
Will cure these thin distempers; weave the spell

Of woman's wiles about his idle heart.
What knows this noble boy of beauty yet,
Eyes that make heaven forgot, and lips of balm?
Find him soft wives and pretty playfellows;
The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains
A girl's hair lightly binds.''

And all thought good.
But the King answered, 'If we seek him wives,
Love chooseth oft-times with another eye;
And if we bid range Beauty's garden round.
To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile
And sweetly shun the joy he knows not of.''
Then said another, 'Roams the barasingh
Until the fated arrow flies; for him,
As for less lordly spirits, some one charms,
Some face will seem a Paradise, some form
Fairer than pale Dawn when she wakes the world.
This do, my King! Command a festival
Where the realm's maids shall be competitors
In youth and grace, and sports that Sâkyas use.
Let the prince give the prizes to the fair,
And, when the lovely victors pass his seat,
There shall be those who mark if one or two
Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek;
So we may choose for Love with Love's own eyes.
And cheat his Highness into happiness.''
This thing seemed good; wherefore, upon a day,
The criers bade the young and beautiful
Pass to the palace, for 'twas in command
To hold a court of pleasure, and the Prince
Would give the prizes, something rich for all,
The richest for the fairest judged. Thus flocked
Kapilavastu's maidens to the gate,
Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,
Eyelashes lustered with the soorma-stick.
Fresh-bathed and scented; all in shawls and cloths
Of gayest; slender hands and feet new-stained
With crimson, and tilka-spots stamped bright.
Fair show it was of all those Indian girls
Slow-pacing past the throne with large black eyes

Fixed on the ground: for when they saw the Prince.
 More than the awe of Majesty made beat
 Their fluttering hearts, he sate so passionless,
 Gentle, but so beyond them. Each maid took
 With down-dropped lids her gift, afraid to gaze;
 And if the people hailed some lovelier one
 Beyond her rivals worthy royal smiles,
 She stood like a scared antelope to touch
 The gracious hand, then fled to join her mates
 Trembling at favour, so divine he seemed,
 So high and saint-like and above her world.
 Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,
 The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
 Was ending and the prizes spent, when last
 Came young Yasôdhara, and they that stood
 Nearest Siddârtha saw the princely boy
 Start, as the radiant girl approached. A form
 Of heavenly mould! a gait like Parvati's;
 Eyes like a hind's in love-time; face so fair
 Words cannot paint its spell; and she alone
 Gazed full—folding her palms across her breasts—
 On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.
 "Is there a gift for me?" she asked, and smiled.
 "The gifts are gone," the Prince replied, "yet take
 This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace
 Our happy city boasts;" therewith he loosed
 The emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped
 Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist;
 And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.

Long after—when enlightenment was full—
 Lord Buddha, being prayed why thus his heart
 Took fire at first glance of the Sâkya girl,
 Answered, "We were not strangers, as to us
 And all it seemed: in ages long gone by
 A hunter's son, playing with forest girls
 By Yamun's springs, where Nandadevi stands,
 Sate umpire while they raced beneath the firs
 Like hares at eve that run their playful rings;
 One with flower-stars he crowned; one with long plumes
 Plucked from eyed pheasant and the jungle-cock:

One with fir-apples; but who ran the last
Came first for him, and unto her the boy
Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.
And in the wood they lived many glad years,
And in the wood they undivided died.
Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
Thus I was he and she Yasôdhara;
And while the wheel of birth and death turns round
That which hath been must be between us two."

But they who watched the Prince at prize-giving
Saw and heard all, and told the careful King
How sate Siddhârtha heedless, till there passed
Great Suprabuddha's child, Yasôdhara;
And how—at sudden sight of her—he changed,
And how she gazed on him and he on her,
And of the jewel-gift, and what beside
Passed in their speaking glance.

The fond King smiled:
"Look! we have found a lure; take counsel now
To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds.
Let messengers be sent to ask the maid
In marriage for my son." But it was law
With Sâkyas, when any asked a maid
Of noble house, fair and desirable,
He must make good his skill in martial arts
Against all suitors who should challenge it;
Nor might this custom break itself for kings.
Therefore her father spake: "Say to the King,
The child is sought by princes far and near;
If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,
Sway sword, and back a horse better than they,
Best would he be in all and best to us:
But how shall this be, with his cloistered ways?"
Then the King's heart was sore, for now the Prince
Begged sweet Yasôdhara for wife—in vain.
With Devadatta foremost at the bow,

Ardjuna master of all fiery steeds,
And Nanda chief in sword-play; but the Prince
Laughed low and said, "These things, too, I have
learned;
Make proclamation that thy son will meet
All comers at their chosen games. I think
I shall not lose my love for such as these."
So 'twas given forth that on the seventh day
The Prince Siddhârtha summoned whoso would
To match with him in feats of manliness,
The victor's crown to be Yasôdhara.

Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went
The Sâkya lords, and town and country round,
Unto the maidân; and the maid went too
Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,
With music, and with litters gaily dight,
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned:
Whom Devadatta claimed, of royal line,
And Nanda and Ardjuna, noble both,
The flower of all youths there; till the Prince came
Riding his white horse Kantaka, which neighed,
Astonished at this great strange world without:
Also Siddhârtha gazed with wondering eyes
On all those people born beneath the throne,
Otherwise housed than kings. otherwise fed,
And yet so like—perchance—in joys and griefs
But when the Prince saw sweet Yasôdhara,
Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein,
Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back,
And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl
Who is not worthiest; let my rivals prove
If I have dared too much in seeking her."
Then Nanda challenged for the arrow-test
And set a brazen drum six gows away,
Ardjuna six and Devadatta eight;
But Prince Siddhârtha bade them set his drum
Ten gows from off the line, until it seemed
A cowry-shell for target. Then they loosed,
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,
And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft

Through both sides of his mark, so that the crowd
 marvelled and cried; and sweet Yasôdhara
 Dropped the gold sari o'er her fearful eyes,
 Lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.
 But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane,
 With sinews bound, and strung with silver wire,
 Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,
 Thrummed it—low laughing—drew the twisted string
 Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped:
 "That is for play, not love," he said; "hath none
 A bow more fit for Sâkya lords to use?"
 And one said, "There is Sinhahânu's bow,
 Kept in the temple since we know not when,
 Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."
 "Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"
 They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel
 Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves
 Like bison-horns; and twice Siddhârtha tried
 Its strength across his knee, then spake—"Shoot now
 With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring
 The stubborn arms a hand's-breadth nigher use;
 Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,
 Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged
 Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
 Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud,
 That feeble folk at home that day inquired
 "What is this sound?" and people answered them
 "It is the sound of Sinhahânu's bow,
 Which the King's son has strung and goes to shoot."
 Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,
 And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
 Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed its flight,
 But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.

Next, Devadatta challenged with the sword.
 And clove a Talas-tree six fingers thick;
 Ardjuna seven; and Nanda cut through nine;
 But two such stems together grew, and both
 Siddhârtha's blade shred at one flashing stroke.
 Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood.
 And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid

Trembled anew seeing the trees erect;
Until the Devas of the air, who watched,
Blew light breaths from the south, and both green
 crowns
Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.

Then brought they steeds,
High-mettled, nobly-bred, and three times scoured
Around the maidân, but white Kantaka
Left even the fleetest far behind—so swift,
That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth
Twenty spear-lengths he flew; but Nanda said,
“We too might win with such as Kantaka;
Fetch an unbroken horse, and let men see
Who best can back him.” So the syces brought
A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,
Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet
Had crossed him. Three times each young Sâkya
Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed
Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain
In dust and shame; only Ardjuna held
His seat awhile; and, bidding loose the chains,
Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held
The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-hand,
So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
The savage stallion circled once the plain
Half-tamed; but sudden turned with naked teeth,
Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,
And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in
Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,
“Let not Siddhârtha meddle with this Bhût,
Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
Red flame;” but the Prince said, “Let go the chains,
Give me his forelock only,” which he held
With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,
Laid his right palm across the stallion’s eyes.
And drew it gently down the angry face,
And all along the neck and panting flanks,
Till men astonished saw the night-black horse
Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek.

As though he knew our Lord and worshipped him.
Nor stirred he while Siddhârtha mounted; then
Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
Before all eyes, so that the people said,
“Strive no more, for Siddhârtha is the best.”

And all the suitors answered “He is best!”
And Suprabuddha, father of the maid,
Said, “It was in our hearts to find thee best,
Being dearest, yet what magic taught thee more
Of manhood ’mid thy rose-bowers and thy dreams
Than war and chase and world’s work bring to these?
But wear, fair Prince, the treasure thou hast won.”
Then at a word the lovely Indian girl
Rose from her place above the throng, and took
A crown of môgra-flowers, and lightly drew
The veil of black and gold across her brow,
Proud-pacing past the youths, until she came
To where Siddhârtha stood in grace divine,
New lighted from the night-dark steed, which bent
Its strong neck meekly underneath his arm.
Before the Prince lowly she bowed, and bared
Her face celestial beaming with glad love;
Then on his neck she hung the fragrant wreath.
And on his breast she laid her perfect head,
And stooped to touch his feet with proud glad eyes,
Saying, “Dear Prince, behold me, who am thine!”
And all the throng rejoiced, seeing them pass
Hand fast in hand, and heart beating with heart,
The veil of black and gold drawn close again.

Long after—when enlightenment was come—
They prayed Lord Buddha touching all, and why
She wore this black and gold, and stepped so proud.
And the World-honoured answered, “Unto me
This was unknown, albeit it seemed half-known;
For while the wheel of birth and death turns round.
Past things and thoughts and buried lives come back.
I now remember, myriad rains ago,
What time I roamed Himâla’s hanging woods,
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind;

I, who am Buddh, couched in the kusa grass
Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds
Which pastured near and nearer to their death
Round my day-lair; or underneath the stars
I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,
A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set
The males at war; her hide was lit with gold,
Black-broidered like the veil Yasôdhara
Wore for me; hot the strife waxed in that wood
With tooth and claw, while, underneath a neem
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.
And I remember, at the end she came,
Snarling, past this and that torn forest-lord
Whom I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
The wheel of birth and death turns low and high.”

Therefore the maid was given unto the Prince
A willing spoil; and when the stars were good—
Mesha, the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven—
The marriage feast was kept, as Sâkyas use,
The golden gadi set, the carpet spread,
The wedding garlands hung, the arm-threads tied,
The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown,
The two straws floated on the reddened milk,
Which, coming close, betokened “love till death;”
The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,
The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms
And temple-offerings made, the mantras sung,
The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.
Then the grey father spake: “Worshipful Prince,
She that was ours henceforth is only thine;
Be good to her, who hath her life in thee.”
Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasôdhara,
With songs and trumpets to the Prince’s arms,
And love was all in all.

Yet not to love
Alone trusted the King; love's prison-house
Stately and beautiful he bade them build,
So that in all the earth no marvel was
Like Vishramvan, the Prince's pleasure-place.
Midway in those wide palace-grounds there rose
A verdant hill whose base Rohini bathed,
Murmuring adown from Himalay's broad feet,
To bear its tribute into Gunga's waves.
Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sâl,
Thick set with pale sky-coloured ganthi flowers,
Shut out the world, save if the city's hum
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees
Buzz out of sight in thickets. Northwards soared
The stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,
Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.
Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp-laced
With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds:
Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,
Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
Of circling eagles: under these the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
Of those divinest altars. Fronting this
The builders set the bright pavilion up,
Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.
Its beams were carved with stories of old time—
Radha and Krishna and the sylvan girls—
Sita and Hanuman and Draupadi;
And on the middle porch God Ganesha,
With disc and hook—to bring wisdom and wealth—
Propitious sate, wreathing his sidelong trunk.
By winding ways of garden and of court

The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,
White, with pink veins; the lintel lazuli,
The threshold alabaster, and the doors
Sandal-wood, cut in pictured panelling;
Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers
Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs
And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed
With lotus and nelumbo—danced; and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue.
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms; doves, green and grey,
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendours of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit;
The yellow sunbirds whirled from bloom to bloom,
The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand;
For all was peace: the shy black snake, that gives
Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,
And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.
And all this House of love was peopled fair
With sweet attendance, so that in each part
With lovely sights were gentle faces found,
Soft speech and willing service; each one glad
To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey;
Till life glided beguiled, like a smooth stream
Banked by perpetual flow'rs, Yasôdhara
Queen of the enchanting Court.

But, innermost,
Beyond the richness of those hundred halls,
A secret chamber lurked, where skill had spent
All lovely fantasies to lull the mind.
The entrance of it was a cloistered square—
Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank—
Of milky marble built, and laid with slabs

Of milk-white marble; bordered round the tank
And on the steps, and all along the frieze
With tender inlaid work of agate-stones.
Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows
It was to loiter there; the sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and, passing into porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,
As if the very Day paused and grew Eve
In love and silence at that bower's gate;
For there beyond the gate the chamber was,
Beautiful, sweet; a wonder of the world!
Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fell,
Of nakre and stained stars of lucent film,
On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,
And heavy splendour of the purdah's fringe,
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.
Here, whether it was night or day none knew,
For always streamed that softened light, more bright
Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath;
And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,
And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.
And night and day served there a chosen band
Of nautch girls, cup-bearers, and cymballers,
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy Prince,
And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss
With music whispering through the blooms, and charm
Of amorous songs and dreamy dances, linked
By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms
And silver vina-strings; while essences
Of musk and champak, and the blue haze spread
From burning spices, soothed his soul again
To drowse by sweet Yasôdhara; and thus
Siddhârtha lived forgetting.

Furthermore,

The king commanded that within those walls
 No mention should be made of death or aged,
 Sorrow, or pain, or sickness. If one drooped
 In the lovely Court—her dark glance dim, her feet
 Faint in the dance—the guiltless criminal
 Passed forth an exile from that Paradise.
 Lest he should see and suffer at her woe.
 Bright-eyed intendants watched to execute
 Sentence on such spake of the harsh world
 Without, where aches and plagues were, tears and fears,
 And wail of mourners, and grim fume of pyres.
 'Twas treason if a thread of silver strayed
 In tress of singing-girl or nautch dancer;
 And every dawn the dying rose was plucked,
 The dead leaves hid, all evil sights removed:
 For said the King, “If he shall pass his youth
 Far from such things as move to wistfulness,
 And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,
 The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,
 May fade, belike, and I shall see him grow
 To that great stature of fair sovereignty
 When he shall rule all lands—if he will rule—
 The King of kings and Glory of his time.”

Wherefore, around that pleasant prison-house—
 Where love was gaoler and delights its bars—
 But far removed from sight, the King bade build
 A massive wall, and in the wall a gate
 With brazen folding-doors, which but to roll
 Back on their hinges asked a hundred arms;
 Also the noise of that prodigious gate
 Opening, was heard full half a yôjana.
 And inside this another gate he made,
 And yet within another—through the three
 Must one pass if he quit that Pleasure-house.
 Three mighty gates there were, bolted and barred,
 And over each was set a faithful watch;
 And the King's order said, “Suffer no man
 To pass the gates, though he should be the Prince:
 This on your lives—even though it be my son.”

BOOK THE THIRD

IN which calm home of happy light and love
Ligged our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe,
Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death,
Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams,
And land awearied on the shores of day,
Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage.
Thus oft-times, when he lay with gentle head
Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara,
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,
He would start up and cry, “My world! Oh, world!
I hear! I know! I come!” And she would ask,
“What ails my Lord?” with large eyes terror-struck;
For at such times the pity in his look
Was awful, and his visage like a god’s.
Then would he smile again to stay her tears,
And bid the vinas sound; but once they set
A stringed gourd on the sill. there where the wind
Could linger o’er its notes and play at will—
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings—
And those who lay around heard only that;
But Prince Siddhârtha heard the Devas play,
And to his ears they sang such words as these:—

*We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.*

*Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?*

*What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this,
But life’s way is the wind’s way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.*

*O Maya's son! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.*

*Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is but empty show;
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.*

*But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!*

*We are the voices of the wandering wind:
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find;
Leave love for love of lovers for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.*

*So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;
So say we; mocking, as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play.*

Thereafter it befel he sate at eve
Amid his beauteous Court, holding the hand
Of sweet Yasôdhara, and some maid told—
With breaks of music when her rich voice dropped
An ancient tale to speed the hour of dusk,
Of love, and of a magic horse, and lands
Wonderful, distant, where pale peoples dwelled,
And where the sun at night sank into seas.
Then spake he, sighing, “Chitra brings me back
The wind's song in the strings with that fair tale:
Give her, Yasôdhara, thy pearl for thanks.
But thou, my pearl! is there so wide a world?
Is there a land which sees the great sun roll
Into the waves, and are their hearts like ours,
Countless, unknown, not happy—it may be—
Whom we might succour if we knew of them?
Oft-times I marvel, as the Lord of day
Treads from the east his kingly road of gold,

Who first on the world's edge hath hailed his beam,
The children of the morning; oftentimes,
Even in thine arms and on thy breasts, bright wife,
Sore have I panted, at the sun's decline,
To pass with him into that crimson west
And see the peoples of the evening.
There must be many we should love—how else?
Now have I in this hour an ache, at last,
Thy soft lips cannot kiss away: oh, girl!
O Chitra! you that know of fairyland!
Where tether they that swift steed of thy tale?
My palace for one day upon his back,
To ride and ride and see the spread of the earth;
Nay, if I had yon callow vulture's plumes—
The carrion heir of wider realms than mine—
How would I stretch for topmost Himalay,
Light where the rose-gleam lingers on those snows,
And strain my gaze with searching what is round!
Why have I never seen and never sought?
Tell me what lies beyond our brazen gates.”

Then one replied, “The city first, fair Prince!
The temples, and the gardens, and the groves,
And then the fields; and afterwards fresh fields,
With nullahs, maidâns, jungle, koss on koss;
And next King Bimbasâra's realm, and then
The vast flat world, with crores on crores of folk.”
“Good,” said Siddhârtha; “let the word be sent
That Channa yoke my chariot—at noon
To-morrow I shall ride and see beyond.”

Whereof they told the King: “Our Lord, thy son
Wills that his chariot be yoked at noon,
That he may ride abroad and see mankind.”

“Yea!” spake the careful King, “’tis time he see:
But let the criers go about and bid
My city deck itself, so there be met
No noisome sight; and let none blind or maimed,
None that is sick, or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk come forth.”
Therefore the stones were swept, and up and down

The water-carriers sprinkled all the streets
From spirting skins, the housewives scattered fresh
Red powder on their thresholds, strung new wreaths
And trimmed the tulsi-bush before their doors.
The paintings on the walls were heightened up
With liberal brush, the trees set thick with flags,
The idols gilded; in the four-went ways
Suryadeva and the great gods shone
'Mid shrines of leaves; so that the city seemed
A capital of some enchanted land.
Also the criers passed, with drum and gong.
Proclaiming loudly, "Ho! all citizens,
The King commands that there be seen to-day
No evil sight: let no one blind or maimed
None that is sick, or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk go forth.
Let none, too, burn his dead nor bring them out
'Till nightfall. Thus Suddhâdana commands."

So all was comely and the houses trim
Throughout Kapilavastu, while the Prince
Came forth in painted car, which two steers drew,
Snow-white, with swinging dewlaps, and huge humps
Wrinkled against the carved and lacquered yoke.
Goodly it was to mark the people's joy
Greeting their Prince; and glad Siddhârtha waxed
At sight of all those liege and friendly folk
Bright-clad and laughing as if life were good.
"Fair is the world," he said, "it likes me well!
And light and kind these men that are not kings,
And sweet my sisters here, who toil and tend;
What have I done for these to make them thus?
Why, if I love them, should those children know?
I pray take up yon pretty Sâkya boy
Who flung us flowers, and let him ride with me.
How good it is to reign in realms like this!
How simple pleasure is, if these be pleased
Because I come abroad! How many things
I need not if such little households hold
Enough to make our city full of smiles!

Drive Channa! through the gates, and let me see
More of this gracious world I have not known.”

So passed they through the gates, a joyous crowd
Thronging about the wheels, whereof some ran
Before the oxen, throwing wreaths; some stroked
Their silken flanks; some brought them rice and cakes
All crying, “*Jai! jai!* for our noble Prince!”
Thus all the path was kept with gladsome looks
And filled with fair sights—for the king’s word was
That such should be—when midway in the road,
Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,
Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,
An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,
Clung like a beast’s hide to its fleshless bones.
Bent was his back with load of many days,
His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws
Wagging with palsy and the fright to see
So many and such joy. One skinny hand
Clutched a worn staff to prop his quavering limbs
And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs
Whence came in gasps the heavy painful breath.
“Alms!” moaned he, “give, good people! for I die
To-morrow or the next day!” then the cough
Choked him, but still he stretched his palm, and stood
Blinking, and groaning ’mid his spasms, “Alms!”
Then those around had wrenched his feeble feet
Aside, and thrust him from the road again,
Saying, “The Prince! dost see? get to thy lair!”
But that Siddhârtha cried, ‘Let be! let be!
Channa! what thing is this who seems a man,
Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,
So miserable, so horrible, so sad?
Are men born sometimes thus? What meaneth he
Moaning ‘to-morrow or next day I die?’
Finds he no food that so his bones jut forth?
What woe hath happened to this piteous one?’
Then answer made the charioteer, “Sweet Prince!
This is no other than an aged man;
Some fourscore years ago his back was straight,

His eye bright, and his body goodly: now
The thievish years have sucked his sap away,
Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit;
His lamp has lost its oil, the wick burns black;
What life he keeps is one poor lingering spark
Which flickers for the finish: such is age;
Why should your Highness heed?" Then spake the
Prince:

"But shall this come to others, or to all,
Or is it rare that one should be as he?"
"Most noble," answered Channa, "even as he,
Will all these grow if they shall live so long."
"But," quoth the Prince, "if I shall live as long
Shall I be thus; and if Yasôdhara
Live fourscore years, is this old age for her,
Jâlîni, little Hasta, Gautami,
And Gunga, and the others?" "Yea great Sir!"
The charioteer replied. Then spake the Prince:
"Turn back, and drive me to my house again!
I have seen that I did not think to see."

Which pondering, to his beauteous Court returned
Wistful Siddhârtha, sad of mien and mood;
Nor tasted he the white cakes nor the fruits
Spread for the evening feast, nor once looked up
While the best palace-dancers strove to charm:
Nor spake—save one sad thing—when wofully
Yasôdhara sank to his feet and wept,
Sighing, "Hath not my Lord comfort in me?"
"Ah, Sweet?" he said, "such comfort that my soul
Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end,
And we shall both grow old, Yasôdhara!
Loveless, unlovely, weak and old, and bowed.
Nay, though we locked up love and life with lips
So close that night and day our breaths grew one,
Time would thrust in between to filch away
My passion and thy grace, as black Night steals
The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to grey
And are not seen to fade. This have I found,
And all my heart is darkened with its dread,
And all my heart is fixed to think how Love

Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,
Who makes men old.' ' So through that night he sate
Sleepless, uncomforted.

And all that night
The King Suddhâdana dreamed troublous dreams.
The first fear of his vision was a flag
Broad, glorious glistening with a golden sun,
The mark of Indra; but a strong wind blew,
Rending its folds divine, and dashing it
Into the dust; where at a concourse came
Of shadowy Ones, who took the spoiled silk up
And bore it eastward from the city gates.
The second fear was ten huge elephants,
With silver tusks and feet that shook the earth,
Trampling the southern road in mighty march;
And he who sate upon the foremost beast
Was the King's son—the others followed him.
The third fear of the vision was a car,
Shining with blinding light, which four steeds drew,
Snorting white smoke and champing fiery foam;
And in the car the Prince Siddhârtha sate.
The fourth fear was a wheel which turned and turned,
With nave of burning gold and jewelled spokes,
And strange things written on the binding tire,
Which seemed both fire and music as it whirled.
The fifth fear was a mighty drum set down
Midway between the city and the hills,
On which the Prince beat with an iron mace,
So that the sound pealed like a thunderstorm,
Rolling around the sky and far away.
The sixth fear was a tower, which rose and rose
High o'er the city till its stately head
Shone crowned with clouds and on the top the Prince
Stood, scattering from both hands, this way and that,
Gems of most lovely light, as if it rained
Jacynths and rubies; and the whole world came,
Striving to seize those treasures as they fell
Towards the four quarters. But the seventh fear was
A noise of wailing, and behold six men

Who wept and gnashed their teeth and laid their palms
Upon their mouths, walking disconsolate.

These seven fears made the vision of his sleep
But none of all his wisest dream-readers
Could tell their meaning. Then the King was wroth,
Saying, “There cometh evil to my house,
And none of ye have wit to help me known
What the great gods portend sending me this.”
So in the city men went sorrowful
Because the King had dreamed seven signs of fear
Which none could read; but to the gate there came
An aged man, in robe of deer-skin clad,
By guise a hermit, known to none; he cried,
“Bring me before the King, for I can read
The vision of his sleep;” who when he heard
The sevenfold mysteries of the midnight dream,
Bowed reverent and said, “O Maharâj!
I hail this favoured House, whence shall arise
A wider-reaching splendour than the sun’s!
Lo! all these seven fears are seven joys,
Whereof the first, where thou didst see a flag—
Broad, glorious gilt with Indra’s badge—cast down
And carried out, did signify the end
Of old faiths and beginning of the new;
For there is change with gods not less than men,
And as the days pass kalpas pass—at length.
The ten great elephants that shook the earth
The ten great gifts of wisdom signify,
In strength whereof the Prince shall quit his state
And shake the world with passage of the Truth.
The four flame-breathing horses of the car
Are those four fearless virtues which shall bring
Thy son from doubt and gloom to gladsome light;
The wheel that turned with nave of burning gold
Was that most precious Wheel of perfect Law
Which he shall turn in sight of all the world.
The mighty drum whereon the Prince did beat,
Till the sound filled all lands, doth signify
The thunder of the preaching of the Word
Which he shall preach: the tower that grew to heaven

The growing of the Gospel of this Buddh
Sets forth; and those rare jewels scattered thence
The untold treasures are of that good Law
To gods and men dear and desirable.
Such is the interpretation of the tower;
But for those six men weeping with shut mouths,
They are the six chief teachers whom thy son
Shall, with bright truth and speech unanswerable,
Convince of foolishness. O King! rejoice,
The fortune of my Lord the Prince is more
Than kingdoms, and his hermit-rags will be
Beyond fine cloths of gold. This was thy dream!
And in seven nights and days these things shall fall.’’
So spake the holy man, and lowly made
The eight prostrations, touching thrice the ground;
Then turned and passed; but when the King bade send
A rich gift after him, the messengers
Brought word, ‘‘We came to where he entered in
At Chandra’s temple but within was none
Save a grey owl which fluttered from the shrine.’’
The gods come sometimes thus.

But the sad King
Marvelled, and gave command that new delights
Be compassed to enthrall Siddhârtha’s heart
Amid those dancers of his pleasure-house;
Also he set at all the brazen doors
A double guard.

Yet who shall shut out Fate!

For once again the spirit of the Prince
Was moved to see this world beyond his gates.
This life of man, so pleasant, if its waves
Ran not to waste and woful finishing
In Time’s dry sands. ‘‘I pray you let me view
Our city as it is,’’ such was his prayer
To King Suddhâdana. ‘‘Your Majesty
In tender heed hath warned the folk before
To put away ill things and common sights,
And make their faces glad to gladden me,
And all the causeways gay; yet have I learned

This is not daily life, and if I stand
Nearest, my father, to the realm and thee.
Fain would I know the people and the streets,
Their simple usual ways, and workday deeds,
And lives, which those men live who are not kings.
Give me good leave, dear Lord! to pass unknown
Beyond my happy gardens; I shall come
The more contented to their peace again,
Or wiser, father, if not well content.
Therefore, I pray thee, let me go at will
To-morrow with my servants, through the streets.’”
And the King said, amidst his Ministers,
“Belike this second flight may mend the first.
Note how the falcon starts at every sight
New from his hood, but what a quiet eye
Cometh of freedom; let my son see all,
And bid them bring me tidings of his mind.”

Thus on the morrow, when the noon was come,
The Prince and Channa passed beyond the gates,
Which opened to the signet of the King;
Yet knew not they who rolled the great doors back
It was the King’s son in that merchant’s robe,
And in the clerkly dress his charioteer.
Forth fared they by the common way afoot,
Mingling with all the Sâkya citizens,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town;
The painted streets alive with hum of noon,
The traders cross-legged mid their spice and grain,
The buyers with their money in the cloth,
The war of words to cheapen this or that,
The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,
The strong slow oxen and their rusting loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,
The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well
With balanced-chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babes; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat
shops,
The weaver at his loom, the cotton bow
Twanging, the millstones grinding meal, the dogs

Good people, help!’’ whereon Siddhârtha ran,
 Lifted the woful man with tender hands,
 With sweet looks laid the sick head on his knee,
 And, while his soft touch comforted the wretch,
 Asked, ‘‘Brother, what is ill with thee? what harm
 Hath fallen? wherefore canst thou not arise?
 Why is it, Channa, that he pants and moans,
 And gasps to speak, and sighs so pitiful?’’
 Then spake the charioteer : ‘‘Great Prince! this man
 Is smitten with some pest; his elements
 Are all confounded; in his veins the blood,
 Which ran a wholesome river, leaps and boils
 A fiery flood; his heart, which kept good time,
 Beats like an ill-played drum-skin, quick and slow;
 His sinews slacken like a bowstring slipped;
 The strength is gone from ham, and loin, and neck,
 And all the grace and joy of manhood fled:
 This is a sick man with the fit upon him.
 See how he plucks and plucks to seize his grief,
 And rolls his bloodshot orbs, and grinds his teeth.
 And draws his breath as if ’twere choking smoke!
 Lo! now he would be dead; but shall not die
 Until the plague hath had its work in him,
 Killing the nerves which die before the life:
 Then, when his strings have cracked with agony
 And all his bones are empty of the sense
 To ache, the plague will quit and light elsewhere.
 Oh, sir! it is not good to hold him so!
 The harm may pass, and strike thee, even thee.’’
 But spake the Prince, still comforting the man,
 ‘‘And are there others, are there many thus?
 Or might it be to me as now with him?’’
 ‘‘Great Lord!’’ answered the charioteer, ‘‘this comes
 In many forms to all men; griefs and wounds
 Sickness and tetter, palsies, leprosies,
 Hot fevers, watery wastings, issues, blains
 Befall all flesh and enter everywhere.’’
 ‘‘Come such ills unobserved?’’ the Prince inquired.
 And Channa said, ‘‘Like the sly snake they come
 That stings unseen: like the striped murderer,

Who waits to spring from the Karunda bush,
Hiding beside the jungle path; or like
The lightning striking these and sparing those,
As chance may send.”

“Then all men live in fear?”
“So live they, Prince!”

“And none can say, ‘I sleep
Happy and whole to-night, and so shall wake?’ ”
“None say it.”

“And the end of many aches,
Which come unseen, and will come when they come,
Is this, a broken body and sad mind,
And so old age?”

“Yea, if men last as long.”

“But if they cannot bear their agonies,
Or if they will not bear and seek a term;
Or if they bear, and be, as this man is,
Too weak except for groans, and so still live,
And growing old, grow older, then—what end?”

“They die, Prince.”

“Die?”

“Yea, at the last comes Death,
In whatsoever way, whatever hour.
Some few grow old, most suffer and fall sick,
But all must die—behold, where comes the Dead!”

Then did Siddhârtha raise his eyes, and see
Fast pacing towards the river-brink a band
Of wailing people; foremost one who swung
An earthen bowl with lighted coals; behind
The kinsmen shorn, with mourning marks, ungirt,
Crying aloud, “O Rama, Rama, hear!
Call upon Rama, brothers;” next the bier,
Knit of four poles with bamboos interlaced,
Whereon lay—stark and stiff, feet foremost, lean,
Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, a-grin,
Sprinkled with red and yellow dust—the Dead.

Whom at the four-went ways they turned head first,
And crying “‘Rama, Rama!’” carried on
To where a pile was reared beside the stream:
Thereon they laid him, building fuel up—
Good sleep hath one that slumbers on that bed!
He shall not wake for cold, albeit he lies
Naked to all the airs—for soon they set
The red flame to the corners four, which crept,
And licked, and flickered, finding out his flesh
And feeding on it with swift hissing tongues,
And crackle of parched skin, and snap of joint;
Till the fat smoke thinned and the ashes sank
Scarlet and grey, with here and there a bone
White midst the grey—the total of the man.

Then spake the Prince: “‘Is this the end which come
To all who live?’”

“‘This is the end that comes
To all,’” quoth Channa; “‘he upon the pyre—
Whose remnants are so petty that the crows
Caw hungrily, then quit the fruitless feast—
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived, and liked life
well.

Then came—who knows?—some gust of jungle wind,
A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,
A snake’s nip, half a span of angry steel,
A chill, a fishbone, or a falling tile,
And life was over and the man is dead.
No appetites, no pleasures, and no pains
Hath such; the kiss upon his lips is nought,
The fire-scorch nought; he smelleth not his flesh
A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice
They burn; the taste is emptied from his mouth,
The hearing of his ear is clogged, the sight
Is blinded in his eyes; those whom he loved
Wail desolate, for even that must go,
The body which was lamp unto the life,
Or worms will have a horrid feast of it.
Here is the common destiny of flesh;
The high and low, the good and bad, must die,

And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live
Somewhere, somehow—who knows?—and so again
The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile;—
Such is man's round.”

But lo! Siddhârtha turned
Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,
Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth;
From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,
As if his spirit sought in lonely flight
Some far-off vision, linking this and that,
Lost—past—but searchable, but seen, but known,
Then cried he while his lifted countenance
Glowed with the burning passion of a love
Unspeakable, the ardour of a hope
Boundless, insatiate: “Oh! suffering world!
Oh! known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of death and woe,
And life which binds to both! I see, I feel
The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst;
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,
And love in loss, and life in hateful death,
And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round
Of false delights and wces that are not false.
Me too this lure hath cheated, so it seemed
Lovely to live and life a sunlit stream
For ever flowing in a changeless peace;
Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood
Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn
Only to pour its crystal quicklier
Into the foul salt sea. The veil is rent
Which blinded me! I am as all these men
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard,
Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid!
For them and me and all there must be help!
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves,
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
They cannot save! I would not let one cry

Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm
Would make a world and keep it miserable,
Since, if, all-powerful, he leaves it so,
He is not good, and if not powerful,
He is not God?—Channa! lead home again!
It is enough ! mine eyes have seen enough!”

Which when the King heard, at the gates he set
A triple guard; and bade no man should pass
By day or night, issuing or entering in,
Until the days were numbered of that dream.

BOOK THE FOURTH

BUT, when the days were numbered, then befell
The parting of our Lord—which was to be—
Whereby came wailing in the Golden Home,
Woe to the King and sorrow o'er the land,
But for all flesh deliverance, and that Law
Which whoso hears—the same shall make him free.

Softly the Indian night sinks on the plains
At full moon, in the month of Chaitra Shud,
When mangoes redden and the asôka buds
Sweeten the breeze, and Rama's birthday comes.
And all the fields are glad and all the towns.
Softly that night fell over Vishramvan,
Fragrant with blooms and jewelled thick with stars,
And cool with mountain airs sighing adown
From snow-flats on Himâla high outspread:
For the moon swung above the eastern peaks,
Climbing the spangled vault, and lighting clear
Rohini's ripples, and the hills and vales.
And all the sleeping land; and near at hand
Silvering those roof-tops of the pleasure-house,
Where nothing stirred nor sign of watching was.
Save at the outer gates, whose warders cried
Mudra, the watchword, and the countersign
Angana, and the watch-drums beat a round:
Whereat the earth lay still, except for yelp
Of prowling jackals, and the ceaseless trill
Of crickets in the garden grounds.

Within
Where the moon glittered through the lace-worked
stone,
Lighting the walls of pearl-shell and the floors
Paved with veined marble-- softly fell her beams
On such rare company of Indian girls.
It seemed some chamber sweet in Paradise
Where Devis rested. All the chosen ones

Of Prince Siddhârtha's pleasure-home were there,
The brightest and most faithful of the Court;
Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep,
That you had said "This is the pearl of all!"
Save that beside her or beyond her lay
Fairer and fairer, till the pleased gaze
Roamed o'er that feast of beauty as it roams
From gem to gem in some great goldsmith-work,
Caught by each colour till the next is seen.
With careless grace they lay, their soft brown limbs
Part hidden, part revealed; their glossy hair
Bound back with gold or flowers, or flowing loose
In black waves down the shapely nape and neck.
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils,
They slept, no wearier than jewelled birds
Which sing and love all day, then under wing
Fold head, till morn bids sing and love again.
Lamps of chased silver swinging from the roof
In silver chains, and fed with perfumed oils,
Made with the moonbeams tender lights and shades,
Whereby were seen the perfect lines of grace,
The bosom's placid heave, the soft stained palms
Drooping or clasped, the faces fair and dark,
The great arched brows, the parted lips, the teeth
Like pearls a merchant picks to make a string,
The satin-lidded eyes, with lashes dropped
Sweeping the delicate cheeks, the rounded wrists,
The smooth small feet with bells and bangles decked,
Tinkling low music where some sleeper moved,
Breaking her smiling dream of some new dance
Praised by the Prince, some magic ring to find,
Some fairy love-gift. Here one lay full-length,
Her vina by her cheek, and in its strings
The little fingers still all interlaced
As when the last notes of her light song played
Those radiant eyes to sleep, and sealed her own.
Another slumbered folding in her arms
A desert-antelope, its slender head
Buried with black-sloped horns between her breasts,
Soft-nestling; it was eating—when both drowsed—

Red roses, and her loosening hand still held
A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled
Between the deer's lips. Here two friends had dozed
Together, weaving môgra-buds, which bound
Their sister-sweetness in a starry chain,
Linking them limb to limb and heart to heart,
One pillowed on the blossoms, one on her.
Another, ere she slept, was stringing stones
To make a necklet—agate, onyx, sard,
Coral, and moonstone—round her wrist it gleamed
A coil of splendid colour, while she held,
Unthreaded yet, the bead to close it up—
Green turkis, carved with golden gods and scripts.
Lulled by the cadence of the garden stream.
Thus lay they on the clustered carpets, each
A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn
To open and make daylight beautiful.
This was the ante-chamber of the Prince;
But at the purdah's fringe the sweetest slept—
Gunga and Gotami—chief ministers
In that still House of love.

The purdah hung,
Crimson and blue, with broidered threads of gold,
Across a portal carved in sandal-wood;
Whence by three steps the way was to the bower
Of inmost splendour, and the marriage-couch
Set on a dais soft with silver cloths,
Where the foot fell as though it trod on piles
Of neem-blooms. All the walls were plates of pearl.
Cut shapely from the shells of Lanka's wave:
And o'er the alabaster roof there ran
Rich inlayings of lotus and of bird,
Wrought in skilled work of lazulite and jade.
Jacynth and jasper; woven round the dome,
And down the sides, and all about the frames
Wherein were set the fretted lattices.
Through which there breathed, with moonlight and
cool airs,
Scents from the shell-flowers and the jasmine sprays.
Not bringing thither grace or tenderness

Sweeter than shed from those fair presences
Within the place—the beauteous Sâkya Prince,
And hers, the stately, bright Yasôdhara.

Half risen from her soft nest at his side,
The chuddar fallen to her waist, her brow
Laid in both palms, the lovely Princess leaned
With heaving bosom and fast-falling tears.
Thrice with her lips she touched Siddhârtha's hand,
And at the third kiss moaned, "Awake, my Lord!
Give me the comfort of thy speech!" Then he:
"What is it with thee, O my life?" but still
She moaned anew before the words would come;
Then spake, "Alas, my Prince! I sank to sleep
Most happy, for the babe I bear of thee
Quickened this eve, and at my heart there beat
That double pulse of life and joy and love
Whose happy music lulled me, but—aho!—
In slumber I beheld three sights of dread,
With thought whereof my heart is throbbing yet.
I saw a white bull with wide-branching horns,
A lord of pastures, pacing through the streets,
Bearing upon his front a gem which shone
As if some star had dropped to glitter there,
Or like the kantha-stone the great Snake keeps
To make bright daylight underneath the earth.
Slow through the streets towards the gates he paced,
And none could stay him, though there came a voice
From Indra's temple, 'If ye stay him not,
The glory of the city goeth forth.'
Yet none could stay him. Then I wept aloud,
And locked my arms about his neck, and strove.
And bade them bar the gates; but that ox-king
Bellowed, and, lightly tossing free his crest,
Broke from my clasp, and bursting through the bars,
Trampled the warders down and passed away.
The next strange dream was this: Four Presences
Splendid, with shining eyes, so beautiful
They seemed the Regents of the Earth who dwell
On Mount Sumeru, lighting from the sky
With retinue of countless heavenly ones,

Swift swept unto our city, where I saw
 The golden flag of Indra on the gate
 Flutter and fall; and lo! there rose instead
 A glorious banner, all the folds whereof
 Rippled with flashing fire of rubies sewn
 Thick on the silver threads, the rays wherefrom
 Set forth new words and weighty sentences
 Whose message made all living creatures glad;
 And from the east the wind of sunrise blew
 With tender wraft, opening those jewelled scrolls
 So that all flesh might read; and wondrous blooms—
 Plucked in what clime I know not—fell in showers,
 Coloured as none are coloured in our groves.”

Then spake the Prince: “All this, my Lotus-flower!
 Was good to see.”

“Ay, Lord,” the Princess said,
 “Save that it ended with a voice of fear
 Crying, ‘The time is nigh! the time is nigh!’
 Thereat the third dream came; for when I sought
 Thy side, sweet Lord! ah, on our bed there lay
 An unpressed pillow and an empty robe—
 Nothing of thee but those!—nothing of thee,
 Who art my life and light, my king, my world!
 And, sleeping still, I rose, and sleeping saw
 Thy belt of pearls, tied here below my breasts,
 Change to a stinging snake; my ankle-rings
 Fall off, my golden bangles part and fall;
 The jasmines in my hair wither to dust;
 While this our bridal-couch sank to the ground.
 And something rent the crimson purdah down:
 Then far away I heard the white bull low,
 And far away the embroidered banner flap,
 And once again that cry, ‘The time is come!’
 But with that cry—which shakes my spirit still—
 I woke! O Prince! what may such visions mean
 Except I die, or—worse than any death—
 Thou shouldst forsake me, or be taken?”

Soft

As the last smile of sunset was the look
 Siddhârtha bent upon his weeping wife.

“Comfort thee, dear!” he said, “if comfort lives
In changeless love! for though thy dreams may be
Shadows of things to come, and though the gods
Are shaken in their seats, and though the world
Stands nigh, perchance, to know some way of help.
Yet, whatsoever fall to thee and me,
Be sure I loved and love Yasôdhara.
Thou knowest how I muse these many moons.
Seeking to save the sad earth I have seen;
And when the time comes, that which will be will.
But if my soul yearns sore for souls unknown.
And if I grieve for griefs which are not mine.
Judge how my high-winged thoughts must hover here
O’er all these lives that share and sweeten mine—
So dear! and thine the dearest, gentlest, best,
And nearest. Ah, thou mother of my babe!
Whose body mixed with mine for this fair hope.
When most my spirit wanders, raging round
The lands and seas—as full of ruth for men
As the far-flying dove is full of ruth
For her twin nestlings—ever it has come
Home with glad wing and passionate plumes to thee,
Who art the sweetness of my kind best seen.
The utmost of their good, the tenderest
Of all their tenderness, mine most of all.
Therefore, whatever after this betide.
Bethink thee of that lordly bull which lowed,
That jewelled banner in thy dream which waved
Its folds departing, and of this be sure,
Always I loved and always love thee well,
And what I sought for all sought most for thee.
But thou, take comfort; and, if sorrow falls,
Take comfort still in deeming if there may be
A way to peace on earth by woes of ours:
And have with this embrace what faithful love
Can think of thanks or frame for benison—
Too little, seeing love’s strong self is weak—
Yet kiss me on the mouth, and drink these words
From heart to heart therewith, that thou mayst know—
What others will not—that I loved thee most

Because I loved so well all living souls.
Now, Princess! rest; for I will rise and watch.”

Then in her tears she slept, but sleeping sighed—
As if that vision passed again—“The time!
The time is come!” Whereat Siddhârtha turned,
And, lo! the moon shone by the Crab! the stars
In that same silver order long foretold
Stood ranged to say, “This is the night!—choose thou
The way of greatness or the way of good:
To reign a King of kings, or wander lone,
Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped.”
Moreover, with the whispers of the gloom,
Came to his ears again that warning song,
As when the Devas spoke upon the wind:
And surely Gods were round about the place
Watching our Lord, who watched the shining stars.

“I will depart,” he spake: “the hour is come!
Thy tender lips, dear Sleeper, summon me
To that which saves the earth but sunders us;
And in the silence of yon sky I read
My fated message flashing. Unto this
Came I, and unto this all nights and days
Have led me; for I will not have that crown
Which may be mine: I lay aside those realms
Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword:
My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
From victory to victory, till earth
Wears the red record of my name. I choose
To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates:
Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
Fed with no meats save what the charitable
Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.
This will I do because the woful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world:
Which I will heal, if healing may be found

By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.
For which of all the great and lesser gods
Have power or pity? Who hath seen them—who?
What have they wrought to help their worshippers?
How hath it steadied man to pray, and pay
Tithes of the corn and oil, to chant the charms,
To slay the shrieking sacrifice, to rear
The stately fane, to feed the priests, and call
On Vishnu, Shiva, Surya, who save
None—not the worthiest—from the griefs that teach
Those litanies of flattery and fear
Ascending day by day, like wasted smoke?
Hath any of my brothers 'scaped thereby
The aches of life, the stings of love and loss,
The fiery fever and the ague-shake,
The slow, dull, sinking into withered age,
The horrible dark death—and what beyond
Waits—till the whirling wheel comes up again,
And new lives bring new sorrows to be borne,
New generations for the new desires
Which have their end in the old mockeries?
Hath any of my tender sisters found
Fruit of the fast or harvest of the hymn,
Or brought one pang the less at bearing-time
For white curds offered and trim tulsi-leaves?
Nay; it may be some of the Gods are good
And evil some, but all in action weak;
Both pitiful and pitiless, and both—
As men are—bound upon this wheel of change,
Knowing the former and the after lives.
For so our scriptures truly seem to teach,
That—once, and wheresoe'er, and whence begun—
Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up
From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile, and fish,
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God,
To clod and mote again; so are we kin
To all that is: and thus, if one might save
Man from his curse, the whole wide world should share
The lightened horror of this ignorance
Whose shadow is still fear, and cruelty

Its bitter pastime. Yea, if one might save!
And means must be! There must be refuge! Men
Perished in winter-winds till one smote fire
From flint-stones coldly hiding what they held,
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.
They gorged on flesh like wolves. till one sowed corn,
Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man;
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck
speech,
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?
If one, then, being great and fortunate,
Rich, dowered with health and ease, from birth
designed
To rule—if he would rule—a King of kings;
If one, not tired with life's long day but glad
I' the freshness of its morning, one not cloyed
With love's delicious feasts, but hungry still;
If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
But joyous in the glory and the grace
That mix with evils here, and free to choose
Earth's loveliest at his will: one even as I,
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
Which are not mine, except as I am man;—
If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
Whether it lurks in hells or hide in heavens,
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all:
Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of death.
This will I do, who have a realm to lose,
Because I love my realm, because my heart
Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
Known and unknown, these that are mine and those

Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
 Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.
 Oh, summoning stars! I come! Oh, mournful earth.
 For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
 My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
 My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen!
 Harder to put aside than all the rest!
 Yet thee, too, I shall save, saving this earth;
 And that which stirs within thy tender womb,
 My child, the hidden blossom of our loves,
 Whom if I wait to bless my mind will fail.
 Wife! child! father! and people! ye must share
 A little while the anguish of this hour
 That light may break and all flesh learn the Law.
 Now am I fixed, and now I will depart,
 Never to come again, till what I seek
 Be found—if fervent search and strife avail.”

So, with his brow he touched her feet, and bent
 The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,
 Upon her sleeping face, still wet with tears;
 And thrice around the bed in reverence,
 As though it were an altar, softly stepped
 With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart,
 “For never,” spake he, “lie I there again!”
 And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,
 So strong her beauty was, so large his love:
 Then, o’er his head drawing his cloth, he turned
 And raised the purdah’s edge:

There drooped, close-hushed,
 In such sealed sleep as water-lilies know,
 That lovely garden of his Indian girls;
 The twin dark-petalled lotus-buds of all—
 Gunga and Gotami—on either side,
 And those, their silk-leaved sisterhood, beyond.
 “Pleasant ye are to me, sweet friends!” he said,
 “And dear to leave; yet, if I leave ye not,
 What else will come to all of us save eld
 Without assuage and death without avail?
 Lo! as ye lie asleep so must ye lie

A-dead; and when the rose dies where are gone
Its scent and splendour? when the lamp is drained
Whither is fled the flame? Press heavy, Night!
Upon their down-dropped lids, and seal their lips,
That no tear stay me and no faithful voice.
For all the brighter that these made my life,
The bitterer it is that they and I,
And all, should live as trees do—so much spring,
Such and such rains and frosts, such winter-times,
And then dead leaves, with maybe spring again,
Or axe-stroke at the root. This will not I,
Whose life here was a God's!—this would not I,
Though all my days were godlike, while men moan
Under their darkness. Therefore farewell, friends!
While life is good to give, I give, and go
To seek deliverance and that unknown Light!”

Then, lightly treading where those sleepers lay,
Into the night Siddhârtha passed: its eyes,
The watchful stars, looked love on him: its breath,
The wandering wind, kissed his robe's fluttered fringe;
The garden-blossoms, folded for the dawn,
Opened their velvet hearts to waft him scents
From pink and purple censers: o'er the land,
From Himalay unto the Indian Sea,
A tremor spread, as if earth's soul beneath
Stirred with an unknown hope; and holy books—
Which tell the story of our Lord—say, too
That rich celestial musics thrilled the air
From hosts on hosts of shining ones, who thronged
Eastward and westward, making bright the night—
Northward and southward, making glad the ground.
Also those four dread Regents of the Earth,
Descending at the doorway, two by two,—
With their bright legions of Invisibles
In arms of sapphire, silver, gold, and pearl—
Watched with joined hands the Indian Prince, who
stood,
His tearful eyes raised to the stars, and lips
Close-set with purpose of prodigious love.

Then strode he forth into the gloom, and cried:
“Channa, awake! and bring out Kantaka!”
“What would my Lord?” the charioteer replied—
Slow-rising from his place beside the gate—
“To ride at night when all the ways are dark?”

“Speak low,” Siddhârtha said: “and bring my horse,
For now the hour is come when I should quit
This golden prison, where my heart lives caged,
To find the truth; which henceforth I will seek,
For all men’s sake, until the truth be found.”

“Alas! dear Prince,” answered the charioteer,
“Spake then for nought those wise and holy men
Who cast the stars, and bade us wait the time
When King Suddhâdana’s great son should rule
Realms upon realms, and be a Lord of lords?
Wilt thou ride hence and let the rich world slip
Out of thy grasp, to hold a beggar’s bowl?
Wilt thou go forth into the friendless waste
That hast this Paradise of pleasures here?”

The Prince made answer, “Unto this I came,
And not for thrones: the kingdom that I crave
Is more than many realms—and all things pass
To change and death. Bring me forth Kantaka!”

“Most honoured,” spake again the charioteer,
“Bethink thee of my Lord thy father’s grief!
Bethink thee of their woe whose bliss thou art—
How shalt thou help them, first undoing them?”
Siddhârtha answered, “Friend that love is false
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love;
But I, who love these more than joys of mine—
Yea, more than joys of theirs—depart to save
Them and all flesh, if utmost love avail:
Go, bring me Kantaka!”

Then Channa said,
“Master, I go!” and forthwith, mournfully,
Unto the stall he passed, and from the rack
Took down the silver bit and bridle-chains,
Breast-cord and curb, and knitted fast the straps,

And linked the hooks, and led out Kantaka:
Whom, tethering to the ring, he combed and dressed,
Stroking the snowy coat to silken gloss;
Next on the steed he laid the numdah square,
Fitted the saddle-cloth across, and set
The saddle fair, drew tight the jewelled girths,
Buckled the breech-bands and the martingale,
And made fall both the stirrups of worked gold.
Then over all he cast a golden net,
With tassels of seed-pearl and silken strings,
And led the great horse to the palace door,
Where stood the Prince; but when he saw his Lord,
Right glad he waxed and joyously he neighed,
Spreading his scarlet nostrils; and the books
Write, “Surely all had heard Kantaka’s neigh,
And that strong trampling of his iron heels.
Save that the Devas laid soft unseen wings
Over their ears, and kept the sleepers deaf.”

Fondly Siddhârtha drew the proud head down,
Patted the shining neck, and said, “Be still,
White Kantaka! be still, and bear me now
The farthest journey ever rider rode;
For this night take I horse to find the truth,
And where my quest will end yet know I not,
Save that it shall not end until I find.
Therefore to-night, good steed, be fierce and bold.
Let nothing stay thee, though a thousand blades
Deny the road! let neither wall nor moat
Forbid our flight! Look! if I touch thy flank
And cry, ‘On, Kantaka!’ let whirlwinds lag
Behind thy course! Be fire and air, my horse!
To stead thy Lord; so shalt thou share with him
The greatness of this deed which helps the world;
For therefore ride I, not for men alone,
But for all things which, speechless, share our pain
And have no hope, nor wit to ask for hope.
Now, therefore, bear thy master valorously!”

Then to the saddle lightly leaping, he
Touched the arched crest, and Kantaka sprang forth
With armed hoofs sparkling on the stones, and ring

Of champing bit; but none did hear that sound,
For that the Suddha Devas, gathering near,
Plucked the red mohra-flowers and strewed them thick
Under his tread, while hands invisible
Muffled the ringing bit and bridle-chains.
Moreover, it is written when they came
Upon the pavement near the inner gates,
The Yakshas of the air laid magic cloths
Under the stallion's feet, so that he went
Softly and still.

But when they reached the gate
Of tripled brass—which hardly fivescore men
Served to unbar and open—lo! the doors
Rolled back all silently, though one might hear
In day-time two koss off the thunderous roar
Of those grim hinges and unwieldy plates.

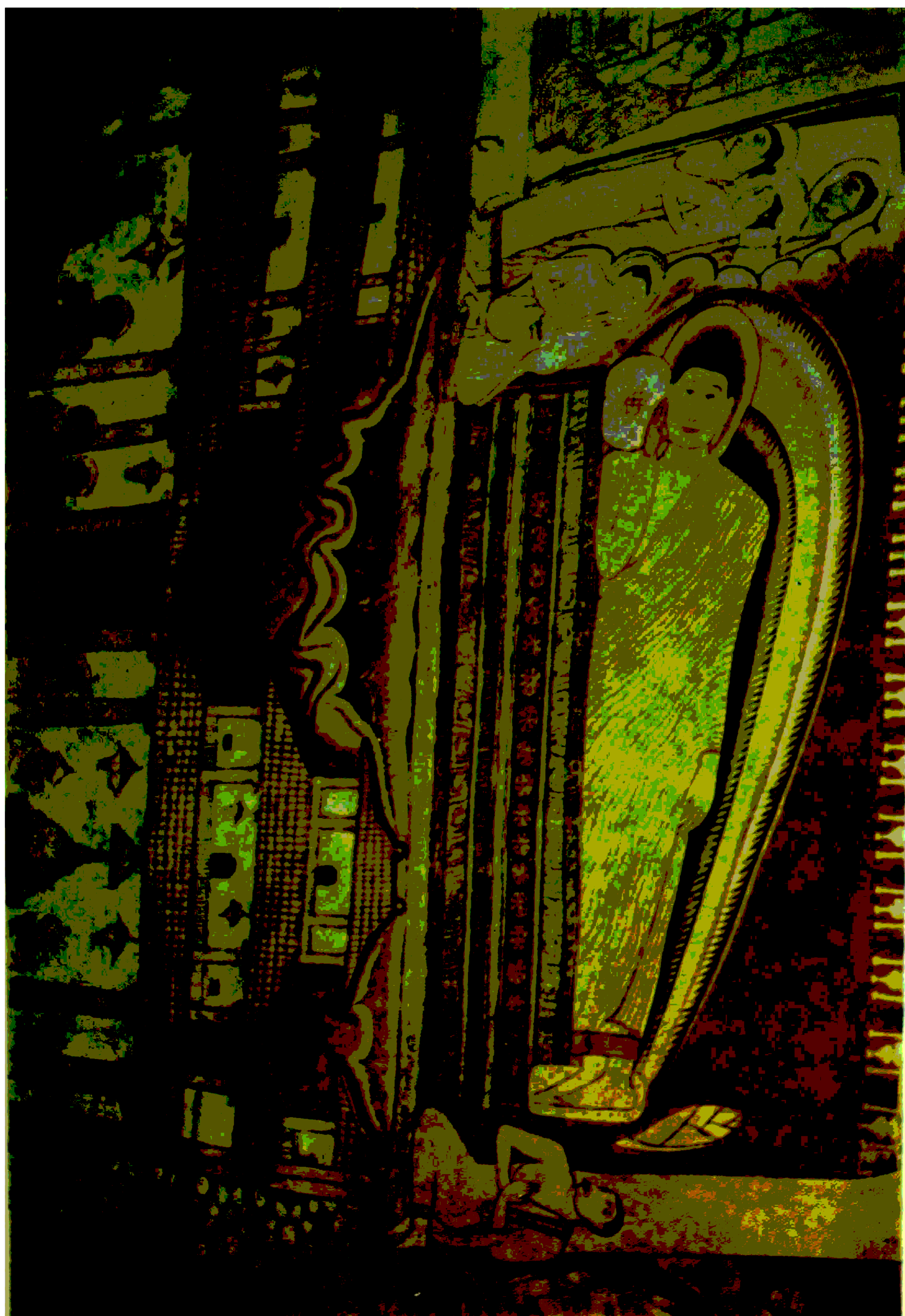
Also the middle and the outer gates
Unfolded each their monstrous portals thus
In silence, as Siddhârtha and his steed
Drew near; while underneath their shadow lay,
Silent as dead men, all those chosen guards—
The lance and sword let fall, the shields unbraced,
Captains and soldiers—for there came a wind,
Drowsier than blows o'er Malwa's fields of sleep,
Before the Prince's path, which, being breathed,
Lulled every sense aswoon: and so he passed
Free from the palace.

When the morning star
Stood half a spear's length from the eastern rim,
And o'er the earth the breath of morning sighed,
Rippling Anoma's wave, the border-stream,
Then drew he rein, and leaped to earth, and kissed
White Kantaka betwixt the ears, and spake
Full sweet to Channa: "This which thou hast done
Shall bring thee good, and bring all creatures good:
Be sure I love thee always for thy love.
Lead back my horse, and take my crest-pearl here,
My princely robes, which henceforth stead me not,
My jewelled sword-belt and my sword, and these

The long locks by its bright edge severed thus
From off my brows. Give the King all, and say
Siddhârtha prays forget him till he come
Ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won
From lonely searchings and the strife for light;
Where, if I conquer, lo! all earth is mine—
Mine by chief service!—tell him—mine by love!
Since there is hope for man only in man,
And none hath sought for this as I will seek,
Who cast away my world to save my world.’’

BOOK THE FIFTH

ROUND Rajagriha five fair hills arose,
Guarding King Bimbisâra's sylvan town:
Baibhâra, green with lemon-grass and palms;
Bipulla, at whose foot thin Sarsuti
Steals with warm ripple; shadowy Tapovan,
Whose streaming pools mirror black rocks, which ooze
Sovereign earth-butter from their rugged roofs;
South-east the vulture-peak Sailâgiri;
And eastward Ratnagiri, hill of gems.
A winding track, paven with footworn slabs,
Leads thee, by safflower fields and bamboo tufts,
Under dark mangoes and the jujube-trees,
Past milk-white veins of rock and jasper crags,
Low cliff and flats of jungle-flowers, to where
The shoulder of that mountain, sloping west,
O'erhangs a cave with wild figs canopied.
Lo! thou who comest thither, bare thy feet
And bow thy head! for all this spacious earth
Hath not a spot more dear and hallowed. Here
Lord Buddha sate the scorching summers through
The driving rains, the chilly dawns and eves;
Wearing for all men's sakes the yellow robe,
Eating in beggar's guise the scanty meal
Chance-gathered from the charitable; at night
Crouched on the grass, homeless, alone: while yelped
The sleepless jackals round his cave, or coughs
Of famished tiger from the thicket broke.
By day and night here dwelt the World-honoured,
Subduing that fair body born for bliss
With fast and frequent watch and search intense
Of silent meditation, so prolonged
That oft times while he mused—as motionless
As the fixed rock his seat—the squirrel leaped
Upon his knee, the timid quail led forth
Her brood between his feet, and blue doves pecked
The rice-grains from the bowl beside his hand.



Thus would he muse from moontide—when the land
Shimmered with heat, and walls and temples danced
In the reeking air—till sunset, noting not
The blazing globe roll down, nor evening glide,
Purple and swift, across the softened fields;
Nor the still coming of the stars, nor throb
Of drum-skins in the busy town, nor screech
Of owl and night-jar; wholly wrapt from self
In keen unravelling of the threads of thought
And steadfast pacing of life's labyrinths.
Thus would he sit till midnight hushed the world,
Save where the beasts of darkness in the brake
Crept and cried out, as fear and hatred cry,
As lust and avarice and anger creep
In the black jungles of man's ignorance.
Then slept he for what space the fleet moon asks
To swim a tenth part of her cloudy sea;
But rose ere the False-dawn, and stood again
Wistful on some dark platform of his hill,
Watching the sleeping earth with ardent eyes
And thoughts embracing all its living things;
While o'er the waving fields that murmur moved
Which is the kiss of Morn waking the lands,
And in the east that miracle of Day
Gathered and grew. At first a dusk so dim
Night seems still unaware of whispered dawn,
But soon—before the jungle-cock crows twice—
A white verge clear, a widening, brightening white,
High as the herald-star, which fades in floods
Of silver, warming into pale gold, caught
By topmost clouds, and flaming on their rims
To fervent golden glow, flushed from the brink
With saffron, scarlet, crimson, amethyst;
Whereat the sky burns splendid to the blue,
And, robed in raiment of glad light, the King
Of Life and Glory cometh!

Then our Lord,
After the manner of a Rishi, hailed
The rising orb, and went—ablutions made—
Down by the winding path unto the town:

And in the fashion of a Rishi passed
From street to street, with begging-bowl in hand,
Gathering the little pittance of his needs.
Soon was it filled, for all the townsmen cried,
“Take of our store, great sir!” and “Take of ours!”
Marking his godlike face and eyes enwrapt;
And mothers, when they saw our Lord go by.
Would bid their children fall to kiss his feet,
And lift his robe’s hem to their brows, or run
To fill his jar, and fetch him milk and cakes.
And oft-times as he paced, gentle and slow,
Radiant with heavenly pity, lost in care
For those he knew not, save as fellow-lives,
The dark surprised eyes of some Indian maid
Would dwell in sudden love and worship deep
On that majestic form, as if he saw
Her dreams of tenderest thought made true, and grace
Fairer than mortal fire her breast. But he
Passed onward with the bowl and yellow robe,
By mild speech paying all those gifts of hearts,
Wending his way back to the solitudes
To sit upon his hill with holy men,
And hear and ask of wisdom and its roads.

Midway on Ratnagiri’s groves of calm,
Beyond the city, but below the caves,
Lodged such as hold the body foe to soul,
And flesh a beast which men must chain and tame
With bitter pains, till sense of pain is killed,
And tortured nerves vex torturer no more:
Yogis and Brahmacharis, Bhikshus, all
A gaunt and mournful band, dwelling apart.
Some day and night had stood with lifted arms,
Till—drained of blood and withered by disease—
Their slowly wasting joints and stiffened limbs
Jutted from sapless shoulders like dead forks
From forest trunks. Others had clenched their hands
So long and with so fierce a fortitude,
The claw-like nails grew through the festered palm.
Some walked on sandals spiked; some with sharp flints

Gashed breast and brow and thigh, scarred these with
 fire,
 Threaded their flesh with jungle thorns and spits,
 Besmeared with mud and ashes, crouching foul
 In rags of dead men wrapped about their loins.
 Certain there were inhabited the spots
 Where death pyres smouldered, cowering defiled
 With corpses for their company, and kites
 Screaming around them o'er the funeral-spoils:
 Certain who cried five hundred times a day
 The names of Shiva, knit with hissing snakes
 About their sun-tanned necks and hollow flanks,
 One palsied foot drawn up against the ham.
 So gathered they, a grievous company;
 Crowns blistered by the blazing heat, eyes bleared,
 Sinews and muscles shrivelled, visages
 Haggard and wan as slain men's, five days dead;
 Here crouched one in the dust who noon by noon
 Meted a thousand grains of millet out,
 Ate it with famished patience, seed by seed.
 And so starved on; there one who bruised his pulse
 With bitter leaves lest palate should be pleased;
 And next; a miserable saint self-maimed.
 Eyeless and tongueless, sexless, crippled, deaf:
 The body by the mind being thus stripped
 For glory of much suffering, and the bliss
 Which they shall win—say holy books—whose woe
 Shames gods that send us woe, and makes men gods
 Stronger to suffer than Hell is to harm.

Whom sadly eyeing spake our Lord to one,
 Chief of the woe-begones; "Much-suffering sir!
 These many moons I dwell upon the hill—
 Who am a seeker of the Truth—and see
 My brothers here, and thee, so piteously
 Self-anguished; wherefore add ye ills to life
 Which is so evil?"

Answer made the sage:
 "'Tis written if a man shall mortify
 His flesh, till pain be grown the life he lives
 And death voluptuous rest, such woes shall purge

Sin's dross away, and the soul, purified,
Soar from the furnace of its sorrow, winged
For glorious spheres and splendour past all thought."

"Yon cloud which floats in heaven," the Prince
replied;
"Wreathed like gold cloth around your Indra's throne,
Rose thither from the tempest-driven sea;
But it must fall again in tearful drops,
Trickling through rough and painful water-ways
By cleft and nullah and the muddy flood,
To Gunga and the sea, wherefrom it sprang.
Know'st thou, my brother, if it be not thus,
After their many pains, with saints in bliss?
Since that which rises falls, and that which buys
Is spent; and if ye buy heav'n with your blood
In hell's hard market, when the bargain's through
The toil begins again!"

"It may begin."
The hermit moaned. "Alas! we know not this,
Nor surely anything; yet after night
Day comes and after turmoil peace and we
Hate this accursed flesh which clogs the soul
That fain would rise; so, for the sake of soul,
We stake brief agonies in game with Gods
To gain the larger joys."

"Yet if they last
A myriad years," he said, "they fade at length,
Those joys: or if not, is there then some life
Below above, beyond, so unlike life
It will not change? Speak! do your Gods endure
For ever, brothers?"

"Nay," the Yogis said,
"Only great Brahm endures: the Gods but live."

Then spake Lord Buddha: "Will ye, being wise,
As ye seem holy and strong-hearted ones,
Throw these sore dice, which are your groans and
moans.
For gains which may be dreams, and must have end?

Will ye, for love of soul, so loathe your flesh,
 So scourge and maim it, that it shall not serve
 To bear the spirit on, searching for home,
 But founder on the track before night-fall,
 Like willing steed o'er-spurred? Will ye, sad sirs!
 Dismantle and dismember this fair house,
 Where we have come to dwell by painful pasts;
 Whose windows give us light—the little light—
 Whereby we gaze abroad to know if dawn
 Will break, and whither winds the better road?"

Then cried they, "We have chosen this for road
 And tread it, Rajaputra! till the close—
 Though all its stones were fire—in trust of death.
 Speak, if thou know'st a way more excellent;
 If not, peace go with thee!"

Onward he passed,
 Exceeding sorrowful, seeing how men
 Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,
 Lust so to live they dare not love their life,
 But plague it with fierce penances, belike
 To please the Gods who grudge pleasure to man:
 Belike to baulk hell by self-kindled hells;
 Belike in holy madness, hoping soul
 May break the better through their wasted flesh.
 "Oh, flowerets of the field!" Siddhârtha said,
 "Who turn your tender faces to the sun—
 Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath
 Of fragrance and these robes of reverence donned
 Silver and gold and purple—none of ye
 Miss perfect living, none of ye despoil
 Your happy beauty. Oh, ye palms! which rise
 Eager to pierce the sky and drink the wind
 Blown from Malaya and the cool blue seas,
 What secret know ye that ye grow content,
 From time of tender shoot to time of fruit,
 Murmuring such sun-songs from your feathered
 crowns?
 Ye, too, who dwell so merry in the trees—
 Quick-darting parrots, bee-birds, bulbuls, doves—
 None of ye hate your life, none of ye deem

To strain to better by foregoing needs!
But man, who slays ye—being lord—is wise,
And wisdom, nursed on blood, cometh thus forth
In self-tormentings!’’

While the Master spake
Blew down the mount the dust of pattering feet,
White goats and black sheep winding slow their way,
With many a lingering nibble at the tufts,
And wanderings from the path, where water gleamed
Or wild figs hung. But always as they strayed
The herdsman cried, or slung his sling, and kept
The silly crowd still moving to the plain.
A ewe with couplets in the flock there was,
Some hurt had lamed one lamb, which toiled behind
Bleeding, while in the front its fellow skipped,
And the vexed dam hither and thither ran,
Fearful to lose this little one or that;
Which when our Lord did mark, full tenderly
He took the limping lamb upon his neck,
Saying, ‘‘Poor woolly mother, be at peace!
Whither thou goest I will bear thy care;
’T were all as good to ease one beast of grief
As sit and watch the sorrows of the world
In yonder caverns with the priests who pray.’’

‘‘But,’’ spake he to the herdsmen, ‘‘wherefore,
friends,
Drive ye the flocks adown under high noon,
Since ’tis at evening that men fold their sheep?’’
And answer gave the peasants: ‘‘We are sent
To fetch a sacrifice of goats five-score,
And five-score sheep, the which our Lord the King
Slayeth this night in worship of his gods.’’
Then said the Master: ‘‘I will also go!’’
So paced he patiently, bearing the lamb
Beside the herdsmen in the dust and sun,
The wistful ewe low bleating at his feet.

Whom, when they came unto the river-side
A woman—dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
And lifted hands—saluted, bending low;

“Lord! thou art he,” she said, “who yesterday
 Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
 Where I live lone and reared my child; but he
 Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,
 Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
 And tease the quick-forked tongue and opened mouth
 Of that cold playmate. But, alas! ere long
 He turned so pale and still, I could not think
 Why he should cease to play and let my breast
 Fall from his lips. And one said, ‘He is sick
 Of poison;’ and another, ‘He will die.’
 But I, who could not lose my precious boy,
 Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
 Back to his eyes; it was so very small,
 That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
 It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
 Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
 ‘There is a holy man upon the hill—
 Lo! now he passeth in the yellow robe—
 Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure
 For that which ails thy son.’ Whereon I came
 Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god’s,
 And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,
 Praying thee tell what simples might be good.
 And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gaze
 With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand;
 Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,
 ‘Yea! little sister, there is that might heal
 Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
 For they who seek physicians bring to them
 What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
 Black mustard-seed, a tola; only mark
 Thou take it not from any hand or house
 Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died:
 It shall be well if thou canst find such seed,’
 Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!”

The Master smiled

Exceeding tenderly. “Yea! I spake thus,
 Dear Kisagôtami! But didst thou find
 The seed?”

“I went Lord, clasping to my breast
 The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut—
 Here in the jungle and towards the town—
 ‘I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,
 A tola—black;’ and each who had it gave,
 For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
 But when I asked, ‘in my friend’s household here
 Hath any peradventure ever died—
 Husband, or wife, or child, or slave?’ they said:
 ‘O Sister! what is this you ask? the dead
 Are very many, and the living few!’
 So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
 And prayed of others; but the others said,
 ‘Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!’
 ‘Here is the seed, but our good man is dead!’
 ‘Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
 Between the rain-time and the harvesting!’
 Ah, sir! I could not find a single house
 Where there was mustard-seed and none had died!
 Therefore I left my child—who would not suck
 Nor smile—beneath the wild-vines by the stream,
 To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
 Where I might find this seed and find no death,
 If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
 As I do fear, and as they said to me.’”

“My sister! thou hast found,” the Master said,
 “Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm
 I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
 Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
 Thou know’st the whole wide world weeps with thy
 woe:
 The grief which all hearts share grows less for one
 Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
 Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
 Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which
 drives—
 O’er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice—
 As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords.
 I seek that secret: bury thou thy child!”

So entered they the city side by side,
The herdsmen and the Prince, what time the sun
Gilded slow Sona's distant stream, and threw
Long shadows down the street and through the gate
Where the King's men kept watch. But when these
saw

Our Lord bearing the lamb, the guards stood back,
The market-people drew their wains aside.
In the bazaar buyers and sellers stayed
The war of tongues to gaze on that mild face;
The smith, with lifted hammer in his hand,
Forgot to strike; the weaver left his web,
The scribe his scroll, the money-changer lost
His count of cowries; from the unwatched rice
Shiva's white bull fed free; the wasted milk
Ran o'er the lota while the milkers watched
The passage of our Lord moving so meek,
With yet so beautiful a majesty.
But most the women gathering in the doors
Asked, "Who is this that brings the sacrifice,
So graceful and peace-giving as he goes?
What is his caste? whence hath he eyes so sweet,
Can he be Sâkra or the Devaraj?"
And others said, "It is the holy man
Who dwelleth with the Rishis on the hill."
But the Lord paced, in meditation lost,
Thinking, "Alas! for all my sheep which have
No shepherd; wandering in the night with none
To guide them; bleating blindly towards the knife
Of Death, as these dumb beasts which are their kin."

Then some one told the King, "There cometh
here
A holy hermit, bringing down the flock
Which thou didst bid to crown thy sacrifice."

The King stood in his hall of offering.
On either hand the white-robed Brahmans ranged
Muttered their mantras, feeding still the fire
Which roared upon the midmost altar. There
From scented woods flickered bright tongues of flame,

Hissing and curling as they licked the gifts
Of ghee and spices and the Soma juice,
The joy of Indra. Round about the pile
A slow, thick, scarlet streamlet smoked and ran,
Sucked by the sand, but ever rolling down,
The blood of bleating victims. One such lay,
A spotted goat, long-horned, its head bound back
With munja grass; at its stretched throat the knife
Pressed by a priest, who murmured, “This, dread
gods,

Of many yajnas cometh as the crown
From Bimbisâra: take ye joy to see
The spirted blood, and pleasure in the scent
Of rich flesh roasting 'mid the fragrant flames;
Let the King's sins be laid upon this goat,
And let the fire consume them burning it,
For now I strike.”

But Buddha softly said,
“Let him not strike, great King!” and therewith
loosed

The victim's bonds, none staying him, so great
His presence was. Then, craving leave, he spake
Of life, which all can take but none can give,
Life which all creatures love and strive to keep.
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.
Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
Sad pleading words, showing how man, who prays
For mercy to the gods, is merciless,
Being as god to those; albeit all life
Is linked and kin, and what we slay have given
Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set
Fast trust upon the hands which murder them.
Also he spake of what the holy books
Do surely teach, how that at death some sink
To bird and beast, and these rise up to man
In wanderings of the spark which grows purged flame.
So were the sacrifice new sin, if so

The fated passage of a soul be stayed.
Nor, spake he, shall one wash his spirit clean
By blood; nor gladden gods, being good, with blood;
Nor bribe them, being evil; nay, nor lay
Upon the brow of innocent bound beasts
One hair's weight of that answer all must give
For all things done amiss or wrongfully,
Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that
The fixed arithmic of the universe,
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts;
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved;
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.
Thus spake he, breathing words so piteous,
With such high lordliness of ruth and right,
The priests drew down their garments o'er the hands
Crimsoned with slaughter, and the King came near,
Standing with clasped palms reverencing Buddh;
While still our Lord went on, teaching how fair
This earth were if all living things be linked
In friendliness and common use of foods,
Bloodless and pure; the golden grain, bright fruits,
Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters wan,
Sufficient drinks and meats. Which when these
 heard,
The might of gentleness so conquered them,
The priests themselves scattered their altar-flames
And flung away the steel of sacrifice;
And through the land next day passed a decree
Proclaimed by criers, and in this wise graved
On rock and column: "Thus the King's will is:—
There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice
And slaying for the meat, but henceforth none
Shall spill the blood of life nor taste of flesh,
Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful."
So ran the edict, and from those days forth
Sweet peace hath spread between all living kind,
Man and the beasts which serve him, and the birds,

On all those banks of Gunga where our Lord
Taught with his saintly pity and soft speech.

For aye so piteous was the Master's heart
To all that breathe this breath of fleeting life,
Yoked in one fellowship of joys and pains,
That it is written in the holy books
How, in an ancient age—when Buddha wore
A Brahman's form, dwelling upon the rock
Named Munda, by the village of Dâlidd—
Drought withered all the land: the young rice died
Ere it could hide a quail; in forest glades
A fierce sun sucked the pools; grasses and herbs
Sickened, and all the woodland creatures fled
Scattering for sustenance. At such a time,
Between the hot walls of a nullah, stretched
On naked stones, our Lord spied, as he passed,
A starving tigress. Hunger in her orbs
Glared with green flame; her dry tongue lolled a span
Beyond the gasping jaws and shrivelled jowl:
Her painted hide hung wrinkled on her ribs.
As when between the rafters sinks a thatch
Rotten with rains; and at the poor lean dugs
Two cubs, whining with famine, tugged and sucked,
Mumbling those milkless teats which rendered nought;
While she, their gaunt dam, licked full motherly
The clamorous twins, and gave her flank to them
With moaning throat, and love stronger than want,
Softening the first of that wild cry wherewith
She laid her famished muzzle to the sand
And roared a savage thunder-peal of woe.
Seeing which bitter strait, and heeding nought
Save the immense compassion of a Buddh,
Our Lord bethought: "There is no other way
To help this murderess of the woods but one.
By sunset these will die, having no meat:
There is no living heart will pity her,
Bloody with ravin, lean for lack of blood.
Lo! if I feed her, who shall lose but I,
And how can love lose doing of its kind
Even to the uttermost?" So saying, Buddh

Silently laid aside sandals and staff,
His sacred thread, turban, and cloth, and came
Forth from behind the milk-bush on the sand,
Saying, "Ho! mother, here is meat for thee!"
Whereat the perishing beast yelped hoarse and shrill,
Sprang from her cubs, and, hurling to the earth
That willing victim, had her feast of him
With all the crooked daggers of her claws
Rending his flesh, and all her yellow fangs
Bathed in his blood: the great cat's burning breath
Mixed with the last sigh of such fearless love.

Thus large the Master's heart was long ago,
Not only now, when with his gracious ruth
He bade cease cruel worship of the Gods.
And much King Bimbisâra prayed our Lord—
Learning his royal birth and holy search—
To tarry in that city saying oft,
"Thy princely state may not abide such fasts;
Thy hands were made for sceptres, not for alms.
Sojourn with me, who have no son to rule,
And teach my kingdom wisdom till I die,
Lodged in my palace with a beauteous bride."
But ever spake Siddhârtha, of set mind:
"These things I had, most noble King, and left.
Seeking the truth; which still I seek, and shall;
Not to be stayed though Sâkra's palace ope'd
Its doors of pearl and Devis wooed me in.
I go to build the Kingdom of the Law,
Journeying to Gaya and the forest shades,
Where, as I think, the light will come to me:
For nowise here among the Rishis comes
That light, nor from the Shasters, nor from fasts
Borne till the body faints, starved by the soul.
Yet there is light to reach and truth to win;
And surely, O true Friend, if I attain
I will return and quit thy love."

Thereat

Thrice round the Prince King Bimbisâra paced.
Reverently bending to the Master's feet,
And bade him speed. So passed our Lord away

Towards Uravilva, not yet comforted,
And wan of face, and weak with six years' quest.
But they upon the hill and in the grove—
Alâra, Udra, and the ascetics five—
Had stayed him, saying all was written clear
In holy Shasters, and that none might win
Higher than *Sruti* and than *Smriti*—nay,
Not the chief saints!—for how should mortal man
Be wiser than the Jnana-Kând, which tells
That Brahm is bodiless and actionless,
Passionless, calm, unqualified, unchanged,
Pure life, pure thought, pure joy? Or how should man
Be better than the Karmma-Kând, which shows
How he may strip passion and action off,
Break from the bond of self, and so, unsphered,
Be God, and melt into the vast divine:
Flying from false to true, from wars of sense
To peace eternal. where the Silence lives?

But the Prince heard them, not yet comforted.

BOOK THE SIXTH

THOU, who wouldst see where dawned the light at last,
North-westwards from the “Thousand Gardens” go
By Gunga’s valley till thy steps be set
On the green hills where those twin streamlets spring,
Nilâjan and Mohâna; follow them,
Winding beneath broad-leaved mahûa-trees,
’Mid thickets of the sansâr and the bir,
Till on the plain the shining sisters meet
In Phalgu’s bed, flowing by rocky banks
To Gâya and the red Barabar hills.
Hard by that river spreads a thorny waste,
Uruwelaya named in ancient days,
With sandhills broken; on its verge a wood
Waves sea-green plumes and tassels thwart the sky,
With undergrowth wherethrough a still flood steals,
Dappled with lotus-blossoms, blue and white,
And peopled with quick fish and tortoises.
Near it the village of Senâni reared
Its roofs of grass, nestled amid the palms,
Peaceful with simple folk and pastoral toils.

There in the sylvan solitudes once more
Lord Buddha lived, musing the woes of men,
The ways of fate, the doctrines of the books,
The lessons of the creatures of the brake,
The secrets of the silence whence all come,
The secrets of the gloom whereto all go,
The life which lies between, like that arch flung
From cloud to cloud across the sky, which hath
Mists for its masonry and vapoury piers,
Melting to void again which was so fair
With sapphire hues, garnet, and chrysoprase.
Moon after moon our Lord sate in the wood,
So meditating these that he forgot
Oft times the hour of food, rising from thoughts
Prolonged beyond the sunrise and the moon.

To see his bowl unfilled, and eat perforce
Of wild fruit fallen from the boughs o'erhead,
Shaken to earth by chattering ape or plucked
By purple paroquet. Therefore his grace
Faded; his body, worn by stress of soul,
Lost day by day the marks, thirty and two,
Which testify the Buddha. Scarce that leaf,
Fluttering so dry and withered to his feet
From off the sâl-branch, bore less likeness
Of spring's soft greenery than he of him
Who was the princely flower of all his land.

And once, at such a time the o'rewrought Prince
Fell to the earth in deadly swoon all spent,
Even as one slain, who hath no longer breath
Nor any stir of blood; so wan he was,
So motionless. But there came by that way
A shepherd boy, who saw Siddhârtha lie
With lids fast-closed, and lines of nameless pain
Fixed on his lips—the fiery noonday sun
Beating upon his head—who, plucking boughs
From wild-rose apple trees, knitted them thick
Into a bower to shade the sacred face.
Also he poured upon the Master's lips
Drops of warm milk, pressed from his she-goat's bag
Lest, being low caste, he, by touching, wrong one
So high and holy seeming. But the books
Tell how the jambu-branches, planted thus,
Shot with quick life, in wealth of leaf and flower.
And glowing fruitage interlaced and close.
So that the bower grew like a tent of silk
Pitched for a king at hunting, decked with studs
Of silver-work and bosses of red gold.
And the boy worshipped, deeming him some God;
But our Lord gaining breath, arose and asked
Milk in the shepherd's lota. "Ah, my Lord,
I cannot give thee," quoth the lad; "thou seest
I am a Sudra, and my touch defiles!"
Then the World-honoured spake; "Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,

Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deed
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
Give me to drink, my brother; when I come
Unto my quest it shall be good for thee.”
Thereat the peasant’s heart was glad and gave.

And on another day there passed that road
A band of tinselled girls, the nautch-dancers
Of Indra’s temple in the town, with those
Who made their music—one that beat a drum
Set round with peacock-feathers, one that blew
The piping bānsuli and one that twitched
A three-string sitar. Lightly tripped they down
From ledge to ledge and through the chequered paths
To some gay festival, the silver bells
Chiming soft peals about the small brown feet,
Armlets and wrist-rings tattling answer shrill;
While he that bore the sitar thrummed and twanged
His threads of brass, and she beside him sang—

*“Fair goes the dancing when the sitar’s tuned;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high,
And we will dance away the hearts of men.*

*The string o’erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o’erslack is dumb, and music dies;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high.”*

So sang the nautch-girl to the pipe and wires,
Fluttering like some vain, painted butterfly
From glade to glade along the forest path,
Nor dreamed her light words echoed on the ear
Of him, that holy man, who sate so rapt
Under the fig-tree by the path. But Buddh
Lifted his great brow as the wantons passed,
And spake: “The foolish oft times teach the wise;
I strain too much this string of life, belike,
Meaning to make such music as shall save.
Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,
My strength is waned now that my need is most;

Would that I had such help as man must have,
For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope.''

Now by that river dwelt a landholder
Pious and rich, master of many herds,
A goodly chief, the friend of all the poor;
And from his house the village drew its name—
“Senâni.” Pleasant and in peace he lived,
Having for wife Sujâta, loveliest
Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain;
Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,
Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all
And gladsome looks—a pearl of womanhood—
Passing calm years of household happiness
Beside her lord in that still Indian home,
Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.
Wherefore, with many prayers she had besought
Lukshmi; and many nights at full-moon gone
Round the great Lingam, nine times nine, with gifts
Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil
Praying a boy; also Sujâta vowed—
If this should be—an offering of food
Unto the Wood-God plenteous delicate,
Set in a bowl of gold under his tree,
Such as the lips of Devs may taste and take.
And this had been: for there was born to her
A beauteous boy, now three months old, who lay
Between Sujâta's breasts, while she did pace
With grateful footsteps to the Wood-God's shrine,
One arm clasping her crimson sari close
To wrap the babe, that jewel of her joys,
The other lifted high in comely curve
To steady on her head the bowl and dish
Which held the dainty victuals for the God.

But Radha, sent before to sweep the ground
And tie the scarlet threads around the tree,
Came eager, crying, “Ah, dear Mistress! look.
There is the Wood-God sitting in his place,
Revealed, with folded hands upon his knees.
See how the light shines round about his brow!

How mild and great he seems, with heavenly eyes!
Good fortune is it thus to meet the gods.”

So,—thinking him divine,—Sujâta drew
Tremblingly nigh, and kissed the earth and said,
With sweet face bent, “Would that the Holy One
Inhabiting this grove, Giver of good,
Merciful unto me his handmaiden,
Vouchsafing now his presence, might accept
These our poor gifts of snowy curds, fresh made
With milk as white as new-carved ivory!”

Therewith into the golden bowl she poured
The curds and milk, and on the hands of Buddh
Dropped attar from a crystal flask—distilled
Out of the hearts of roses: and he ate,
Speaking no word, while the glad mother stood
In reverence apart. But of that meal
So wondrous was the virtue that our Lord
Felt strength and life return as though the nights
Of watching and the days of fast had passed
In dream, as though the spirit with the flesh
Shared that fine meat and plumed its wings anew,
Like some delighted bird at sudden streams
Weary with flight o’er endless wastes of sand,
Which laves the desert dust from neck and crest.
And more Sujâta worshipped, seeing our Lord
Grow fairer and his countenance more bright:
“Art thou indeed the God?” she lowly asked,
“And hath my gift found favour?”

But Buddh said,
“What is it thou dost bring me?”

“Holy One!”

Answered Sujâta, “from our droves I took
Milk of a hundred mothers, newly-calved,
And with that milk I fed fifty white cows,
And with their milk twenty-and-five, and then
With theirs twelve more, and yet again with theirs
The six noblest and best of all our herds.
That yield I boiled with sandal and fine spice

In silver lotus, adding rice, well grown
From chosen seed, set in new-broken ground,
So picked that every grain was like a pearl.
This did I of true heart, because I vowed
Under thy tree, if I should bear a boy
I would make offering for my joy, and now
I have my son, and all my life is bliss!’’

Softly our Lord drew down the crimson fold,
And, laying on the little head those hands
Which help the worlds, he said, ‘‘Long be thy bliss!
And lightly fall on him the load of life!
For thou hast helpen me who am no God,
But one, thy Brother; heretofore a Prince
And now a wanderer, seeking night and day
These six hard years that light which somewhere shines
To lighten all men’s darkness, if they knew!
And I shall find the light; yea, now it dawned
Glorious and helpful, when my weak flesh failed
Which this pure food fair Sister, hath restored,
Drawn manifold through lives to quicken life
As life itself passes by many births
To happier heights and purging off of sins.
Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough
Only to live? Can life and love suffice?’’

Answered Sujâta, ‘‘Worshipful! my heart
Is little, and a little rain will fill
The lily’s cup which hardly moistens the field.
It is enough for me to feel life’s sun
Shine in my Lord’s grace and my baby’s smile,
Making the loving summer of our home.
Pleasant my days pass filled with household cares
From sunrise when I wake to praise the gods,
And give forth grain, and trim the tulsi-plant,
And set my handmaids to their tasks, till noon,
When my Lord lays his head upon my lap
Lulled by soft songs and wavings of the fan;
And so to supper-time at quiet eve,
When by his side I stand and serve the cakes.
Then the stars light their silver lamps for sleep,

After the temple and the talk with friends.
How should I not be happy, blest so much,
And bearing him this boy whose tiny hand
Shall lead his soul to Swarga, if it need?
For holy books teach when a man shall plant
Trees for the travellers' shade, and dig a well
For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,
It shall be good for such after their death;
And what the books say that I humbly take,
Being not wiser than those great of old
Who spake with gods, and knew the hymns and charms,
And all the ways of virtue and of peace.
Also I think that good must come of good
And ill of evil—surely—unto all—
In every place and time—seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things
From poison stocks; yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace
Even while we live; and when 'tis willed we die
Shall there not be as good a 'Then' as 'Now'?
Haply much better! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,
And all the starry champak's white and gold
Lurks in those little, naked, grey spring-buds,
Ah, Sir! I know there might be woes to bear
Would lay fond Patience with her face in dust.
If this my babe pass first I think my heart
Would break—almost I hope my heart would break;
That I might clasp him dead and wait my Lord—
In whatsoever world holds faithful wives—
Duteous, attending till this hour should come.
But if Death called Senâni, I should mount
The pile and lay that dear head in my lap,
My daily way, rejoicing when the torch
Lit the quick flame and rolled the choking smoke
For it is written if an Indian wife
Die so, her love shall give her husband's soul
For every hair upon her head a crore
Of years in Swarga. Therefore fear I not;
And therefore, Holy Sir! my life is glad,

Nowise forgetting yet those other lives
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,
Whereon the gods grant pity! But for me,
What good I see humbly I seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come well.”

Then spake our Lord, “Thou teachest them who
teach,
Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.
Be thou content to know not, knowing thus
Thy way of right and duty: grow, thou flower!
With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade—the light
Of Truth’s high noon is not for tender leaves
Which must spread broad in other suns, and lift
In later lives a crowned head to the sky.
Thou who hast worshipped me, I worship thee!
Excellent heart! learned unknowingly,
As the dove is which flieth home by love.
In thee is seen why there is hope for man
And where we hold the wheel of life at will.
Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days!
As thou accomplishest, may I achieve!
He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this.”

“Mayest thou achieve!” she said, with earnest eyes
Bent on her babe; who reached its tender hands
To Buddh—knowing, belike, as children know,
More than we deem, and reverencing our Lord;
But he arose—made strong with that pure meat—
And bent his footsteps where a great Tree grew,
The Bôdhi-tree (thenceforward in all years
Never to fade, and ever to be kept
In homage of the world), beneath whose leaves
It was ordained the Truth should come to Buddh;
Which now the Master knew; wherefore he went
With measured pace, steadfast, majestic,
Unto the Tree of Wisdom. Oh, ye Worlds!
Rejoice! our Lord wended unto the Tree!

Whom—as he passed into its ample shade,
Cloistered with columned dropping stems, and roof

With vaults of glistering green—the conscious earthed
 Worshipped with waving grass and sudden flush
 Of flowers about his feet. The forest-boughs
 Bent down to shade him; from the river sighed
 Cool wafts of wind laden with lotus-scents
 Breathed by the water-gods. Large wondering eyes
 Of woodland creatures—panther, boar, and deer—
 At peace that eve, gazed on his face benign
 From cave and thicket. From its cold cleft wound
 The mottled deadly snake, dancing its hood
 In honour of our Lord; bright butterflies
 Fluttered their vans, azure and green and gold,
 To be his fan-bearers; the fierce kite dropped
 Its prey and screamed; the striped palm squirrel raced
 From stem to stem to see; the weaver bird
 Chirped from her swinging nest; the lizard ran;
 The koil sang her hymn; the doves flocked round;
 Even the creeping things were 'ware and glad.
 Voices of earth and air joined in one song,
 Which unto ears that hear said, "Lord and Friend!
 Lover and Saviour! Thou who hast subdued
 Angers and prides, desires and fears and doubts,
 Thou that for each and all hast given thyself
 Pass to the Tree! The sad world blesseth thee
 Who art the Buddh that shall assuage her woes.
 Pass, Hailed and Honoured! strive thy last for us,
 King and high Conqueror! thine hour is come;
 This is the Night the ages waited for!"
 Then fell the night, even as our Master sate
 Under that Tree. But he who is the Prince
 Of Darkness, Mara—knowing this was Buddh
 Who should deliver men, and now the hour
 When he should find the Truth and save the worlds—
 Gave unto all his evil powers command.
 Wherefore there trooped from every deepest pit
 The fiends who war with Wisdom and the Light,
 Arati, Trishna, Raga, and their crew
 Of passions, horrors, ignorances, lusts,
 The brood of gloom and dread; all hating Buddh,
 Seeking to shake his mind; nor knoweth one,

Not even the wisest, how those fiends of Hell
 Battled that night to keep the Truth from Buddh:
 Sometimes with terrors of the tempest, blasts
 Of demon-armies clouding all the wind
 With thunder, and with blinding lightning flung
 In jagged javelins of purple wrath
 From splitting skies; sometimes with wiles and words
 Fair-sounding, 'mid hushed leaves and softened airs
 From shapes of witching beauty; wanton songs,
 Whispers of love; sometimes with royal allures
 Of proffered rule; sometimes with mocking doubts,
 Making truth vain. But whether these befell
 Without and visible, or whether Buddh
 Strove with fell spirits in his inmost heart,
 Judge ye:—I write what ancient books have writ.

The ten chief Sins came—Mara's mighty ones,
 Angels of evil—Attavâda first,
 The Sin of Self, who in the Universe
 As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,
 And, crying "I", would have the world say "I,"
 And all things perish so if she endure.
 "If thou be'st Buddh," she said, "let others grope
 Lightless; it is enough that Thou art Thou
 Changelessly; rise and take the bliss of gods
 Who change not, heed not, strive not," But Buddh
 spake,
 "The right in thee is base. the wrong a curse;
 Cheat such as love themselves." Then came wan
 Doubt,
 He that denies—the mocking Sin—and this
 Hissed in the Master's ear, "All things are shows,
 And vain the knowledge of their vanity;
 Thou dost but chase the shadow of thyself;
 Rise and go hence, there is no better way
 Than patient scorn, nor any help for man,
 Nor any staying of his whirling wheel."
 But quoth our Lord, "Thou hast no part with me,
 False Visikitcha! subtlest of man's foes."
 And third came she who gives dark creeds their power,
 Silabbat-paramâsa, sorceress,

Draped fair in many lands as lowly Faith,
But ever juggling souls with rites and prayers;
The keeper of those keys which lock up Hells
And open Heavens. “Wilt thou dare,” she said,
“Put by our sacred books, dethrone our gods,
Unpeople all the temples, shaking down
That law which feeds the priests and props the
realms?”

But Buddha answered, “What thou bidd’st me keep
Is form which passes, but the free Truth stands;
Get thee unto thy darkness.” Next there drew
Gallantly nigh a braver Tempter, he,
Kama, the King of passions, who hath sway
Over the gods themselves, Lord of all loves,
Ruler of Pleasure’s realm. Laughing he came
Unto the tree, bearing his bow of gold
Wreathed with red blooms, and arrows of desire
Pointed with five-tongued delicate flame, which stings
The heart it smites sharper than poisoned barb:
And round him came into that lonely place
Bands of bright shapes with heavenly eyes and lips
Singing in lovely words the praise of Love
To music of invisible sweet chords,
So witching, that it seemed the night stood still
To hear them, and the listening stars and moon
Paused in their orbits while these hymned to Buddh
Of lost delights, and how a mortal man
Findeth nought dearer in the Three wide worlds
Than are the yielded loving fragrant breasts
Of Beauty and the rosy breast-blossoms,
Love’s rubies; nay, and toucheth nought more high
Than is that dulcet harmony of form
Seen in the lines and charms of loveliness,
Unspeakable, yet speaking, soul to soul,
Owned by the bounding blood, worshipped by will
Which leaps to seize it, knowing this is best,
This the true heaven where mortals are like gods,
Makers and Masters, this the gift of gifts
Ever renewed and worth a thousand woes,
For who hath grieved when soft arms shut him safe,

And all life melted to a happy sigh,
 And all the world was given in one warm kiss?
 So sang they with soft float of beckoning hands,
 Eyes lighted with love-flames, alluring smiles;
 In wanton dance their supple sides and limbs
 Revealing and concealing like burst buds
 Which tell their colour, but hide yet their hearts
 Never so matchless grace delighted eye
 As troop by troop these midnight-dancers swept
 Nearer the Tree, each daintier than the last,
 Murmuring "O great Siddhârtha! I am thine,
 Taste of my mouth and see if youth is sweet!"
 Also, when nothing moved our Master's mind,
 Lo! Kama waved his magic bow, and lo!
 The band of dancers opened, and a shape,
 Fairest and stateliest of the throng, came forth
 Wearing the guise of sweet Yasôdhara.
 Tender the passion of those dark eyes seemed
 Brimming with tears; yearning those outspread arms
 Opened towards him; musical that moan
 Wherewith the beauteous shadow named his name,
 Sighing, "My Prince! I die for lack of thee!
 What heaven hast thou found like that we knew
 By bright Rohini in the Pleasure-house,
 Where all these weary years I weep for thee?
 Return, Siddhârtha! ah! return. But touch
 My lips again, but let me to thy breast
 Once, and these fruitless dreams will end! Oh, look!
 Am I not she thou lovedst?" But Buddh said,
 "For that sweet sake of her thou playest thus,
 Fair and false Shadow! is thy playing vain;
 I curse thee not who wear'st a form so dear,
 Yet as thou art so are all earthly shows.
 Melt to thy void again!" Thereat, a cry
 Thrilled through the grove, and all that comely rout
 Faded with flickering wafts of flame, and trail
 Of vaporous robes.

Next, under darkening skies
 And noise of rising storm, came fiercer Sins,
 The rearmost of the Ten; Patigha—Hate—

With serpents coiled about her waist, which suck
Poisonous milk from both her hanging dugs,
And with her curses mix their angry hiss.
Little wrought she upon that Holy One
Who with his calm eyes dumb'd her bitter lips
And made her black snakes writhe to hide their fangs.
Then followed Rupaṛaga—Lust of days—
That sensual Sin which out of greed for life
Forgets to live; and next him Lust of Fame,
Nobler Arupaṛaga, she whose spell
Beguiles the wise, mother of daring deeds,
Battles and toils. And haughty Maṇo came,
The Fiend of Pride; and smooth Self-Righteousness
Uddhachcha; and —with many a hideous band
Of vile and formless things, which crept and flapped
Toad-like and bat-like—Ignorance, the Dam
Of Fear and Wrong, Avidya, hideous hag,
Whose footsteps left the midnight darker, while
The rooted mountains shook, the wild winds howled,
The broken clouds shed from their caverns streams
Of levin-lighted rain; stars shot from heaven,
The solid earth shuddered as if one laid
Flame to her gaping wounds; the torn black air
Was full of whistling wings, of screams and yells,
Of evil faces peering, of vast fronts
Terrible and majestic, Lords of Hell
Who from a thousand Limbos led their troops
To tempt the Master.

But Buddh heeded not,
Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled
As is a stronghold by its gates and ramps;
Also the Sacred Tree—the Bôdhi-tree—
Amid that tumult stirred not, but each leaf
Glistened as still as when on moonlit eves
No zephyr spills the gathering gems of dew;
For all this clamour raged outside the shade
Spread by those cloistered stems;

In the third watch,—
The earth being still, the hellish legions fled,
A soft air breathing from the sinking moon—

Our Lord attained *Sammâ-sambuddh*; he saw,
By light which shines beyond our mortal ken,
The line of all his lives in all the worlds;
Far back, and farther back, and farthest yet,
Five hundred lives and fifty. Even as one
At rest upon a mountain-summit, marks
His path wind up by precipice and crag,
Past thick-set woods shrunk to a patch; through bogs
Glittering false-green; down hollows where he toiled
Breathless; on dizzy ridges where his feet
Had well nigh slipped; beyond the sunny lawns
The cataract, and the cavern, and the pool,
Backward to those dim flats wherefrom he sprang
To reach the blue; thus Buddha did behold
Life's upward steps long-linked, from levels low
Where breath is base, to higher slopes and higher
Whereon the ten great Virtues wait to lead
The climber skyward. Also, Buddha saw
How new life reaps what the old life did sow;
How where its march breaks off its march begins;
Holding the gain and answering for the loss;
And how in each life good begets more good,
Evil fresh evil; Death but casting up
Debit or credit, whereupon th' account
In merits or demerits stamps itself
By sure arithmic—where no tittle drops—
Certain and just, on some new-springing life;
Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and deeds,
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks
Of lives foregone:

And in the middle watch
Our Lord attained *Abhidjñā*—insight vast
Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,
System on system, countless worlds and suns
Moving in splendid measures, band by band
Linked in division, one, yet separate,
The silver islands of a sapphire sea
Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished. stirred
With waves which roll in restless tides of change
He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds

By bonds invisible, how they themselves
Circle obedient round mightier orbs
Which serve profounder splendours, star to star
Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life
From centres ever shifting unto cirques
Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld
With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,
Cycle on epicycle, all their tale
Of Kalpas, Mahakalpas—terms of time
Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count
The drops in Gunga from her springs to the sea,
Measureless unto speech—whereby these wax
And wane; whereby each of this heavenly host
Fulfil its shining life, and darkling dies.
Sakwal by Sakwal, depths and heights he passed
Transported through the blue infinitudes,
Marking—behind all modes, above all spheres,
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb—
That fixed decree at silent work which wills
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
To fulness void, to form the yet unformed,
Good unto better, better unto best,
By wordless edict; having none to bid,
None to forbid; for this is past all gods,
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme;
A Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,
Ruling all things accordant to the rule
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use:
So that all things do well which serve the Power,
And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well
Obedient to its kind; the hawk does well
Which carries bleeding quarries to its young;
The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly
Globing together in the common work;
And man who lives to die, dies to live well
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
And earnest will to hinder not but help
All things both great and small which suffer life.
These did our Lord see in the middle watch.

But, when the fourth watch came, the secret came
 Of Sorrow, which with evil mars the law,
 As damp and dross hold back the goldsmith's fire
 Then was the Dukha-Satya opened him
 First of the "Noble Truths;" how Sorrow is
 Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;
 Not to be laid aside until one lays
 Living aside with all its changing states,
 Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
 Being and doing. How that none strips off
 These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks
 Knowledge to know them snares; but he who knows
 Avidya—Delusion—sets those snares,
 Loves life no longer, but ensues escape.
 The eyes of such a one are wide, he sees
 Delusion breeds Sankhâra, Tendency—
 Perverse; Tendency Energy—Vidnnân—
 Whereby comes Namarûpa, local Form
 And Name and Bodiment, bringing the man
 With senses naked to the sensible,
 A helpless mirror of all shows which pass
 Across his heart; and so Vedanâ grows—
 'Sense-life'—false in its gladness, fell in sadness,
 But sad or glad, the Mother of Desire,
 Trishna, that thirst which makes the living drink
 Deeper and deeper of the false salt waves
 Whereon they float, pleasures, ambitions, wealth,
 Praise, fame, or domination, conquest, love;
 Rich meats and robes, and fair abodes and pride
 Of ancient lines, and lust of days, and strife,
 To live, and sins that flow from strife, some sweet,
 Some bitter. Thus Life's thirst quenches itself
 With draughts which double thirst, but who is wise
 Tears from his soul this Trishna, feeds his sense
 No longer on false shows, files his firm mind
 To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek
 All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness,
 And so constraining passions that they die
 Famished; till all the sum of ended life—
 The *Karma*—all that total of a soul

Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,
 The 'Self' it wove—with woof of viewless time,
 Crossed on the warp invisible of acts—
 The outcome of him on the Universe,
 Grows pure and sinless; either never more
 Needing to find a body and a place,
 Or so informing what fresh frame it takes
 In new existence that the new toils prove
 Lighter and lighter not to be at all.
 Thus "finishing the Path", free from Earth's cheats:
 Released from all the Skandhas of the flesh;
 Broken from ties—from Upâdânas --saved
 From whirling on the Wheel; aroused and sane
 As is a man wakened from hateful dreams.
 Until—greater than Kings, than Gods more glad!—
 The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
 Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
 Blessed NIRVANA—sinless, stirless rest—
 That change which never changes!

Lo! the Dawn

Sprang with Buddh's victory ! lo! in the East
 Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth
 Through fleeting folds of Night's black drapery.
 High in the widening blue the herald-star
 Faded to paler silver as there shot
 Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam
 Across the grey. Far off the shadowy hills
 Saw the great Sun, before the world was 'ware,
 And donned their crowns of crimson; flower by flower
 Felt the warm breath of Morn and 'gan unfold
 Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass
 Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light,
 Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,
 Decking the earth with radiance, 'broidering
 The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe,
 Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved
 Glad salutation; darting beams of gold
 Into the glades; touching with magic wand
 The stream to rippled ruby; in the brake
 Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes

And saying "It is day!" in nestled sleep
 Touching the small heads under many a wing
 And whispering "Children praise the light of day!"
 Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds,
 The Köil's fluted song, the Bulbul's hymn,
 The "morning, morning" of the painted thrush,
 The twitter of the sunbirds starting forth
 To find the honey ere the bees be out,
 The grey crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the strokes
 Of the green hammersmith, the myna's chirp,
 The never-finished love-talk of the doves:
 Yea! and so holy was the influence
 Of that high Dawn which came with victory
 That, far and near, in homes of men there spread
 An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife;
 The robber laid his plunder back; the shroff
 Counted full tale of coins; all evil hearts
 Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm
 Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.
 Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick men leaped
 Laughing from beds of pain; the dying smiled
 As though they knew that happy Morn was sprung
 From fountains farther than the utmost East;
 And o'er the heart of sad Yasôdhara,
 Sitting forlorn at Prince Siddhârtha's bed,
 Came sudden bliss, as if love should not fail
 Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.
 So glad the World was—though it wist not why—
 That over desolate wastes went swooning songs
 Of mirth, the voice of bodiless Prets and Bhuts
 Foreseeing Buddh; and Devas in the air
 Cried "It is finished, finished!" and the priests
 Stood with the wondering people in the streets
 Watching those golden splendours flood the sky,
 And saying "There hath happed some mighty thing."
 Also in Ran and Jungle grew that day
 Friendship amongst the creatures; spotted deer
 Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,
 And cheetahs lapped the pool beside the bucks;
 Under the eagle's rock the brown hares scoured

While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing;
 The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam
 With deadly fangs in sheath; the shrike let pass
 The nestling-finch; the emerald halcyons
 Sate dreaming while the fishes played beneath,
 Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies—
 Crimson and blue and amber—flitted thick
 Around his perch; the Spirit of our Lord
 Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,
 Even while he mused under that Bôdhi-tree,
 Glorified with the Conquest gained for all,
 And lightened by a Light greater than Day's.

Then he arose—radiant, rejoicing, strong—
 Beneath the Tree, and lifting high his voice
 Spake this, in hearing of all Times and Worlds:—

*Anékajátisangsârang
 Sandhâwissang anibhisang
 Gahakâarakangawesanto
 Dukkâjâtipunappunang.
 Gahakâarakadithósi;
 Punagehang nakâhasi;
 Sabhâtephâsukhâbhaggá,
 Gahakútangwisang khitang;
 Wisangkhâragatang chittang;
 Janhânangkhayamajhagá.*

MANY A HOUSE OF LIFE
 HATH HELD ME—SEEKING EVER HIM WHO WROUGHT
 THESE PRISONS OF THE SENSES, SORROW-FRAUGHT;
 SORE WAS MY CEASLEESS STRIFE!

BUT NOW,
 THOU BUILDER OF THIS TABERNACLE—THOU!
 I KNOW THEE! NEVER SHALT THOU BUILD AGAIN
 THESE WALLS OF PAIN,
 NOR RAISE THE ROOF-TREE OF DECEITS, NOR LAY
 FRESH RAFTERS ON THE CLAY;
 BROKEN THY HOUSE IS, AND THE RIDGE-POLE SPLIT!
 DELUSION FASHIONED IT!
 SAFE PASS I THENCE—DELIVERANCE TO OBTAIN.

BOOK THE SEVENTH

SORROWFUL dwelt the King Suddhâdana
All those long years among the Sâkya Lords
Lacking the speech and presence of his Son;
Sorrowful sate the sweet Yasôdhara
All those long years, knowing no joy of life,
Widowed of him her living Liege and Prince.
And ever, on the news of some recluse
Seen far away by pasturing camel-men
Or traders threading devious paths for gain,
Messengers from the King had gone and come,
Bringing account of many a holy sage
Lonely and lost to home; but nought of him
The crown of white Kapilavastu's line
The glory of her monarch and his hope,
The heart's content of sweet Yasôdhara,
Far-wandered now, forgetful, changed, or dead.

But on a day in the Wasanta-time,
When silver sprays swing on the mango-trees
And all the earth is clad with garb of spring,
The Princess sate by that bright garden-stream
Whose gliding glass, bordered with lotus-cups,
Mirrored so often in the bliss gone by
Their clinging hands and meeting lips. Her lids
Were wan with tears, her tender cheeks had thinned,
Her lips' delicious curves were drawn with grief;
The lustrous glory of her hair was hid—
Close-bound as widows use; no ornament
She wore, nor any jewel clasped the cloth—
Coarse, and of mourning-white—crossed on her breast.
Slow moved and painfully those small fine feet
Which had the roe's gait and the rose-leaf's fall
In old years at the loving voice of him.
Her eyes, those lamps of love,—which were as if
Sunlight should shine from out the deepest dark,
Illumining Night's peace with Daytime's glow—

Unlighted now, and roving aimlessly,
Scarce marked the clustering signs of coming Spring,
So the silk lashes drooped over their orbs.
In one hand was a girdle thick with pearls,
Siddhârtha's—treasured since that night he fled—
(Ah bitter Night! mother of weeping days!
When was fond Love so pitiless to love,
Save that this scorned to limit love by life?)
The other led her little son, a boy
Divinely fair, the pledge Siddhârtha left—
Named Rahula—now seven years old, who tripped
Gladsome beside his mother, light of heart
To see the spring-blooms burgeon o'er the world.

So, while they lingered by the lotus-pools,
And, lightly laughing, Rahula flung rice
To feed the blue and purple fish; and she
With sad eyes watched the swiftly-flying cranes,
Sighing, "Oh! creatures of the wandering wing,
If ye shall light where my dear Lord is hid,
Say that Yasôdhara lives nigh to death
For one word of his mouth, one touch of him!"—
Thus, as they played and sighed—mother and child—
Came some among the damsels of the Court
Saying, "Great Princess! there have entered in
At the south gate merchants of Hastinpur,
Tripusha called and Bhalluk, men of worth,
Long travelled from the loud sea's edge, who bring
Marvellous lovely webs pictured with gold,
Waved blades of gilded steel, wrought bowls in brass,
Cut ivories, spice simples, and unknown birds,
Treasures of far-off peoples; but they bring
That which doth beggar these, for He is seen!
Thy Lord—our Lord,—the hope of all the land—
Siddhârtha! they have seen him face to face,
Yea, and have worshipped him with knees and brows,
And offered offerings; for he is become
All which was shown, a Teacher of the wise,
World-honoured, holy, wonderful; a Buddh
Who doth deliver men and save all flesh

By sweetest speech and pity vast as Heaven:
And, lo! he journeyeth hither, these do say.”

Then—while the glad blood bounded in her veins
As Gunga leaps when first the mountain snows
Melt at her springs—uprose Yasôdhara
And clapped her palms, and laughed, with brimming
tears

Beading her lashes. “Oh! call quick,” she cried,
“These merchants to my purdah, for mine ears
Thirst like parched throats to drink their blessed news.
Go bring them in,—but, if their tale be true,
Say I will fill their girdles with much gold,
With gems that Kings shall envy: come ye too,
My girls, for ye shall have guerdon of this
If there be gifts to speak my grateful heart.”

So went those merchants to the Pleasure-House,
Full softly pacing through its golden ways
With naked feet, amid the peering maids,
Much wondering at the glories of the Court.
Whom, when they came without the purdah’s folds,
A voice, tender and eager, filled and charmed
With trembling music, saying, “Ye are come
From far, fair Sirs! and ye have seen my Lord—
Yea, worshipped—for he is become a Buddh,
World-honoured, holy, and delivers men,
And journeyeth hither. Speak! for, if this be,
Friends are ye of my House, welcome and dear.”

Then answer made Tripusha, “We have seen
That sacred Master, Princess! we have bowed
Before his feet; for who was lost a Prince
Is found a greater than the King of kings.
Under the Bôdhi-tree by Phalgu’s bank
That which shall save the world hath late been wrought
By him,—the Friend of all, the Prince of all—
Thine most, High Lady! from whose tears men win
The comfort of this World the Master speaks.
Lo! he is well, as one beyond all ills,
Uplifted as a god from earthly woes,
Shining with risen Truth, golden and clear,

Moreover as he entereth town by town,
Preaching those noble ways which lead to peace,
The hearts of men follow his path as leaves
Troop to the wind or sheep draw after one
Who knows the pastures. We ourselves have heard,
By Gaya in the green Tchîrnika grove,
Those wondrous lips and done them reverence:
He cometh hither ere the first rains fall.”

Thus spake he, and Yasôdhara, for joy,
Scarce mastered breath to answer, “Be it well
Now and at all times with ye, worthy friends!
Who bring good tidings; but of this great thing
Wist ye how it befell?

Then Bhalluk told
Such as the people of the valleys knew
Of that dread night of conflict, when the air
Darkened with fiendish shadows, and the earth
Quaked, and the waters swelled with Mara’s wrath.
Also how gloriously that morning broke
Radiant with rising hopes for man, and how
The Lord was found rejoicing ’neath his Tree.
But many days the burden of release—
To be escaped beyond all storms of doubt,
Safe on Truth’s shore—lay, spake he, on that heart
A golden load; for how shall men—Buddh mused—
Who love their sins and cleave to cheats of sense,
And drink of error from a thousand springs,
Having no mind to see, nor strength to break
The fleshly snare which binds them—how should such
Receive the Twelve Nidânas and the Law
Redeeming all, yet strange to profit by,
As the caged bird oft shuns its opened door?
So had we missed the helpful victory
If, in this earth without a refuge, Buddh,
Winning the way, had deemed it all too hard
For mortal feet and passed, none following him.
Yet pondered the compassion of our Lord;
But in that hour there rang a voice as sharp
As cry of travail, so as if the earth
Moaned in birth-throe, “*Nasyami aham bhû*

Nasyati loka:” SURELY I AM LOST,
I AND MY CREATURES: then a pause, and next
A pleading sigh borne on the western wind,
“*Sruyatâm dharma, Bhagwat:*” OH, SUPREME:
LET THY GREAT LAW BE UTTERED! Whereupon
The Master cast his vision forth on flesh,
Saw who should hear and who must wait to hear.
As the keen Sun gilding the lotus-lakes
Seeth which buds will open to his beams
And which are not yet risen from their roots;
Then spake, divinely smiling, “Yea! I preach!
Whoso will listen let him learn the Law.”

Afterwards passed he, said they, by the hills
Unto Benares, where he taught the Five,
Showing how birth and death should be destroyed,
And how man hath no fate except past deeds,
No Hell but what he makes, no Heaven too high
For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.
This was the fifteenth day of Vaishya
Mid-afternoon, and that night was full moon.

But of the Rishis, first Kaundinya
Owned the Four Truths and entered on the Paths;
And after him Bhadraka, Asvajit,
Basava, Mahanâma; also there
Within the Deer-park, at the feet of Buddh,
Yasad the Prince with nobles fifty-four,
Hearing the blessed word our Master spake,
Worshipped and followed; for there sprang up peace
And knowledge of a new time come for men
In all who heard, as spring the flowers and grass
When water sparkles through a sandy plain.

These sixty—said they—did our Lord send forth,
Made perfect in restraint and passion-free,
To teach the Way; but the World-honoured turned
South from the Deer-park and Isipatan
To Yashti and King Bimbisâra’s realm,
Where many days he taught; and after these
King Bimbisâra and his folk believed,
Learning the law of love and ordered life.

Also he gave the Master, of free gift,—
Pouring forth water on the hands of Buddh,—
The Bamboo-Garden, named Wéluvana,
Wherein are streams and caves and lovely glades;
And the King set a stone there, carved with this:—

Yé dharma hetuppabhavā
Yesam hétun Tathāgató;
Aha yesan cha yo nirodhó
Ewan wadi Maha Samano.

“What life’s course and cause sustain
These Tathāgato made plain;
What delivers from life’s woe
That our Lord hath made us know.”

And in that Garden—said they—there was held
A high Assembly, where the Teacher spake
Wisdom and power, winning all souls which heard;
So that nine hundred took the yellow robe—
Such as the Master wears,—and spread his Law;
And this the gāthā was wherewith he closed:—

Sabba pápassa akaranan;
Kusalassa upasampadā:
Sa chitta pariyodapanan;
Etan Budhānusāsanan.

“Evil swells the debts to pay,
Good delivers and acquits;
Shun evil, follow good; hold sway
Over thyself. This is the Way.”

Whom, when they ended, speaking so of him,
With gifts, and thanks which made the jewels dull,
The Princess recompensed. “But by what road
Wendeth my Lord?” she asked; the merchants said,
“Yôjans threescore stretch from the city-walls
To Rajagriha, whence the easy path
Passeth by Sona hither, and the hills.
Our oxen, treading eight slow koss a day,
Came in one moon.”

Then the King, hearing word,
 Sent nobles of the Court—well-mounted lords—
 Nine separate messengers, each embassy
 Bidden to say, “The King Suddhōdana—
 Nearer the pyre by seven long years of lack,
 Wherethrough he hath not ceased to seek for thee—
 Prays of his son to come unto his own,
 The Throne and people of this longing Realm,
 Lest he shall die and see thy face no more.”
 Also nine horsemen sent Yasōdhara
 Bidden to say, “The Princess of thy House—
 Rahula’s mother—craves to see thy face
 As the night-blowing moon flower’s swelling heart
 Pines for the moon, as pale asōka-buds
 Wait for a woman’s foot: if thou hast found
 More than was lost, she prays her part in this,
 Rahula’s part, but most of all thyself.”
 So sped the Sākya Lords, but it befell
 That each one, with the message in his mouth,
 Entered the Bamboo-Garden in that hour
 When Buddha taught his law; and—hearing—each
 Forgot to speak, lost thought of King and quest,
 Of the sad Princess even; only gazed
 Eye-rapt upon the Master; only hung
 Heart-caught upon the speech compassionate,
 Commanding, perfect, pure, enlightening all,
 Poured from those sacred lips. Look! like a bee
 Winged for the hive, who sees the mōgras spread
 And scents their utter sweetness on the air,
 If he be honey-filled, it matters not;
 If night be nigh, or rain, he will not heed;
 Needs must he light on those delicious blooms
 And drain their nectar; so these messengers
 One with another, hearing Buddha’s words,
 Let go the purpose of their speed, and mixed,
 Heedless of all, amid the Master’s train.
 Wherefore the King bade that Udayi go—
 Chiefest in all the Court, and faithfulest,
 Siddhārtha’s playmate in the happier days—
 Who, as he drew anear the garden, plucked

Blown tufts of tree-wool from the grove and sealed
The entrance of his hearing; thus he came
Safe through the lofty peril of the place,
And told the message of the King, and hers.

Then meekly bowed his head and spake our Lord
Before the people, “Surely I shall go!
It is my duty as it was my will;
Let no man miss to render reverence
To those who lend him life, whereby come means
To live and die no more, but safe attain
Blissful Nirvâna, if ye keep the Law,
Purging past wrong and adding nought thereto,
Complete in love and lovely charities,
Let the King know and let the Princess hear
I take the way forewith.” This told, the folk
Of white Kapilavastu and its fields
Made ready for the entrance of their Prince.
At the south gate a bright pavilion rose
With flower-wreathed pillars, and the walls of silk
Wrought on their red and green with woven gold.
Also the roads were laid with scented boughs
Of neem and mango, and full mussuks shed
Sandal and jasmine on the dust; and flags
Fluttered and on the day when he should come
If was ordained how many elephants—
With silver howdahs and their tusks gold-tipped—
Should wait beyond the ford, and where the drums
Should boom “Siddhârtha cometh!” where the lords
Should light and worship, and the dancing girls
Where they should strew their flowers, with dance
and song,
So that the steed he rode might tramp knee-deep
In rose and balsam, and the ways be fair;
While the town rang with music and high joy.
This was ordained, and all men’s ears were pricked
Dawn after dawn to catch the first drum’s beat
Announcing, “Now he cometh!”

But it fell—

Eager to be before—Yasôdhara
Rode in her litter to the city-walls

Where soared the bright pavilion. All around
A beauteous garden smiled—Nigrôdha named—
Shaded with bel-trees and the green-plumed dates,
New-trimmed and gay with winding walks and banks
Of fruits and flowers; for the southern road
Skirted its lawns, on this hand leaf and bloom,
On that the suburb-huts where base-borns dwelt
Outside the gates, a patient folk and poor,
Whose touch for Kshatriya and priest of Brahm
Were sore defilement. Yet those, too, were quick
With expectation, rising ere the dawn
To peer along the road, to climb the trees
At far-off trumpet of some elephant,
Or stir of temple-drum; and when none came,
Busied with lowly chares to please the Prince;
Sweeping their door-stones, setting forth their flags,
Stringing the fluted fig-leaves into chains,
New furbishing the Lingam, decking new
Yesterday's faded arch of boughs, but aye
Questioning wayfarers if any noise
Be on the road of great Siddhârtha. These
The Princess marked with lovely languid eyes,
Watching, as they, the southward plain, and bent
Like them to listen if the passers gave
News of the path. So fell it she beheld
One slow approaching with his head close shorn,
A yellow cloth over his shoulder cast;
Girt as the hermits, are, and in his hand
And earthen bowl, shaped melonwise, the which
Meekly at each hut-door he held a space,
Taking the granted dole with gentle thanks
And all as gently passing where none gave.
Two followed him wearing the yellow robe,
But he who bore the bowl so lordly seemed,
So reverend, and with such a passage moved,
With so commanding presence filled the air,
With such sweet eyes of holiness smote all,
That, as they reached him alms the givers gazed
Awestruck upon his face, and some bent down
In worship, and some ran to fetch fresh gifts,

Grieved to be poor; till slowly group by group,
Children and men and women drew behind
Into his steps, whispering with covered lips,
“Who is he? who? when looked a Rishi thus?”
But as he came with quiet footfall on
Nigh the pavilion, lo! the silken door
Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasôdhara
Stood in his path crying, “Siddhârtha! Lord!”
With wide eyes streaming and with close-clasped
hands,
Then sobbing fell upon his feet, and lay.

Afterwards, when this weeping lady passed
Into the Noble Paths, and one had prayed
Answer from Buddha wherefore—being vowed
Quit of all mortal passion and the touch,
Flower-soft and conquering, of a woman’s hands—
He suffered such embrace, the Master said:
“The greater beareth with the lesser love
So it may raise it unto easier heights.
Take heed that no man, being ’scaped from bonds,
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.
Free are ye rather that your freedom spread
By patient winning and sweet wisdom’s skill.
Three eras of long toil bring Bodhisâts—
Who will be guides and help this darkling world—
Unto deliverance and the first is named
Of deep ‘Resolve’, the second of ‘Attempt’
The third of ‘Nomination’ Lo! I lived
In era of Resolve, desiring good,
Searching for wisdom, but mine eyes were sealed.
Count the grey seeds on yonder castor-clump,
So many rains it is since I was Ram,
A merchant of the coast which looketh south
To Lanka and the hiding-place of pearls.
Also in that far time Yasôdhara
Dwelt with me in our village by the sea,
Tender as now, and Lukshmi was her name.
And I remember how I journeyed thence
Seeking our gain, for poor the household was
And lowly. Not the less with wistful tears

She prayed me that I should not part, nor tempt
 Perils by land and water. 'How could love
 Leave what it loved?' she wailed; yet, venturing, I
 Passed to the Straits, and after storm and toil
 And deadly strife with creatures of the deep,
 And woes beneath the midnight and the noon,
 Searching the wave I won therefrom a pearl
 Moonlike and glorious, such as Kings might buy
 Emptying their treasury. Then came I glad
 Unto mine hills, but over all that land
 Famine spread sore; ill was I stead to leave
 In journey home, and hardly reached my door—
 Aching for food—with that white wealth of the sea
 Tied in my girdle. Yet no food was there;
 And on the threshold she for whom I toiled—
 More than myself—lay with her speechless lips
 Nigh unto death for one small gift of grain.
 Then cried I, 'If there be who hath of grain,
 Here is a kingdom's ransom for one life;
 Give Lukshimi bread and take my moonlight pearl.'"
 Whereat one brought the last of all his hoard,
 Millet—three seers—and clutched the beauteous thing.
 But Lukshmi lived, and sighed with gathered life,
 'Lo! thou didst love indeed!' I spent my pea.
 Well in that life to comfort heart and mind.
 Else quite uncomforted; but these pure pearls,
 My last great gain, won from a deeper wave—
 The Twelve Nidânas and the Law of Good—
 Cannot be spent, nor dimmed, and most fulfil
 Their perfect beauty being freeliest given.
 For like as is to Meru yonder hill
 Heaped by the little ants, and like as dew
 Dropped in the footmark of a bounding roe
 Unto the shoreless seas, so was that gift
 Unto my present giving; and so love—
 Vaster in being free from toils of sense—
 Was wisest stooping to the weaker heart;
 And so the feet of sweet Yasôdhara
 Passed into peace and bliss, being softly led.'"

But when the King heard how Siddhârtha came
Shorn, with the mendicant's sad-coloured cloth,
And stretching out a bowl to gather orts
From base-borns' leavings, wrathful sorrow drove
Love from his heart. Thrice on the ground he spat,
Plucked at his silvered beard, and strode straight
forth

Lackeyed by trembling lords. Frowning he clomb
Upon his war-horse, drove the spurs, and dashed,
Angered, through wondering streets and lanes of folk
Scarce finding breath to say. "The King! bow down!"
Ere the loud cavalcade had clattered by:

Which—at the turning by the Temple-wall,
Where the south gate was seen—encountered full
A mighty crowd; to every edge of it
Poured fast more people, till the roads were lost,
Blotted by that huge company which thronged
And grew, close following him whose look serene
Met the old King's. Nor lived the father's wrath
Longer than while the gentle eyes of Buddh
Lingered in worship on his troubled brows,
Then downcast sank, with his true knee, to earth
In proud humility. So dear it seemed
To see the Prince, to know him whole, to mark
That glory greater than of earthly state
Crowning his head, that majesty which brought
All men, so awed and silent, in his steps.

Nathless, the King broke forth, "Ends it in this
That great Siddhârtha steals into his realm,
Wrapt in a clout, shorn, sandalled, craving food
Of low-borns, he whose life was a god's?

My son! heir of this spacious power, and heir
Of Kings who did but clap their palms to have
What earth could give or eager service bring?

Thou should'st have come apparelled in thy rank,
With shining spears, and tramp of horse and foot
Lo! all my soldiers camped upon the road,

And all my city waited at the gates;

Where hast thou sojourned through these evil years

Whilst thy crowned father mourned? and she, too
there
Lived as the widows use, foregoing joys;
Never once hearing sound of song or string,
Nor wearing once the festal robe, till now
When in her cloth of gold she welcomes home
A beggar-spouse in yellow remnants clad.
Son! why 'is this?

“My Father!” came reply,
“It is the custom of my race”.

“Thy race,”
Answered the King, “counteth a hundred thrones
From Maha Sammât, but no deed like this.”

“Not of a mortal line,” the Master said,
“I spake, but of a descent invisible,
The Buddhas who have been and who shall be
Of these am I and what they did I do,
And this, which now befalls, so fell before,
That at his gate a King in warrior-mail
Should meet his son, a Prince in hermit-weeds;
And that, by love and self-control, being more
Than mightiest Kings in all their puissance,
The appointed helper of the Worlds should bow—
As now do I—and with all lowly love
Proffer, where it is owed for tender debts,
The first-fruits of the treasure he hath brought:
Which now I proffer.”

Then the King amazed
Inquired “What treasure?” and the Teacher took
Meekly the royal palm, and while they paced
Through worshipping streets—the Princess and the
King
On either side—he told the things which make
For peace and pureness, those Four noble Truths
Which hold all wisdom as shores shut the seas,
Those eight right Rules whereby who will may walk—
Monarch or slave—upon the perfect Path
That hath its Stages Four and Precepts Eight,

Whereby whoso will live—mighty or mean,
Wise or unlearned, man, woman, young or old—
Shall, soon or late, break from the wheels of life,
Attaining blest Nirvâna. So they came
Into the Palace porch, Suddhâdana
With brows unknit drinking the mighty words,
And in his own hand carrying Buddha's bowl.
Whilst a new light brightened the lovely eyes
Of sweet Yasôdhara and sunned her tears;
And that night entered they the Way of Peace.

BOOK THE EIGHTH

A BROAD mead spreads by swift Kohâna's bank
At Nagara; five days shall bring a man
In ox-wain thither from Benares' shrines
Eastward and northward journeying. The horns
Of white Himâla look upon the place,
Which all the year is glad with blooms, and girt
By groves made green from the bright streamlet's
 wave.

Soft are its slopes and cool its fragrant shades,
And holy all the spirit of the spot
Unto this time: the breath of eve comes hushed
Over the tangled thickets, and high heaps
Of carved red stones cloven by root and stem
Of creeping fig, and clad with waving veil
Of leaf and grass. The still snake glistens forth
From crumbled work of lac and cedar-beams
To coil his folds there on deep-graven slabs;
The lizard dwells and darts o'er painted floors
Where Kings have paced; the grey fox litters safe
Under the broken thrones; only the peaks,
And stream, and sloping lawns, and gentle airs
Abide unchanged. All else, like all fair shows
Of life, are fled—for this is where it stood,
The city of Suddhâdana, the hill
Whereon, upon an eve of gold and blue,
At sinking sun Lord Buddha set himself
To teach the Law in hearing of his own.

Lo! ye shall read it in the Sacred Books
How, being met in that glad pleasaunce-place—
A garden in old days with hanging walks,
Fountains, and tanks, and rose-banked terraces
Girdled by gay pavilions and the sweep
Of stately palace-fronts—the Master sate
Eminent, worshipped, all the earnest throng
Watching the opening of his lips to learn

That wisdom which hath made our Asia mild;
Whereto four thousand lakhs of living souls
Witness this day. Upon the King's right hand
He sate, and round were ranged the Sâkya Lords
Ananda, Devadatta—all the Court;
Behind stood Seriyut and Mugallan, chiefs
Of the calm brethren in the yellow garb,
A goodly company. Between his knees
Rahula smiled, with wondering childish eyes
Bent on the awful face, while at his feet
Sate sweet Yasôdhara, her heartaches gone,
Foreseeing that fair love which doth not feed
On fleeting sense, that life which knows no age,
That blessed last of deaths when Death is dead,
His victory and hers, Wherefore she laid
Her hand upon his hands, folding around
Her silver shoulder cloth his yellow-robe,
Nearest in all the world to him whose woe
The Three Worlds waited for. I cannot tell
A small part of the splendid lore which broke
From Buddha's lips: I am a late-come scribe
Who love the Master and his love of men,
And tell this legend, knowing he was wise,
But have not wit to speak beyond the books;
And time hath blurred their script and ancient sense,
Which once was new and mighty, moving all.
A little of that large discourse I know
Which Buddha spake on the soft Indian eve;
So, too, I know it writ that they who heard
Were more—lakhs more—crores more—than could be
seen

For all the Devas and the Dead thronged there,
Till Heaven was emptied to the seventh zone
And uttermost dark Hells opened their bars;
Also the daylight lingered past its time
In rose-leaf radiance on the watching peaks,
So that it seemed Night listened in the glens
And Noon upon the mountains; yea! they write,
The Evening stood between them like some maid
Celestial, love-struck, rapt; the smooth-rolled clouds

Her braided hair: the studded stars the pearls
And diamonds of her coronal; the moon
Her forehead-jewel, and the deepening dark
Her woven garments. 'Twas her close-held breath
Which came in scented sighs across the lawns
While our Lord taught, and, while he taught, who
heard—

Though he were stranger in the land, or slave,
High caste or low, come of the Aryan blood
Or Mlech or Jungle-dweller—seemed to hear
What tongue his fellows talked. Nay, outside those
Who crowded by the river, great and small,
The birds and beasts and creeping things—'tis writ—
Had sense of Buddha's vast embracing love
And took the promise of his piteous speech;
So that their lives—prisoned in shape of ape,
Tiger, or deer, shagged bear, jackal, or wolf,
Foul-feeding kite, pearled dove, or peacock gemmed,
Squat toad, or speckled serpent, lizard, bat;
Yea, or of fish fanning the river-waves—
Touched meekly at the skirts of brotherhood
With man who hath less innocence than these
And in mute gladness knew their bondage broke
Whilst Buddha spake these things before the King:—

OM, AMITAYA! measure not with words

Th' Immeasurable ; nor sink the string of thought
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,
Who answers, errs. Say nought!

The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all,
And Brahm, sole meditating in that Night;
Look not for Brahm and the Beginning there!
Nor him, nor any light.

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes.

Or any searcher know by mortal mind;
Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind

Stars sweep and question not. This is enough
That life and death and joy and woe abide;
And cause and sequence, and the course of time,
And being's ceaseless tide,

Which, ever changing, runs, linked like a river
By ripples following ripples, fast or slow—
The same yet not the same—from far-off fountain
To where its waters flow

Into the seas. These, steaming to the Sun,
Give the lost wavelets back in cloudy fleece
To trickle down the hills, and glide again;
Having no pause or peace.

This is enough to know, the phantasms are;
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing
them,
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress
Which none can stay or stem.

Pray not! the Darkness will not brighten! Ask
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak!
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains!
Ah! Brothers, Sisters! seek
Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruits and
cakes;
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;
Each man his prison makes.

Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones;
Nay, for with Powers above, around, below,
As with all flesh and whatsoever lives,
Act maketh joy and woe.

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,
Worse—better—last for first and first for last;
The Angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap
Fruits of a holy past:

The devils in the underworlds wear out
Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by:
Nothing endures: fair virtues waste with time,
Foul sins grow purged thereby.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.

Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot,
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat;
The end of many myriad lives is this,
The end of myriads that.

Only, while turns this wheel invisible,
No pause, no peace, no staying-place can be;
Who mounts may fall, who falls will mount; the
spokes
Go round unceasingly!

* * * *

If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,
And no way were of breaking from the chain,
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,
The Soul of Things fell Pain.

Ye are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.

I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!
Ho! ye who suffer! know

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony,

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than Heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

This is its touch upon the blossomed rose,
The fashion of its hand shaped lotus-leaves;
In dark soil and the silence of the seeds
The robe of Spring it weaves;

That is its painting on the glorious clouds,
And these its emeralds on the peacock's train;
It hath its stations in the stars; its slaves
In lightning, wind, and rain,

Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man,
Out of dull shells the pheasant's pencilled neck:
Ever at toil, it brings to loveliness
All ancient wrath and wreck.

The grey eggs in the golden sun-bird's nest
Its treasures are, the bees' six-sided cell
Its honey-pot; the ant wots of its ways,
The white doves know them well.

It spreadeth forth for flight the eagle's wings
What time she beareth home her prey; it sends
The she-wolf to her cubs; for unloved things
It findeth food and friends.

It is not marred nor stayed in any use,
All liketh it; the sweet white milk it brings
To mothers' breasts; it brings the white drops, too,
Wherewith the young snake stings.

The ordered music of the marching orbs
It makes in viewless canopy of sky;
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold,
Sards, sapphires, lazuli.

Ever and ever fetching secrets forth,
It sitteth in the green of forest-glades
Nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root,
Devising leaves, blooms, blades.

It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom;
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain
The shuttles of its loom.

It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
What it hath wrought is better than had been;
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.

This is its work upon the things ye see:
The unseen things are ; men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts, of peoples and their ways and wills,
Those, too, the great Law binds.

Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm.
Pity and Love are man's because long stress
Moulded blind mass to form.

It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.

It seeth everywhere and marketh all:
Do right—it recompenseth! do one wrong—
The equal retribution must be made,
Though DHARMA tarry long.

It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.

By this the slayer's knife did stab himself;
The unjust judge hath lost his own defender;
The false tongue dooms its lie; the creeping thief
And spoiler rob, to render.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

* * * *

The Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
The bygone right breeds bliss.

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!
So is a man's fate born

He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,
Sesamum corn so much cast in past birth;
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar
Him and the aching earth

If he shall labour rightly, rooting these,
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,
And rich the harvest due.

If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt for ancient evils done
In Love and Truth alway;

If making none to lack, he thoroughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood;
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence
Nothing but grace and good;

If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots.
Till love of life have end:

He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

No need hath such to live as ye name life;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished: he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him Man.

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes

Unto NIRVĀNA. He is one with Life,
Yet lives not. He is blest ceasing to be.
OM, MANI PADME, OM! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!

* * * * *

This is the doctrine of the KARMA. Learn!
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,
Only when life dies like a white flame spent
Death dies along with it.

Say not "I am," "I was," or "I shall be,"
Think not ye pass from house to house of flesh
Like travellers who remember and forget,
Ill-lodged or well-lodged. Fresh

Issues upon the Universe that sum
Which is the lattermost of lives. It makes
Its habitation as the worm spins silk
And dwells therein. It takes

Function and substance as the snake's egg hatched
Takes scale and fang; as feathered reed-seeds fly
O'er rock and loam and sand, until they find
Their marsh and multiply.

Also it issues forth to help or hurt.
When Death the bitter murderer doth smite,
Red roams the unpurged fragment of him, driven
On winds of plague and blight.

But when the mild and just die, sweet airs breathe;
The world grows richer, as if desert-stream
Should sink away to sparkle up again
Purer, with broader gleam;

So merit won winneth the happier age
Which by demerit halteth short of end;
Yet must this Law of Love reign King of all
Before the Kalpas end.

What lets?—Brothers! the Darkness lets! which
breeds

Ignorance, mazed whereby ye take these shows
For true, and thirst to have, and, having, cling
To lists which work you woes.

Ye that will tread the Middle Road, whose course
Bright Reason traces and soft Quiet smoothes;
Ye who will take the high Nirvâna-way,
List the Four Noble Truths.

The First Truth is of *Sorrow*. Be not mocked!
Life which ye prize is long drawn agony:
Only its pains abide; its pleasures are
As birds which light and fly

Ache of the birth, ache of the helpless days,
Ache of hot youth and ache of manhood's prime;
Ache of the chill grey years and choking death,
These fill your piteous time.

Sweet is fond Love, but funeral-flames must kiss
The breasts which pillow and the lips which cling;
Gallant is warlike Might, but vultures pick
The joints of chief and King.

Beauteous is Earth, but all its forest-broods
Plot mutual slaughter, hungering to live;
Of sapphire are the skies, but when men cry
Famished, no drops they give.

Ask of the sick, the mourners, ask of him
Who tottereth on his staff, lone and forlorn,
“Liketh thee life?”—these say the babe is wise
That weepeth, being born.

The Second Truth is *Sorrow's Cause*. What grief
Springs of itself and springs not of Desire?
Senses and things perceived mingle and light
Passion's quick spark of fire:

So flameth Trishna, lust and thirst of things.
Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;
A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make
A world around which seems;

Blind to the heights beyond, deaf to the sound
Of sweet airs breathed from far past Indra's sky;
Dumb to the summons of the true life kept
For him who false puts by.

So grow the strifes and lusts which make earth's war,
So grieve poor cheated hearts and flow salt tears;
So wax the passions envies, angers, hates;
So years chase blood-stained years

With wild red feet. So, where the grain should grow
Spreads the birân-weed with its evil root
And poisonous blossoms; hardly good seeds find
Soil where to fall and shoot;

And, drugged with poisonous drink, the soul departs,
And, fierce with thirst to drink, Karma returns;
Sense-struck again the sodden Self begins,
And new deceits it earns.

The Third is *Sorrow's Ceasing*. This is peace
To conquer love of self and lust of life,
To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,
To still the inward strife;

For love to clasp Eternal Beauty close;
For glory to be Lord of self; for pleasure
To live beyond the gods; for countless wealth
To lay up lasting treasure

Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days:
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise.

Then Sorrow ends, for Life and Death have ceased;
How should lamps flicker when their oil is spent?
The old sad count is clear, the new is clean;
Thus hath a man content.

* * * * *

The Fourth Truth is *The Way*. It openeth wide
Plain for all feet to tread, easy and near,
The *Noble Eightfold Path*; it goeth straight
To peace and refuge. Hear!

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks
Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled;
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes
Where breaks that other world.

Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast;
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge,
With many a place of rest.

So is the Eightfold Path which brings to peace;
By lower or by upper heights it goes.
The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries. All
Will reach the sunlit snows.

The First good level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offence;
In heed of Karma, which doth make man's fate;
In lordship over sense.

The second is *Right Purpose*. Have good-will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.

The Third is *Right Discourse*. Govern the lips
As they were palace-doors, the King within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.

The Fourth is *Right Behaviour*. Let each act
Assoil a fault or help a merit grow;
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads
Let love through good deeds show.

Four higher roadways be. Only those feet
May tread them which have done with earthly things,
Right Purity, Right Thought, Right Loneliness.
Right Rapture. Spread no wings

For Sunward flight, thou soul with unplumed vans!
Sweet is the lower air, and safe and known
The homely levels; only strong ones leave
The nest each makes his own.

Dear is the love, I know, of Wife and Child;
Pleasant the friends and pastimes of your years,
Fruitful of good Life's gentle charities;
Firm-set, though false, its fears.

Live—ye who must—such lives as live on these;
Make golden stairways of your weakness; rise
By daily sojourn with those phantasies
To lovelier verities,

So shall ye pass to clearer heights and find
Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,
And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,
Entering the Path. Who wins

To such commencement hath the *First Stage* touched,
He knows the Noble Truths, the Eightfold Road;
By few or many steps such shall attain
NIRVĀNA'S blest abode.

Who standeth at the *Second Stage*, made free
From doubts, delusions, and the inward strife,
Lord of all lusts, quit of the priests and books,
Shall live but one more life.

Yet onward lies the *Third Stage*: purged and pure
Hath grown the stately spirit here, hath risen
To love all living things in perfect peace.
His life at end, life's prison

Is broken. Nay, there are who surely pass
Living and visible to utmost goal
By *Fourth Stage* of the Holy ones—the Buddhs—
And they of stainless soul.

Lo! like fierce foes slain by some warrior,
Ten sins along these Stages lie in dust,
The Love of Self, False Faith, and Doubt are three,
Two more Hatred and Lust.

Who of these Five is conqueror hath trod
Three stages out of Four: yet there abide
The Love of Life on earth, Desire for Heaven,
Self-Praise, Error, and Pride.

As one who stands on yonder snowy horn
Having naught o'er him but the boundless blue,
So, these sins being slain, the man is come
NIRVĀNA'S verge unto.

Him the Gods envy from their lower seats;
Him the Three Worlds in ruin should not shake;
All life is lived for him, all deaths are dead;
Karma will no more make

New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all;
Foregoing self, the Universe grows "I":
If any teach NIRVĀNA is to cease,
Say unto such they lie.

If any teach NIRVĀNA is to live,
Say unto such they err; not knowing this,
Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamps,
Nor lifeless, timeless, bliss.

Enter the path! There is no grief like Hate!
No pains like passion, no deceit like sense!
Enter the path! far hath he gone whose foot
Trades down one fond offence.

Enter the Path! There spring the healing streams
Quenching all thirst! there bloom th' immortal
flowers
Carpeting all the way with joy! there throng
Swiftest and sweetest hours!

* * * * *

More is the treasure of the Law than gems;
Sweeter than comb its sweetness; its delights
Delightful past compare. Thereby to live
Hear the *Five Rules* aright:—

Kill not—for pity's sake—lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Sôma juice.

Touch not thy neighbour's wife, neither commit
Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.

These words the Master spake of duties due
To father, mother, children, fellows, friends;
Teaching how such as may not swiftly break
The clinging chains of sense—whose feet are weak
To tread the higher road—should order so
This life of flesh that all their hither days
Pass blameless in discharge of charities
And first true footfalls in the Eightfold Path;
Living pure, reverent, patient, pitiful;
Loving all things which live even as themselves;
Because what falls for ill is fruit of ill
Wrought in the past, and what falls well of good;
And that by howsomuch the householder
Purgeth himself of self and helps the world,
By so much happier comes he to next stage,
In so much bettered being. This he spake;
As also long before, when our Lord walked
By Rajagriha in the bamboo-grove:
For on a dawn he walked there and beheld
The householder Singâla. newly bathed,
Bowing himself with bare head to the earth,
To Heaven, and all four quarters; while he threw
Rice, red and white, from both hands. “Wherefore
thus

Bowest thou, Brother?” said the Lord ; and he,
“It is the way, Great Sir! our fathers taught
At every dawn before the toil begins,
To hold off evil from the sky above
And earth beneath, and all the winds which blow.”
Then the World-honoured spake: “Scatter not rice,
But offer loving thought and acts to all:
To parents as the East, where rises light;
To teachers as the South, whence rich gifts come;

To wife and children as the West, where gleam
Colours of love and calm, and all days end;
To friends and kinsmen and all men as North;
To humblest living things beneath, to Saints
And Angels and the blessed Dead above;
So shall all evil be shut off, and so
The six main quarters will be safely kept.”

But to his Own, Them of the yellow robe—
Those who, as wakened eagles, soar with scorn
From life’s low vale, and wing towards the Sun—
To these he taught the Ten Observances
The *Dasa-Sil*, and how a mendicant
Must know the *Three Doors* and the *Triple Thoughts*;
The *Sixfold States of mind*; the *Fivefold Powers*;
The *Eight High Gates of Purity*; the *Modes*
Of understanding; *Iddhi*; *Upekshâ*;
The *Five Great Meditations*, which are food
Sweeter than Amrit for the holy soul;
The *Jhânas* and the *Three Chief Refuges*.
Also he taught his Own how they should dwell;
How live, free from the snares of love and wealth;
What eat and drink and carry—three plain clothes,—
Yellow, of stitched stuff, worn with shoulder bare—
A girdle, almsbowl, strainer. Thus he laid
The great foundations of our Sangha well,
That noble Order of the Yellow Robe
Which to this day standeth to help the World.

So all that night he spake, teaching the Law
And on no eyes fell sleep—for they who heard
Rejoiced with tireless joy. Also the King,
When this was finished, rose upon his throne
And with bared feet bowed low before his Son
Kissing his hem; and said, “Take me, O Son!
Lowest and least of all thy Company.”
And sweet Yasôdhara, all happy now,—
Cried “Give to Rahula—thou Blessed One!
The Treasure of the Kingdom of thy Word
For his inheritance.” Thus passed these Three
Into the Path

Here endeth what I write
Who love the Master for his love of us.
A little knowing, little have I told
Touching the Teacher and the Ways of Peace.
Forty-five rains thereafter showed he those
In many lands and many tongues, and gave
Our Asia Light, that still is beautiful,
Conquering the world with spirit of strong grace:
All which is written in the holy Books,
And where he passed, and what proud Emperors
Carved his sweet words upon the rocks and caves:
And how—in fulness of the times—it fell
The Buddha died the great Tathâgato,
Even as a man amongst men, fulfilling all:
And how a thousand thousand lakhs since then
Have trod the Path which leads whither he went
Unto NIRVĀNA, where the Silence lives.

AH! BLESSED LORD! OH, HIGH DELIVERER!
FORGIVE THIS FEEBLE SCRIPT, WHICH DOTTH THEE
WRONG,
MEASURING WITH LITTLE WIT THY LOFTY LOVE.
AH! LOVER! BROTHER! GUIDE! LAMP OF THE LAW!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY NAME AND THEE!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY LAW OF GOOD!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY ORDER! *OM*!
THE DEW IS ON THE LOTUS!—RISE, GREAT SUN!
AND LIFT MY LEAF AND MIX ME WITH THE WAVE
OM MANI PADME HUM, THE SUNRISE COMES!
THE DEWDROP SLIP INTO THE SHINING SEA!

THE END

THE DHAMMAPADA



Translated by
Nārada Mahā Thera

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DHAMMAPADA

*Honour to Him, the Holy One, the Worthy One,
the Fully-Enlightened One!*

1. TWIN VERSES

1. Mind is the fore-runner of (all evil) conditions.¹ Mind is chief; and they² are mind-made. If, with an impure mind, one speaks or acts, then pain follows one even as the wheel, the hoof of the draught-ox.

2. Mind is the fore-runner of (all good) conditions. Mind is chief; and they are mind-made. If, with a pure mind, one speaks or acts, then happiness follows one even as the shadow that never leaves.

3. “He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,”—the hatred of those who cherish such thoughts is not appeased.

4. “He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,”—the hatred of those who do not cherish such thoughts is appeased.

5. Hatreds never cease by hatred in this world. By love alone they cease. This is an ancient Law.³

6. The others⁴ know not that in this (quarrel) we perish.⁵ Those of them who realise it have their quarrels calmed thereby.

7. The man who lives contemplating pleasure, with senses unrestrained, in food immoderate, lazy, inert—him verily *Māra*⁶ overthrows as wind, a weak tree.

1 *Dhamma* is a multi-significant term. Here it is used in the sense of deed (Kamma).

2 The *Cetasikas* or the mental concomitants.

3 *Sanantano*—an ancient principle (*Porānako Dhammo*), followed by the Buddhas and Disciples. (Comy.)

4 The quarrelsome persons.

5 The world does not know that we must all come to an end here—MAX MULLER.

The people do not discern that here we straightened are (in life, in time).—MRS. RHYS DAVIDS.

6 The term *Māra* is used in the sense of passions (*Kilesa*).

8. The man who lives meditating on “the Impurities”¹ with senses restrained, in food moderate, with confidence and strenuous effort—Māra cannot overthrow as wind, a rocky mountain.²

9. Whoever, not freed from stain,³ void of self-control and truth, should don the yellow robe, is not worthy of it.

10. He who has vomited all impurities, in morals is well-established, and endowed with self-control and truth, is indeed worthy of the yellow robe.

11. In the unreal⁴ they imagine the real, in the real⁵ they see the unreal,—they who abide in the pasture—ground of wrong thoughts, never arrive at the real.⁶

12. What is real they deem as real, what is unreal they deem as unreal,—they who abide in the pasture-ground of right thoughts, arrive at the real.

13. Even as rain penetrates an ill-thatched house, so does lust penetrate an undeveloped mind.

14. Even as rain does not penetrate a well-thatched house, so does lust not penetrate a well-developed mind.

15. Here he grieves, hereafter he grieves, in both worlds the well-doer grieves. He grieves and perishes, seeing his own impure deed.

16. Here he rejoices, hereafter he rejoices, in both worlds the well-doer rejoices. He rejoices, exceedingly rejoices, seeing his own pure deeds.

17. Here he laments, hereafter he laments, in both worlds the evil-doer laments. ‘Evil have I done’—thus he laments. Still more he laments, having gone to states of woe.

1 Such as the “Thirty-two Parts of the Body”, etc.

2 These two verses are meant exclusively for Bhikkhus.

3 Lust, etc.

4 Such as the necessities of life, false beliefs, etc.

5 Such as right beliefs, etc.

6 Morality, Concentration, Insight, etc.

18. Here he is glad, hereafter he is glad, in both worlds the good-doer is glad. 'Good have I done'—thus he is glad. Still more is he glad, having gone to states of bliss.

19. Though much he recites the Sacred Texts¹ but acts not accordingly, that heedless man is like a cow-herd who counts others' kine; he has no share in the blessings of a recluse.

20. Though little he recites the Sacred Texts but acts in accordance with the Teaching, and forsaking lust, hatred, and ignorance, truly knowing, with mind totally freed, clinging for naught here and hereafter, he shares the blessings of a recluse.

2. HEEDFULNESS²

21. Heedfulness is the path to the deathless,³ heedlessness is the path to death. The heedful do not die,⁴ the heedless are like unto the dead.

22. Distinctly understanding this (difference),⁵ the wise in heedfulness, rejoice in heedfulness, delighting in the realm of the Ariyas.

23. The ever-meditative, the ever steadfastly persevering wise ones realise Nibbāna, free of bonds, the highest.

24. Continually increases the glory of him who is energetic, mindful, pure in deed, discriminative, self-controlled, right-living, and heedful.

1 *Sahitaṃ* is a synonym for the Tipitaka. (Comy.)

2 *Appamāda*.—It is difficult to give an exact rendering of this term in English. Literally, it means non-infatuation,—i.e. ever-present *mindfulness* in doing good.

3 Amata—Nibbana. (Comy.)

4 This should not be understood to mean that they are immortal. All beings are mortal. The idea implied herein is that the heedful who realise Nibbana are not born again and again and consequently die. The heedless are regarded as dead because they are not intent on doing good, and are subject to repeated births and deaths.

5 The fact that there is an escape for the heedful, but not for the heedless.

25. By effort, earnestness, discipline, and self-control let the wise man make for himself an island which no flood can overwhelm.⁵

26. The ignorant, foolish folk indulge in heedlessness; but the wise man guards earnestness as the greatest treasure.

27. Indulge not in wantonness, have no intimacy with sensuous delights. The earnest, meditative person obtains abundant bliss.

28. When the sagacious one casts away wantonness by sanity, this sorrowless wise one ascends the palace of wisdom and beholds the ignorant sorrowing folk as a mountaineer, the groundlings.

29. Heedful among the heedless, wide awake among the sleepy, the wise man advances like a swift horse, leaving a weak jade behind.

30. By earnestness Sakka² became the chief of the Devas.³ Earnestness is ever praised; wantonness is ever despised.

31. The Bhikkhu⁴ who delights in earnestness, and looks with fear on negligence, advances like fire, burning all fetters,⁵ great and small.

32. The Bhikkhu who delights in earnestness, and looks with fear on negligence, is not liable to fall; he is in the presence of Nibbāna.

3. THE MIND

33. The flickering, fickle mind, difficult to guard, difficult to control,—the wise man straightens as a fletcher, an arrow.

1 An island situated on a higher elevation cannot be flooded although the surrounding low-lying land may be inundated. Such an island becomes a refuge to all. In the same way the wise man who develops insight should make an island of himself by attaining Arahantship so that he may not be drowned by the floods of sensual pleasures, false beliefs, becoming, and ignorance.

2 *Maghavā* is another name of Sakka, the king of the gods.

3 Lit.,—‘sporting ones.’ They are a class of beings with subtle physical bodies.

4 An ordained disciple of the Buddha is called a Bhikkhu, lit., a mendicant.

5 There are ten kinds of Fetters, viz, self-illusion, doubt, indulgence in wrongful rites and ceremonies, sense-desires, hatred, attachment to Realms of Form, attachment to Formless Realms, conceit, restlessness and ignorance.

34. Like a fish that is drawn from its watery abode and thrown upon land, even so does this mind flutter. (Hence) should the realm of passions be shunned.

35. The mind is hard to check, swift, flits wherever it list,—the control thereof is good; a controlled mind is conducive to happiness.

36. The mind is very hard to perceive, extremely subtle, flits wherever it list. Let the wise man guard it; a guarded mind is conducive to happiness.

37. Faring far, wandering alone, bodiless, lying in a cave,* is the mind. Those who subdue it are freed from the bond of *Māra*.¹

38. He whose mind is not steadfast, he who knows not the Noble Doctrine, he whose faith wavers,—the wisdom of such a one will never be perfect.

39. He whose mind is not wetted (by lust),
He who is not affected (by hatred),
He who has discarded both good and evil;²—
To such a vigilant one³ there is no fear.

40. Realising that this body is (as fragile) as a jar,
Establishing this mind (as firm) as a (fortified)
city,
He should attack *Māra* with the weapon of
wisdom;
He should guard his conquest,⁴ and be without
attachment.⁵

41. Before long, alas! this body will lie upon the
earth;
Cast aside, devoid of consciousness, even as a
useless log.

* *i.e.* the seat of consciousness.

1 The three-fold existence.

2 An Arahāt has gone beyond both good and evil. As he has no Kamma-producing volitional activities, he does not accumulate any fresh Kamma although he is not immune from the effects of his past actions. Whatever actions he does, as an Arahāt, are termed “indeterminate” (*Kiriya*), and are not regarded as Kamma.

3 It should not be understood that Arahats do not sleep. Whether asleep or awake they are regarded as sleepless or vigilant ones, since the five stimulating virtues, namely—confidence, energy, mindfulness, concentration, and wisdom are ever present in them.

4 By conquest is here meant the newly developed insight (*Vipassana*).

5 For the Jhanas which the aspirant has developed.

42. Whatever (harm) a foe may do to a foe, or a hater to a hater,—an ill-directed mind¹ can do one still greater (harm).

43. What neither mother, nor father, nor any other relative could do,—a well-directed mind² does, and thereby elevates one.

4. FLOWERS

44. Who shall conquer this earth (self),³ and the realm of *Yama*,⁴ and this world together with the *Devas*?⁵ Who shall investigate the well-taught Path of Virtue⁶ even as an expert (garland-maker) would pluck flowers?

45. A Saint⁷ in training shall conquer this earth, and the realm of *Yama*, and this world together with the *Devas*. A non-perfected Saint shall investigate the well-taught Path of Virtue even as an expert (garland-maker) would pluck flowers.

46. Knowing that this body is like unto foam,⁸
And comprehending its mirage-nature,⁹
One should destroy the flower-shafts¹⁰ of sensual
passions (*Māra*),
And pass beyond the sight of the king of death.

1 The mind that is directed towards the ten kinds of evil (*Akusala*), viz:—1. killing, 2. stealing, 3. sexual misconduct 4. lying, 5. slandering, 6. harsh speech, 7. vain talk, 8. covetousness, 9. ill-will, and 10. false beliefs.

2 The mind that is directed towards the ten kinds of meritorious deeds (*Kusala*), viz:—1. generosity, 2. morality, 3. meditation, 4. reverence, 5. service, 6. transference of merit, 7. rejoicing in (others') merit, 8. hearing the Doctrine, 9. teaching the Doctrine, and 10. straightening one's right views.

3 That is, one who will understand this self as it really is.

4 The four woeful states, viz: hell, animal kingdom, *Peta* realm and the *Asura* realm.

5 Namely, the world of human beings and the six celestial realms.

6 The Commentary states that Dhammapada here means the thirty-seven Factors of Enlightenment (*Bodhipakkhiya Dhamma*).

7 The term "*Sekha*," lit., one who undergoes training, is applied to a disciple who has attained the first stage of sainthood (*Sotapatti*), until he attains the Arahatta Phala (Fruit) Stage. When he totally eradicates all passions and attains this final Fruit stage of an Arahant, he is called an "*Asekha*," as he has perfected his training.

It is such a Sekha Saint who understands this self and the whole world as they really are.

8 Owing to its fleeting nature.

9 Because there is nothing substantial in this body.

10 Namely, life's sorrow, born of passions. An Arahant destroys all passions by his wisdom and attains Nibbana where there is no death.

47. The man who gathers flowers (of sensual pleasures), whose mind is distracted,—death carries off as a great flood the sleeping village.

48. The man who gathers flowers (of sensual pleasures), whose mind is distracted, and who is insatiate in desires,—the Destroyer¹ brings under his sway.

49. As a bee, without harming the flower, its colour or scent, flies away, collecting only the honey, even so should the sage wander in the village.²

50. He should not regard the faults of others, things done and left undone by others, but his own deeds done and undone.

51. As a flower that is lovely and beautiful, but is scentless, even so fruitless is the well-spoken word of one who practises it not.

52. As a flower that is lovely, beautiful, and scent-laden, even so fruitful is the well-spoken word of one who does it.

53. As from a heap of flowers many a garland is made, even so many good deeds should be done by one born a mortal.

54. The perfume of flowers blows not against the wind, nor does the fragrance of sandal-wood, *Tagara*, and jasmine. The fragrance of the virtuous does blow against the wind; the virtuous man pervades every direction.

55. Sandal-wood, *Tagara*, lotus, jasmine,—of all these kinds of fragrance, the perfume of virtue is by far the best.

56. Of little account is the fragrance of *Tagara* or sandal. The fragrance of the virtuous that blows even among the Devas is excellent.

¹ *Antaka* means death.

² Seeking alms, without inconveniencing any.

57. *Māra*¹ finds not the path of those who are full of virtue, heedful in living, and, by right knowledge, freed.

58,59. As upon a heap of rubbish thrown on the highway, a sweet-smelling and charming lotus there may grow, even so, amongst the rubbish of beings, a disciple of the Fully Enlightened One outshines, in wisdom, the blind worldlings.

5. FOOLS

60. Long is the night to the wakeful, long is the league to him who is weary, long is *Sansāra*² to the foolish who know not the Sublime Truth.

61. If a seeker should not find a companion who is his better or equal, he should resolutely pursue a solitary course. There is no fellowship with the foolish.³

62. “Sons have I, wealth have I,”—
Thus is the fool worried.
Verily, he himself is not his own.
Whence sons? Whence wealth?

63. A fool who thinks that he is a fool is for that very reason a wise man. The fool who thinks that he is wise is called a fool indeed.

64. Though all his life a fool associates with a wise man, he will no more understand the Dhamma than a spoon, the flavour of soup.

65. Though, for a moment only, an intelligent person associates with a wise man, quickly the Dhamma he understands as the tongue, the flavour of soup.

66. The fools of little wit move about with the very self as their own foe, doing evil deeds the fruit whereof is bitter.

1 The personification of evil.

2 Life's wandering. Lit., wandering again and again.

3 Out of compassion, to work for their betterment, one may associate with them.

67. That deed is not well done which, being done, one afterwards repents, and the fruit whereof one reaps weeping, with tearful face.

68. That deed is well done which, being done, one afterwards repents not, and the fruit whereof one reaps with joy and pleasure.

69. As sweet as honey thinks the fool an evil deed so long as it ripens not; but, when it does, then to grief comes he.

70. Month after month, with a Kusa-grass blade, a fool may eat his food, but he is not worth a sixteenth part of them who have comprehended the Truth.¹

71. Verily, an evil deed committed does not immediately bear fruit just as milk curdles not at once; smouldering, it follows the fool, like fire with ashes covered.

72. Verily, to his ruin the fool gains knowledge and fame. They destroy his bright lot and cleave his head.²

73. The fool will desire undue reputation, precedence among monks, authority in the monasteries, honour among other families.

74. “Let the laymen and the monks both think that this was done by myself. In every work, great or small, let them refer to me.”—Such is the aspiration of the fool; his desires and pride increase.

75. Verily, the path that leads to worldly gain is one, and the path that leads to *Nibbāna*³ is quite another.

1 *Sankhata-Dhammānaṃ*. “Who have wellweighed the Law.”—Max Muller & Burlingame. “Who well have taken things into account.”—Mrs. Rhys Davids. “Who have studied the Dhamma Noble.”—Woodward. The commentarial explanation is—“the Ariyas who have realised the Four Noble Truths.”

The prolonged, so-called meritorious fast of alien ascetics who have not destroyed passions, is not worth the sixteenth part of a solitary day’s fast of an Ariya who has realised the four Noble Truths.

2. *i.e.*, his wisdom.

3 *Nibbana*, lit., means departure (*ni*) from craving (*Vāna*). It also means extinction of lust, hatred, and ignorance. It is a positive supramundane imperishable state, and not annihilation as some hasty scholars erroneously think.

Thus understanding, the *Bhikkhu*, the disciple of the Buddha, should not delight in worldly favours, but should cultivate detachment.

6. THE WISE

76. Should one see a wise man, who, as if indicating a treasure, points out faults and reproves, let one associate with such a wise person; it will be better, not worse, for him who follows such a one.

77. Let him advise, instruct, and prevent one from evil.

A delight is he to the good, a vexation to the wicked.

78. Associate not with evil friends, or with mean men.

Do associate with good friends and noble men.

79. He who imbibes the Dhamma lives happily. With a tranquil mind the wise man ever delights in the Dhamma, revealed by the *Ariyas*¹ (=Buddhas).

80. Irrigators lead the waters;
Fletchers fashion the shafts;
Carpenters bend the wood;
The wise control themselves.

81. As a solid rock is not shaken by the wind;
Even so the wise are not ruffled by praise or blame.

82. Even as a lake, deep, extremely clear, and unperturbed, so are the wise perfectly appeased² on hearing the Teachings.

83. The good renounce (lusting for) everything³
The saintly speak not with thoughts of craving.
Touched by happiness or by pain,
The wise exhibit neither elation nor depression.

1. *Ariya*, which means 'one who is far removed from passions,' was originally a racial term. In Buddhism it indicates nobility of character, and is invariably applied to the Buddhas and Saints (Arahats etc.).

2. By attaining Arahatship.

3. The five Aggregates etc.

84. Neither for the sake of oneself nor for the sake of another (a wise man does any wrong). He should not desire sons, wealth, or kingdom (and do any evil). By unjust means he should not desire his success. Such a one is indeed virtuous, wise, and righteous.

85. Few people are there among men who go to the Further Shore.¹

Indeed, the rest of this mankind only run about on the bank.²

86. But, they who truly act according to the Teaching, when it is well expounded,—it is they who will reach the Further Shore, (crossing) the realm of passions, so hard to cross.

87, 88. Coming from home to the homeless, the wise man should abandon dark states and cultivate the bright.³ He should seek great delight in Seclusion (*Nibbāna*), so hard to enjoy. Giving up sensual pleasures, with no impediments, the wise man should cleanse himself of the defilements of the mind.

89. They whose mind is well perfected in the Factors of Enlightenment,⁴—they who, without hankering, delight in the renunciation of attachment (*i.e.* *Nibbāna*),—they,—the Corruption-free, shining ones, have attained *Nibbāna* even in this world.

7. The Arahats¹—THE WORTHY

90. For him who has completed the journey, for him who is sorrowless, for him who, from everything, is wholly free, for him who has destroyed all ties,⁵—fever (of passion) exists not.

1. Namely, *Nibbana*.

2. Namely, self-illusion.

3. The dark states are the ten kinds of evil deeds, and the bright states are the ten kinds of good deeds. *See page* .

4. The seven Factors of Enlightenment are:—1. *Sati*, mindfulness, 2. *Dhamma-vicaya*, investigation of Truth, 3. *Viriya*, effort, 4. *Piti*, zest, 5. *Passaddhi*, tranquillity, 6. *Samādhi*, concentration, and 7. *Upekkhā*, equanimity.

5. There are four *Ganthas* or Ties, viz:—1. Covetousness (*Abhijjhā*), 2. Ill-will (*Vyāpāda*), 3. Indulgence in wrongful rites and ceremonies (*Silabbata-parāmāsa*) and 4. Adherence to one's dogma (*idam saccābhinivesa*).

91. The mindfūl exert themselves;
To no abode are they attached.
Like swans that quit their pools,
Home after home they abandon (and go).

92. Those who do not accumulate,¹ those who reflect well over their food, those whose object is the Void, the Signless, Deliverance,²—their course cannot be traced like that of birds in air.

93. He whose Corruptions³ are destroyed, he who is not attached to food, he whose object is the Void, the Signless, Deliverance,—his path cannot be traced, like that of birds in air.

94. He whose senses are subdued, like steeds well trained by a charioteer, he whose pride is destroyed and is free from Corruptions;—such steadfast ones even Devas hold dear.

95. Like the earth, the steadfast and cultured person resents not; he is like an *Indakhila*;⁴ like a pool unsullied by mud, is he;—to such an unchangeable one life's wanderings are no more.

96. Calm is his mind, calm is his speech, calm is his deed,—who, rightly knowing, is wholly freed, perfectly peaceful, and equipoised.

1. Kammic activities and requisites.

2. Nibbana is Deliverance (Vimokkha). It is called the Void because it is void of lust, hatred, and ignorance. It is Signless because it is free from the signs of lust etc.

3. There are four Corruptions (*Āsava*)—viz.: 1. Sensual pleasures (*Kāma*), 2. Becoming (*Bhava*). 3. False views (*Diṭṭhi*), and 4. Ignorance (*Avijjā*). The first Asava is attachment to the sentient realm, the second is the attachment to the Realms of Form and Formless Realms.

4. *Indakhila*. Inda means Sakka, the king of the Devas, or chief. By Indakhila is meant either a post as firm and high as that of Sakka's or the chief post. Commentators mention that these Indakhilas are firm posts which are erected either inside or outside the city as an embellishment. Usually they are made of bricks or durable wood in octangular shapes. Half of the post is embedded in the earth—hence the metaphor as firm and steady as an Indakhila.

97. ¹The man who is not credulous,² who understands the Uncreate³ (*Nibbāna*), who has cut off the link,⁴ who has put an end to occasion (of good and evil), who has vomited all desires,—he, indeed, is the noblest of men.

98. Whether in village or in forest, in vale or on hill,⁵ wherever Arahats dwell,—delightful, indeed, is that spot.

99. Delightful are the forests where worldlings find no joy. There the passionless will rejoice, (for) they seek no sensual pleasures.

8. THOUSANDS

100. Better than a thousand useless words, is a single useful sentence, hearing which one is pacified.

101. Better than a thousand useless stanzas, is a single useful stanza, hearing which one is pacified.

102. Should one recite hundred useless stanzas, better is a single stanza, hearing which one is pacified.

103. Though he should conquer a thousand thousand men⁶ in the battle-field, yet he, indeed, is the noblest victor who would conquer himself.

104,105. Better, indeed, is the conquest of oneself than of all other folk. Neither a *Deva* nor a *Gandhabba*,⁷ nor a *Māra*⁸ with *Brahma*,⁹ could turn into defeat the victory of such a person who is self-subdued and ever lives in restraint.

1. The pun in the original Pali is lost in the translation.

2. *Assaddho*—lit., unfaithful. He does not merely accept from other sources because he himself knows by personal experience.

3. *Akata*—*Nibbana* is called *Akata* because it is not created by anyone.

4. The links of existence and rebirth.

5. *Ninna* and *Thala*—lit., low-lying and elevated grounds

6. *Sahassena sahasaṃ*—a thousand reckoned by a thousand, that is ten lakhs. Comy.

7. A class of beings who are supposed to be heavenly musicians.

8. Here *Mara* is used in the sense of a *Deva*.

9. Another class of beings, even superior to *Devas*, who have developed *Jhanas* (Ecstasies).

106. Though, month after month, with a thousand,
one should make an offering for hundred years; yet,
if only for a moment, one would honour a (Saint) who
has perfected himself—that honour is, indeed, better
than a century of sacrifice.

107. Though, for a century, a man should tend the
(sacred) fire in the forest, yet, if only for a moment,
he would honour a (Saint) who has perfected himself,
—that honour is, indeed, better than a century of
sacrifice.

108. In this world whatever gift or alms¹ a person
seeking merit should offer for a year,—all that is not
worth a single quarter of the reverence towards the
Upright² which is excellent.

109. For one who ever honours and respects
the elders,³ four blessings increase—age, beauty,
bliss, and power.

110. Though he should live a hundred years,
immoral and uncontrolled; yet better, indeed, is it to
live a single day, virtuous and meditative.

111. Though he should live a hundred years, with
no knowledge and no control; yet better, indeed, is the
single day's life of one who is wise and meditative.

112. Though he should live a hundred years, dull
and inert; yet better, indeed, is the single day's life of
one who strives with might and main.

113. Though he should live a hundred years without
seeing the rise and fall; yet better, indeed, is the single
day's life of one who sees the rise and fall.

1. According to the Commentary “*Ittham*” is that which is given on festival occasions, and “*Hutam*” is that which is prepared and given either to guests or with a belief in Kamma and its results.

The idea conveyed by this stanza is that reverence paid to Saints is far better than gifts or alms given to worldlings.

2. The Saints, such as Sotapannas (Stream-Winners) etc.

3. Those who are advanced in age and virtue.

4. The rise and decay of the Five Aggregates, namely—the impermanence of all conditioned things.

114. Though he should live a hundred years, without seeing the Deathless State; yet better, indeed, is the single day's life of one who sees the Deathless State.

115. Though he should live a hundred years, not seeing the Truth Sublime; yet better, indeed, is the single day's life of one who sees the Truth Sublime.

9. EVIL

116. Make haste in doing good; check your mind from evil; for the mind of him who is slow in doing merit delights in evil.

117. Should a person commit evil,
He should not do it again and again;
He should not find pleasure therein;
Painful is the accumulation of evil.

118. Should a person perform good, he should do it again and again; he should find pleasure therein: for blissful is the accumulation of good.

119. Even an evil-doer sees happiness, so long as evil ripens not; but when it bears fruit, then he sees the evil results.

120. Even a good person sees (good) as evil, so long as it ripens not; but when it bears fruit, then he sees the happy results.

121. Think not lightly of evil, saying, "It will not come nigh unto me." Even a water-jar is filled by the falling of drops. Likewise the fool, gathering little by little, fills himself with evil.

122. Think not lightly of good, saying, "It will not come nigh unto me." Even by the falling of drops a water-jar is filled. Likewise the wise man, gathering little by little, fills himself with good.

123. Just as a merchant, with a small escort and great wealth, avoids a perilous way, or just as one desiring to live avoids poison; even so should one shun evil.

124. If no wound there be in the hand, one may carry poison in it. Poison does not affect one who is

free from wounds. There is no ill for him who does no wrong.

125. Whoso offends a harmless man, pure and guiltless, upon that very fool the evil recoils like fine dust thrown against the wind.

126. Some are born in a womb, the wicked are born in hell;
The pious go to heaven, the Pure Saints¹ pass into Nibbāna.

127. Neither in the sky, nor in mid-ocean, nor in entering a mountain cave, is found that place on earth, where abiding one may escape from (the consequences of) an evil deed.

128. Neither in the sky, nor in mid-ocean, nor in entering a mountain cave, is found that place on earth, where abiding, one will not be overcome by death.

10. THE ROD OR PUNISHMENT

129. All tremble at punishment,
All fear death.
Comparing others with oneself,
One should neither kill nor cause to kill.

130. All tremble at punishment,
To all life is dear.
Comparing others with oneself,
One should neither kill nor cause to kill.

131. Whoso with a rod molests pleasure-loving beings, himself seeking happiness, finds no happiness after death.

132. Whoso with a rod molests not pleasure-loving beings, himself seeking happiness, finds happiness after death.

133. Speak not harshly to any one.
Those thus addressed will retort.
Painful indeed is vindictive speech;
Exchange-blows may touch you.

1. *Anāsava*—lit., Undefined Ones.

134. If, like a broken metal plate,
You silence yourself;
You have already attained Nibbāna:
No vindictiveness will be found in you.

135. As with a staff a cowherd drives his cattle to
pasture;
Even so do death and decay drive away the
life of beings.

136. When a fool does wicked deeds he does not
realise (their evil nature);
By his own deeds the stupid man is consumed,
as if being burnt with fire.

137. He who inflicts punishments on those that do
not deserve, and offends those that are harmless, soon
will come to one of these ten states:—

138, 139, 140. He will incur acute pain, disaster,
bodily injury, or even grievous sickness, or loss of mind,
or oppression by the king, or a heavy accusation, or
loss of relatives, or the destruction of wealth, or a
ravaging fire will burn his houses. Upon the dissolu-
tion of the body this unwise man will be born in hell.

141. Not wandering naked, nor matted locks, nor
filth, nor fasting, nor lying on the ground, nor dust and
dirt, nor squatting on the heels, can purify a mortal
who has not overcome doubts.

142. Even though he be gaily decked, if he should
live in peace, subdued, controlled, certain,¹ pure, laying
aside the cudgel towards all living beings,—a
Brahman² indeed is he, an ascetic³ is he, a monk⁴ is he.

143. Is there found in this world any man, who,
restrained by modesty, avoids reproach as a thorough-
bred horse, the whip?

144. Like a thorough-bred horse touched by the
whip, even so be strenuous and be filled with religious

1. Niyata—assured of the four Paths of Saintship.

2. Because he has cast aside evil.

3. Samana—because he has controlled evil.

4. Bhikkhu—because he has destroyed passions.

emotion. By confidence, by virtue, by effort, by concentration, by the investigation of the Truth, by being endowed with knowledge and conduct, and by being mindful, get rid of this unlimited suffering.

145. Verily, the irrigators lead the water,
Fletchers fashion the arrow,
Carpenters bend the wood,
The good control themselves.

11. OLD AGE

146. What laughter, what exultation when the
world is ever burning?
You, who are by darkness surrounded, why
will you not seek the light?

147. Behold this beautified image, a mass of sores,
a pile-up, infirm, much thought of,¹ which has nothing
lasting or stable!

148. Thoroughly worn out is this body, a nest of
disease, perishable;
This putrid mass breaks up. Verily, life ends
in death.

149. Like gourds cast away in autumn are these
dove-hued bones;
What pleasure is there in looking at them?

150. Of bones is (this) city made,
Plastered with flesh and blood;
Wherein are deposited decay and death,
Conceit and detraction.

151. Even the ornamented royal chariots wear out,
The body too approaches old age;
But the Dhamma² of the Good decays not:
Thus do the Good reveal (it) among the Good.

152. This man of little learning grows old like the
bull.
His muscles grow, his wisdom waxes not.

1. As good and pleasant.

2. The nine Supramundane States—the four Paths, the four Fruits, and Nibbana.

153,154. Thro' many a birth in Sansara wandered I,
Seeking, but not finding, the builder of
this house.

Sorrowful is repeated birth.

O house-builder!¹ you are seen. You
shall build no house² again.

All your rafters³ are broken, your ridge-
pole⁴ is shattered.

To dissolution (Nibbāna) goes my mind.
The End of Craving have I attained.

“Thro' many a birth in existence
wandered I,

Vainly seeking an architect. A torment
is repeated birth.

Architect! I see thee. Never a house
shalt thou build again.

All demolished are thy timbers, thy key-
stone shattered.

Mind attains the Unconditioned.

Achieved is the Cessation of Thirst.”*

155. They who in youth have not led the Holy Life,
(or) have not acquired wealth, pine away like old
herons on a pond without fish.

156. They who in youth have not led the Holy life,
(or) have not acquired wealth, lie like worn-out bows,
sighing after the past.

12. THE SELF

157. If one knows that self is dear (unto oneself),⁵
one should protect oneself well. During any of the
three watches the wise man should keep vigil.

158. One should first establish oneself in what
is proper,
Then only should one instruct another,
Such a wise man will not be reproached.

1. That is Craving (*Tanhā*).

2. Body.

3. Passions.

4. Ignorance.

* *Dr. Cassius A. Pereira.* (Bhikkhu Kassapa).

5. That is, if one values oneself.

159. As he instructs others so should he himself act,
Himself fully controlled, he should control
(others);
For difficult, indeed, is self-control.
160. Self is the refuge¹ of self: for who else could
refuge be?
By a fully controlled self one obtains a refuge
which is hard to gain.
161. By oneself alone is evil done; it is self-born,
and self-caused.
Evil grinds the unwise as a diamond, a hard
gem.
162. He who is exceedingly corrupt, like a *Māluvā*
creeper strangling a *Sal* tree, does to himself even as
an enemy would wish for him.
163. Easy to do are things that are bad and not
beneficial to self;
But very, very hard to do indeed is that which
is beneficial and good.
164. The insensible man who, on account of false
views, scorns the Teaching of the Worthy, the Noble,
and the Righteous, fructifies,—like the fruits of the
Kashta reed, only for self-destruction.
165. By oneself alone is evil done, by oneself is one
defiled.
By oneself is evil avoided, by oneself alone is
one purified.
Purity and impurity depend on oneself.
No one can purify another.
166. Because of others' welfare, howsoever great,
one's own welfare² should not be neglected. Clearly
perceiving one's own welfare, be intent on one's
own goal.

1. One's best refuge is oneself. A Buddhist seeks refuge in the Buddha, the Dhamma, and the Sangha as the Teacher, the Teaching, and the Taught, in order to gain *his* Deliverance. The Triple Gem is our Guide, but salvation depends on ourselves.

2. Personal purity.

13. THE WORLD

167. Do not follow mean things, live not in heedlessness;

Do not embrace false views, do not be a world-upholder.

168. 'Be alert! Be not heedless! Lead a righteous life. The righteous live happily both in this world and in the next.

169. Lead a righteous life, but not one that is corrupt. The righteous live happily both in this world and in the next¹.

170. As one would view a bubble, as one would view a mirage; even so if a person looks upon the world, the king of Death sees him not.

171. Come, behold this world, like unto an ornamented royal chariot! Herein fools flounder, but for the wise there is no attraction.

172. Whoever was heedless before and afterwards is not so, such a one illumines this world like the moon freed from clouds.

173. Whoever by good deed covers the evil done, such a one illumines this world like the moon freed from clouds.

174. Blind is this world; few are there here who clearly see. As birds that escape from a net a few go to heaven.

175. Swans travel on the path of the sun; (men) travel through air by psychic powers. The wise are led away from the world, having conquered Mara and his host.

1. When the Buddha went on his alms round in the city, King Suddhodana excitedly ran up to Him and said that He was disgracing him by seeking alms in the streets where He formerly used to travel in golden palanquins. Thereupon the Buddha remarked that it was the custom of all His predecessors to go seeking alms from door to door and uttered these two verses. According to the commentary the translation should run as follows:—

168. Be not heedless in standing (at doors) for alms. Observe scrupulously this practice (of seeking alms). He who observes this practice lives happily both in this world and in the next.

169. Observe scrupulously (this) practice. Do not observe it unscrupulously. He who.....in the next.

176. There is no evil that cannot be done by a lying person, who has transgressed the one law, and who is not concerned with another world.

177. Verily, the misers go not to celestial realms,
Fools do not indeed praise liberality,
But the wise man does rejoice in giving,
Thereby he becomes happy hereafter.

178. Better than sole sovereignty over earth,
Or better than going to heaven,
Better than even lordship over all worlds,
Is the Fruit of a Stream-Winner.¹

14. THE BUDDHA—THE ENLIGHTENED ONE

179. ²Whose conquest (of passion) is not turned into defeat, no conquered (passion) of his in this world follows him,—that pathless Buddha of limitless sphere, by what path will you lead?³

180. In whom there is not that entangling, embroiling craving to lead to any (life),—that pathless Buddha of limitless sphere, by what path will you lead?³

181. Those wise ones who are devoted to meditation and who delight in the calm of renunciation (i.e. Nibbāna)—such mindful perfect Buddhas, even the Devas hold (most) dear.

182. Hard is birth as man,
Hard is the life of mortals,
Hard is the hearing of the Sublime Truth,
Hard is the appearance of a Buddha.

183. Not to do any evil,
To cultivate good,
To purify one's mind,—
This is the advice of the Buddhas.

1. *Sotāpatti*—attainment to the Stream that leads to Nibbana—*i.e.* the first stage of Sainthood.

2. “By what track can you allure that trackless Buddha of limitless range, whose victory naught can undo, of whose worldly vanquished naught may pursue.”

Dr. C. A. Pereira.

3. *i.e.* to temptation.

184. Forbearing patience is highest asceticism,
Nibbana is supreme—say the Buddhas.
For he is not a recluse who harms another,
Nor is he an ascetic who molests others.

185. Not insulting, not harming, restraint in the
Fundamental Precepts,¹ moderation in food, secluded
abode, intent on lofty thoughts,—this is the advice
of the Buddhas.

186,187. Not by a shower of gold coins does
contentment arise in sensual pleasures. Of little
sweetness, but painful, are sensual pleasures. Know-
ing thus, the wise man finds no delight in heavenly
pleasures. The disciple of the Fully Enlightened One
delights in the destruction of craving.

188. To many a refuge do men go,—to hills and
woods,
To gardens, trees, and shrines when tormented
by fear.

189. Nay, such is no refuge secure, such is no refuge
supreme;
Resorting to such a refuge one is not released
from all sorrow.

190,191,192. He who seeks refuge in the Buddha,
the Dhamma, and the Sangha, he who sees with right
knowledge the four Noble Truths—Sorrow, the Cause
of Sorrow, the Transcending of Sorrow, and the
Noble Eightfold Path which leads to the Cessation of
Sorrow.

This² indeed is refuge secure; this indeed is
refuge supreme. Seeking such refuge one is released
from all sorrow.

193. Hard to find is a thorough-bred man. He is
not born everywhere. Where such a wise man is born
that family thrives happily.

1. Pātimokkha—these are the 227 chief rules which every Bhikkhu is expected
to observe.

2. Namely, the Triple Gem and the Four Noble Truths.

194. Happy is the birth of a Buddha,
Happy is the teaching of the Noble Doctrine,
Happy is the unity of the Sangha,
Happy is the asceticism of the united.

195,196. He who reverences those worthy of reverence, whether the Buddhas or disciples; he who has overcome passions and has got rid of grief and lamentation; he who reverences such Peaceful and Fearless Ones;—his merit cannot be measured by anyone as such and such.

15. HAPPINESS

197. Ah! happily do we live benevolent among the hateful;
Amidst hateful men we dwell benevolent.

198. Ah! happily do we dwell in good health among the ailing;
Amidst ailing men we dwell in good health.

199. Ah! happily do we dwell without yearning (for sensual pleasures) among them who yearn (for them).
Amidst those who yearn (for them) we dwell without yearning.

200. Ah! happily do we dwell—we who have no impediments.
Feeders on joy shall we be even as the Radiant Devas.

201. Victory breeds hatred; the defeated live in pain.
Happily the peaceful live, giving up victory and defeat.

202. There is no fire like lust, no crime like hatred;
There is no ill like the body, no bliss higher than Peace (Nibbana).

203. Hunger is the greatest disease, Aggregates¹ the greatest ill;
Knowing this as it really is (the wise realise)
Nibbana, the bliss supreme.

1. The five Aggregates are—matter, feeling, perception, volitional activities, and consciousness. The so-called being consists of these five constituent parts. Both Khandha and Sankhāra are used to denote these five conditioned things.

204. Health is the highest gain,
Contentment is the greatest wealth,
Confidential are the best kinsmen,
Nibbāna is the bliss supreme.
205. Having tasted the flavour of supreme detach-
ment and (Nibbana's) Peace,
Woeless and stainless is he, imbibing the bliss
of Dhamma's flavour.
206. Good is the sight of Ariyas: their company is
ever happy;
By not seeing fools one will ever be happy.
207. Truly he who moves in company with fools
grieves for a long time.
Association with fools is ever painful as with
a foe.
Happy is association with the wise, even
like meeting with kinsfolk.
208. Therefore verily—
The intelligent, the wise, the learned, the
devout, and dutiful Ariyas associate with such virtuous,
intellectual men, as the moon (follows) the starry path.

16. AFFECTIONS

209. Devoting oneself to that which should be
shunned, not devoting oneself to that which should be
associated with, and giving up the quest, one who is
thus attached to pleasure envies him who exerts
himself.
210. Seek no intimacy with the beloved, and never
with the unbeloved;
Not seeing the beloved and the sight of the
unbeloved are both painful.
211. Hence hold nothing dear, for separation from
the beloved is painful;
Bonds do not exist for those by whom naught
is loved or not loved.

212. From endearment springs grief, from endearment springs fear;
For him who is wholly free from endearment there is no grief, whence fear?
213. From affection springs grief, from affection springs fear;
For him who is wholly free from affection there is no grief, whence fear?
214. From attachment springs grief, from attachment springs fear;
For him who is wholly free from attachment there is no grief, whence fear?
215. From lust springs grief, from lust springs fear;
For him who is wholly free from lust there is no grief, whence fear?
216. From craving springs grief, from craving springs fear;
For him who is wholly free from craving there is no grief, whence fear?
217. Whoso is perfect in virtue and vision, is established in the Dhamma, has realised the Truths, and fulfils his own duties,—him do folk hold dear.
218. He who has developed a wish for the Undeclared (Nibbāna), he whose mind is thrilled (with the Three Fruits),¹ he whose mind is not bound by material pleasures,—such a person is called “One bound Upstream.”²
219. A man long absent and returned safe from afar, Kinsmen, friends, and well-wishers welcome on his arrival.
220. Likewise, his good deeds will receive the doer who has gone from this world to the next, as kinsmen will receive a dear one on his return.

1. The first three stages of Sainthood.

2. The reference is to the *Anāgāmis*, (Never-Returners) who are born in “Pure Abodes.”

17. ANGER

221. One should give up anger, one should renounce pride, one should overcome all fetters. Ills never befall him who clings not to mind and body and is passionless.

222. Whoso, as a rolling chariot, checks his uprisen anger,—
Him I call a charioteer true; other folk merely hold the reins.

223. Overcome anger by loving-kindness, evil by good;
Overcome the stingy by generosity, and liars by truth.

224. One should speak the truth, one should not be angry;
One should give from scanty store to him who asks;¹
By these three things one may go the presence of the Devas.

225. Those sages who are harmless,
Ever restrained in body,
Go to the Deathless State;
Whither gone they never grieve.

226. They who are ever vigilant,
They who train themselves day and night,
They who are wholly bent on Nibbāna,—
Their Defilements do fade away.

227. It's an old saying, O Atula! 'Tis not only of today.
They blame them who sit silent, they blame them who speak much,
Them who speak little too they blame.
There is no one who is not blamed in this world.

1. To a Bhikkhu who stands at the door for alms without asking.

228. There never was, there never will be, nor is
there now,
A person who is wholly blamed or wholly
praised.

229. Examining day by day, the intelligent praise
him who is of flawless character, wise, and endowed
with knowledge and virtue.

230. Who dare blame him who is like unto refined
gold?
Even Devas praise him, by Brahma too he is
praised.

231. One should guard against misdeeds (caused
by) body; one should be restrained in body; giving up
evil conduct in body, one should be of good bodily
conduct.

232. One should guard against misdeeds (caused
by) speech; one should be restrained in body; giving up
evil conduct in speech, one should be of good conduct
in speech.

233. One should guard against misdeeds (caused
by) mind, one should be restrained in mind; giving up
evil conduct in mind, one should be of good conduct
in mind.

234. The wise are restrained in body,
In speech too they are restrained,
They are restrained in mind as well,
Yea, they are perfectly restrained.

18. TAINTS OR IMPURITIES

235. Like a withered leaf are you now,
The messengers of death wait on you,
On the threshold of decay you stand,
Provision too there is none for you.

236. Make an island unto yourself,
Strive hard and be wise;
Purged of stain, and passionless,
You shall enter the celestial plane of the Elect.¹
237. Your life has come to an end now,
To the presence of death you are setting out,
No halting place is there for you by the way.
Provision too there is none for you.
238. Do make an island to yourself.
Strive hard and be wise;
Purged of stain, and passionless,
You shall not come again to birth and decay.
239. By degrees, little by little, from time to time, a
wise man should remove his own impurities, as a smith
removes (the dross) of silver.
240. As rust, sprung from iron, eats itself away
when arisen,
Even so his own deeds lead the transgressor
to states of woe.
241. Non-memorising is the taint of Scriptures,
Non-exertion is the taint of homes,
Sloth is the taint of beauty,
Carelessness is the taint of a watcher.
242. Misconduct is the taint of a woman,
Niggardliness is the taint of a benefactor,
Taints, indeed, are all evil things both in this
world and in the next.
243. A worse taint than these is Ignorance, the
greatest taint;
Abandoning this taint be taintless, O Bhikkhus!
244. Easy is the life of a shameless one who
is as impudent as a crow, back-biting, forward,
arrogant, and corrupt.
245. Hard is the life of a modest one who ever seeks
purity, is detached, humble, clean in life, and intelligent.

1. *Suddhāvāsa* or the Pure Abodes where the Anāgāmis (Never-Returners) reside.

246,247. Whoso, in this world, destroys life, utters
lies,
Takes what is not given, goes to others'
wives,
And the man who is addicted to intoxicat-
ing drinks;
Such a one digs up his own root¹ in this
very world.

248. Know thus, O good man! "Not easy of
restraint are evil things."
Let not greed and wickedness drag you to
protracted misery.

249. People give according to their faith and as
they are pleased.
Whoever therein is envious of others' food
and drink,
Does not attain Concentration either by day
or by night.

250. But he who has this (feeling) fully cut off,
uprooted, and destroyed, attains Concentration by
day and by night.

251. There is no fire like lust, no grip like hate;
There is no net like delusion, no river like
craving.

252. Easily seen are others' faults,
But hard indeed to see are one's own,
Like chaff one winnows others' faults,
But one's own one hides, like a crafty fowler
covers himself.

253. He who sees others' faults,
And is ever irritable—
Defilements of such a one grow;
He is far from the destruction of Defilements.²

1. Of prosperity.

2. Namely, the Fruit of Arahatship.

254. In the sky there is no track,
Outside there is no Saint;¹
Mankind delights in obstacles.²
The Tathagatas³ are from obstacles free.

255. In the sky there is no track, outside there is no
Saint;
There is no conditioned thing that is eternal;
There is no instability in the Buddhas.

19. THE JUST OR THE RIGHTEOUS

256. He is not thereby just because he hastily⁴
arbitrates.
The wise man should investigate both right
and wrong.⁵

257. The intelligent man who leads others not
falsely but lawfully and impartially, and is a guardian
of the law, is called 'one who is established in the
Dhamma.'

258. He is not thereby a wise man merely because
he speaks much.
He who is secure, friendly, and fearless, is
called "wise."

259. He is not "versed in the Dhamma" merely
because he speaks much. He who hears little sees the
Truth mentally⁶ is, indeed, "versed in the Dhamma."
He is not heedless of the Dhamma.

260. Not therefore is he an "elder"⁷ merely
because his head is grey.
Ripe he is in age. "Old-in-vain" is he called.

1. Here Saint refers to one who has realised the Four Paths and Fruits.

2. *Papañca*—namely, craving, pride, and false belief.

3. Literally—"Thus who hath come." or "Thus who hath gone." It is an
epithet of the Buddha.

4. *Sahasā*—falsely, influenced by desire, hatred, fear, and ignorance.

5. What is true and untrue.

6. *Kāyena*, that is, *nāmakāyena*, through the mental body, (Comy.) or in other
words through self-realisation.

7. *Thera*,—this term is applied to those Bhikkhus who have counted at least
ten years in the Order from the date of their Higher Ordination.

261. In whom are truth, virtue, harmless, restraint, and control,—that wise man who has cast out impurities is indeed called an “elder.”

262. Not by mere eloquence nor by beauty of complexion, does a man become “respectable”—should he be jealous, selfish, and deceitful.

263. But in whom these are wholly cut off, uprooted and extinct—that wise man who has cast out hatred is indeed called “respectable”.

246. Not by a shaven head does an undisciplined man, who utters lies, become an ascetic. How will one be an ascetic who is full of desire and greed ?

265. He who wholly subdues evil—both small and great—is called an ascetic, because he has overcome all evil.

266. Not therefore, is he a Bhikkhu merely because he begs¹ from others. By adopting offensive manners one does not truly become a Bhikkhu.

267. Herein he who has abandoned both merit and demerit, he who is holy, he who lives with understanding in this world,—he, indeed, is called a Bhikkhu.

268,269. Not by silence (alone) does he become a sage, who is dull and ignorant. But the wise man who, as if grasping a pair of scales, embraces the best and shuns evil, is indeed a sage. For that reason he is a sage. He that understands both worlds² is, therefore, called a sage.

270. Not therefore is he an Ariya because he harms living beings.

By harmlessness towards all living beings he is called an Ariya.³

1. Bhikkhus do not beg. They merely stand at the door for alms.

2. Internal and external Aggregates.

3. This verse was uttered by the Buddha to a fisher named Ariya. See note 1, page 156.

271,272. Not by mere rites and cēremoñies, nor by much learning, nor even by gain of Concentration, nor by lonely lodging, (nor by thinking)—“I enjoy the bliss of Renunciation resorted to by the non-worldling”—should you, O Bhikkhu, rest content without reaching the extinction of passions.

20. THE WAY OR THE PATH

273. The best of paths is the Eightfold Path;¹
The best of Truths are the four Sayings;²
The best of conditions is passionlessness
(Nibbāna);
The best of bipeds is the Seeing One.³
274. This is the only Way,
There is none other for the purity of vision,
Do you enter upon this Path,
This is the bewilderment of Māra.
275. Entering upon that path you will make an end
of pain.
Having learnt have I taught you the path that
removes the thorns.⁴
276. You yourselves should make an effort;
The Tathāgatas are only teachers.
The meditative ones who enter the way are
delivered from the bonds of Māra.
277. “Transient are all conditioned things”—
When this with wisdom one discerns,
Disgusted then is one with Ill,⁵—
This is the Path to Purity.

1. The Eightfold Path consists of 1. Right Understanding, 2. Right Thoughts, 3. Right Speech, 4. Right Action, 5. Right Livelihood. 6. Right Effort, 7. Right Mindfulness, and 8. Right Concentration.

2. The Four Sayings are the Noble Truth of Suffering, the Cause of Suffering, the Destruction of Suffering and the Path leading to the Destruction of Suffering.

3. The Buddha

4. Of lust etc.

5. Suffering caused by attending to the Five Aggregates.

278. “Sorrowful are all conditioned things”—
When this with wisdom one discerns,
Disgusted then is one with Ill,—
This is the Path to Purity.

279. “Soul-less¹ is everything that is”—
When this with wisdom one discerns,
Disgusted then is one with Ill,—
This is the Path to Purity.

280. The idler who strives when he should strive,
who, though young and strong, is slothful, with mind
and purpose distressed, and is lazy, does not by
wisdom realise the Path.

281. Watchful of speech, well restrained in mind,
Let him do nought unskilful through body,
Let him purify these three ways of action,
And win the Path realised by the Sages.

282. Indeed, from meditation does wisdom spring,
Without meditation wisdom wanes;—
Knowing this twofold path of gain and loss,
Let him so conduct himself that wisdom may
increase.

283. Cut down the forest (of lust) but not a single
tree. From forest springs fear. Cutting the forest
and brushwood (of lust), be passionless, O Bhikkhus.

284. For as long as brushwood (of lust) of man
towards woman, even the most temperate, is not cut
down, so long is his mind in bondage, like the milch
calf unto its mother-cow.

285. Cut off your craving as, with the hand, an
autumn lily. Cultivate that very path of Peace.
Nibbāna has been preached by the Auspicious One.

1. *Anatta* is the crux of Buddhism. The term *Sankhāra*, which means any conditioned thing, is used in the two previous stanzas; while in this stanza the term *Dhamma* is used in order to show that everything including the unconditioned Nibbana, is without a Soul. Nibbana is not included in *Sankhara*. It is neither “transient” nor “painful.” *Dhamma* includes the Conditioned and the Unconditioned. Nibbana is, and it is “Soul-less”.

286. Here will I live in the rains,
Here in the autumn and summer:
Thus the fool muses.
He realises not the danger (of death).

287. The doting man with mind set on children
and cattle,
Death seizes and carries away, like a great
flood, the sleeping village.

288. There are no sons for protection, neither
father nor even kinsmen. For him who is overcome
by death no protection is there from kinsmen.

289. Understanding this fact, let the wise man,
restrained by morality, quickly clear the way that leads
to Nibbāna.

21. MISCELLANEOUS

290. If by renouncing some slight happiness, one
may behold a larger one, let the wise man renounce the
smaller (happiness) considering the greater happiness.

291. By inflicting pain on others, he who wishes his
own happiness is not released from hatred, being him-
self entangled in the tangles of hatred.

292. What should be done is left undone, what
should not be done is done; the Defilements of those
who are puffed up and heedless increase.

293. They who always earnestly practise the “body-
meditation,” follow not what should not be done,
ever do what should be done;—the Defilements of
those mindful and reflective ones come to an end.

294. Having slain mother (craving), father (conceit),
two warrior kings (Views of Eternalism and Nihilism),
and having destroyed a country (sense-avenues and
sense-objects) together with its revenue officer
(attachment), ungrieving goes the Brahman (Arahat).

295. Having slain mother and father, two Brahman kings, and destroying the “perilous fifth”.¹ (Hindrances), ungrieving goes the Brahman.

296. Well awake the disciples of Gotama ever arise;
They who by day and by night constantly
contemplate on the Buddha.

297. Well awake the disciples of Gotama ever arise;
They who by day and by night always con-
template on the Dhamma.

298. Well awake the disciples of Gotama ever arise;
They who by day and by night always con-
template on the Sangha.

299. Well awake the disciples of Gotama ever arise;
They who by day and by night always con-
template on the body.

300. Well awake the disciples of Gotama ever arise;
They whose mind by day and by night delights
in harmlessness.

301. Well awake the disciples of Gotama ever arise;
They whose mind by day and by night delights
in meditation.

302. Difficult is renunciation, difficult is to delight therein. Difficult and painful is household life. Painful is association with unequals. Pain befalls a wanderer in Sansara. Therefore do not be a wanderer, do not be a pursuer of pain.

303. Who is full of faith² and virtue, possessed of repute and wealth, in whatever land he travels, is everywhere respected.

304. Even from afar the good are manifest like the
Himalaya mountain;
Tho’ near the wicked are not seen like arrows
shot by night.

1. *Vevyaggha-pañcamam*, this term is used to denote the five Hindrances of which doubt is the fifth.

2. *Saddhā*, confidence based on knowledge. There is no blind faith in Buddhism.

305. He who sits alone, he who rests alone, he who walks alone, he who is strenuous, he who subdues self alone, will seek delight in the forest depths.

22. HELL¹ OR WOEFUL STATE

306. The liar goes to hell; also he who, having done, says—‘I did not.’ Both departing become equal—men of base actions in the other world.

307. Many on whose neck is the yellow robe, are illnatured, uncontrolled, and wicked,—they on account of their evil deeds are born in hell.

308. Better to eat a red-hot iron ball, like unto a flame of fire, than to eat the alms of people as an immoral, uncontrolled man.

309. Four misfortunes befall a heedless man who commits adultery—acquisition of demerit, disturbed sleep, blame, and hell.

310. There is also acquisition of demerit as well as future unhappy birth; brief is the joy of the frightened man and the woman; the king imposes heavy punishment. Hence no man should frequent another’s wife.

311. Just as Kusa grass, wrongly grasped, does cut
that very hand;
Even so the ascetic life, wrongly handled, drags
one to hell.

312. Any loose act, any corrupt observance, a dubious Holy Life, —none of this is of much fruit.

313. If aught should be done, do it. Promote it with all your might, for slack asceticism scatters dust all the more.

314. An evil deed is better left undone,
(For) a misdeed hereafter torments one;
A good deed is better done,
Which, having done, one does not later
repent.

1. *Niraya*—lit., devoid of happiness—in whatever life, in whatever world, is not eternal, but ends, for any person, when the evil Kamma that produced his rebirth there is worked out. Neither hell nor heaven, according to Buddhism, is eternal.

315. Like a border city, guarded within and without, so guard yourself. Do not let slip this opportunity, for they, who let slip the opportunity, grieve when consigned to hell.

316. Beings who are ashamed at what is non-shameful,
Who are unashamed at the shameful,
Embrace false views and go to a woeful state.

317. Beings who see fear in the non-fearsome.
And no fear in the fearsome,
Embrace false views and go to a woeful state.

318. Beings imagining wrong in what is not wrong,
And viewing as not wrong what is wrong,
Embrace false views and go to a woeful state.

319. Beings knowing wrong as wrong,
And what is right as right,
Embrace right views and go to a happy state.

23. THE ELEPHANT

320. As an elephant, in battlefield, withstands the arrows shot from a bow, even so shall I endure abuse. Verily, most people are undisciplined.

321. They lead the trained (horses or elephants) to crowds. The king mounts the trained. Best among men are the trained who endure abuse.

322. Excellent are trained mules, so are thoroughbreds of Sindh and noble elephants the tuskers; but better still who trains himself.

323. Surely never by those vehicles would one go to the untrodden land (Nibbāna), as does a controlled one through the subdued and well-trained self.

324. The tusker, named *Dhanapalaka*, with pungent rut flowing, uncontrollable, captive, eats no morsel. The tusker calls to mind the elephant forest.¹

1. The story associated with these lines is that of a captive elephant who was supporting its mother in the forest. See *Dhammapadatthakatha*, pp. 582—585 (S. H. B.)

325. When one is torpid, gluttonous, sleepy, rolls about as he lies like a great hog nourished on pig wash, again and again the stupid one seeks rebirth.

326. Formerly this mind went wandering as it liked, where it wished, as it list. Today, with attentiveness, I shall completely hold it in check as a mahout, a rut- elephant.

327. Delight in heedfulness. Guard your mind well. Draw yourself out of the evil way like an elephant sunk in the mire.

328. If you get a prudent companion who (is fit) to live with you, who behaves well, and is wise, you should live with him joyfully and mindfully overcoming all dangers.

329. If you do not get a prudent companion who (is fit) to live with you, who behaves well, and is wise, then like a king who leaves a conquered kingdom, you should live alone as an elephant in the elephant forest.

330. Better it is to live alone. There is no fellowship with a fool. You should live alone doing no evil, and care-free, like an elephant in the elephant forest.

331. Happy are friends when need arises,
Happy is contentment with just this and that,
Happy is merit when life is at an end,
Happy is the destruction of all sorrow.

332. Happy in this world is ministering unto mother
Happy too is ministering unto father,
Happy is ministering unto ascetics,
Happy too is ministering unto the Noble Ones.¹

333. Happy is virtue till old age,
Happy is steadfast confidence,
Happy is the acquisition of wisdom,
Happy is abstinence from evil.

1. Buddhas etc.

24. CRAVING

334. The craving of the man addicted to careless living grows like a creeper. He jumps from life to life like a fruit-loving monkey in the forest.

335. Whomsoever in this world this base clinging thirst overcomes;
His sorrows flourish like well-watered *Birana* grass.

336. Whoso in the world overcomes this base unruly craving,—
From him sorrows fall away, like water-drops from a lotus-leaf.

337. This I say unto you. Good luck to you all who have assembled here!. Dig up the root of craving as one in quest of *Birana's* sweet root. Let Mara not crush you again and again as the flood, a reed.

338. Just as a tree, with roots uninjured and firm,
Tho' cut down springs up again;
Even so while latent craving is not rooted out,
This sorrow springs up again and again.

339. In whom the thirty-six streams¹ (of craving) that flow towards pleasurable objects are strong,—powerful, lustful thoughts carry off that misunderstanding man.

340. Everywhere flow the floods (cravings). The creeper sprouts² and stands. Seeing the creeper that has sprung up, with wisdom, cut off the root.

341. To beings there arise pleasures that rush (towards objects of sense) and are moistened (with craving). These men bent on pleasure, seeking but happiness, verily, come to birth and decay.

1. Craving is threefold, viz:—craving for sensual pleasures (*Kāmatanhā*), craving connected with the view of Eternalism (*Bhavatanhā*), and craving connected with the view of Nihilism (*Vibhavatanhā*).

Craving for personal sense-fields, such as eye, ear, nose, tongue, body and mind, and for external sense-fields, such as form, sound, scent, taste, contact, and Dhammas, when, viewed in three aspects, stated above, divides itself into thirty-six varieties.

2. Through the six sense-doors.

342. Folk, entwined in craving, are terrified like the bound hare. Held fast by fetters and toils,¹ for long, they come to sorrow again and again.

343. Folk, entwined in craving, are terrified like the bound hare. Therefore a Bhikkhu, who wishes his own passionlessness (Nibbāna) should discard craving

344. Whoso, devoid of desire (for the household), is attached to the forest (of asceticism), and being freed from desire (for the household), runs back to that very home,—behold that very man! Freed he runs back to that very bondage.²

345. It is not a strong bond, say the wise, that is made of iron, wood, or hemp. Far greater an attachment is that longing for jewels and ornaments, children and wives.

346. That bond is strong, say the wise. It hurls down, yields, is hard to loosen. This too they cut off, and giving up sensual pleasures, without (any) longing they renounce.

347. They who are infatuated with lust fall back into the stream as a spider on the self-spun web. This too the wise cut off and wander, without longing, renouncing all sorrow.

348. Let go the past, let go the future, let go the present (front, back, and middle).³ Crossing to the farther shore of existence, with mind released everywhere, do not again undergo birth and decay.

349. For the person who is agitated by (evil) thoughts, who is of strong passions, who sees but the pleasurable, — craving steadily grows. Indeed, he makes the bond strong.

1. The five *Sangas* are;—lust, hatred, delusion, pride, and false views.

2. This verse was uttered apropos a young man who, through faith, entered the Order, but later, tempted by sensual pleasures, returned to the household life. See the story. (*Dhammapadatthakatha*, pp. 601—2 (S. H. B.).

3. That is attachment to the past, future and present Aggregates.

350. He who delights in subduing (evil) thoughts, he who meditates on “Impurity”,¹ he who is ever mindful—it is he who will make an end (of craving); he will cut Mara’s bond.

351. He who has reached the Goal, he who is fearless, devoid of craving, passionless, he who has cut the thorns of life—this body of his is the final.

352. He who is devoid of craving, and free from grasping, he who is skilled in etymology and terms,² he who knows the grouping of letters and their sequence,—it is he who is called the bearer of the final body, one of profound wisdom, a great man.

353. All have I overcome, all do I know;
From all am I detached, all have I renounced;
Wholly absorbed am I on the “Destruction of
Craving” (Arahatship).
Having comprehended all by myself whom
shall I call my teacher?³

354. The gift of Truth excels all gifts;
The flavour of Truth excels all flavours;
The delight in Truth excels all delights;
He who has destroyed craving overcomes all
sorrow.

355. Riches ruin the foolish, but not those in quest of the beyond. Through craving for riches, the witless man ruins himself as (if he were ruining) others.

356. Grass is the blemish of fields; lust is the blemish of this mankind. Hence what is given to the lustless yields abundant fruit.

357. Grass is the blemish of fields; hatred is the blemish of this mankind. Hence what is given to those freed from hatred yields abundant fruit.

1. That is the meditation on the loathsomeness of the body. The chief object of this meditation is to get rid of the attachment to this so-called beautiful form.

2. *Niruttipadakovido*,—versed in the four kinds of analytical knowledge. (*Patisambhidā*), viz: meaning, text, etymology and understanding.

3. The Buddha’s answer to Upaka, a wandering ascetic, who questioned Him about His teacher.

358. Grass is the blemish of fields; delusion is the blemish of this mankind. Hence what is given to those freed from delusion yields abundant fruit.

359. Grass is the blemish of fields; desire is the blemish of this mankind. Hence what is given to the desireless yields abundant fruit.

25. THE BHIKKHU OR THE MENDICANT

360. Good is restraint in eye, good is restraint in ear;

Good is restraint in nose, good is restraint in tongue.

361. Good is restraint in body, good is restraint in speech;

Good is restraint in mind, good is restraint everywhere.

The monk restrained in everything is from all sorrow freed.

362. He who is controlled in hand, foot, speech, and in the highest (head); he who delights in meditation,¹ and is composed; he who is solitary and contented;—him they call a Bhikkhu.

363. That Bhikkhu who is controlled in tongue, who is moderate in speech, who is not puffed up, who explains the meaning and the text,—sweet, indeed, is his speech.

364. The Bhikkhu who dwells in the Dhamma, who delights in the Dhamma, who meditates on the Dhamma, who well remembers the Dhamma, does not fall away from the Dhamma sublime.

365. He should not despise what he has received, nor should he fare envying (the gains) of others. The Bhikkhu who envies (the gains) of others does not attain Concentration.

366. Though a recipient of little, if a Bhikkhu does not despise what he has received,—even the Devas

1. Here *Ajjhatta* refers to the subject of meditation.

will praise him who is of pure livelihood and is not slothful.

367. He who has no “i and me” (conception) whatever towards mind and body, he who grieves not for that which he has not,—he, indeed, is called a Bhikkhu.

368. The Bhikkhu who abides in loving-kindness, is pleased with the Buddha’s Teaching, attains to that state of Peace and Happiness, the stilling of conditioned things.

369. Empty this boat,¹ O Bhikkhu! Emptied by you it will move swiftly.
Cutting out lust and hatred, to Nibbāna you will thereby go.

370. Five cut off,² five give up,³ five further cultivate;⁴
The Bhikkhu who has gone beyond the five toils is called a “Flood-crosser.”

371. Meditate, O Bhikkhu! Do not be heedless. Do not let your mind whirl on sensual pleasures. Do not be careless and swallow a lead-ball. As you burn cry not—“This is sorrow.”

372. There is no concentration to him who lacks wisdom, nor is there wisdom to him who lacks concentration. In whom are both concentration and wisdom—he, indeed, is in the presence of Nibbāna.

373. The Bhikkhu who has retired to a lonely abode, who has calmed his mind, who clearly perceives the Doctrine, experiences a joy transcending that of men.

374. Whenever he reflects on the rise and fall of Aggregates, he assuredly experiences joy and happiness. To the knowing ones that (reflection) is Deathless.⁵

1. The boat is the body, water is bad thoughts.

2. The five fetters are:—self-illusion, doubts, indulgence in wrongful rites and ceremonies, sense-desire, and hatred.

3. The remaining five fetters are:—craving for the Realm of Form, craving for formless Realms, conceit, restlessness, and ignorance.

4. Confidence, mindfulness, energy concentration, and wisdom.

5. As it leads to Nibbana.

375. And this becomes the beginning here for a wise Bhikkhu:—sense-control, contentment, restraint with regard to the Fundamental Precepts (*Pātimokkha*), association with noble and energetic friends whose livelihood is pure.

376. Let him be cordial in his ways and refined in conduct;
Full of joy he will thereby make an end of sorrow.

377. As the jasmine creeper sheds its withered flowers, even so, O Bhikkhus, should you totally shed lust and hatred.

378. The Bhikkhu who is calm in body, calm in speech, calm in mind, who is well-composed, who has spewed out worldly things, is truly called a “Peaceful One”.

379. By self do you censure yourself, by self do you examine yourself. Self-guarded and mindful, O Bhikkhu, you shall live happily.

380. Self, indeed, is the saviour of self. Self, indeed, is one’s refuge. Control, therefore, your own self as a merchant, a noble steed.

381. Full of joy, full of faith in the Teaching of the Buddha, the Bhikkhu will attain the Peaceful State, the stilling of conditioned things, the Bliss (supreme).

382. That Bhikkhu who, while still young, devotes himself to the Buddha’s Teaching, illumines this world as does the moon freed from a cloud.

26. THE BRAHMANA

383. Strive and cleave the stream. Discard, O Brahmana, sense-desires. Knowing the destruction of life’s constituents, be, O Brahmana, a knower of the Uncreate (*Nibbāna*).

384. When, in two states,¹ a Brahman goes to the farther shore;

1. Concentration and Insight.

Then all the fetters of that knowing one pass away.

385. For whom there exists neither the hither nor the farther shore, nor both the hither and the farther shore, he who is undistressed and unbound,—him I call a Brahmana.

386. He that is meditative, stainless, and settled: he that has done his duty and is free from corruptions; he that has attained the highest Goal;—him I call a Brahmana.

387. The sun is bright by day, the moon shines by night;
Armoured shines the warrior, meditating the Brahmana shines;
But in glory shines the Buddha all the day and night.

388. Because he has discarded evil, he is called a “Brahmana”
Because his conduct is balanced, he is called a “Samana”
Since he has renounced his impurities, he is therefore called a “recluse”.

389. He should not strike a Brahmana,
Nor should such a Brahmana vent (his wrath) on him.
Shame on him who strikes a Brahmana!
More shame on him who gives vent (to his wrath).

390. Unto a Brahmana that (non-retaliation) is of no small advantage. When the mind is weaned from things dear, whenever the intent to harm ceases, then and then only sorrow subsides.

391. He that does no evil through body, speech or mind; he who is restrained in these three respects;—him I call a Brahmana.

392. If from any body one shou'd understand the Doctrine preached by the Fully Enlightened One,

devoutly should one reverence him, as a Brahman reveres the sacrificial fire.

393. Not by platted hair, nor by family, nor by birth does one become a Brahmana. But in whom there exist both Truth¹ and Righteousness,²—pure is he, a Brahmana is he.

394. What is the use of your platted hair, O witless man!

What is the use of your antelope garment?

Within you are full (of passions), without you embellish.³

395. The person who wears dust-heap robes,⁴ who is lean, who is overspread with veins, who meditates alone in the forest,—him I call Brahmana.

396. I do not call him a Brahmana, merely because he is born of a womb or sprung from a Brahmana mother. He is merely a “Dear addresser”, if he is with Impediments. He who is free from Impediments, free from clinging,—him I call Brahmana.

397. He who has cut off all fetters, he who trembles not, he who has gone beyond toils, he who is unbound,—him I call a Brahmana.

398. He who has cut the strap (hatred), the thong (craving), and the rope (heresies), together with the appendages (latent tendencies), he who has thrown up the cross-bar (ignorance), he who is enlightened (Buddha),—him I call a Brahmana.

399. He who without anger, endures reproach, flogging and punishments, he whose power, the potent army, is patience,—him I call a Brahmana.

400. He who is not hateful but is dutiful, virtuous, not moistened with craving, controlled, and bears his final body,—him I call a Brahmana.

1. The realisation of the Four Noble Truths.

2. Here Dhamma refers to the nine supramundane states, viz:—the four Paths, the four Fruits, and Nibbana.

3. With the paraphernalia of ascetics.

4. “*Pansukūla cīvara*,” robes made from cast-off pieces of cloth.

401. Like water on a lotus leaf, like a mustard on the point of a needle, he who clings not to sensual pleasures,—him I call a Brahmana.

402. He who realises, here itself, the destruction of one's sorrow, he who has laid the burden aside and is emancipated,—him I call a Brahmana.

403. He whose knowledge is deep, he who is wise, he who is skilled in the right and wrong way, he who has reached the highest goal,—him I call a Brahmana.

494. He who is not intimate with both householders and homeless ones, he who wanders without an abode, he who is without desires,—him I call a Brahmana.

405. He who has laid aside the cudgel towards beings—whether feeble or strong,—he who neither kills nor causes to kill,—him I call a Brahmana.

406. He who is friendly among the hostile, he who is peaceful among the violent, he who is unattached among the attached,¹—him I call a Brahmana.

407. In whom lust, hatred, pride, detraction are fallen off, like a mustard-seed from the point of a needle,—him I call a Brahmana.

408. He who utters gentle, instructive, true words;
He who gives offence to none;—
Him I call a Brahmana.

409. He who in this world takes nothing that is not
given,—
Be it long or short, small or great, fair or
foul;—
Him I call a Brahmana.

410. He who has no desires whether of this world
or of the next;
He who is desireless and emancipated;—
Him I call a Brahmana.

1. Those who are attached to the Aggregates.

411. He who has no longings, he who through knowledge, is free from doubts, he who has plunged into the Deathless (Nibbāna),—him I call a Brahmana.

412. Herein he who has transcended both good and bad and the Toils as well; he who is sorrowless, stainless, and pure;—him I call a Brahmana.

413. He who is spotless as the moon; he who is pure, serene, and clear; he who has destroyed craving for Becoming;—him I call a Brahmana.

414. He who has transgressed this quagmire, this difficult path, the ocean of life (Sansara), and delusion; he who has crossed and gone beyond; he who is meditative, free from craving and doubts; he who, clinging to naught, has attained Nibbāna;—him I call a Brahmana.

415. He who, in this world, giving up sensual pleasures, would renounce and become a homeless one; he who has destroyed sense-desires and becoming;¹—him I call a Brahmana.

416. He who, in this world, giving up craving, would renounce and become a homeless one; he who has destroyed craving and Becoming;—him I call a Brahmana.

417. He who, discarding human bonds and transcending celestial ties, is completely delivered of all bonds—him I call a Brahmana.

418. He who has given up likes and dislikes, he who is cooled, and is without substrata,² he who has conquered the world³ and is strenuous,—him I call a Brahmana.

1. *Bhava*, the threefold existence—the sentient realm, the realm of Form, and the Formless Realm.

2. *Upadhi*,—Aggregates (*Khandha*), Passions (*Kilesa*), Activities (*Abhisan-khāra*), and Sense-desires (*Kāma*).

3. That is, he who has put an end to the arising of the Aggregates (world).

419. He who, in every way, knows the death and rebirth of beings, he who is detached, well-gone, and enlightened,—him I call a Brahmana.

420. He whose destiny the Devas nor Gandhabbas¹ nor men know not, he who has destroyed all Defilements, and is an Arahata,—him I call a Brahmana.

421. He who has no clinging to Aggregates that are past, future, or present; he who is without clinging and grasping,—him I call a Brahmana.

422. The fearless, the noble, the hero, the great sage, the conqueror, the desireless, the enlightened,—him I call a Brahmana.

423. He who knows his former abodes, he who sees heaven and hell, he who has reached the end of births, he who, with superior wisdom,² has perfected himself as a Holy Man, he who has finished all finishings,³—him I call a Brahmana.

1. A class of celestial beings.

2. Pertaining to the Arahata Path.

3. *i.e.*, Arahataship.



INTERIOR OF A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN CEYLON

THE WORD OF THE BUDDHA

AN OUTLINE OF THE TEACHING OF THE
BUDDHA IN THE WORDS OF
THE PĀLI CANON



Compiled, translated and explained

by

Ven. Nyanatiloka Maha Thera

PREFACE

TO THE ELEVENTH EDITION

The *Word of the Buddha*, published originally in German was the first strictly systematic exposition of all the main tenets of the Buddha's Teachings presented in the Master's own words as found in the *Sutta-Piṭaka* of the Buddhist Pali Canon.

While it may well serve as a first introduction for the beginner, its chief aim is to give the reader who is already more or less acquainted with the fundamental ideas of Buddhism, a clear, concise and authentic summary of its various doctrines, within the frame work of the all-embracing 'Four Noble Truths', i.e. the Truths of Suffering (inherent in all existence), of its Origin, of its Extinction, and of the Way leading to its extinction. From the book itself it will be seen how the teachings of the Buddha all ultimately converge upon the one final goal: Deliverance from Suffering. It was for this reason that on the title page of the first German edition there was printed the passage from the *Anguttara-Nikāya* which says:

‘Not only the fact of Suffering do I teach,
but also the deliverance from it.’

The texts, translated from the original Pali, have been selected from the five great collections of discourses which form the *Sutta-Piṭaka*. They have been grouped and explained in such a manner as to form one connected whole. Thus the collection, which was originally compiled for the author's own guidance and orientation in the many voluminous books of the *Sutta-Piṭaka*, will prove a reliable guide for the student of Buddhism. It should relieve him from the necessity of working his way through all these manifold Pali scriptures in order to acquire a comprehensive and clear view of the whole; and it should help him to relate to the main body of the doctrine the many details he will encounter in subsequent studies.

As the book contains many definitions and explanations of important doctrinal terms together with their Pali equivalents, it can serve with the help of the Pali Index provided, as a book of reference and a helpful companion throughout the study of the Buddha's doctrine.

After the first German edition appeared in 1906, forty-six years ago, the first English version was published in 1907, and this has since run to ten editions, including an abridged students' edition (Colombo, 1948, Y.M.B.A.) and an American edition (Santa Barbara, Cal., 1950, J. F. Rowny Press). It has also been included in Dwight Goddard's *Buddhist Bible*, published in the United States of America.

Besides subsequent German editions, translations have been published in French, Czech, Finnish, Japanese, Hindi and Bengali. The original Pali of the translated passages was published in Sinhalese characters (edited by the author, under the title *Sacca-Sangaha*, Colombo, 1914) and in Devanagari script in India.

The present 11th edition has been revised throughout. Additions have been made to the Introduction and to the explanatory notes, and some texts have been added.

This new, revised edition has been sponsored by the 'Sāsanādhāra-Kānthā-Samitiya', Colombo ('Ladies' Association for Promoting Buddhism'). I take this opportunity to express appreciation to all those, by whose work and generous assistance the present publication of a large edition has been rendered possible.

In conclusion, I have also to thank my pupil, Nyanaponika Thera, for the great help he has rendered me in thoroughly revising and, here and there, enlarging the work, and in carefully preparing the text for this new edition.

NYANATILOKA

'Island Hermitage',
Dodanduwa, Ceylon,
1st April, 1952.

PREFACE

TO THE TWELFTH EDITION

This 12th edition is issued by the ‘‘Lanka Bauddha Mandalaya’’ in commemoration of Buddha Jayanti, that is the year 2500 after the Parinibbana of the Buddha.

This issue is based upon the 11th edition published by the ‘Word of the Buddha’ Publishing Committee. Apart from minor alterations some improvements of style have been made, for most of which the author is obliged to the suggestions kindly offered by Major R. Raven-Hart.

NYANATILOKA

Forest Hermitage
Udawattakele
Kandy

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ABBREVIATIONS

- A.—Anguttara-Nikāya (the Roman number refers to the main division into Parts or Nipātas; the second number, to the Sutta).
- B. Dict.—*Buddhist Dictionary*, by Nyanatiloka Mahāthera.
- D.—Dīgha-Nikāya (the number refers to the Sutta).
- Dhp.—Dhammapada (number refers to the verse).
- Fund.—*Fundamentals of Buddhism*, by Nyanatiloka Mahāthera.
- M.—Majjhima-Nikāya (the number refers to the Sutta).
- S.—Saṃyutta-Nikāya (the Roman number refers to the division into ‘Kindred Groups’ (Saṃyutta), e.g. Devatā-Saṃyutta=I; the second number refers to the Sutta).
- Snp.—Sutta-Nipāta (number refers to the verse).
- Ud.—Udāna (the Roman number refers to the Chapter, the second to the Sutta).
- VisM.—Visuddhi-Magga (‘The Path of Purity’).

THE PRONUNCIATION OF PALI

Adapted from the American edition

THE VOWELS

a is pronounced as *u* in the English word *shut*; never as *a* in *cat*, and never as in *take*.

ā as in *father*; never as in *take*.

e is pronounced long as *a* in *stake*; but, before doubled consonants, short as *e* in *met*.

i as in *pin*.

ī as in *machine*; never as in *fine*.

o is long as in *hope*; but short, as in *off*, before doubled consonants.

u as in *put* or *oo* in *foot*.

ū as *oo* in *boot*; never as in *refuse*.

THE CONSONANTS

c as *ch* in *chair*; never as *k*, never as *s*, nor as *c* in *centre*, *city*.

g as in *get*; never as in *general*.

h is always pronounced, even in positions immediately following consonants or doubled consonants; e.g. *bh* as in *cab-horse*; *ch* as *chh* in *ranch-house*; *dh* as in *handhold*; *gh* as in *bag-handle*; *jh* as *dgh* in *sledge-hammer*, etc.

j as in *joy*.

m̃ the so-called 'nasalizer' is in Ceylon usually pronounced as *ng* in *sung*, *sing*, etc.

s always as in *this*; never as in *these*.

ñ as in *canyon* (Spanish *cañòn*), or as *gn* in *Mignon*.

ph as in *haphazard*; never as in *photograph*.

th as in *hot-house*; never as in *thin* nor as in *than*.

y as in *yes*.

ṭ, *tḥ*, *ḍ*, *dḥ* are lingual sounds; in pronouncing, the tongue is to be pressed against the palate.

Doubled consonants: each of them is to be pronounced e.g. *bb* as in *scrub-board*; *tt* as in *cat-tail*.

INTRODUCTION

1. BUDDHA or Enlightened One—lit. Knower or Awakened One—is the honorific name given to the Indian Sage, Gotama, who discovered and proclaimed to the world the Law of Deliverance, known to the West by the name of Buddhism.

He was born in the 6th century B.C., at Kapilavasthu, as the son of the king who ruled the Sakya country, a principality situated in the border area of modern Nepal. His personal name was Siddhattha, and his clan name Gotama (Sanskrit: Gautama). In his 29th year he renounced the splendour of his princely life and his royal career, and became a homeless ascetic in order to find a way out of what he had early recognised as a world of suffering. After a six years' quest, spent under various religious teachers and in a period of fruitless self-mortification, he finally attained to Perfect Enlightenment (sammā-sambodhi), under the Bodhi tree at Gayā (today Buddha-Gayā). Five and forty years of tireless preaching and teaching followed and at last, in his 80th year, there passed away at Kusinara that 'undeluded being that appeared for the blessing and happiness of the world'.

The Buddha is neither a god nor a prophet or incarnation of a god, but a supreme human being who, through his own effort, attained to Final Deliverance and Perfect Wisdom, and became 'the peerless teacher of gods and men'. He is a 'Saviour' only in the sense that he shows men how to save themselves, by actually following to the end the Path trodden and shown by him. In the consummate harmony of Wisdom and Compassion attained by the Buddha, he embodies the universal and timeless ideal of Man Perfected.

II. The DHAMMA is the Teaching of Deliverance in its entirety, as discovered, realized and proclaimed by the Buddha. It has been handed down in the ancient Pali language, and preserved in the three great collections of books, called *Ti-Piṭaka*, the "Three

Baskets,’’ namely: (I) the Vinaya-Piṭaka, or Collection of Discipline, containing the rules of the monastic order; (II) the Sutta- Piṭaka, or Collection of Discourses consisting of various books of discourses, dialogues, verses, stories, etc., and dealing with the doctrine proper as summarized in the Four Noble Truths; (III) the Abhidhamma-Piṭaka, or Philosophical Collection, presenting the teachings of the *Sutta-Piṭaka* in strictly systematic and philosophical form.

The Dhamma is not a doctrine of revelation, but the teaching of Enlightenment, based on the clear comprehension of actuality. It is the teaching of the Fourfold Truth dealing with the fundamental facts of life and with liberation attainable through man’s own efforts towards purification and insight. The Dhamma offers a lofty, but realistic system of ethics, a penetrating analysis of life, a profound philosophy, practical methods of mind training—in brief, an all-comprehensive and perfect guidance on the Path to Deliverance. By answering the claims of both heart and reason, and by pointing out the liberating Middle Path that leads beyond all futile and destructive extremes in thought and conduct, the Dhamma has, and will always have, a timeless and universal appeal wherever there are hearts and minds mature enough to appreciate its message.

III. The SANGHA—lit. the Assembly, or Community—is the Order of Bhikkhus, or Mendicant Monks, founded by the Buddha and still existing in its original form in Burma, Siam, Ceylon, Cambodia, and Chittagong (Bengal). It is, together with the Order of the Jain monks, the oldest monastic order in the world. Amongst the most famous disciples in the time of the Buddha were: Sāriputta who, after the Master himself, possessed the profoundest insight into the Dhamma; Moggallāna, who had the greatest supernatural powers; Ananda, the devoted disciple and constant companion of the Buddha; Mahā-Kassapa, the President of the Council held at Rajagaha immediately after the Buddha’s death; Anuruddha, of divine

vision, and master of Right Mindfulness; Rahula, the Buddha's own son.

The Sangha provides the outer framework and the favourable conditions for all those who earnestly desire to devote their life entirely to the realisation of the highest goal of Deliverance, unhindered by worldly distractions. Thus the Sangha, too, is of universal and timeless significance wherever religious development reaches maturity.

THE THREEFOLD REFUGE

The Buddha, the Dhamma and the Sangha, are called 'The Three Jewels' (*ti-ratana*) on account of their matchless purity, and as being to the Buddhist the most precious objects in the world. These 'Three Jewels' form also the 'Threefold Refuge' (*ti-saraṇa*) of the Buddhist. In the formula by which he expresses 'Going for Refuge', he professes, or re-affirms, his acceptance of the 'Three Jewels' as the guides of his life and thought.

The Pali formula of Refuge is still the same as in the Buddha's time:

Buddhaṃ saraṇaṃ gacchāmi
Dhammaṃ saraṇaṃ gacchāmi
Sanghaṃ saraṇaṃ gacchāmi.

I go for refuge to the Buddha
I go for refuge to the Dhamma
I go for refuge to the Sangha.

It is through the simple act of reciting this formula three times* that one declares oneself a Buddhist.

THE FIVE PRECEPTS

After the formula of the Threefold Refuge follows usually the acceptance of the Five Moral Precepts

*At the second and third repetition the words *Dutiyampi* and *Tatiyampi* ('for the second/third time') respectively are added before each sentence.

(*pañca-sīla*). Their observance is the minimum standard needed to form the basis of decent life and of further progress towards Deliverance.

1. *Pāṇātipātā veramaṇī-sikkhāpadaṃ samādiyāmi.*
I undertake to observe the precept to abstain from killing living beings.
2. *Adinnādānā veramaṇī-sikkhāpadaṃ samādiyāmi.*
I undertake to observe the precept to abstain from taking things not given.
3. *Kāmesu micchācārā veramaṇī-sikkhāpadaṃ samādiyāmi.*
I undertake to observe the precept to abstain from sexual misconduct.
4. *Musāvādā veramaṇī-sikkhāpadaṃ samādiyāmi.*
I undertake to observe the precept to abstain from false speech.
5. *Surāmeraya-majja-pamādaṭṭhānā veramaṇī-sikkhāpadaṃ samādiyāmi.*
I undertake to observe the precept to abstain from intoxicating drinks and drugs causing heedlessness.

THE
WORD OF THE BUDDHA
OR
THE FOUR NOBLE TRUTHS

Thus has it been said by the Buddha, the Enlightened One:—

¹It is through not understanding, not realizing four things, that I, Disciples, as well as you, had to wander so long through this round of rebirths. And what are these four things? They are:

The Noble Truth of Suffering (*dukkha*);

The Noble Truth of the Origin of Suffering (*dukkha-samudaya*);

The Noble Truth of the Extinction of Suffering (*dukkha-nirodha*);

The Noble Truth of the Path that leads to the Extinction of Suffering (*dukkha-nirodha-gāmini-paṭi-padā*).

²As long as the absolutely true knowledge and insight as regards these Four Noble Truths was not quite clear in me, so long was I not sure that I had won that supreme Enlightenment which is unsurpassed in all the world with its heavenly beings, evil spirits and gods, amongst all the hosts of ascetics and priests, heavenly beings and men. But as soon as the absolutely true knowledge and insight as regards these Four Noble Truths had become perfectly clear in me, there arose in me the assurance that I had won that supreme Enlightenment unsurpassed.

1. D. 16. 2. S. LVI. 11.

¹And I discovered that profound truth so difficult to perceive, difficult to understand, tranquillizing and sublime, which is not to be gained by mere reasoning, and is visible only to the wise.

The world, however, is given to pleasure, delighted with pleasure, enchanted with pleasure. Truly such beings will hardly understand the law of conditionality, the Dependent Origination (*paṭicca-samuppāda*) of everything; incomprehensible to them will also be the end of all formations, the forsaking of every substratum of rebirth, the fading away of craving, detachment, extinction, Nibbāna.

Yet there are beings whose eyes are only a little covered with dust: they will understand the truth.

THE FIRST TRUTH

THE NOBLE TRUTH OF SUFFERING

²What, now, is the Noble Truth of Suffering?

Birth is suffering; Decay is suffering; Death is suffering; Sorrow, Lamentation, Pain, Grief, and Despair are suffering; not to get what one desires, is suffering; in short: the Five Groups of Existence are suffering.

What, now, is Birth? The birth of beings belonging to this or that order of beings, their being born, their conception and springing into existence, the manifestation of the Groups of Existence, the arising of sense activity:—this is called birth.

And what is Decay? The decay of beings belonging to this or that order of beings; their becoming aged, frail, grey, and wrinkled; the failing of their vital force, the wearing out of the senses:—this is called decay.

And what is Death? The departing and vanishing of beings out of this or that order of beings, their destruction, disappearance, death, the completion of

1. M. 26. 2. D. 22.

their life-period, dissolution of the Groups of Existence, the discarding of the body:—this is called death.

And what is Sorrow? The sorrow arising through this or that loss or misfortune which one encounters, the worrying oneself, the state of being alarmed, inward sorrow, inward woe:—this is called sorrow.

And what is Lamentation? Whatsoever, through this or that loss or misfortune which befalls one, is wail and lament, wailing and lamenting, the state of woe and lamentation:—this is called lamentation.

And what is Pain? The bodily pain and unpleasantness, the painful and unpleasant feeling produced by bodily impression:—this is called pain.

And what is Grief? The mental pain and unpleasantness, the painful and unpleasant feeling produced by mental impression:—this is called grief.

And what is Despair? Distress and despair arising through this or that loss or misfortune which one encounters, distressfulness, and desperation:—this is called despair.

And what is the ‘Suffering of not getting what one desires?’ To beings subject to birth there comes the desire: ‘O, that we were not subject to birth! O, that no new birth was before us!’ Subject to decay, disease, death, sorrow, lamentation, pain, grief, and despair, the desire comes to them: ‘O, that we were not subject to these things! O, that these things were not before us!’ But this cannot be got by mere desiring; and not to get what one desires, is suffering.

THE FIVE KHANDHAS OR GROUPS OF EXISTENCE

And what, in brief, are the Five Groups of Existence? They are corporeality, feeling, perception, (mental) formations, and consciousness.

¹All corporeal phenomena, whether past, present or future, one's own or external, gross or subtle, lofty or low, far or near, all belong to the Group of Corporeality; all feelings belong to the Group of Feeling; all perceptions belong to the Group of Perception; all mental formations belong to the Group of Formations; all consciousness belongs to the Group of Consciousness.

These Groups are a fivefold classification in which the Buddha has summed up all the physical and mental phenomena of existence, and in particular, those which appear to the ignorant man as his ego or personality. Hence birth, decay, death, etc. are also included in these five Groups which actually comprise the whole world.

THE GROUP OF CORPOREALITY (*rūpa-khandha*)

²What, now, is the 'Group of Corporeality?' It is the four primary elements, and corporeality derived from them.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS

And what are the four Primary Elements? They are the Solid Element, the Fluid Element, the Heating Element, the Vibrating (Windy) Element.

The four Elements (*dhātu* or *mahā-bhūta*), popularly called Earth, Water, Fire and Wind, are to be understood as the elementary qualities of matter. They are named in Pali, *paṭhavī-dhātu*, *āpo-dhātu*, *tejo-dhātu*, *vāyo-dhātu*, and may be rendered as Inertia, Cohesion, Radiation, and Vibration. All four are present in every material object, though in varying degrees of strength. If, e.g., the Earth Element predominates, the material object is called 'solid', etc.

The 'Corporeality derived from the four primary elements' (*upādāya rūpa* or *upādā rūpa*) consists, according to the Abhidhamma, of the following twenty-four material phenomena and qualities eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, visible form, sound, odour, taste, masculinity, femininity, vitality, physical basis of mind (*hadaya-vatthu*; see *B. Dict.*), gesture, speech, space (cavities of ear, nose, etc.), agility,

1. M. 109. 2. M. 28.

elasticity, adaptability, growth, continuity, decay, change, and nutriment.

Bodily impressions (*phoṭṭhabba*, the tactile) are not especially mentioned among these twenty-four, as they are identical with the Solid, the Heating and the Vibrating Elements which are cognizable through the sensations of pressure, cold, heat, pain, etc.

1. What, now, is the 'Solid Element' (*paṭhavī-dhātu*)? The solid element may be one's own, or it may be external. And what is one's own solid element? Whatever in one's own person or body there exists of karmically acquired hardness or firmness, such as the hairs of head and body, nails, teeth, skin, flesh, sinews, bones, marrow, kidneys, heart, liver, diaphragm, spleen, lungs, stomach, bowels, mesentery, excrement and so on—this is called one's own solid element. Now, whether it be one's own solid element, or whether it be the external solid element, they are both merely the solid element.

And one should understand, according to reality and true wisdom:—'This does not belong to me; this am I not; this is not my Ego'.

2. What, now, is the 'Fluid Element' (*āpodhātu*)? The fluid element may be one's own, or it may be external. And what is one's own fluid element? Whatever in one's own person or body there exists of karmically acquired liquidity or fluidity, such as bile, phlegm, pus, blood, sweat, fat, tears, skin-grease, saliva, nasal mucus, oil of the joints, urine, and so on—this is called one's own fluid element. Now, whether it be one's own fluid element, or whether it be the external fluid element, they are both merely the fluid element.

And one should understand, according to reality and true wisdom:—'This does not belong to me; this am I not; this is not my Ego'.

3. What, now, is the 'Heating Element' (*tejo-dhātu*)? The heating element may be one's own, or it

may be external. And what is one's own heating element? Whatever in one's own person or body there exists of karmically acquired heat or hotness, such as that whereby one is heated, consumed, scorched, whereby that which has been eaten, drunk, chewed, or tasted, is fully digested, and so on—this is called one's own heating element. Now whether it be one's own heating element, or whether it be the external heating element, they are both merely the heating element.

And one should understand, according to reality and true wisdom—‘This does not belong to me; this am I not; this is not my Ego’.

4. What, now is the ‘Vibrating (Windy) Element’ (*vāyo-dhātu*)? The vibrating element may be one's own, or it may be external. And what is one's own vibrating element? What in one's own person or body there exists of karmically acquired wind or windiness, such as the upward-going and downward-going winds, the winds of stomach and intestines, the wind permeating all the limbs, in-breathing and out-breathing and so on—this is called one's own vibrating element. Now, whether it be one's own vibrating element or whether it be the external vibrating element, they are both merely the vibrating element.

And one should understand, according to reality and true wisdom: ‘This does not belong to me; this am I not; this is not my Ego’.

Just as one calls ‘hut’ the circumscribed space which comes to be by means of wood and rushes, reeds, and clay, even so we call ‘body’ the circumscribed space that comes to be by means of bones and sinews, flesh and skin.

THE GROUP OF FEELING

(*vedanā-khandha*)

¹There are three kinds of Feeling: pleasant, unpleasant, and neither pleasant nor unpleasant (indifferent).

1. S. XXXVI, 1.

THE GROUP OF PERCEPTION

(*saññā-khandha*)

¹What now, is Perception? There are six classes of perception: perception of forms, sounds, odours, tastes, bodily impressions, and of mental objects.

THE GROUP OF MENTAL FORMATIONS

(*sankhāra-khandha*)

What, now, are Mental Formations? There are six classes of volitions (*cetanā*): will directed to forms (*rūpa-cetanā*), to sounds, odours, tastes, bodily impressions, and to mental objects.

The 'Group of Mental Formations' (*sankhāra-khandha*) is a collective term for numerous functions or aspects, of mental activity which, in addition to feeling and perception, are present in a single moment of consciousness. In the Abhidhamma, fifty Mental Formations are distinguished, seven of which are constant factors of mind. The number and composition of the rest varies according to the character of the respective class of consciousness (see Table in *B. Dict.*). In the Discourse on Right Understanding (M. 9) three main representatives of the 'Group of Mental Formations' are mentioned: volition (*cetanā*), sense impression (*phassa*), and attention (*manasikāra*). Of these again, it is volition which, being a principal 'formative' factor, is particularly characteristic of the Group of Formations, and therefore serves to exemplify it in the passage given above.

For other applications of the term *sankhāra* see *B. Dict.*

THE GROUP OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(*viññāṇa-khandha*)

²What, now, is consciousness? There are six classes of consciousness: consciousness of forms, sounds, odours, tastes, bodily impressions, and of mental objects (lit.: eye-consciousness, ear-consciousness, etc.).

S. XXII, 56.

2. S. XXII. 56.

DEPENDENT ORIGINATION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Now, though one's eye be intact, yet if the external forms do not fall within the field of vision, and no corresponding conjunction of eye and forms takes place, in that case there occurs no formation of the corresponding aspect of consciousness. Or, though one's eye be intact, and the external forms fall within the field of vision, yet if no corresponding conjunction takes place, in that case also there occurs no formation of the corresponding aspect of consciousness. If however one's eye is intact, and the external forms fall within the field of vision, and the corresponding conjunction takes place, in that case there arises the corresponding aspect of consciousness.

¹Hence I say: the arising of consciousness is dependent upon conditions; and without these conditions, no consciousness arises. And upon whatsoever conditions the arising of consciousness is dependent, after these it is called.

Consciousness, whose arising depends on the eye and forms, is called 'eye-consciousness' (*cakkhu-viññāṇa*).

Consciousness, whose arising depends on the ear and sounds, is called 'ear-consciousness' (*sota-viññāṇa*).

Consciousness, whose arising depends on the olfactory organ and odours, is called 'nose-consciousness' (*ghāṇa-viññāṇa*).

Consciousness, whose arising depends on the tongue and taste, is called 'tongue-consciousness' (*jivhā-viññāṇa*).

Consciousness, whose arising depends on the body and bodily contacts, is called 'body-consciousness' (*kāya-viññāṇa*).

Consciousness, whose arising depends on the mind and mind objects, is called 'mind-consciousness' (*mano-viññāṇa*).

1. M. 38.

¹Whatsoever there is of ‘corporeality’ (*rūpa*) on that occasion, this belongs to the Group of Corporeality. Whatsoever there is of ‘feeling’ (*vedanā*), this belongs to the Group of Feeling. Whatsoever there is of ‘perception’ (*saññā*), this belongs to the Group of Perception. Whatsoever there are of ‘mental formations’ (*sankhāra*), these belong to the Group of Mental Formations. Whatsoever there is of ‘consciousness’ (*viññāṇa*) this belongs to the Group of Consciousness.

DEPENDENCY OF CONSCIOUSNESS ON THE FOUR OTHER KHANDHAS

²And it is impossible that any one can explain the passing out of one existence, and the entering into a new existence, or the growth, increase and development of consciousness, independently of corporeality, feeling, perception, and mental formations.

THE THREE CHARACTERISTICS OF EXISTENCE

(*ti-lakkhaṇa*)

³All formations are ‘transient’ (*anicca*); all formations are ‘subject to suffering’ (*dukkha*); all things are ‘without a self’ (*anattā*).

⁴Corporeality is transient, feeling is transient, perception is transient, mental formations are transient, consciousness is transient.

And that which is transient, is subject to suffering; and of that which is transient and subject to suffering and change, one cannot rightly say:—‘This belongs to me; this am I; this is my Self’.

Therefore, whatever there be of corporeality, of feeling, perception, mental formations, or consciousness, whether past, present or future, one’s own or

1. M. 28. 2. S. XXII. 53. 3. A. III. 134. 4. S. XXII. 59.

external, gross, or subtle, lofty or low, far or near, one should understand according to reality and true wisdom:—‘This does not belong to me; this am I not; this is not my Self’

THE ANATTĀ DOCTRINE

Individual existence as well as the whole world, are in reality nothing but a process of ever-changing phenomena which are all comprised in the five Groups of Existence. This process has gone on from time immemorial before one’s birth, and also after one’s death it will continue for endless periods of time, as long, and as far, as there are conditions for it. As stated in the preceding texts, the five Groups of Existence,—either taken separately or combined,—in no way constitute a real Ego-entity or subsisting personality, and equally no self, soul or substance can be found outside of these Groups as their ‘owner’. In other words, the five Groups of Existence are ‘not self’ (*anattā*), nor do they *belong* to a Self (*anattaniya*). In view of the impermanence and conditionality of all existence, the belief in any form of Self must be regarded as an illusion.

Just as that what we designate by the name of ‘chariot’ has no existence apart from axle, wheels, shaft, carriage, and so forth; or as the word ‘house’ is merely a convenient designation for various materials put together after a certain fashion so as to enclose a portion of space, and there is no separate house-entity in existence:—in exactly the same way, that which we call a ‘being’ or an ‘individual’ or a ‘person’, or by the name ‘I’, is nothing but a changing combination of physical and psychical phenomena, and has no real existence in itself.

This is, in brief, the Anattā Doctrine of the Buddha, the teaching that all existence is void (*suñña*) of a permanent self or substance. It is the fundamental Buddhist doctrine, not found in any other religious teaching or philosophical system. To grasp it fully, not only in an abstract and intellectual way, but by constant reference to actual experience, is an indispensable condition for the true understanding of the Buddha-Dhamma and for the realization of its goal. The Anattā-Doctrine is the necessary outcome of the thorough analysis of actuality, undertaken, e.g., in the Khandha Doctrine of which only a bare indication can be given by means of the texts included here.

For a detailed survey of the Khandhas see *B. Dict.*

¹Suppose a man who was not blind beheld the many bubbles on the Ganges as they drove along and he watched them and carefully examined them; then after he had carefully examined them they would appear to him empty, unreal and unsubstantial. In exactly the same way does the monk behold all the corporeal phenomena, feelings, perceptions, mental formations, and states of consciousness,—whether they be of the past, or the present, or the future, far or near. And he watches them, and examines them carefully; and, after carefully examining them, they appear to him empty, void, and without a Self.

²Whoso delights in corporeality, or feeling, or perception, or mental formations, or consciousness, he delights in suffering; and whoso delights in suffering, will not be freed from suffering. Thus I say:

³How can you find delight and mirth,
Where there is burning without end?
In deepest darkness you are wrapped!
Why do you not seek for the light?

‘Look at this puppet here, well rigged,
A heap of many sores, piled up,
Diseased, and full of greediness,
Unstable, and impermanent!

‘Devoured by old age is this frame,
A prey to sickness, weak and frail;
To pieces breaks this putrid body,
All life must truly end in death!’

THE THREE WARNINGS

³Did you never see in the world a man, or a woman, eighty, ninety, or a hundred years old, frail, crooked as a gable-roof, bent down, resting on crutches, with tottering steps, infirm, youth long since fled, with broken teeth, grey and scanty hair or none, wrinkled, with blotched limbs? And did the thought never come

1. S. XXII. 95. 2. S. XXII. 29. 3. Dhṛ. 146-48.

to you that you also are subject to decay, that you also cannot escape it?

¹Did you never see in the world a man, or a woman, sick, afflicted, and grievously ill, wallowing in his own filth lifted up by some, and put to bed by others? And did the thought never come to you that you also are subject to disease, that you also cannot escape it?

Did you never see in the world the corpse of a man, or a woman, one or two or three days after death, swollen up, blue-black in colour, and full of corruption? And did the thought never come to you that you also are subject to death, that you also cannot escape it?

SAMSARA

²Inconceivable is the beginning of this Saṃsāra; not to be discovered is any first beginning of beings, who, obstructed by ignorance, and ensnared by craving, are hurrying and hastening through this round of rebirths.

Saṃsāra—the wheel of existence, lit., the ‘Perpetual Wandering’,—is the name given in the Pali scriptures to the sea of life ever restlessly heaving up and down, the symbol of this continuous process of ever again and again being born, growing old, suffering, and dying. More precisely put: Saṃsāra is the unbroken sequence of the fivefold Khandha-combinations, which, constantly changing from moment to moment, follow continually one upon the other through inconceivable periods of time. Of this Saṃsāra a single life time constitutes only a tiny fraction. Hence, to be able to comprehend the first Noble Truth, one must let one’s gaze rest upon the Saṃsāra, upon this frightful sequence of rebirths, and not merely upon one single life time, which of course, may sometimes be not very painful.

The term ‘suffering’ (*dukkha*), in the first Noble Truth refers therefore, not merely to painful bodily and mental sensations due to unpleasant impressions, but it comprises in addition everything productive of suffering or liable to it. The Truth of Suffering teaches that, owing to the universal law of impermanence, even high and sublime states of happiness are subject to change and destruction, and that

1. A. III 35. 2. S. XV. 3.

all states of existence are therefore unsatisfactory without exception, carrying in themselves the seeds of suffering.

Which do you think is more: the flood of tears, which weeping and wailing you have shed upon this long way—hurrying and hastening through this round of rebirths, united with the undesired, separated from the desired—this, or the waters of the four oceans?

Long have you suffered the death of father and mother, of sons, daughters, brothers, and sisters. And whilst you were thus suffering, you have indeed shed more tears upon this long way than there is water in the four oceans.

¹Which do you think is more: the streams of blood that, through your being beheaded, have flowed upon this long way, these, or the waters of the four oceans?

Long have you been caught as robbers, or high waymen, or adulterers; and, through your being beheaded, verily more blood has flowed upon this long way than there is water in the four oceans.

But how is this possible?

Inconceivable is the beginning of this Saṃsāra; not to be discovered is any first beginning of beings, who, obstructed by ignorance and ensnared by craving, are hurrying and hastening through this round of rebirths.

²And thus have you long undergone suffering, undergone torment, undergone misfortune, and filled the graveyards full; truly, long enough to be dissatisfied with all the forms of existence, long enough to turn away and free yourselves from them all.

THE SECOND TRUTH

THE NOBLE TRUTH OF THE ORIGIN OF SUFFERING

³What, now, is the Noble Truth of the Origin of Suffering? It is craving, which gives rise to fresh

1. S. XV. 13. 2. S. XV. 1. 3. D. 22.

rebirth, and, bound up with pleasure and lust, now here, now there, finds ever fresh delight.

THE THREEFOLD CRAVING

There is the 'Sensual Craving' (*kāma-taṇhā*), the 'Craving for (Eternal) Existence' (*bhava-taṇhā*), the 'Craving for Self-Annihilation' (*vibhava-taṇhā*).

'Sensual Craving' (*kāma-taṇhā*) is the desire for the enjoyment of the five sense objects.

'Craving for Existence' (*bhava-taṇhā*) is the desire for continued or eternal life, referring in particular to life in those higher worlds called Fine-material and Immaterial Existences (*rūpa-*, and *arūpa-bhava*). It is closely connected with the so-called 'Eternity-Belief' (*bhava-* or *sāssata-diṭṭhi*), i.e. the belief in an absolute, eternal Ego-entity persisting independently of our body.

'Craving for Self-Annihilation' (lit., 'for non-existence'; *vibhava-taṇhā*) is the outcome of the 'Belief in Annihilation' (*vibhava-* or *uccheda-diṭṭhi*), i.e., the delusive materialistic notion of a more or less real Ego which is annihilated at death, and which does not stand in any causal relation with the time before death and the time after death.

ORIGIN OF CRAVING

But where does this craving arise and take root? Wherever in the world there are delightful and pleasurable things, there this craving arises and takes root. Eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, and mind, are delightful and pleasurable: there this craving arises and takes root.

Visual objects, sounds, smells, tastes, bodily impressions, and mind-objects, are delightful and pleasurable: there this craving arises and takes root.

Consciousness, sense impression, feeling born of sense impression, perception, will, craving, thinking, and reflecting, are delightful and pleasurable: there this craving arises and takes root.

If, whenever perceiving a visual object, a sound, odour, taste, bodily impression, or a mind-object, the

object is pleasant, one is attracted; and if unpleasant, one is repelled.

DEPENDENT ORIGINATION OF ALL PHENOMENA

Thus, whatever kind of 'Feeling' (*vedanā*) one experiences,—pleasant, unpleasant, or indifferent—if one approves of and cherishes the feeling, and clings to it, then while doing so, lust springs up; but lust for feelings means 'Clinging' (*upādāna*); and on clinging depends the (present) 'Process of Becoming'; on the process of becoming (*bhava*; here *kamma-bhava*, Karma-process) depends (future) 'Birth' (*jāti*); and dependent on birth are 'Decay and Death', sorrow, lamentation, pain, grief and despair. Thus arises this whole mass of suffering.

This is called the Noble Truth of the Origin of Suffering.

The formula of the 'Dependent Origination' (*paṭicca-samuppāda*) of which only some of the twelve links have been mentioned in the preceding passage, may be regarded as a detailed explanation of the Second Truth.

PRESENT KARMA-RESULTS

¹Truly, due to sensuous craving, conditioned through sensuous craving, impelled by sensuous craving, entirely moved by sensuous craving, kings fight with kings, princes with princes, priests with priests, citizens with citizens; the mother quarrels with the son, the son with the mother, the father with the son, the son with the father; brother quarrels with brother, brother with sister, sister with brother, friend with friend. Thus, given to dissension, quarrelling and fighting, they fall upon one another with fists, sticks, or weapons. And thereby they suffer death or deadly pain.

And further, due to sensuous craving, conditioned through sensuous craving, impelled by sensuous craving, entirely moved by sensuous craving, people break into

1. M. 13.

houses, rob, plunder, pillage whole houses, commit highway robbery, seduce the wives of others. Then the rulers have such people caught, and inflict on them various forms of punishment. And thereby they incur death or deadly pain. Now, this is the misery of sensuous craving, the heaping up of suffering in this present life, due to sensuous craving, conditioned through sensuous craving, caused by sensuous craving, entirely dependent on sensuous craving.

FUTURE KARMA-RESULTS

And further, people take the evil way in deeds, the evil way in words, the evil way in thoughts; and by taking the evil way in deeds, words and thoughts, at the dissolution of the body, after death, they fall into a downward state of existence, a state of suffering, into perdition, and the abyss of hell. But this is the misery of sensuous craving, the heaping up of suffering in the future life, due to sensuous craving, conditional through sensuous craving, caused by sensuous craving, entirely dependent on sensuous craving.

1‘Not in the air, nor ocean-midst,
Nor hidden in the mountain clefts,
Nowhere is found a place on earth,
Where man is freed from evil deeds.’

KARMA AS VOLITION

2It is volition (*cetanā*) that I call ‘Karma’ (action). Having willed one acts by body, speech, and mind.

There are actions (*kamma*) ripening in hell... ripening in the animal kingdom... ripening in the domain of ghosts... ripening amongst men... ripening in heavenly worlds.

The result of actions (*vipāka*) is of three kinds: ripening in the present life, in the next life, or in future lives.

1. Dhṛp. 127. 2. A. VI. 63.

INHERITANCE OF DEEDS (KARMA)

¹All beings are the owners of their deeds (*kamma*, *Skr: karma*), the heirs of their deeds; their deeds are the womb from which they sprang, with their deeds they are bound up, their deeds are their refuge. Whatever deeds they do—good or evil—of such they will be heirs.

²And wherever the beings spring into existence, there their deeds will ripen; and wherever their deeds ripen, there they will earn the fruits of those deeds, be it in this life, or be it in the next life, or be it in any other future life.

³There will come a time when the mighty ocean will dry up, vanish and be no more. There will come a time when the mighty earth will be devoured by fire, perish, and be no more. But yet there will be no end to the suffering of beings, who, obstructed by ignorance, and ensnared by craving, are hurrying and hastening through this round of rebirths.

Craving (*taṇhā*), however, is not the only cause of evil action, and thus of all the suffering and misery produced thereby in this and the next life: but wherever there is craving, there, dependent on craving, may arise envy, anger, hatred, and many other evil things productive of suffering and misery. And all these selfish, life-affirming impulses and actions, together with the various kinds of misery produced thereby here or thereafter, and even all the five groups of phenomena constituting life:—everything is ultimately rooted in blindness and ignorance (*avijjā*).

KARMA

The second Noble Truth serves also to explain the causes of the seeming injustices in nature, by teaching that nothing in the world can come into existence without reason or cause, and that not only our latent tendencies, but our whole destiny, all weal and woe, result from causes (Karma), which we have to seek partly in this life, partly in former states of existence. These causes are the life-affirming activities (*kamma*,

1. A. X. 205. 2. A. III. 33. 3. S. XXII. 99.

Skr: *karma*) produced by body, speech and mind. Hence it is this threefold action (*kamma*) that determines the character and destiny of all beings. Exactly defined, Karma denotes those good and evil volitions (*kusala-akusala-cetanā*), together with their concomitant mental factors, that produce or influence rebirth. Thus existence, or better the Process of Becoming (*bhava*), consists of an active and conditioning 'Karma Process' (*kamma-bhava*), and of its result, the 'Rebirth Process' (*uppati-bhava*).

Here, too, when considering Karma, one must, not lose sight of the impersonal nature (*anattatā*) of existence. In the case of a storm-swept sea, it is not an identical wave that hastens over the surface of the ocean, but it is the rising and falling of quite different masses of water. In the same way it should be understood that there are no real Ego-entities hastening through the ocean of rebirth, but merely life-waves, which, according to their nature and activities (good or evil), manifest themselves here as men, there as animals, and elsewhere as invisible beings.

Once more the fact may be emphasized here that, correctly speaking, the term 'Karma' signifies only the aforementioned kinds of action themselves, and does not mean or include their results.

For further details about Karma see *Fund.* and *B. Dict.*

THE THIRD TRUTH

THE NOBLE TRUTH OF THE EXTINCTION OF SUFFERING

¹What, now, is the Noble Truth of the Extinction of Suffering? It is the complete fading away and extinction of this craving, its forsaking and abandonment, liberation and detachment from it.

But where may this craving vanish, where may it be extinguished? Wherever in the world there are delightful and pleasurable things, there this craving may vanish, there it may be extinguished.

²Be it in the past, present, or future, whosoever of the monks or priests regards the delightful and pleasurable things in the world as 'impermanent' (*anicca*),

1. D. 22. 2. S. XII. 66.

‘miserable’ (*dukkha*), and ‘without a Self’ (*anattā*), as diseases and cancers, it is he who overcomes craving.

DEPENDENT EXTINCTION OF ALL PHENOMENA

¹And through the total fading away and extinction of ‘Craving’ (*taṇhā*), ‘Clinging’ (*upādāna*) is extinguished; through the extinction of clinging, the ‘Process of Becoming’ (*bhava*) is extinguished; through the extinction of the (karmic) process of becoming, ‘Rebirth’ (*jāti*) is extinguished; and through the extinction of rebirth, ‘Decay and Death’, sorrow, lamentation, suffering, grief and despair are extinguished. Thus comes about the extinction of this whole mass of suffering.

²Hence the annihilation, cessation and overcoming of corporeality, feeling, perception, mental formations, and consciousness,—this is the extinction of suffering, the end of disease, the overcoming of old age and death.

The undulatory motion which we call a wave—and which in the ignorant spectator creates the illusion of one and the same mass of water moving over the surface of the lake—is produced and fed by the wind, and maintained by the stored-up energies. Now, after the wind has ceased, and if no fresh wind again whips up the water of the lake, the stored-up energies will gradually be consumed, and thus the whole undulatory motion will come to an end. Similarly, if fire does not get new fuel, it will, after consuming all the old fuel, become extinct.

Just in the same way this Five-Khandha-process—which in the ignorant worldling creates the illusion of an Ego-entity—is produced and fed by the life-affirming craving (*taṇha*), and maintained for some time by means of the stored-up life-energies. Now, after the fuel (*upādāna*), i.e. the craving and clinging to life, has ceased, and if no new craving impels again this Five-Khandha-process, life will continue as long as there are still life-energies stored up, but at their destruction at death, the Five-Khandha-process will reach final extinction.

Thus, *Nibbāna*, or ‘Extinction’ (Sanskrit: *nirvāna*; from nir + √vā, to cease blowing, become extinct) may be considered under two aspects, namely as:

1. 'Extinction of Impurities' (*kilesa-parinibbāna*), reached at the attainment of Arahatsip, or Holiness, which generally takes place during life-time; in the Sutta it is called: '*sa-upādi-sesa-nibbāna*', i.e. 'Nibbāna with the Groups of Existence still remaining'.

2. 'Extinction of the Five-Khandha-process' (*khandha-parinibbāna*), which takes place at the death of the 'Arahat', called in the Sutta '*an-upādi-sesa-nibbāna*', i.e. Nibbāna without the Groups remaining.

NIBBĀNA

¹This, truly, is Peace, this is the Highest, namely the end of all Karma-formations, the forsaking of every substratum of rebirth, the fading away of craving, detachment, extinction, Nibbāna.

²Enraptured with lust, enraged with anger, blinded by delusion, overwhelmed, with mind ensnared, man aims at his own ruin, at the ruin of others, at the ruin of both and he experiences mental pain and grief. But if lust, anger, and delusion, are given up, man aims neither at his own ruin, nor at the ruin of others, nor at the ruin of both and he experiences no mental pain and grief. Thus is Nibbāna immediate, visible in this life, inviting, attractive, and comprehensible to the wise.

³The extinction of greed, the extinction of anger, the extinction of delusion: this, indeed, is called Nibbāna.

THE ARAHAT, OR HOLY ONE

⁴And for a disciple thus freed, in whose heart dwells peace, there is nothing to be added to what has been done, and naught more remains for him to do. Just as a rock of one solid mass remains unshaken by the wind, even so neither forms, nor sounds, nor odours, nor tastes, nor contacts of any kind, neither the desired nor the undesired, can cause such a one to waver. Steadfast is his mind, gained is deliverance.

1. A. III. 32. 2. A. III. 55. 3. S. XXXVIII. 1. 4. A. VI. 55.

¹And he who has considered all the contrasts on this earth, and is no more disturbed by anything whatever in the world, the peaceful One, freed from rage, from sorrow, and from longing, he has passed beyond birth and decay.

THE IMMUTABLE

²Truly, there is a realm, where there is neither the solid, nor the fluid, neither heat, nor motion, neither this world, nor any other world, neither sun nor moon.

This I call neither arising, nor passing away, neither standing still, nor being born, nor dying. There is neither foothold, nor development, nor any basis. This is the end of suffering.

³There is an Unborn, Unoriginated, Uncreated, Unformed. If there were not this Unborn, this Unoriginated, this Uncreated, this Unformed, escape from the world of the born, the originated, the created, the formed, would not be possible.

But since there is an Unborn, Unoriginated, Uncreated, Unformed, therefore is escape possible from the world of the born, the originated, the created, the formed.

THE FOURTH TRUTH

THE NOBLE TRUTH OF THE PATH THAT LEADS TO THE EXTINCTION OF SUFFERING

THE TWO EXTREMES, AND THE MIDDLE PATH

⁴To give oneself up to indulgence in *Sensual Pleasure*, the base, common, vulgar, unholy, unprofitable; or to give oneself up to *Self-mortification*, the painful, unholy, unprofitable: both these two extremes, the Perfect One has avoided, and has found out the *Middle Path*, which makes one both to see and to know, which

1. A. III. 32. 2. Ud. VIII. 1. 3. Ud. VIII. 3. 4. S. LVI. 11.

leads to peace, to discernment, to enlightenment, to Nibbāna.

THE EIGHTFOLD PATH

It is the Noble Eightfold Path, the way that leads to the extinction of suffering, namely:

- | | | |
|--|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Right Understanding
<i>Sammā-diṭṭhi</i> | } | III. Wisdom
<i>Paññā</i> |
| 2. Right Thought
<i>Sammā-sankappa</i> | | |
| 3. Right Speech
<i>Sammā-vācā</i> | } | I. Morality
<i>Sīla</i> |
| 4. Right Action
<i>Sammā-kammanta</i> | | |
| 5. Right Livelihood
<i>Sammā-ājīva</i> | | |
| 6. Right Effort
<i>Sammā-vāyāma</i> | } | II. Concentration
<i>Samādhi</i> |
| 7. Right Mindfulness
<i>Sammā-sati</i> | | |
| 8. Right Concentration
<i>Sammā-samādhi</i> | | |

This is the Middle Path which the Perfect One has found out, which makes one both see and know, which leads to peace, to discernment, to enlightenment, to Nibbāna.

THE NOBLE EIGHTFOLD PATH

(*Ariya-aṭṭhangika-magga*)

The figurative expression 'Path' or 'Way' has been sometimes misunderstood as implying that the single factors of that Path have to be taken up for practice, one after the other, in the order given. In that case, Right Understanding, i.e. the full penetration of Truth, would have to be realized first, before one could think of developing Right Thought, or of practising Right Speech, etc. But in reality the three factors (3-5) forming the section 'Morality' (*sīla*) have to be perfected first; after that one

has to give attention to the systematic training of mind by practising the three factors (6-8) forming the section 'Concentration' (*samādhi*); only after that preparation, man's character and mind will be capable of reaching perfection in the first two factors (1-2) forming the section of 'Wisdom' (*paññā*).

An initial minimum of Right Understanding, however, is required at the very start, because some grasp of the facts of suffering, etc., is necessary to provide convincing reasons, and an incentive, for a diligent practice of the Path. A certain measure of Right Understanding is also required for helping the other Path-factors to fulfil intelligently and efficiently their individual functions in the common task of liberation. For that reason, and to emphasize the importance of that factor, Right Understanding has been given the first place in the Noble Eightfold Path.

This initial understanding of the Dhamma, however, has to be gradually developed, with the help of the other Path factors, until it reaches finally that highest clarity of Insight (*vipassanā*) which is the immediate condition for entering the four Stages of Holiness (see p. 244f.) and for attaining Nibbāna.

Right Understanding is therefore the beginning as well as the culmination of the Noble Eightfold Path.

¹Free from pain and torture is this path, free from groaning and suffering: it is the perfect path.

²Truly, like this path there is no other path to the purity of insight. If you follow this path, you will put an end to suffering.

³But each one has to struggle for himself, the Perfect Ones have only pointed out the way.

⁴Give ear then, for the Immortal is found. I reveal, I set forth the Truth. As I reveal it to you, so act! And that supreme goal of the holy life, for the sake of which sons of good families rightly go forth from home to the homeless state: this you will, in no long time, in this very life, make known to yourself, realize, and make your own.

1. M. 139. 2. Dhp. 274—75. 3. Dhp. 267. 4. M. 26.

FIRST STEP

RIGHT UNDERSTANDING (*Sammā-diṭṭhi*)

¹What, now, is Right Understanding?

UNDERSTANDING THE FOUR TRUTHS

1. To understand suffering; 2. to understand the origin of suffering; 3. to understand the extinction of suffering; 4. to understand the path that leads to the extinction of suffering: This is called Right Understanding.

UNDERSTANDING MERIT AND DEMERIT

²Again, when the noble disciple understands what is karmically wholesome, and the root of wholesome karma, what is karmically unwholesome, and the root of unwholesome karma, then he has Right Understanding.

What, now, is 'karmically unwholesome' (*a-kusala*)?

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 1. Destruction of living beings
is karmically unwholesome | } | Bodily Action
(<i>kāya-kamma</i>) |
| 2. Stealing is karmically un-
wholesome | | |
| 3. Unlawful sexual intercourse
is karmically unwhole-
some | | |
| 4. Lying is karmically un-
wholesome | } | Verbal Action
(<i>vacī-kamma</i>) |
| 5. Tale-bearing is karmically
unwholesome | | |
| 6. Harsh language is karmi-
cally unwholesome | | |
| 7. Frivolous talk is karmically
unwholesome | | |

1. D. 22. 2. M. 9.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 8. Covetousness is karmically unwholesome | } | Mental Action
(<i>mano-kamma</i>) |
| 9. Ill-will is karmically unwholesome | | |
| 10. Wrong views are karmically unwholesome. | | |

These ten are called 'Evil Courses of Action' (*akusala-kamma*).

And what are the roots of unwholesome karma? Greed (*lobha*) is a root of unwholesome karma; Hatred (*dosa*) is a root of unwholesome karma; Delusion (*moha*) is a root of unwholesome karma.

Therefore, I say, these demeritorious actions are of three kinds: either due to greed, or due to hatred, or due to delusion.

As 'karmically unwholesome' (*a-kusala*) is considered every volitional act of body, speech, or mind, which is rooted in greed, hatred, or delusion. It is regarded as *akusala*, i.e. unwholesome or unskilful, as it produces evil and painful results in this or some future existence. The state of will or volition is really that which counts as action (*kamma*). It may manifest itself as action of the body, or of speech; if it does not manifest itself outwardly, it is counted as mental action.

The state of greed (*lobha*), as also that of hatred (*dosa*), is always accompanied by ignorance (or delusion; *moha*), this latter being the primary root of all evil. Greed and hatred however, cannot co-exist in one and the same moment of consciousness.

What, now, is 'karmically wholesome' (*kusala*)?

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 1. To abstain from killing is karmically wholesome | } | Bodily Action
(<i>kāya-kamma</i>) |
| 2. To abstain from stealing is karmically wholesome | | |
| 3. To abstain from unlawful sexual intercourse is karmically wholesome | | |

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 4. To abstain from lying is karmically wholesome | } | Verbal Action
(<i>vacī-kamma</i>) |
| 5. To abstain from tale-bearing is karmically wholesome | | |
| 6. To abstain from harsh language is karmically wholesome | | |
| 7. To abstain from frivolous talk is karmically wholesome | | |
| 8. Absence of covetousness is karmically wholesome | } | Mental Action
(<i>mano-kamma</i>) |
| 9. Absence of ill-will is karmically wholesome | | |
| 10. Right understanding is karmically wholesome. | | |

These ten are called 'Good Courses of Action' (*kusala-kamma-patha*).

And what are the roots of wholesome karma? Absence of greed (*a-lobha*=unselfishness) is a root of wholesome karma; absence of hatred (*a-dosa*=kindness) is a root of wholesome karma; absence of delusion (*a-moha*=wisdom) is a root of wholesome karma.

UNDERSTANDING THE THREE CHARACTERISTICS

(*ti-lakkhaṇa*)

¹Again when one understands that corporeality, feeling, perception, mental formations and consciousness are transient [subject to suffering, and without a Self], also in that case one possesses Right Understanding.

UNPROFITABLE QUESTIONS

²Should any one say that he does not wish to lead the holy life under the Blessed One, unless the Blessed One

1. S. XXII. 51. 2. M. 63.

first tells him whether the world is eternal or temporal, finite or infinite; whether the life-principle is identical with the body, or something different; whether the Perfect One continues after death, etc.—such a one would die ere the Perfect One could tell him all this.

It is as if a man were pierced by a poisoned arrow, and his friends, companions or near relations should send for a surgeon; but that man should say: ‘I will not have this arrow pulled out, until I know, who the man is that has wounded me: whether he is a noble man, a priest, a tradesman, or a servant’; or: ‘what his name is, and to what family he belongs’; or: ‘whether he is tall, or short, or of medium height’. Truly, such a man would die ere he could adequately learn all this.

¹Therefore, the man who seeks his own welfare, should pull out this arrow—this arrow of lamentation, pain, and sorrow.

²For, whether the theory exists, or whether it does not exist, that the world is eternal, or temporal, or finite, or infinite—yet certainly, there exists birth, there exists decay, there exists death, sorrow, lamentation, pain, grief, and despair, the extinction of which, attainable even in this present life, I make known unto you.

FIVE FETTERS (*Samyojana*)

³Suppose, for instance, that there is an unlearned worldling, void of regard for holy men, ignorant of the teaching of holy men, untrained in the noble doctrine. And his heart is possessed and overcome by Self-Illusion, by Scepticism, by Attachment to mere Rule and Ritual, by Sensual Lust, and by Ill-will; and how to free himself from these things, he does not in reality know.

Self-Illusion (*sakkāya-diṭṭhi*) may reveal itself as:—

1. ‘Eternalism’—*bhava* or *sāssata-diṭṭhi*, lit. ‘Eternity-Belief’—i.e. the belief that one’s Ego, Self or Soul

1. Snp. 592. 2. M. 63. 3. M. 64.

exists independently of the material body, and continues even after the dissolution of the latter.

2. 'Annihilationism'—*vibhava-* or *uccheda-diṭṭhi*, lit. 'Annihilation-Belief'—i.e. the materialistic belief that this present life constitutes the Ego, and hence that it is annihilated at the death of the material body.

For the ten 'Fetters' (*samyojana*), see p. 244.

UNWISE CONSIDERATIONS

¹Not knowing what is worthy of consideration, and what is unworthy of consideration, he considers the unworthy, and not the worthy.

And unwisely he considers thus: 'Have I been in the past? Or, have I not been in the past? What have I been in the past? How have I been in the past? From what state into what state did I change in the past?—Shall I be in the future? Or, shall I not be in the future? What shall I be in the future? How shall I be in the future? From what state into what state shall I change in the future?—And the present also fills him with doubt; 'Am I ? Or, am I not? What am I? How am I? This being, whence has it come? Whither will it go?'

THE SIX VIEWS ABOUT THE SELF

And with such unwise considerations, he adopts one or other of the six views, and it becomes his conviction and firm belief: 'I have a Self'; or: 'I have no Self', or: 'With the Self I perceive the Self', or: 'With that which is no Self, I perceive the Self'; or: 'With the Self I perceive that which is no Self'. Or, he falls into the following view: 'This my Self, which can think and feel, and which, now here, now there, experiences the fruit of good and evil deeds: —this my Self is permanent, stable, eternal, not subject to change, and will thus eternally remain the same'.

²If there really existed the Self, there would exist also something which belonged to the Self. As, however, in

1. M. 2. 2. M. 22.

truth and reality neither the Self, nor anything belonging to the Self, can be found, is it not therefore really an utter fools' doctrine to say: 'This is the world, this am I; after death I shall be permanent, persisting, and eternal'?

¹These are called mere views, a thicket of views, a puppet-show of views, a toil of views, a snare of views; and ensnared in the fetter of views the ignorant worldling will not be freed from rebirth, from decay, and from death, from sorrow, pain, grief and despair; he will not be freed, I say, from suffering.

WISE CONSIDERATIONS

The learned and noble disciple, however, who has regard for holy men, knows the teaching of holy men, is well trained in the noble doctrine; he understands what is worthy of consideration, and what is unworthy. And knowing this, he considers the worthy, and not the unworthy. What suffering is, he wisely considers; what the origin of suffering is, he wisely considers; what the extinction of suffering is, he wisely considers; what the path is that leads to the extinction of suffering, he wisely considers.

THE SOTAPAN OR 'STREAM-ENTERER'

And by thus considering, three fetters vanish, namely: *Self-illusion*, *Scepticism*, and *Attachment to mere Rule and Ritual*.

²But those disciples, in whom these three fetters have vanished, they all have '*entered the Stream*' (*sotāpanna*), have for ever escaped the states of woe, and are assured of final enlightenment.

³'More than any earthly power,
More than all the joys of heaven,
More than rule o'er all the world,
Is the *Entrance to the Stream*.'

1. M. 2. 2. M. 22. 3. Dhp. 178.

THE TEN FETTERS

(*Samyojana*)

There are ten 'Fetters'—*saṃyojana*—by which beings are bound to the wheel of existence. They are:—1. Self-illusion (*sakkāya-diṭṭhi*). 2. Scepticism (*vicikicchā*). 3. Attachment to mere Rule and Ritual (*sīlabbata-parāmāsa*). 4. Sensual Lust (*kāmarāga*). 5. Ill-will (*vyāpāda*). 6. Craving for Fine-material Existence (*rūpa-rāga*). 7. Craving for Immaterial Existence (*arūpa-rāga*), 8. Conceit (*māna*). 9. Restlessness (*uddhacca*), 10. Ignorance (*avijjā*).

THE NOBLE ONES

(*Ariya-puggala*)

One who is freed from the first three Fetters is called a *Sotapan*, in Pali *Sotāpanna*, lit. 'Stream Enterer', i.e. one who has entered the stream leading to Nibbāna. He has unshakable faith in the Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha, and is incapable of breaking the Five Moral Precepts. He will be reborn seven times, at the utmost, and not in a state lower than the human world.

One who has overcome the fourth and the fifth Fetters in their grosser form, is called a *Sakadāgāmi*, lit. 'Once-Returner', i.e. he will be reborn only once more in the Sensuous Sphere (*kāma-loka*), and thereafter reach Holiness.

An *Anāgāmi*, lit. 'Non-Returner', is wholly freed from the first five Fetters which bind one to rebirth in the Sensuous Sphere; after death, while living in the Fine-material Sphere (*rūpa-loka*), he will reach the goal.

An *Arahat*, i.e. the perfectly 'Holy One', is freed from all the ten Fetters.

Each of the aforementioned four stages of Holiness consists of the 'Path' (*magga*) and the 'Fruition' (*phala*); e.g. 'Path of Stream Entry' (*sotāpatti-magga*) and 'Fruition of Stream Entry' (*sotāpatti-phala*). Accordingly there are eight types, or four pairs, of 'Noble Individuals' (*ariya-puggala*).

The 'Path' consists of the single moment of entering the respective attainment. By 'Fruition' are meant those moments of consciousness which follow immediately thereafter as the result of the 'Path', and which, under

certain circumstances, may repeat innumerable times during life-time.

For further details, see *B. Dict.: ariya-puggala, sotâ-panna*, etc.

¹Therefore, I say, Right Understanding is of two kinds:

MUNDANE AND SUPERMUNDANE UNDERSTANDING

1. The view that alms and offerings are not useless; that there is fruit and result, both of good and bad actions; that there are such things as this life, and the next life; that father and mother, as also spontaneously born beings (in the heavenly worlds), are no mere words; that there are in the world monks and priests, who are spotless and perfect, who can explain this life and the next life, which they themselves have understood:—this is called ‘Mundane Right Understanding’ (*lokiya-sammā-diṭṭhi*), which yields worldly fruits and brings good results.

2. ²But whatsoever there is of wisdom, of penetration, of right understanding conjoined with the ‘Path’ (of the Sotâpanna, Sakadāgāmī, Anāgāmī, or Arahant)—the mind being turned away from the world and conjoined with the path, the holy path being pursued:—this is called ‘Supermundane Right Understanding’ (*lokuttara-sammā-diṭṭhi*), which is not of the world, but is supermundane and conjoined with the path.

Thus, there are two kinds of the Eightfold Path:

1. The ‘mundane’ (*lokiya*), practised by the ‘Worldling’ (*puthujjana*), i.e. by all those who have not yet reached the first stage of Holiness; 2. The ‘supermundane’ (*lokuttara*), practised by the ‘Noble Ones’ (*ariya-puggala*).

CONJOINED WITH OTHER STEPS

Now, in understanding wrong understanding as wrong, and right understanding as right, one practises

1. M. 117. 2. M. 72.

‘*Right Understanding*’ (1st step); and in making efforts to overcome wrong understanding and to arouse right understanding, one practises ‘*Right Effort*’ (6th step); and in overcoming wrong understanding with attentive mind, and dwelling with attentive mind in the possession of right understanding, one practises ‘*Right Mindfulness*’ (7th step). Hence, there are three things that accompany and follow upon right understanding, namely: Right Understanding, Right Effort, and Right Mindfulness.

FREE FROM ALL THEORIES

¹Now, if any one should put the question, whether I admit any theory at all, he should be answered thus:—

The Perfect One is free from any theory, for the Perfect One has understood what corporeality is, and how it arises and passes away. He has understood what feeling is, and how it arises and passes away. He has understood what perception is, and how it arises and passes away. He has understood what the mental formations are, and how they arise and pass away. He has understood what consciousness is, and how it arises and passes away. Therefore I say, the Perfect One has won complete deliverance through the extinction, fading-away, disappearance, rejection, and getting rid of all opinions and conjectures, of all inclination to the vain-glory of ‘*I*’ and ‘*mine*’.

THE THREE CHARACTERISTICS

²Whether Perfect Ones (Buddhas) appear in the world, or whether Perfect Ones do not appear in the world, it still remains a firm condition, an immutable fact and fixed law: that all formations are ‘impermanent’ (*anicca*); that all formations are ‘subject to suffering’ (*dukkha*); that everything is ‘without a Self’ (*an-attā*).

In Pali: *Sabbe sankhārā aniccā, sabbe sankhārā dukkhā, sabbe dhammā anattā.*

1. M. 72. 2. A. III. 134.

The word '*sankhāra*' (formations) comprises here all things that are conditioned or 'formed' (*sankhata-dhamma*) i.e. all possible physical and mental constituents of existence. The word '*dhamma*', however, has a still wider application and is all-embracing, as it comprises also the so-called Unconditioned ('unformed', *asankhata*), i.e. *Nibbāna*.

For this reason it would be wrong to say that all dhammas are impermanent and subject to change, for the *Nibbāna-dhamma* is permanent and free from change. And for the same reason, it is correct to say that not only all the *sankhāras* (= *sankhata-dhamma*), but that *all the dhammas* (including the *asankhata-dhamma*) lack an Ego (*an-attā*).

¹A corporeal phenomenon, a feeling, a perception, a mental formation, a consciousness, which is permanent and persistent, eternal and not subject to change, such a thing the wise men in this world do not recognise; and I also say there is no such thing.

²And it is impossible that a being possessed of Right Understanding should regard anything as the Self.

VIEWS AND DISCUSSIONS ABOUT THE EGO

³Now, if someone should say that feeling is his Self, he should be answered thus: 'There are three kinds of feeling; pleasurable, painful and indifferent feeling. Which of these three feelings do you consider as your Self?' Because at the moment of experiencing one of these feelings, one does not experience the other two. These three kinds of feeling are impermanent, of dependent origin, are subject to decay and dissolution, to fading-away and extinction. Whosoever, in experiencing one of these feelings, thinks that this is his Self, must after the extinction of that feeling, admit that his Self has become dissolved. And thus he will consider his Self already in this present life as impermanent, mixed up with pleasure and pain, subject to a rising and passing away.

If any one should say that feeling is not his Ego, and that his Self is inaccessible to feeling, he should be

1. S. XXII. 94. 2. A. I. 15. 3. D. 15.

asked thus: ‘Now, where there is no feeling, is it there possible to say: “This am I”?’

Or, another might say: ‘Feeling, indeed, is not my Self, but it also is untrue that my Self is inaccessible to feeling; for it is my Self that feels, my Self that has the faculty of feeling’. Such a one should be answered thus: ‘Suppose that feeling should become altogether totally extinguished; now, if after the extinction of feeling, no feeling whatever exists there, is it then possible to say: “This am I”?’

¹To say that the mind, or the mind-objects, or the mind-consciousness, constitute the Self, such an assertion is unfounded. For an arising and a passing away is seen there; and seeing the arising and passing away of these things, one would come to the conclusion that one’s Self arises and passes away.

²It would be better for the unlearned worldling to regard his body, built up of the four elements, as his Self, rather than his mind. For it is evident that the body may last for a year, for two years, for three, four, five, or ten years, or even for a hundred years and more; but that which is called thought, or mind, or consciousness, arises continuously, during day and night, as one thing, and passes away as another thing.

³Therefore, whatsoever there is of corporeality, of feeling, of perception, of mental formations, of consciousness, whether past, present or future, one’s own or external, gross or subtle, lofty or low, far or near: of this one should understand according to reality and true wisdom: ‘This does not belong to me; this am I not; this is not my Self’.

To show the impersonality and utter emptiness of existence, *Visuddhi-Magga XVI* quotes the following verse:

‘Mere suffering exists, no sufferer is found.
The deed is, but no doer of the deed is there.
Nirvāna is, but not the man that enters it.
The Path is, but no traveller on it is seen.’

1. M. 148. 2. S. XII. 62. 3. S. XXII. 59.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

¹If, now, any one should ask: 'Have you been in the past, and is it untrue that you have not been? Will you be in the future, and is it untrue that you will not be? Are you, and is it untrue that you are not?'—you may reply that you have been in the past, and that it is untrue that you have not been; that you will be in the future, and that it is untrue that you will not be; that you are, and that it is untrue that you are not.

In that past only the past existence was real, but unreal the future and present existence. In the future only the future existence will be real, but unreal the past and present existence. Now only the present existence is real, but unreal the past and future existence.

²Verily, he who perceives the 'Dependent Origination' (*paṭicca-samuppāda*), perceives the truth; and he who perceives the truth, perceives the Dependent Origination.

³For just as from the cow comes milk, from milk curd, from curd butter, from butter ghee, from ghee the skim of ghee; and when it is milk, it is not counted as curd, or butter, or ghee, or skim of ghee, but only as milk; and when it is curd, it is only counted as curd:—just so was my past existence at that time real, but unreal the future and present existence; and my future existence will be at that time real, but unreal the past and present existence; and my present existence is now real, but unreal the past and future existence. All these are merely popular designations and expressions, mere conventional terms of speaking, mere popular notions. The Perfect One indeed makes use of these, without however clinging to them.

⁴Thus, he who does not understand corporeality, feeling, perception, mental formations and consciousness according to reality (i.e. as void of a personality, or Ego) nor understands their arising, their extinction

1. D. 9. 2. M. 28. 3. D. 9. 4. S. XLIV. 4.

and the way to their extinction, he is liable to believe, either that the Perfect One continues after death, or that he does not continue after death, and so forth.

THE TWO EXTREMES (ANNIHILATION-AND ETERNITY-BELIEF) AND THE MIDDLE DOCTRINE

¹Truly, if one holds the view that the vital principle (*jīva*; 'Soul') is identical with this body, in that case a holy life is not possible; and if one holds the view that the vital principle is something quite different from the body, in that case also a holy life is not possible. Both these two extremes the Perfect One has avoided, and he has shown the Middle Doctrine, which says:

DEPENDENT ORIGINATION

(*Paṭicca-samuppāda*)

²On 'Delusion' (*avijjā*) depend the 'Karma-Formations' (*sankhāra*).—On the karma-formations depends 'Consciousness' (*viññāṇa*; starting with re-birth-consciousness in the womb of the mother).—On consciousness depends the 'Mental and Physical Existence' (*nāma-rūpa*).—On the mental and physical existence depend the 'Six Sense-Organs' (*saḷ-āyatana*).—On the six sense-organs depends 'Sensorial Impression' (*phassa*).—On sensorial impression depends 'Feeling' (*vedanā*).—On feeling depends 'Craving' (*taṇhā*).—On craving depends 'Clinging' (*upādāna*).—On clinging depends the 'Process of Becoming' (*bhava*).—On the process of becoming (here: *kamma-bhava*, or karma-process) depends 'Rebirth' (*jāti*).—On rebirth depend 'Decay and Death' (*jarā-maraṇa*), sorrow, lamentation, pain, grief and despair. Thus arises this whole mass of suffering. This is called the noble truth of the origin of suffering.

'No god, no Brahma, can be called
The maker of this wheel of life:
Empty phenomena roll on.
Dependent on conditions all.'

(Quoted in *Visuddhi-Magga XIX*).

S. XII. 25. 2. S. XII. 1.

¹A disciple, however, in whom Delusion (*avijjā*) has disappeared and wisdom arisen, such a disciple heaps up neither meritorious, nor demeritorious, nor imper-turbable Karma-Formations.

The term *sankhāra* has been rendered here by 'Karma-Formations' because, in the context of the Dependent Origination, it refers to karmically wholesome and unwholesome volition (*cetanā*), or volitional activity, in short, Karma.

The threefold division of it, given in the preceding passage, comprises karmic activity in all spheres of existence or planes of consciousness. The 'meritorious karma-formations' extend also to the Fine-material Sphere (*rūpāvacara*), while the 'imperturbable karma-formations' (*aneñj'ābhisankhāra*) refer only to the Im-material Sphere (*arūpāvacara*).

²Thus, through the entire fading away and extinction of this 'Delusion', the 'Karma-Formations' are extinguished. Through the extinction of the karma-formations, 'Consciousness' (rebirth) is extinguished. Through the extinction of consciousness, the 'Mental and Physical Existence' is extinguished. Through the extinction of the mental and physical existence, the six 'Sense-Organs' are extinguished. Through the extinction of the six sense-organs, 'Sensorial Impression' is extinguished. Through the extinction of sensorial impression, 'Feeling' is extinguished. Through the extinction of feeling, 'Craving' is extinguished. Through the extinction of craving, 'Clinging' is extinguished. Through the extinction of clinging, the 'Process of Becoming' is extinguished. Through the extinction of the process of becoming, 'Rebirth' is extinguished. Through the extinction of rebirth, 'Decay and Death', sorrow, lamentation, pain, grief and despair are extinguished. Thus takes place the extinction of this whole mass of suffering. This is called the noble truth of the extinction of suffering.

1. S. XII. 51. 2. A. III. 61.

REBIRTH-PRODUCING KARMA

¹Truly, because beings, obstructed by delusion (*avijjā*) and ensnared by craving (*taṇhā*) seek ever fresh delight, now here, now there, therefore fresh rebirth continually comes to be.

²And the action (*kamma*) that is done out of greed, anger and delusion (*lobha, dosa, moha*), that springs from them, has its source and origin in them:—this action ripens wherever one is reborn; and wherever this action ripens, there one experiences the fruits of this action, be it in this life, or the next life, or in some future life.

CESSATION OF KARMA

³However, through the fading away of delusion, through the arising of wisdom, through the extinction of craving, no future rebirth takes place again.

⁴For the actions which are not done out of greed, anger and delusion, which have not sprung from them, which have not their source and origin in them:—such actions through the absence of greed, anger and delusion, are abandoned, rooted out, like a palm-tree torn out of the soil, destroyed, and not able to spring up again.

⁵In this respect one may rightly say of me: that I teach annihilation, that I propound my doctrine for the purpose of annihilation, and that I herein train my disciples; for certainly I do teach annihilation—the annihilation, namely, of greed, anger and delusion, as well as of the manifold evil and unwholesome things.

The *Paṭicca-Samuppāda*, lit. the Dependent Origination, is the doctrine of the conditionality of all physical and mental phenomena, a doctrine which together with that of Impersonality (*anattā*) forms the indispensable condition for the real understanding and realization of the Buddha's

1. M. 43. 2. A. III. 33. 3. M. 43. 4. A. III. 33, 5. A. VIII. 12.

teaching. It shows that the various physical and mental life-processes, conventionally called personality, man, animal, etc., are not a mere play of blind chance, but the outcome of causes and conditions. Above all the *Paṭicca-Samuppāda* explains how the arising of rebirth and suffering is dependent upon conditions; and, in its second part, it shows how, through the removal of these conditions, all suffering must disappear. Hence, the *Paṭicca-Samuppāda* serves to elucidate the second and the third Noble Truths, by explaining them from their very foundations upwards, and giving them a fixed philosophical form.

The following diagram shows at a glance how the twelve links of the formula extend over three consecutive existences, past, present, and future:

Past Existence	1. Delusion (<i>avijjā</i>)	Karma Process (<i>kamma-bhava</i>) 5 causes: 1, 2, 8, 9, 10
	2. Karma-Formations (<i>sankhāra</i>)	
Present Existence	3. Consciousness (<i>viññāṇa</i>)	Rebirth-Process (<i>uppatti-bhava</i>) 5 results: 3-7
	4. Mental and Physical Existence (<i>nāma- rūpa</i>)	
	5. 6 Sense-Organs (<i>āyatana</i>)	
	6. Sense-Impression (<i>phassa</i>)	
	7. Feeling (<i>vedanā</i>)	Karma-Process (<i>kamma-bhava</i>) 5 causes: 1, 2, 8, 9, 10
	8. Craving (<i>taṇhā</i>)	
	9. Clinging (<i>upādāna</i>)	
Future Existence	10. Process of Existence (<i>bhava</i>)	Rebirth-Process (<i>uppatti-bhava</i>) 5 results: 3-7
	11. Rebirth (<i>jāti</i>)	
	12. Decay and Death (<i>jarā-maraṇa</i>)	

The links 1-2, together with 8-10, represent the Karma-Process, containing the five karmic causes of rebirth.

The links 3-7, together with 11-12, represent the Rebirth-Process, containing the five Karma-Results.

Accordingly it is said in the *Patisambhidā-Magga*:

‘Five causes were there in the past,
Five fruits we find in present life.
Five causes do we now produce,
Five fruits we reap in future life.’
(Quoted in *Vis. Magga XVII*).

For a full explanation see *Fund. III* and *B. Dict.*

SECOND STEP

RIGHT THOUGHT

(*Sammā-sankappa*)

¹What, now, is Right Thought?

1. Thought free from lust (*nekkhamma-sankappa*).
 2. Thought free from ill-will (*avyāpāda-sankappa*).
 3. Thought free from cruelty (*avihiṇṣā-sankappa*).
- This is called Right Thought.

²Now, Right Thought, I tell you, is of two kinds:—

MUNDANE AND SUPERMUNDANE THOUGHT

1. Thought free from lust, from ill-will, and from cruelty:—this is called ‘Mundane Right Thought’ (*lokiya-sammā-sankappa*), which yields worldly fruits and brings good results.

2. But whatsoever there is of thinking, considering, reasoning, thought, ratiocination, application—the mind being holy, being turned away from the world, and conjoined with the path, the holy path being pursued;—these ‘verbal operations’ of the mind (*vacī-sankhāra*) are called ‘Supermundane Right Thought’ (*lokut-tara-sammā-sankappa*), which is not of the world, but is supermundane, and conjoined with the path.

1. D. 22. 2. M. 117.

CONJOINED WITH OTHER STEPS

Now, in understanding wrong thought as wrong, and right thought as right, one practises *Right Understanding* (1st step); and in making efforts to overcome evil thought, and to arouse right thought, one practises *Right Effort* (6th step); and in overcoming evil thought with attentive mind, and dwelling with attentive mind in possession of right thought, one practises *Right Mindfulness* (7th step). Hence there are three things that accompany and follow upon Right Thought, namely: Right Understanding, Right Effort, and Right Mindfulness.

THIRD STEP RIGHT SPEECH (*Sammā-vācā*)

What now, is Right Speech?

ABSTAINING FROM LYING

1. ¹Herein someone avoids lying and abstains from it. He speaks the truth, is devoted to the truth, reliable, worthy of confidence, not a deceiver of men. Being at a meeting, or amongst people, or in the midst of his relatives, or in a society, or in the king's court, and called upon and asked as witness to tell what he knows, he answers, if he knows nothing: 'I know nothing', and if he knows, he answers: 'I know'; if he has seen nothing, he answers: 'I have seen nothing', and if he has seen, he answers: 'I have seen'. Thus he never knowingly speaks a lie, either for the sake of his own advantage or for the sake of another person's advantage, or for the sake of any advantage whatsoever.

ABSTAINING FROM TALE-BEARING

2. He avoids tale-bearing, and abstains from it. What he has heard here, he does not repeat there, so as to cause dissension there; and what he has heard

1. A. X. 176.

there, he does not repeat here, so as to cause dissension here. Thus he unites those that are divided; and those that are united, he encourages. Concord gladdens him, he delights and rejoices in concord; and it is concord that he spreads by his words.

ABSTAINING FROM HARSH LANGUAGE

3. He avoids harsh language, and abstains from it. He speaks such words as are gentle, soothing to the ear, loving, such words as go to the heart, and are courteous and friendly, and agreeable to many.

In Majjhima-Nikāya, No. 21, the Buddha says: ‘Even, O monks, should robbers and murderers saw through your limbs and joints, whosoever should give way to anger threat would not be following my advice. For thus ought you to train yourselves:

‘Undisturbed shall our mind remain, no evil words shall escape our lips: friendly and full of sympathy shall we remain, with heart full of love, and free from any hidden malice; and that person shall we penetrate with loving thoughts, wide, deep, boundless, freed from anger and hatred’.

ABSTAINING FROM VAIN TALK

4. He avoids vain talk, and abstains from it. He speaks at the right time, in accordance with facts, speaks what is useful, speaks of the law and the discipline; his speech is like a treasure, uttered at the right moment, accompanied by arguments, moderate and full of sense.

This is called Right Speech.

MUNDANE AND SUPERMUNDANE SPEECH

Now, Right Speech, I tell you, is of two kinds:—

1. Abstaining from lying, from tale-bearing, from harsh language, and from vain talk; this is called ‘Mundane Right Speech’ (*lokiya-sammā-vācā*), which yields worldly fruits and brings good results.

1. M. 117.

2. But the abhorrence of the practice of this four-fold wrong speech, the abstaining, withholding, refraining therefrom,—the mind being holy, being turned away from the world, and conjoined with the path, the holy path being pursued ;—this is called ‘ Supermundane Right Speech’ (*lokuttara-sammā-vācā*), which is not of the world, but is supermundane, and conjoined with the path.

CONJOINED WITH OTHER STEPS

Now, in understanding wrong speech as wrong, and right speech as right, one practises *Right Understanding* (1st step); and in making efforts to overcome evil speech and to arouse right speech, one practises *Right Effort* (6th step); and in overcoming wrong speech with attentive mind, and dwelling with attentive mind in possession of right speech, one practises *Right Mindfulness* (7th step). Hence, there are three things that accompany and follow upon Right Speech, namely: Right Understanding, Right Effort, and Right Mindfulness.

FOURTH STEP

RIGHT ACTION

(*Sammā-kammanta*)

‘What, now, is Right Action?’

ABSTAINING FROM KILLING

1. Herein someone avoids the killing of living beings, and abstains from it. Without stick or sword, conscientious, full of sympathy, he is desirous of the welfare of all living beings.

ABSTAINING FROM STEALING

2. He avoids stealing, and abstains from it; what another person possesses of goods and chattels in the village or in the wood, that he does not take away with thievish intent.

1. A. X. 176.

ABSTAINING FROM UNLAWFUL SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

3. He avoids unlawful sexual intercourse, and abstains from it. He has no intercourse with such persons as are still under the protection of father, mother, brother, sister or relatives, nor with married women, no female convicts, nor, lastly, with betrothed girls.

This is called Right Action.

¹Now, Right Action, I tell you, is of two kinds:—

MUNDANE AND SUPERMUNDANE ACTION

1. Abstaining from killing, from stealing, and from unlawful sexual intercourse:—this is called ‘Mundane Right Action’ (*lokiya-sammā-kammanta*), which yields worldly fruits and brings good results.

2. But the abhorrence of the practice of this three-fold wrong action, the abstaining, withholding, refraining therefrom—the mind being holy, being turned away from the world, and conjoined with the path, the holy path being pursued:—this is called ‘Supermundane Right Action’ (*lokuttara-sammā-kammanta*), which is not of the world, but is supermundane, and conjoined with the path

CONJOINED WITH OTHER STEPS

Now, in understanding wrong action as wrong, and right action as right, one practises *Right Understanding* (1st step); and in making efforts to overcome wrong action, and to arouse right action, one practises *Right Effort* (6th step); and in overcoming wrong action with attentive mind, and dwelling with attentive mind in possession of right action, one practises *Right Mindfulness* (7th step). Hence, there are three things that accompany and follow upon Right Action, namely: Right Understanding, Right Effort, and Right Mindfulness.

1. M. 117.

FIFTH STEP

RIGHT LIVELIHOOD

(*Sammā ājīva*)

What, now, is Right Livelihood?

‘When the noble disciple, avoiding a wrong way of living, gets his livelihood by a right way of living, this is called Right Livelihood.

In the Majjhima-Nikāya, No. 117, it is said: ‘To practise deceit, treachery, soothsaying, trickery, usury; this is wrong livelihood.’

And in the Anguttara-Nikāya, V. 177, it is said: ‘Five trades should be avoided by a disciple:—trading in arms, in living beings, in flesh, in intoxicating drinks, and in poison’.

Included are the professions of a soldier, a fisherman, a hunter, etc.

Now, Right Livelihood, I tell you, is of two kinds:—

MUNDANE AND SUPERMUNDANE RIGHT LIVELIHOOD

1. ²When the noble disciple, avoiding wrong living, gets his livelihood by a right way of living—this is called ‘Mundane Right Livelihood’ (*lokiya-sammā-ājīva*), which yields worldly fruits and brings good results.

2. But the abhorrence of wrong livelihood, the abstaining, withholding, refraining therefrom — the mind being holy, being turned away from the world, and conjoined with the path, the holy path being pursued:—this is called ‘Supermundane Right Livelihood’ (*lokuttara-sammā-ājīva*), which is not of the world, but is supermundane, and conjoined with the path.

CONJOINED WITH OTHER STEPS

Now, in understanding wrong livelihood as wrong, and right livelihood as right, one practises *Right Understanding* (1st step); and in making efforts to overcome

1. D. 22. 2. M. 117.

wrong livelihood, to establish right livelihood, one practises *Right Effort* (6th step); and in overcoming wrong livelihood with attentive mind, and dwelling with attentive mind in possession of right livelihood, one practises *Right Mindfulness* (7th step). Hence, there are three things that accompany and follow upon Right Livelihood, namely: Right Understanding, Right Effort, and Right Mindfulness.

SIXTH STEP RIGHT EFFORT (*Sammā-vāyāma*)

¹What, now, is Right Effort?

There are Four Great Efforts: the effort to avoid, the effort to overcome, the effort to develop, and the effort to maintain.

I THE EFFORT TO AVOID (*Samvara-ppadhāna*)

What, now, is the effort to *Avoid*? Herein the disciple incites his will to avoid the arising of evil, unwholesome things that have not yet arisen; and he strives, puts forth his energy, strains his mind and struggles.

Thus, when he perceives a form with the eye, a sound with the ear, an odour with the nose, a taste with the tongue, an impression with the body, or an object with the mind, he neither adheres to the whole, nor to its parts. And he strives to ward off that through which evil and unwholesome things, greed and sorrow, would arise, if he remained with unguarded senses; and he watches over his senses, restrains his senses.

Possessed of this noble 'Control over the Senses' he experiences inwardly a feeling of joy, into which no evil thing can enter.

This is called the effort to avoid.

1. A. IV. 13. 14..

2. THE EFFORT TO OVERCOME

(*Pahāna-ppadhāna*)

What, now, is the effort to *Overcome*? Herein the disciple incites his will to overcome the evil, unwholesome things that have already arisen; and he strives, puts forth his energy, strains his mind and struggles.

He does not retain any thought of sensual lust, ill-will or grief, or any other evil and unwholesome states that may have arisen; he abandons them, dispels them, destroys them, causes them to disappear.

FIVE METHODS OF EXPELLING EVIL THOUGHTS

¹If, whilst regarding a certain object, there arise in the disciple, on account of it, evil and unwholesome thoughts connected with greed, anger and delusion, then the disciple (1) should, by means of this object, gain another and wholesome object. (2) Or, he should reflect on the misery of these thoughts: 'Unwholesome, truly, are these thoughts! Blamable are these thoughts! Of painful result are these thoughts!' (3) Or, he should pay no attention to these thoughts. (4) Or, he should consider the compound nature of these thoughts. (5) Or, with teeth clenched and tongue pressed against the gums, he should with his mind restrain, suppress and root out these thoughts; and in doing so, these evil and unwholesome thoughts of greed, anger and delusion will dissolve and disappear and the mind will inwardly become settled and calm, composed and concentrated.

This is called the effort to overcome.

3. THE EFFORT TO DEVELOP

(*Bhāvanā-ppadhāna*)

²What, now, is the effort to *Develop*? Herein the disciple incites his will to arouse wholesome things

1. M. 20. 2. A. IV. 13, 14.

that have not yet arisen; and he strives, puts forth his energy, strains his mind and struggles.

Thus he develops the 'Elements of Enlightenment' (*bojjhanga*), based on solitude, on detachment, on extinction, and ending in deliverance, namely: 'Mindfulness' (*sati*), 'Investigation of the Law' (*dhamma-vicaya*), 'Energy' (*virīya*), 'Rapture' (*pīti*), 'Tranquillity' (*passaddhi*), 'Concentration' (*samādhi*), and 'Equanimity' (*upekkhā*).

This is called the effort to develop.

4. THE EFFORT TO MAINTAIN (*Anurakkhaṇa-ppadhāna*)

What, now, is the effort to *Maintain*? Herein the disciple incites his will to maintain the wholesome things that have already arisen, and not to allow them to disappear, but to bring them to growth, to maturity and to the full perfection of development (*bhāvanā*); and he strives, puts forth his energy, strains his mind and struggles.

Thus, for example, he keeps firmly in his mind a favourable object of concentration that has arisen, such as the mental image of a skeleton, of a corpse infested by worms, of a corpse blue-black in colour, of a festering corpse, of a corpse riddled with holes, of a corpse swollen up.

This is called the effort to maintain.

¹Truly, the disciple who is possessed of faith and has penetrated the Teaching of the Master is filled with the thought; 'Though skin, sinews and bones wither away, though flesh and blood of my body dry up, I shall not give up my efforts till I have attained whatever is attainable by manly perseverance, energy and endeavour.'

1. M. 70.

This is called Right Effort.

‘The effort of Avoiding, Overcoming,
Of Developing and Maintaining:
These four great efforts have been shown
By him, the scion of the sun.
And he who firmly clings to them,
May put an end to suffering.’

SEVENTH STEP RIGHT MINDFULNESS (*Sammā-sati*)

What, now, is Right Mindfulness?

THE FOUR FUNDAMENTALS OF MINDFULNESS (*satipaṭṭhāna*)

‘The only way that leads to the attainment of purity, to the overcoming of sorrow and lamentation, to the end of pain and grief, to the entering upon the right path and the realization of Nibbāna, is by the ‘Four Fundamentals of Mindfulness.’ And which are these four?

There the disciple dwells in contemplation of the Body, in contemplation of Feeling, in contemplation of the Mind, in contemplation of the Mind-Objects; ardent clearly comprehending them and mindful, after putting away worldly greed and grief.

1. CONTEMPLATION OF THE BODY (*kāyānupassanā*)

But how does the disciple dwell in contemplation of the body? For this he retires to the forest, to the foot of a tree, or to a solitary place, seats himself with legs crossed, body erect, and with mindfulness fixed before him.

1. A. IV. 14. 2. D. 22.

WATCHING OVER IN-AND OUT-BREATHING

(*ānāpāna-sati*)

Mindfully he breathes in, mindfully he breathes out. When making a long inhalation, he knows: 'I make a long inhalation'; when making a long exhalation, he knows: 'I make a long exhalation'. When making a short inhalation, he knows: 'I make a short inhalation'; when making a short exhalation, he knows: 'I make a short exhalation'. 'Clearly perceiving the entire [breath-] body, I shall breathe in,' thus he trains himself; 'clearly perceiving the entire [breath-] body, I shall breathe out,' thus he trains himself. 'Calming this bodily function (*kāya-saṅkhāra*), I shall breathe in', thus he trains himself; 'calming this bodily function, I shall breathe out', thus he trains himself.

Thus he dwells in contemplation of the body, either with regard to his own person, or to other persons, or to both. He beholds how the body arises; beholds how it passes away; beholds the arising and passing away of the body. 'A body is there'—

'A body is there, but no living being, no individual, no woman, no man, no self, and nothing that belongs to a self: neither a person, nor anything belonging to a person' (Comm.).

this clear awareness is present in him, to the extent necessary for knowledge and mindfulness, and he lives independent, unattached to anything in the world. Thus does the disciple dwell in contemplation of the body.

'Mindfulness of Breathing' (*ānāpāna-sati*) is one of the most important meditative exercises. It may be used for the development of Tranquillity (*samatha-bhāvanā*), i.e. for attaining the four Absorptions (*jhāna*; see p. 373), for the development of Clear Insight (*vipassanā-bhāvanā*), or for a combination of both practices. Here, in the context of *Satipaṭṭhāna*, it is principally intended for tranquillization and concentration preparatory to the practice of Clear Insight, which may be undertaken in the following way.

After a certain degree of calm and concentration, or one of the Absorptions, has been attained through regular practice of mindful breathing, the disciple proceeds to examine the origin of breath. He sees that the inhalations and exhalations are conditioned by the body consisting of the four material elements and the various corporeal phenomena derived from them, e.g. the five sense organs, etc. Conditioned by fivefold sense-impression arises consciousness, and together with it the three other 'Groups of Existence', i.e. Feeling, Perception and Mental Formations. Thus the meditator sees clearly: 'There is no ego-entity or self in this so-called personality, but it is only a corporeal and mental process conditioned by various factors'. Thereupon he applies the Three Characteristics to these phenomena, understanding them thoroughly as impermanent, subject to suffering, and impersonal.

For further details about *Ānâpāna-sati*, see *M.* 118, 62: *Visuddhi Magga VIII*, 3.

THE FOUR POSTURES

And further, whilst going, standing, sitting, or lying down, the disciple understands [according to reality] the expressions: '*I go*'; '*I stand*'; '*I sit*'; '*I lie down*'; he understands any position of the body.

'The disciple understands that there is no living being, no real Ego, that goes, stands, etc., but that it is by a mere figure of speech that one says: "*I go*", "*I stand*", and so forth' (Comm.).

MINDFULNESS AND CLEAR COMPREHENSION

(*sati-sampajañña*)

And further the disciple acts with clear comprehension in going and coming; he acts with clear comprehension in looking forward and backward; acts with clear comprehension in bending and stretching (any part of his body); acts with clear comprehension in carrying alms bowl and robes; acts with clear comprehension in eating, drinking, chewing and tasting; acts with clear comprehension in discharging excrement and urine; acts with clear comprehension in walking, standing, sitting, falling asleep, awakening; acts with clear comprehension in speaking and keeping silent.

In all that the disciple is doing, he has a clear comprehension: 1. of his intention; 2. of his advantage; 3. of his duty; 4. of the reality (Comm.).

CONTEMPLATION OF LOATHSOMENESS (*paṭikkūla-saññā*)

And further, the disciple contemplates this body from the sole of the foot upward, and from the top of the hair downward, with a skin stretched over it, and filled with manifold impurities: ‘This body has hairs of the head and of the body, nails, teeth, skin, flesh, sinews, bones, marrow, kidneys, heart, liver, diaphragm, spleen, lungs, stomach, bowels, mesentery, and excrement; bile, phlegm, pus, blood, sweat, lymph, tears, skin-grease, saliva, nasal mucus, oil of the joints, and urine’.

Just as if there were a sack, with openings at both ends, filled with various kinds of grain—with paddy, beans, sesamum and husked rice—and a man not blind opened it and examined its contents, thus: ‘That is paddy, these are beans, this is sesamum, this is husked rice’: just so does the disciple investigate this body.

ANALYSIS OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS (*dhātu*)

And further, the disciple contemplates this body, however it may stand or move, with regard to the elements: ‘This body consists of the solid element, the liquid element, the heating element and the vibrating element’. Just as if a skilled butcher or butcher’s apprentice, who had slaughtered a cow and divided it into separate portions, were to sit down at the junction of four highroads: just so does the disciple contemplate this body with regard to the elements.

In *Visuddhi Magga XIII*, 2 this simile is explained as follows:

When a butcher rears a cow, brings it to the place of slaughter, binds it to a post, makes it stand up, slaughters it and looks at the slaughtered cow, during all that time

he has still the notion 'cow'. But when he has cut up the slaughtered cow, divided it into pieces, and sits down near it to sell the meat, the notion 'cow' ceases in his mind, and the notion 'meat' arises. He does not think that he is selling a cow or that people buy a cow, but that it is meat that is sold and bought. Similarly, in an ignorant worldling, whether monk or layman, the concepts 'being', 'man', 'personality', etc., will not cease until he has mentally dissected this body of his, as it stands and moves, and has contemplated it according to its component elements. But when he has done so, the notion 'personality' etc., will disappear and his mind will become firmly established in the Contemplation of the Elements.

CEMETERY MEDITATIONS

1. And further, just as if the disciple were looking at a corpse thrown on a charnel-ground, one, two, or three days dead, swollen up, blue-black in colour, full of corruption,—so he regards his own body: 'This body of mine also has this nature, has this destiny, and cannot escape it'.

2. And further, just as if the disciple were looking at a corpse thrown on a charnel-ground, eaten by crows, hawks or vultures, by dogs or jackals, or devoured by all kinds of worms,—so he regards his own body: 'This body of mine also has this nature, has this destiny, and cannot escape it.'

3. And further, just as if the disciple were looking at a corpse thrown on a charnel-ground, a framework of bones, flesh hanging from it, bespattered with blood, held together by the sinews;

4. A framework of bones, stripped of flesh, bespattered with blood, held together by the sinews;

5. A framework of bones, without flesh and blood, but still held together by the sinews;

6. Bones, disconnected and scattered in all directions, here a bone of the hand, there a bone of the foot, there a shin bone, there a thigh bone, there the pelvis, there the spine, there the skull,—so he regards his own body: 'This body of mine also has this nature, has this destiny, and cannot escape it.'

7. And further, just as if the disciple were looking at bones lying in the charnel-ground, bleached and resembling shells;

8. Bones heaped together, after the lapse of years;

9. Bones weathered and crumbled to dust;—so he regards his own body: ‘This body of mine also has this nature, has this destiny, and cannot escape it.’

Thus he dwells in contemplation of the body, either with regard to his own person, or to other persons, or to both. He beholds how the body arises; beholds how it passes away; beholds the arising and passing away of the body. ‘A body is there’: this clear awareness is present in him, to the extent necessary for knowledge and mindfulness; and he lives independent, unattached to anything in the world. Thus does the disciple dwell in contemplation of the body.

ASSURED OF TEN BLESSINGS

Once the contemplation of the body is practised, developed, often repeated, has become one’s habit, one’s foundation, is firmly established, strengthened and perfected, the disciple may expect ten blessings:

1. Over Delight and Discontent he has mastery; he does not allow himself to be overcome by discontent; he subdues it, as soon as it arises.

2. He conquers Fear and Anxiety; he does not allow himself to be overcome by fear and anxiety; he subdues them, as soon as they arise.

3. He endures cold and heat, hunger and thirst; wind and sun, attacks by gadflies, mosquitoes and reptiles; patiently he endures wicked and malicious speech, as well as bodily pains that befall him, though they be piercing, sharp, bitter, unpleasant, disagreeable, and dangerous to life.

1. M. 119.

4. The four 'Absorptions' (*jhāna*), which purify the mind, and bestow happiness even here, these he may enjoy at will, without difficulty, without effort.

SIX 'PSYCHICAL POWERS'
(*abhiññā*)

5. He may enjoy the different 'Magical Powers' (*iddhi-vidhā*).

6. With the 'Heavenly Ear' (*dibba-sota*), the purified, the super-human, he may hear both kinds of sounds, the heavenly and the earthly, the distant and the near.

7. With the mind he may obtain 'Insight into the Hearts of Other Beings' (*parassa-cetopariya-ñāṇa*), of other persons.

8. He may obtain 'Remembrance of many Previous Births' (*pubbe-nivāsānussati-ñāṇa*).

9. With the 'Heavenly Eye' (*dibba-cakkhu*), the purified, the super-human eye, he may see beings vanish and reappear, the base and the noble, the beautiful and the ugly, the happy and the unfortunate; he may perceive how beings are reborn according to their deeds.

10. He may, through the 'Cessation of Passions' (*āsavakkhaya*), come to know for himself, even in this life, the stainless deliverance of mind, the deliverance through wisdom.

The last six blessings (5-10) are the so-called 'Psychical Powers' (*abhiññā*). The first five of them are mundane (*lokiya*) conditions, and may therefore be attained even by a so-called 'worldling' (*puthujjana*), whilst the last *Abhiññā* is 'supermundane' (*lokuttara*) and exclusively the characteristic of the Arahāt, or Holy One.—It is only after the attainment of all the four Absorptions (*jhāna*) that one may fully succeed in acquiring the five worldly 'Psychical Powers'.—There are four *iddhipāda*, or 'Bases for obtaining Magical Powers', namely: concentration of Will, concentration of Energy, concentration of Mind, and concentration of Investigation.

2. Contemplation of the Feelings (*vedanânupassanā*)

‘But how does the disciple dwell in contemplation of the feelings?’

In experiencing feelings, the disciple knows: ‘I have an agreeable feeling’, or: ‘I have a disagreeable feeling’, or: ‘I have an indifferent feeling’; or: ‘I have a worldly agreeable feeling’, or: ‘I have an unworldly agreeable feeling’, or: ‘I have a worldly disagreeable feeling’, or: ‘I have an unworldly disagreeable feeling’, or: ‘I have a worldly indifferent feeling’, or: ‘I have an unworldly indifferent feeling’.

Thus he dwells in contemplation of the feelings, either with regard to his own person, or to other persons or to both. He beholds how the feelings arise; beholds how they pass away; beholds the arising and passing away of the feelings. ‘Feelings are there’: this clear awareness is present in him, to the extent necessary for knowledge and mindfulness; and he lives independent, unattached to anything in the world. Thus does the disciple dwell in contemplation of the feelings.

The disciple understands that the expression ‘I feel’ has no validity except as a conventional expression (*voḥāra-vacana*); he understands that, in the absolute sense (*paramattha*), there are only feelings, and that there is no Ego, no person, no experiencer of the feelings.

3. Contemplation of the Mind (*cittânupassanā*)

But how does the disciple dwell in contemplation of the mind?

Herein the disciple knows the greedy mind as greedy, and the not greedy mind as not greedy; knows the angry mind as angry, and the not angry mind as not angry; knows the deluded mind as deluded, and the undeluded mind as undeluded. He knows the cramped

1. D. 22.

mind as cramped, and the scattered mind as scattered; knows the developed mind as developed, and the undeveloped mind as undeveloped; knows the surpassable mind as surpassable, and the unsurpassable mind as unsurpassable; knows the concentrated mind as concentrated, and the unconcentrated mind as unconcentrated; knows the freed mind as freed, and the unfreed mind as unfreed.

Citta (mind) is here used as a collective term for the *cittas*, or moments of consciousness. *Citta* being identical with *viññāṇa*, or consciousness, should not be translated by 'thought'. 'Thought' and 'thinking' correspond rather to the so-called 'verbal operations of the mind': *vitakka* (thought-conception) and *vicāra* (discursive thinking), which belong to the *Sankhāra-kkhandha*.

Thus he dwells in contemplation of the mind, either with regard to his own person, or to other persons, or to both. He beholds how the mind arises; beholds how it passes away; beholds the arising and passing away of the mind. 'Mind is there': this clear awareness is present in him, to the extent necessary for knowledge and mindfulness; and he lives independent, unattached to anything in the world. Thus does the disciple dwell in contemplation of the mind.

4. Contemplation of the Mind-Objects (*dharmānupassanā*)

But how does the disciple dwell in contemplation of mind-objects?

Herein the disciple dwells in contemplation of the mind-objects, namely of the 'Five Hindrances'.

THE FIVE HINDRANCES (*nīvaraṇa*)

1. He knows when there is 'Lust' (*kāmacchanda*) in him: 'In me is lust'; knows when there is 'Anger' (*vyāpāda*) in him: 'In me is anger'; knows when there is 'Torpor and Sloth' (*thīna-middha*) in him;

‘In me is torpor and sloth’; knows when there is ‘Restlessness and Mental Worry’ (*uddhacca-kukkucca*) in him: ‘In me is restlessness and mental worry’; knows when there are ‘Doubts’ (*vicikicchā*) in him; ‘In me are doubts’. He knows when these hindrances are not in him: ‘In me these hindrances are not’. He knows how they come to arise; knows how, once arisen, they are overcome; knows how, once overcome, they do not rise again in the future.

For example, ‘Lust’ arises through unwise thinking on the agreeable and delightful. It may be suppressed by the following six methods: fixing the mind upon an idea that arouses disgust; contemplation of the loathsomeness of the body; controlling one’s six senses; moderation in eating; friendship with wise and good men; right instruction. Lust and anger are for ever extinguished upon attainment of Anāgāmī-ship.—‘Restlessness’ is extinguished by reaching Arahantship; ‘Mental Worry’, by reaching Sotāpanship.

THE FIVE GROUPS OF EXISTENCE (*khandha*)

And further: the disciple dwells in contemplation of the mind-objects, namely of the five ‘Groups of Existence’. He knows what ‘Corporeality’ (*rūpa*) is, how it arises, how it passes away; knows what ‘Feeling’ (*vedanā*) is, how it arises, how it passes away; knows what ‘Perception’ (*saññā*) is, how it arises, how it passes away; knows what the ‘Mental Formations’ (*sankhāra*) are, how they arise, how they pass away; knows what ‘Consciousness’ (*viññāṇa*) is, how it arises, how it passes away.

THE SENSE-BASES (*āyatana*)

And further: the disciple dwells in contemplation of the mind-objects, namely of the six ‘Subjective-Objective Sense-Bases’. He knows eye and visual objects, ear and sounds, nose and odours, tongue and tastes, body and bodily impressions, mind and mind-objects; and the fetter that arises in dependence on

them, he also knows. He knows how the fetter comes to arise, knows how the fetter is overcome, and how the abandoned fetter does not arise again in future.

THE SEVEN ELEMENTS OF ENLIGHTENMENT (*bojjhanga*)

And further: the disciple dwells in contemplation of the mind-objects, namely of the seven 'Elements of Enlightenment'. He knows when there is in him 'Mindfulness' (*sati*), 'Investigation of the Law' (*dhammavicaya*), 'Energy' (*viriya*), 'Enthusiasm' (*pīti*), 'Tranquillity' (*passaddhi*), 'Concentration' (*samādhi*), and 'Equanimity' (*upekkhā*). He knows when it is not in him, knows how it comes to arise, and how it is fully developed.

THE FOUR NOBLE TRUTHS (*ariya-sacca*)

And further: the disciple dwells in contemplation of the mind-objects, namely of the 'Four Noble Truths'. He knows according to reality, what Suffering is; knows according to reality, what the Origin of suffering is; knows according to reality, what the Extinction of suffering is; knows according to reality, what the Path is that lead to the extinction of suffering.

Thus he dwells in contemplation of the mind-objects, either with regard to his own person, or to other persons or to both. He beholds how the mind-objects arise, beholds how they pass away, beholds the arising and passing away of the mind-objects. 'Mind-objects are there': this clear awareness is present in him, to the extent necessary for knowledge and mindfulness; and he lives independent, unattached to anything in the world. Thus does the disciple dwell in contemplation of the mind-objects.

The only way that leads to the attainment of purity, to the overcoming of sorrow and lamentation, to the end of pain and grief, to the entering upon the right

path, and the realization of Nibbāna, is by these four fundamentals of mindfulness.

These four contemplations of *Satipaṭṭhāna* relate to all the five Groups of Existence, namely: 1. The contemplation of corporeality relates to *rūpakkhandha*; 2. the contemplation of feeling, to *vedanākkhandha*; 3. the contemplation of mind, to *viññāṇakkhandha*; 4. the contemplation of mind-objects, to *saññā-* and *sankhāra-kkhandha*.

For further details about *Satipaṭṭhāna* see the Commentary to the discourse of that name translated in *The Way of Mindfulness*, by Bhikkhu Soma (Colombo 1949).

NIBBĀNA THROUGH ĀNĀPĀNA-SATI

¹ ‘Watching over In- and Out-breathing’ (*ānāpāna-sati*), practised and developed, brings the Four ‘Fundamentals of Mindfulness’ to perfection; the four fundamentals of mindfulness, practised, and developed, bring the seven ‘Elements of Enlightenment’ to perfection; the seven elements of enlightenment, practised and developed, bring ‘Wisdom and Deliverance’ to perfection.

But how does Watching over In-and Out-breathing, practised and developed, bring the Four ‘Fundamentals of Mindfulness’ (*satipaṭṭhāna*) to perfection?

I. Whenever the disciple (1) is mindfully making a long inhalation or exhalation, or (2) making a short inhalation or exhalation, or (3) is training himself to inhale or exhale whilst experiencing the whole [breath-] body, or (4) whilst calming down this bodily function (i.e. the breath)—at such a time the disciple is dwelling in ‘contemplation of the body’, full of energy, clearly comprehending it, mindful, after subduing worldly greed and grief. For, inhalation and exhalation I call one amongst the corporeal phenomena.

II. Whenever the disciple is training himself to inhale or exhale (1) whilst feeling rapture (*pīti*), or

1. M. 118.

(2) joy (*sukha*), or (3) the mental functions (*citta-sankhāra*), or (4) whilst calming down the mental functions—at such a time he is dwelling in ‘contemplation of the feelings’, full of energy, clearly comprehending them, mindful, after subduing worldly greed and grief. For, the full awareness of in- and out-breathing I call one amongst the feelings.

III. Whenever the disciple is training himself to inhale or exhale (1) whilst experiencing the mind, or (2) whilst gladdening the mind, or (3) whilst concentrating the mind, or (4) whilst setting the mind free—at such a time he is dwelling in ‘contemplation of the mind’, full of energy, clearly comprehending it, mindful, after subduing worldly greed and grief. For, without mindfulness and clear comprehension, I say, there is no Watching over In- and Out-breathing.

IV. Whenever the disciple is training himself to inhale or exhale whilst contemplating (1) impermanence or (2) the fading away of passion, or (3) extinction, or (4) detachment,—at such time he is dwelling in ‘contemplation of the mind-objects’, full of energy, clearly comprehending them, mindful, after subduing worldly greed and grief. Having seen, through understanding, what is the abandoning of greed and grief, he looks on with complete equanimity.

Watching over In and Out-breathing, thus practised and developed, brings the four Fundamentals of Mindfulness to perfection.

But how do the four Fundamentals of Mindfulness, practised and developed, bring the seven ‘Elements of Enlightenment’ (*bojjhanga*) to full perfection?

1. Whenever the disciple is dwelling in contemplation of body, feelings, mind and mind-objects, strenuous, clearly comprehending them, mindful, after subduing worldly greed and grief,—at such a time his mindfulness is undisturbed; and whenever his mindfulness is present and undisturbed, at such a time he

has gained and is developing the Element of Enlightenment ‘Mindfulness’ (*sati-sambojjhanga*); and thus this element of enlightenment reaches fullest perfection.

2. And whenever, whilst dwelling with mindfulness, he wisely investigates, examines and thinks over the ‘Law’ (*dhamma*)—at such a time he has gained and is developing the Element of Enlightenment ‘Investigation of the Law’ (*dhammavicaya-sambojjhanga*); and thus this element of enlightenment reaches fullest perfection.

3. And whenever, whilst wisely investigating, examining and thinking over the law, his energy is firm and unshaken—at such a time he has gained and is developing the Element of Enlightenment ‘Energy’ (*viriya-sambojjhanga*); and thus this element of enlightenment reaches fullest perfection.

4. And whenever in him, whilst firm in energy, arises super-sensuous rapture—at such a time he has gained and is developing the Element of Enlightenment ‘Rapture’ (*pīti-sambojjhanga*); and thus this element of enlightenment reaches fullest perfection.

5. And whenever, whilst enraptured in mind, his spiritual frame and his mind become tranquil—at such a time he has gained and is developing the Element of Enlightenment ‘Tranquillity’ (*passaddhi-sambojjhanga*); and thus this element of enlightenment reaches fullest perfection.

6. And whenever, whilst being tranquillized in his spiritual frame and happy, his mind becomes concentrated—at such a time he has gained and is developing the Element of Enlightenment ‘Concentration’ (*samā-dhi-sambojjhanga*); and thus this element of enlightenment reaches fullest perfection.

7. And whenever he looks with complete indifference on his mind thus concentrated—at such a time he has gained and is developing the Element of Enlightenment ‘Equanimity’ (*upekkhā-sambojjhanga*); and thus this element of enlightenment reaches fullest perfection.

The four Fundamentals of Mindfulness, thus practised and developed, bring the seven elements of enlightenment to full perfection.

But how do the seven elements of enlightenment, practised and developed, bring Wisdom and Deliverance (*vijjā-vimutti*) to full perfection?

Herein the disciple is developing the elements of enlightenment: Mindfulness, Investigation of the Law, Energy, Rapture, Tranquillity, Concentration and Equanimity, based on detachment, on absence of desire, on extinction and renunciation.

Thus practised and developed, do the seven elements of enlightenment bring wisdom and deliverance to full perfection.

¹Just as the elephant hunter drives a huge stake into the ground and chains the wild elephant to it by the neck, in order to drive out of him his wonted forest ways and wishes, his forest unruliness, obstinacy and violence and to accustom him to the environment of the village, and to teach him such good behaviour as is required amongst men,—in like manner also should the noble disciple fix his mind firmly to these four Fundamentals of Mindfulness, so that he may drive out of himself his wonted worldly ways and wishes, his wonted worldly unruliness, obstinacy and violence, and win to the True, and realize Nibbāna.

EIGHTH STEP

RIGHT CONCENTRATION

(*Sammā-samādhī*)

²What, now, is Right Concentration?

ITS DEFINITION

Having the mind fixed to a single object (*cittakaggatā*, lit. 'One-pointedness of mind')—this is concentration.

1. M. 125. 2. M. 44.

‘Right Concentration’ (*sammā-samādhi*), in its widest sense, is that kind of mental concentration which is present in every wholesome state of consciousness (*kusala-citta*), and hence is accompanied by at least Right Thought (2nd step), Right Effort (6th step) and Right Mindfulness (7th step). ‘Wrong Concentration’ is present in unwholesome states of consciousness, and hence is only possible in the sensuous, not in a higher sphere. *Samādhi*, used alone, always stands in the Suttas for *sammā-samādhi*, or Right Concentration.

ITS OBJECTS

The four ‘Fundamentals of Mindfulness’ (7th step):—these are the objects of concentration.

ITS REQUISITES

The four ‘Great Efforts’ (6th step):—these are the requisites for concentration.

ITS DEVELOPMENT

The practising, developing and cultivating of these things:—this is the development (*bhāvanā*) of concentration.

Right Concentration (*sammā-samādhi*) has two degrees of development: 1. ‘Neighbourhood Concentration’ (*upacāra-samādhi*), which approaches the first absorption without, however, attaining it; 2. ‘Attainment Concentration’ (*appanā-samādhi*), which is the concentration present in the four Absorptions (*jhāna*). These Absorptions are mental states beyond the reach of the fivefold sense-activity, attainable only in solitude and by unremitting perseverance in the practice of concentration. In these states all activity of the five senses is suspended. No visual or audible impressions arise at such a time, no bodily feeling is felt. But, although all outer sense-impressions have ceased, yet the mind remains active, perfectly alert, fully awake.

The attainment of these Absorptions, however, is not a requisite for the realization of the four Supermundane Paths of Holiness; and neither Neighbourhood-Concentration nor Attainment-Concentration, as such, possess the power of conferring entry to the four Supermundane

Paths; hence, they really have no power to free one permanently from evil things. The realization of the Four Supermundane Paths is possible only at the moment of deep 'Insight' (*vipassanā*) into the Impermanency (*aniccatā*). Miserable Nature (*dukkhatā*) and Impersonality (*anattatā*) of this whole phenomenal process of existence. This 'Insight', again, is attainable only during Neighbourhood-Concentration, not during Attainment-Concentration.

He who has realized one or other of the Four Supermundane Paths without ever having attained the Absorptions, is called *Sukkha-vipassaka*, or *Suddha-vipassanā-yānika*, i.e. 'one who has taken merely Insight (*vipassanā*) as his vehicle'. He, however, who after cultivating the Absorptions, has reached one of the Supermundane Paths, is called *Samatha-yānika*, or 'one who has taken Tranquillity (*samatha*) as his vehicle (*yāna*)'.

For *samatha* and *vipassanā* s. *Fund. IV.* and *B. Dict.*

THE FOUR ABSORPTIONS (*jhāna*)

¹Detached from sensual objects, detached from evil things, the disciple enters into the first Absorption, which is accompanied by Thought-Conception and Discursive Thinking, is born of detachment, and filled with Rapture and Happiness.

This is the first of the Absorptions belonging to the Fine-material Sphere (*rūpāvacarajjhāna*). It is attained when, through the strength of concentration, the fivefold sense-activity is temporarily suspended, and the five Hindrances are likewise eliminated.

See *B. Dict.*: *jhāna*, *kaṣiṇa*, *nimitta*, *samādhi*.

²This first Absorption is free from five things, and five things are present. When the disciple enters the first Absorption, there have vanished (the five Hindrances): Lust, Ill-will, Torpor and Sloth, Restlessness and Mental Worry, Doubts; and there are present: Thought-Conception (*vitakka*), Discursive Thinking (*vicāra*), Rapture (*pīti*), Happiness (*sukha*), and Concentration (*citt'ekaggatā* = *samādhi*).

1. M. 27. 2. M. 43.

These five mental factors present in the first Absorption are called Factors (or Constituents) of Absorption (*jhānanga*).—*Vitakka* (initial formation of an abstract thought) and *vicāra* (discursive thinking, rumination) are called ‘verbal functions’ (*vacī-sankhāra*) of the mind; hence they are something secondary compared with consciousness. In *Visuddhi-Magga*, *vitakka* is compared with the taking hold of a pot, and *vicāra* with the wiping of it. In the first Absorption both of them are present only in a weak degree, and are entirely absent in the following Absorptions.

And further, after the subsiding of Thought-Conception and Discursive Thinking, and by the gaining of inner tranquillity and oneness of mind, he enters into a state free from Thought-Conception and Discursive Thinking, the second Absorption, which is born of Concentration (*samādhi*) and filled with Rapture (*pīti*) and Happiness (*sukha*).

In the second Absorption, there are three Factors of Absorption: Rapture, Happiness and Concentration.

And further, after the fading away of Rapture, he dwells in equanimity, mindful, with clear awareness; and he experiences in his own person that feeling of which the Noble Ones say: ‘Happy lives he who is equanimous and mindful’—thus he enters the third Absorption.

In the third Absorption there are two Factors of Absorption: equanimous Happiness (*upekkhā-sukha*) and Concentration (*citt`ekaggatā*).

And further, after the giving up of pleasure and pain, and through the disappearance of previous joy and grief, he enters into a state beyond pleasure and pain, into the fourth Absorption, which is purified by equanimity and mindfulness.

In the fourth Absorption there are two Factors of Absorption: Concentration and Equanimity (*upekkhā*).

In *Visuddhi-Magga* forty subjects of meditation (*kammaṭṭhāna*) are enumerated and treated in detail. By their successful practice the following Absorptions may be attained:

All four Absorptions: through Mindfulness of Breathing (see *Vis. M. VIII*, 3); the ten Kasina-exercises (*Vis. M. IV. V*, and *B. Dict.*); the contemplation of Equanimity (*upekkhā*), being the practice of the fourth Brahma-vihāra (*Vis. M. IX*, 4).

The first three Absorptions: through the development of Loving-Kindness (*mettā*), Compassion (*karuṇā*) and Sympathetic Joy (*muditā*), being the practice, of the first three Brahma-vihāras (*Vis. M. IX*, 1-3).

The first Absorption: through the ten Contemplations of Impurity (*asubha-bhāvanā*; i.e. the Cemetery Contemplations which are ten according to the enumeration in *Vis. M. VI*); the Contemplation of the Body (i.e. the 32 parts of the body; *Vis. M. VIII*, 2);

‘Neighbourhood-Concentration’ (*upacāra-samādhi*): through the Recollections on Buddha, Dhamma and Sangha, on Morality, Liberality, Heavenly Beings, Peace (Nibbāna) and Death (*Vis. M. VI, VII*); the Contemplation on the Loathsomeness of Food (*Vis. M. XI*, 1); the Analysis of the Four Elements (*Vis. M. IX*, 2);

The four Immaterial Absorptions (*arūpa-jjhāna* or *āruppa*) which are based on the fourth Absorption, are produced by meditating on their respective objects from which they derive their names: Sphere of Unbounded Space, of Unbounded Consciousness, of Nothingness, and of Neither-Perception-Nor-Non-Perception.

The entire subject of concentration and meditation is treated in *Vis. M. III-XIII*; see also *Fund. IV*.

¹Develop your concentration: for he who has concentration, understands things according to reality. And what are these things? The arising and passing away of corporeality, of feeling, perception, mental formations and consciousness.

²Thus, these five Groups of Existence must be wisely penetrated; Delusion and Craving must be wisely abandoned; Tranquillity (*samatha*) and Insight (*vipassanā*) must be wisely developed.

³This is the Middle Path which the Perfect One has discovered, which makes one both to see and to know, and which leads to peace, to discernment, to enlightenment, to Nibbāna.

1. S. XXII. 5. 2. M. 149. 3. S. LVI. 11.

¹And following upon this path, you will put an end to suffering.

GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE EIGHT-FOLD PATH IN THE PROGRESS OF THE DISCIPLE

CONFIDENCE AND RIGHT THOUGHT (SECOND STEP)

²Suppose a householder, or his son, or someone reborn in a good family, hears the law; and after hearing the law he is filled with confidence in the Perfect One. And filled with this confidence, he thinks: 'Full of hindrances is household life, a refuse heap; but pilgrim life is like the open air. Not easy is it, when one lives at home, to fulfil in all points the rules of the holy life. How if now I were to cut off hair and beard, put on the yellow robe and go forth from home to the homeless life?' And in a short time, having given up his possessions, great or little, having forsaken a large or small circle of relations, he cuts off hair and beard, puts on the yellow robe, and goes forth from home to the homeless life.

MORALITY

(THIRD, FOURTH, FIFTH STEP)

Having thus left the world, he fulfils the rules of the monks. He avoids the killing of living beings and abstains from it. Without stick or sword, conscientious, full of sympathy, he is anxious for the welfare of all living beings.—He avoids stealing, and abstains from taking what is not given to him. Only what is given to him he takes, waiting till it is given; and he lives with a heart honest and pure.—He avoids unchastity, living chaste, celibate and aloof from the vulgar practice of sexual intercourse.—He avoids lying and abstains from it. He speaks the truth, is devoted to the truth, reliable, worthy of confidence, no deceiver of men.—He avoids tale-bearing and abstains from it. What he has heard

1. Dhṛp. 275. 2. M. 38.

here, he does not repeat there, so as to cause dissension there; and what he has heard there, he does not repeat here, so as to cause dissension here. Thus he unites those that are divided, and those that are united he encourages; concord gladdens him, he delights and rejoices in concord; and it is concord that he spreads by his words.—He avoids harsh language and abstains from it. He speaks such words as are gentle, soothing to the ear, loving, such words as go to the heart, and are courteous, friendly, and agreeable to many.—He avoids vain talk and abstains from it. He speaks at the right time, in accordance with facts, speaks what is useful, speaks of the law and the discipline; his speech is like a treasure, uttered at the right moment, accompanied by arguments, moderate and full of sense.

He takes food only at one time of the day (forenoon), abstains from food in the evening, does not eat at improper times. He keeps aloof from dance, song, music and the visiting of shows; rejects flowers, perfumes, ointment, as well as every kind of adornment and embellishment. High and gorgeous beds he does not use. Gold and silver he does not accept.—He does not accept raw corn and raw flesh, women and girls, male and female slaves, or goats, sheep, fowls, pigs, elephants, cows or horses, or land and goods. He does not go on errands and do the duties of a messenger. He eschews buying and selling things. He has nothing to do with false measures, metals and weights. He avoids the crooked ways of bribery, deception and fraud. He has no part in stabbing, beating, chaining, attacking, plundering and oppressing.

He contents himself with the robe that protects his body, and with the alms bowl by means of which he keeps himself alive. Wherever he goes, he is provided with these two things; just as a winged bird in flying carries his wings along with him. By fulfilling this noble Domain of Morality (*sīla-kkhandha*) he feels in his heart an irreproachable happiness.

CONTROL OF THE SENSES (SIXTH STEP)

Now, in perceiving a form with the eye—a sound with the ear—an odour with the nose—a taste with the tongue—an impression with the body—an object with the mind, he cleaves neither to the whole, nor to its details. And he tries to ward off that which, should he be unguarded in his senses, might give rise to evil and unwholesome states, to greed and sorrow; he watches over his senses, keeps his senses under control. By practising this noble ‘Control of the Senses’ (*indriya-saṁvara*) he feels in his heart an unblemished happiness.

MINDFULNESS AND CLEAR COMPREHENSION (SEVENTH STEP)

He is mindful and acts with clear comprehension when going and coming; when looking forward and backward; when bending and stretching his body; when wearing his robes and alms-bowl, when eating, drinking, chewing and tasting; when discharging excrement and urine; when walking, standing, sitting, falling asleep and awakening; when speaking and keeping silent.

Now being equipped with this lofty ‘Morality’ (*sīla*), equipped with this noble ‘Control of the Senses’ (*indriya-saṁvara*), and filled with this noble ‘Mindfulness and Clear Comprehension’ (*sati-sampajañña*), he chooses a secluded dwelling in the forest, at the foot of a tree, on a mountain, in a cleft, in a rock cave, on a charnel-ground, on a wooded table-land, in the open air, or on a heap of straw. Having returned from his alms-round, after the meal, he seats himself with legs crossed, body erect, with mindfulness fixed before him.

ABSENCE OF THE FIVE HINDRANCES (*nīvaraṇa*)

He has cast away ‘Lust’ (*kāmacchanda*); he dwells with a heart free from lust; from lust he cleanses his heart.

He has cast away 'Ill-will' (*vyāpāda*); he dwells with a heart free from ill-will; cherishing love and compassion toward all living beings, he cleanses his heart from ill-will.

He has cast away 'Torpor and Sloth' (*thīnamiddha*); he dwells free from torpor and sloth; loving the light, with watchful mind, with clear comprehension, he cleanses his mind from torpor and sloth.

He has cast away 'Restlessness and Mental Worry' (*uddhacca-kukkucca*); dwelling with mind undisturbed, with heart full of peace, he cleanses his mind from restlessness and mental worry.

He has cast away 'Doubt' (*vicikicchā*); dwelling free from doubt, full of confidence in the good, he cleanses his heart from doubt.

THE ABSORPTIONS (EIGHTH STEP)

He has put aside these five 'Hindrances' (*nīvaraṇa*) and come to know the paralysing corruptions of the mind. And far from sensual impression, far from evil things, he enters into the Four Absorptions (*jhāna*).

'INSIGHT'

(*vipassanā*)

FIRST STEP

But whatsoever there is of corporeality, feeling, perception, mental formations, or consciousness:—all these phenomena he regards as 'impermanent' (*anicca*), 'subject to pain' (*dukkha*), as infirm, as an ulcer, a thorn, a misery, a burden, an enemy, a disturbance, as empty and 'void of an Ego' (*anattā*); and turning away from these things, he directs his mind towards the Abiding, thus: 'This, truly, is Peace, this is the Highest, namely the end of all Karma-formations the forsaking of every substratum of rebirth, the fading away of craving, detachment, extinction, Nibbāna'.

And in this state he reaches the ‘cessation of passions’ (*āsavakkhaya*).

NIBBĀNA

¹And his heart becomes free from sensual passion (*kām’āsava*), free from the passion for existence (*bhav’āsava*), free from the passion of ignorance (*avijj-āsava*). ‘Freed am I!’ this knowledge arises in the liberated one; and he knows: ‘Exhausted is rebirth, fulfilled the Holy Life; what was to be done, has been done; naught remains more for this world to do’.

²‘For ever am I liberated,
This is the last time that I’m born,
No new existence waits for me.’

³This is, indeed, the highest, holiest wisdom: to know that all suffering has passed away.

This is, indeed, the highest, holiest peace: appeasement of greed, hatred and delusion.

THE SILENT THINKER

‘I am’ is a vain thought; ‘I am not’ is a vain thought; ‘I shall be’ is a vain thought; ‘I shall not be’ is a vain thought. Vain thoughts are a sickness, an ulcer, a thorn. But after overcoming all vain thoughts, one is called ‘a silent thinker’. And the thinker, the Silent One, does no more arise, no more pass away, no more tremble, no more desire. For there is nothing in him whereby he should arise again. And as he arises no more, how should he grow old again? And as he grows old no more, how should he die again? And as he dies no more, how should he tremble? And as he trembles no more, how should he have desire?

THE TRUE GOAL

⁴Hence, the purpose of the Holy Life does not consist in acquiring alms, honour, or fame, nor in

1. M. 39. 2. M. 26. 3. M. 140. 4. M. 29.

gaining morality, concentration, or the eye of knowledge. That unshakable deliverance of the heart: that, indeed, is the object of the Holy Life, that is its essence, that is its goal.

¹And those, who in the past were Holy and Enlightened Ones, those Blessed Ones also have pointed out to their disciples this self-same goal as has been pointed out by me to my disciples. And those, who in the future will be Holy and Enlightened Ones, those Blessed Ones also will point out to their disciples this self-same goal as has been pointed out by me to my disciples.

²However, disciples, it may be that (after my passing away) you might think; ‘Gone is the doctrine of our Master. We have no Master more’. But thus you should not think; for the ‘Law’ (*dhamma*) and the ‘Discipline’ (*vinaya*), which I have taught you, will after my death be your master.

‘The Law be your isle,
The law be your refuge!
Look for no other refuge!’

Therefore disciples, the doctrines, which I taught you after having penetrated them myself, you should well preserve, well guard, so that this Holy Life may take its course and continue for ages, for the weal and welfare of the many, as a consolation to the world, for the happiness, weal and welfare of heavenly beings and men.

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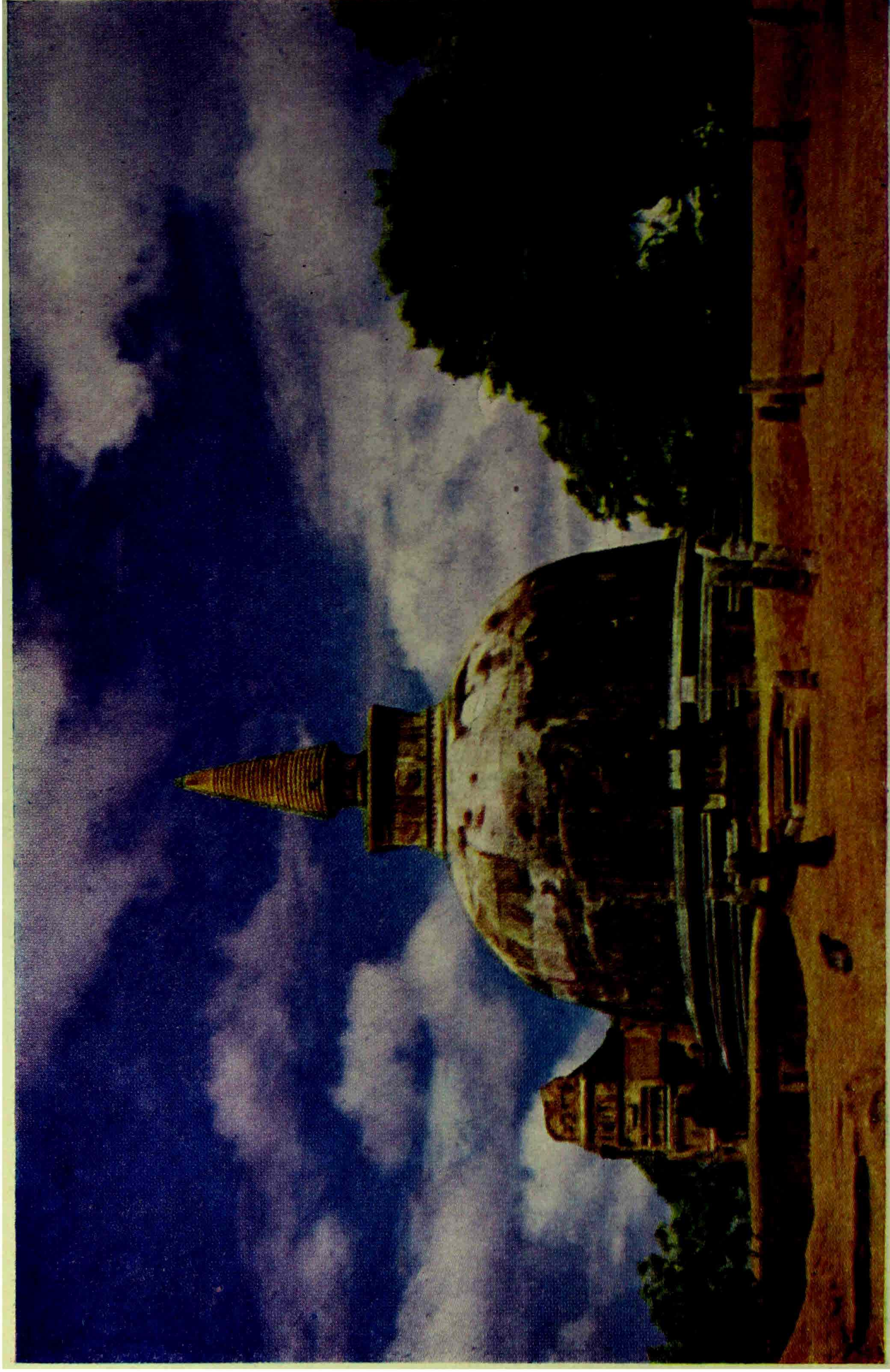
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KIRIVEHERA, POLONNARUWA 12th CENTURY

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE BUDDHA JAYANTI



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir John Kotelawala
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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE BUDDHA JAYANTI

THE 2500th Anniversary of the passing away of the Buddha falls on the Full Moon Day of May, 1956. The celebration which the Buddhists of the world are organising to commemorate this occasion is known as the 'Buddha Jayanti'.

The tradition preserved in the Buddhist countries specifies that the teachings of the Buddha will last five thousand years and that the 2500th year will be a significant turning point in the history of Buddhism. The tradition further records that at this time the doctrines of the Buddha will be known throughout the world and that it will witness an unprecedented spiritual re-awakening.

The Buddha Jayanti is essentially a celebration in honour of the Buddha who is one of the greatest men in history, if not the greatest. The sacrifices he made for the sake of humanity, his career as a philosopher and religious teacher and his doctrines of universal love, non-violence and equanimity are all too well known to be recounted here. During his life-time and during the last 2500 years many millions of people have looked up to his teachings for inspiration and guidance. Numerous generations of Asians had come under the benign influence of his doctrines. The art and architecture and the literature of practically all the countries in Asia have, at some-time or other, been moulded by the principles of Buddhism. The monks, who are the followers of the Buddha, have been serving Asia throughout history as its cultural leaders. The contribution which Buddhism has made to the spiritual and cultural advancement of humanity is indeed notable. And the promise it holds for the future is still more significant. Therefore the Buddha Jayanti will be

an occasion not only to evaluate the benefits rendered to humanity by the Buddha and his teachings, but also to speculate on how his lofty ideals can be utilised to bring peace and harmony to our troubled world.

The Buddha Jayanti is bound to bring about a change in the way of life of the Buddhists and the Hindus who pay homage to the Buddha either as the founder of their faith or as the incarnation of their great god Visnu. A strong movement to ensure the spiritual regeneration of the Buddhists and the Hindus, who together form nearly one half of the world's population, should be launched in connection with the Buddha Jayanti. At present, such a movement is being organised in Ceylon; and similar efforts, it is known, are being made in other Buddhist countries. A combined effort made by all Buddhist countries will no doubt give better and more lasting results. The spiritual unity of a formidable sector of the world's population will exert an enormous influence on the rest of mankind. The Buddha Jayanti will be an ideal occasion for the followers of the Buddha to announce to the world that the true object of life is to "do good, shun evil and cleanse the inmost thought"* and to draw the attention of the warring world to the lofty teachings of the Master who has taught humanity the way out of misery and suffering. The message of the Buddha can truly be the solution to all ills in the modern world.

It is known that the Buddhist countries are making arrangements to celebrate the Buddha Jayanti in a fitting manner. Some of them have already spent large sums of money on various activities. In Ceylon, a Buddhist Council consisting of members of both the Sangha and the laity has been set up to make representations to the Government on all matters pertaining to the Buddha Jayanti and to undertake all activities in connection with the Buddha Jayanti. The Government of Ceylon has decided to co-operate with

*Dhammapada 183

the Buddhist public, who form 65 per cent of the population, by granting a large sum of money to the Buddhist Council. Besides organising the movement to usher in a spiritual awakening in the Island, the Council has commenced the translation of the Buddhist Canon (the Tripitaka) into Sinhalese and the compilation of an Encyclopaedia on Buddhism in English and a general Encyclopaedia in Sinhalese. Arrangements are also being made to publish a number of souvenirs, brochures and books on the life and the teachings of the Buddha and the history of Buddhism. The historic Temple of the Tooth in Kandy is being reconstructed with a view to restore it to its pristine glory. Besides putting up a number of memorial buildings, the Council will assist in the restoration of the Mahiyangana Stupa which stands at a spot visited by the Buddha and the construction of a Hall of Residence for Buddhist monks at the University of Ceylon in Peradeniya. A special library called the Buddha Jayanti Library, which will be a repository of valuable books on world religions, will also be established at the University. Financial assistance will be given to the Vidyalandara Pirivena of Kelaniya (a seat of Oriental learning) to hold a Sangayana as a part of its activities in connection with the revision of the sacred scriptures. This Pirivena will also compile a Concordance of sacred texts. In February 1957 the Council will hold an International Buddhist Conference in Colombo and will organize an Exhibition of Buddhist Art, wherein all Buddhist countries will be represented. The Council is also considering a proposal to establish a seat of Buddhist learning of University standard where Buddhism and allied subjects will be taught, besides providing facilities to meditate. In Ceylon we are making further arrangements to celebrate the 2500th anniversary of the landing of Vijaya and the founding of the kingdom of Lanka, which coincides with the Buddha Jayanti.

In order to achieve the best results in these undertakings the co-operation of almost all the countries of

the world is absolutely necessary. The compilation of the Buddhist Encyclopaedia, which will be a complete and authoritative reference book on Buddhism and Buddhist Civilization, requires the services of a large number of scholars and workers not only to write the articles but also to select and prepare the illustrations. The International Buddhist Conference should provide an opportunity for the leading Buddhist scholars of the world to meet together and discuss their common problems. The exhibition of Buddhist Art should represent the development of Buddhist art in all countries of Asia; models and replicas of the archaeological treasure of these countries should find a place in this exhibition. Besides, the Buddha Jayanti Library can be made complete only if books and manuscripts are available from the Buddhist Countries. The Buddhist Council proposes to appeal to all nations for their assistance in executing these projects.

The Asian countries which are organising various activities in connection with the Buddha Jayanti must have felt the necessity for international co-operation. There is no doubt that if all of us pool our resources and make a unified effort to celebrate the Buddha Jayanti we would derive immense benefits. The Buddha Jayanti will be celebrated in a manner befitting the greatness of the personality in whose honour it is held. Besides, such an arrangement will contribute towards the strengthening of the bonds of friendship which exist among us. It will, moreover be unique in so far as it is motivated not by military or commercial considerations but by the keenness to celebrate the 2500th anniversary of the passing away of the Buddha whose message we offer the world today as the corrective it sorely requires to save mankind from self-inflicted annihilation.

Let the Buddha Jayanti be an integral part of our scheme to ensure world peace. We, who had been subject to foreign domination and have therefore remained poor and under-developed, have neither the

means nor the strength to maintain peace by warfare. Even if we do have, the rich religious heritage to which we are heirs prevents us from adopting, such a course of action, whose failure has been proved beyond any doubt. Our solution to war is the message of Universal Love which the Enlightened One has taught. “He should not commit any slight wrong,” the Buddha stated, “such that otherwise men might censure; may all beings be happy and secure; may their hearts be wholesome. Let none deceive another nor despise any person whatsoever in any place. In anger or ill-will let him not wish any harm to another. Just as a mother would protect her only child at the risk of her own life, even so let him cultivate a boundless heart towards all beings. Let his thoughts of boundless love pervade the whole world—above, below and across—without any obstruction, without any enmity.”* It is this doctrine of love which alone can save the world from the destruction wrought by nuclear weapons; this alone can bring harmony to the world which is torn asunder by greed, hatred and ignorance. To disseminate this doctrine in the world is our responsibility; and it is not an easy task. Has not the Master expounded,

“Easy to do are things that are bad and not
beneficial to self ;

But very, very hard to do indeed is that which
is beneficial and good”†

Before I close, let me appeal to you all both Buddhists and non-Buddhists, to join us in the celebration of the Buddha Jayanti. As the President of the Buddhist Council of Ceylon I have very great pleasure in extending to you our cordial invitation to visit Ceylon and to participate in our celebrations. I shall appreciate any assistance you can render to make the Buddha Jayanti a fitting commemoration of the 2500th Anniversary of the passing away of the Great Teacher.

*The Metta Sutta

†Dhammapada 163

