BUDDHIST FAIRY TALES

An anthology of Suttas recounting the Jātaka stories of the Buddha's previous lives in the Pali Nikāyas - Suitable for all ages

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I – PREFACE

We often think of fairy tales as stories that are unreal and meant only for children. Yet, when you read the Suttas about the Buddha's past-life stories, you may find yourself thinking quite differently.

You will realize that these seemingly fairy-tale-like accounts are in fact true, not mere dreams. And it is not only children who can believe in them and learn much from them, but adults too can place trust in them, reflect upon themselves, and draw many lessons.

It is our hope that this book will serve as a bridge between people and the Dhamma. It is not only a bridge of affection between parents and children—when parents read and explain the Suttas as though telling fairy tales to their little ones—but also a bridge that connects the whole family with the True Dhamma.

May you and your family walk hand in hand in peace—crossing the Bridge of the Dhamma together toward Virtue-Concentration-Wisdom!

II – GUIDE TO USING THIS BOOK

PRINTING NOTES

*If you would like to print this book as a hard copy for easier reading, please choose **B5 portrait size** and print on **both sides** to save paper (**except for** Section V. List of Suttas, which should be printed in landscape and single-sided). Please be sure to set the margins properly so that no text is lost in the binding (it is recommended to **test-print** a few pages first).*

1. *Open the Word file of the book.*
2. *Go to the **Layout** tab → select **Margins** → choose **Mirrored**.*
3. *Go to **Custom Margins** and set:*
    - *Top: 1.5 cm*
    - *Bottom: 2 cm*
    - *Inside (binding): 3 cm*
    - *Outside (outer edge): 1.5 cm*

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SOME WAYS TO USE THE BOOK:

- *First, go to **the list and summaries** to choose the Sutta you would like to read.*
- *If you want to listen to an **audio version** of the Sutta, search on Google Or **access them through Section III of this book.***
- *If you are reading the Word file, you can use the **Find** function to quickly search by keywords.*
- *In the Table of Contents, we have included a **"Notes"** column for you to write down anything you wish to remember.*

- *The book is **bilingual**, allowing easy comparison between the Vietnamese and English versions, and also serving as a way for readers to learn English.*
- *Pali Sutta Code:* **Ja + *number***, *where* Ja *stands for* Jātaka*—the Buddha's Birth Stories—and the number is the serial number of the Sutta. This number is consistent across versions in all languages. Thus, if you wish to read additional stories or compare versions, you can search by this code.*
- *On the English website for Pali texts, **suttacentral.net**, it may be difficult to find the Sutta you want using the site's search box. Instead, type the Pali code of the Sutta directly after the website's URL to go straight to that text, with many language versions available. For example: https://suttacentral.net/ja4 (simply type* **ja4** *after **".net/").***

III - *SOURCES AND REFERENCES*

This book has been compiled based on the following sources:

Vietnamese: https://thewaytotruehappiness.org/bs2-tam-tang-pali/

English: https://thewaytotruehappiness.org/bs2-pali-canon/

Taiwanese (Traditional Chinese):
https://thewaytotruehappiness.org/bs2-%e5%b7%b4%e5%88%a9%e6%96%87%e4%b8%89%e8%97%8f/

Chinese (Simplified Chinese):
https://thewaytotruehappiness.org/bs2-%e5%b7%b4%e5%88%a9%e4%b8%89%e8%97%8f/

*Only **Ja546. Mahā-Ummagga Jātaka – The Great Tunnel** is quoted from the link:*
https://www.wisdomlib.org/buddhism/book/jataka-tales-english/d/doc80727.html
because the text on https://suttacentral.net/ *was posted incorrectly.*

IV – INTRODUCTION TO THE TIPIṬAKA

Buddhism, or the Teaching of the Buddha, is a philosophical system originating in India.

The Buddha (the Venerable Gotama) taught on many vital aspects of life, including: the nature of existence, the way to liberation from suffering, principles for dealing with others, and guidelines for daily living.

According to historical records, the Buddha lived and taught in India from about the 6th to the 5th century BCE, meaning that this philosophical system is more than 2,000 years old. Time is the ultimate test: what truly holds value for life has proven its worth across centuries.

Today, three main branches of Buddhism exist in the world:

- *Theravāda Buddhism (also called the Early Teaching, the Southern Tradition, or the School of the Elders), with scriptures in Pali, regarded as preserving the teachings closest to the Buddha's original philosophy.*
- *Mahāyāna Buddhism (also called the Developed Teaching or the Northern Tradition), with scriptures in Sanskrit and Chinese.*
- *Vajrayāna Buddhism (also called the Esoteric Teaching or the Tantric Tradition), primarily using scriptures in Tibetan.*

We have chosen Theravāda Buddhism as our foundation, based on the Pali Canon, the Tipiṭaka.

The word Tipiṭaka in Pali means "Three Baskets" (ti = three, piṭaka = basket), referring to the three collections of scriptures:

1) *Vinaya Piṭaka – the Discipline Basket, recording the monastic rules established by the Buddha for monks and nuns.*

2) *Sutta Piṭaka – the Discourse Basket, containing the Buddha's discourses and those of his great disciples, addressing the Dhamma and various aspects of life.*

3) *Abhidhamma Piṭaka – the Higher Teaching Basket, offering profound analysis and systematic discussion of the Buddha's teachings.*

The Sutta Piṭaka is divided into five collections:

1. ***Dīgha Nikāya*** *(Collection of Long Discourses) – Contains the long discourses.*
2. ***Majjhima Nikāya*** *(Collection of Middle-length Discourses) – Contains the medium-length discourses.*
3. ***Saṃyutta Nikāya*** *(Connected Discourses) – Contains shorter discourses grouped by topic.*
4. ***Aṅguttara Nikāya*** *(Numerical Discourses) – Contains shorter discourses arranged numerically (one principle, two principles, three principles, etc.).*
5. ***Khuddaka Nikāya*** *(Minor Collection) – Contains a wide variety of shorter texts, such as the Dhammapada, the Vimānavatthu, and the Jātaka tales.*

This book has been compiled from *the Suttas within the Pali Canon/ the Sutta Piṭaka/the Khuddaka Nikāya/ the Jātaka (Stories of the Buddha's Previous Lives).*

V – LIST AND SUMMARY OF SELECTED SUTTAS

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VI – FULL TEXT OF SELECTED SUTTAS

4. Cullaka-Setthi Jātaka

“With humblest start.” This story was told by the Master about the Elder named Little Wayman, while in Jivaka’s Mango-grove near Rajagaha. And here an account of Little Wayman’s birth must be given. Tradition tells us that the daughter of a rich merchant’s family in Rajagaha actually stooped to intimacy with a slave. Becoming alarmed lest her misconduct should get known, she said to the slave, “We can’t live on here; for if my mother and father come to know of this sin of ours, they will tear us limb from limb. Let us go and live afar off.” So with their belongings in their hands they stole together out by the hardly-opened door, and fled away, they cared not whither, to find a shelter beyond the ken of her family. Then they went and lived together in a certain place, with the result that she conceived. And when her full time was nearly come, she told her husband and said, “If I am taken in labour away from kith and kin, that will be a trouble to both of us. So let us go home.” First he agreed to start to-day, and then he put it off till the morrow; and so he let the days slip by, till she thought to herself, “This fool is so conscious of his great offence that he dares not go. One’s parents are one’s best friends; so whether he goes or stays, I must go.” So, when he went out, she put all her household matters in order and set off home, telling her next-door neighbour where she was going. Returning home, and not finding his wife, but discovering from the neighbours that she had started off home, he hurried after her and came up with her on the road; and then and there she was taken in labour.

“What’s this, my dear?” said he.

“I have given birth to a son, my husband,” said she.

Accordingly, as the very thing had now happened which was the only reason for the journey, they both agreed that it was no good going on now, and so turned back again. And as their child had been born by the way, they called him ‘Wayman.’

Not long after, she became with child again, and everything fell out as Before. And as this second child too was born by the way, they called him ‘Wayman’ too, distinguishing the elder as ‘Great Wayman’ and the younger as ‘Little Wayman: Then, with both their children, they again went back to their own home.

Now, as they were living there, their way-child heard other boys talking of their uncles and grandfathers and grandmothers; so he asked his mother whether he hadn’t got relations like the other boys. “Oh yes, my dear,” said his mother; “but they don’t live here. Your grandfather is a wealthy merchant in the city of Rajagaha, and you have plenty of relations there.” “Why don’t we go there, mother?” She told the boy the reason why they stayed away; but, as the children kept on speaking about these relations, she said to her husband, “The children are always plaguing me. Are my parents going to eat us at sight? Come, let us shew the children their grandfather’s family.” “Well, I don’t mind taking them there; but I really could not face your parents.” “All right; so long as, some way or other, the children come to see their grandfather’s family,” said she.

So those two took their children and coming in due course to Rajagaha put up in a public rest-house by the city gate. Then, taking with them the two children, the woman caused their coming to be made known to her parents. The latter, on hearing the message, returned this answer, “True, it is strange to be without children unless one has renounced the world in quest of Arahatship. Still, so great is the guilt of the pair towards us that they may not stand in our sight. Here is a sum of money for them: let them take this and retire to live where they will. But the children they may send here.” Then the merchant’s daughter took the money so sent her, and despatched the children by the messengers. So the children grew up in their grandfather’s house,—Little Wayman being of tender years, while Great Wayman used to go with his grand-father to hear the Buddha preach the Truth. And by constant hearing of the Truth from the Master’s own lips, the lad’s heart yearned to renounce the world for the life of a Brother.

“With your permission,” said he to his grandfather, “I should like to join the Brotherhood.” “What do I hear?” cried the old man. “Why, it would give me greater joy to see you join the Order than to see the

whole world join. Become a Brother, if you feel able." And he took him to the Master.

"Well, merchant," said the Master, "have you brought your boy with you?" Yes sir; this is my grandson, who wishes to join your Brotherhood." Then the Master sent for a Mendicant, and told him to admit the lad to the Order; and the Mendicant repeated the Formula of the Perishable Body and admitted the lad as a novice. When the latter had learned by heart many words of the Buddha, and was old enough, he was admitted a full Brother. He now gave himself up to earnest thought till he won Arahatship; and as he passed his days in the enjoyment of Insight and the Paths, he thought whether he could not impart the like happiness to Little Wayman. So he went to his grandfather the merchant, and said, "Great merchant, with your consent, I will admit Little Wayman to the Order." "Pray do so, reverend sir," was the reply.

Then the Elder admitted the lad Little Wayman and established him in the Ten Commandments. But Little Wayman proved a dullard: with four months' study he failed to get by heart this single stanza—

Lo! like a fragrant lotus at the dawn
Of day, full-blown, with virgin wealth of scent,
Behold the Buddha's glory shining forth,
As in the vaulted heaven beams the sun!

For, we are told, in the Buddhahood of Kassapa this Little Wayman, having himself attained to knowledge as a Brother, laughed to scorn a dull Brother who was learning a passage by heart. His scorn so confused his butt, that the latter could not learn or recite the passage. And now, in consequence, on joining the Brotherhood he himself proved a dullard. Each new line he learned drove the last out of his memory; and four months slipped away while he was struggling with this single stanza. Said his elder brother to him, "Wayman, you are not equal to receiving this doctrine. In four whole months you have been unable to learn a single stanza. How then can you hope to crown your vocation with supreme success? Leave the monastery." But, though thus expelled by his brother, Little Wayman was so attached to the Buddha's creed that he did not want to become a layman.

Now at that time Great Wayman was acting as steward. And Jivaka Komarabhacca, going to his mango-grove with a large present of

perfumes and flowers for the Master, had presented his offering and listened to a discourse; then, rising from his seat and bowing to the Buddha, he went up to Great Wayman and asked, “How many Brethren are there, reverend sir, with the Master?” “Just 500, sir.” “Will you bring the 500 Brethren, with the Buddha at their head, to take their meal at my house to-morrow?” “Lay-disciple, one of them named Little Wayman is a dullard and makes no progress in the Faith,” said the Elder; “I accept the invitation for everyone but him.”

Hearing this, Little Wayman thought to himself, “In accepting the invitation for all these Brethren, the Elder carefully accepts so as to exclude me. This proves that my brother’s affection for me is dead. What have I to do with this proves? I will become a layman and live in the exercise of charity and other good works of a lay character.” And on the morrow early he went forth, avowedly to become a layman again.

Now at the first break of day, as he was surveying the world, the Master became aware of this; and going forth even earlier than Little Wayman, he paced to and fro by the porch on Little Wayman’s road. As the latter came out of the house, he observed the Master, and with a salutation went up to him. “Whither away at this hour, Little Wayman?” said the Master.

“My brother has expelled me from the Order, sir; and I am going to wander forth.”

“Little Wayman, as it was under me that you took the vows, why did you not, when expelled by your brother, come to me? Conte, what have you to do with a layman’s life? You shall stop with me.” So saying, he took Little Wayman and seated him at the door of his own perfumed chamber. Then giving him a perfectly clean cloth which he had supernaturally created, the Master said, “Face towards the East, and as you handle this cloth, repeat these words—‘Removal of Impurity; Removal of Impurity.’” Then at the time appointed the Master, attended by the Brotherhood, went to Jivaka’s house and sat down on the seat set for him.

Now Little Wayman, with his gaze fixed on the sun, sat handling the cloth and repeating the words, “Removal of Impurity; Removal of Impurity.” And as he kept handling the piece of cloth, it grew soiled. Then he thought, “Just now this piece of cloth was quite clean; but

my personality has destroyed its original state and made it dirty. Impermanent indeed are all compounded things! And even as he realised Death and Decay, he won the Arahat's Illumination. Knowing that Little Wayman's mind had won Illumination, the Master sent forth an apparition and in this semblance of himself appeared before him, as if seated in front of him and saying, "Heed it not, Little Wayman, that this mere piece of cloth has become dirty and stained with impurity; within thee are the impurities of lust and other evil things. Remove them." And the apparition uttered these stanzas—

Impurity in Lust consists, not dirt;
And Lust we term the real Impurity.
Yea, Brethren, whoso drives it from his breast,
He lives the gospel of the Purified.

Impurity in Wrath consists, not dirt;
And Wrath we term the real Impurity.
Yea, Brethren, whoso drives it from his breast,
He lives the gospel of the Purified.

Delusion is Impurity, not dirt;
We term Delusion real Impurity.
Yea, Brethren, whoso drives it from his breast,
He lives the gospel of the Purified.

At the close of these stanzas Little Wayman attained to Arahatship with the four branches of knowledge, whereby he straightway came to have knowledge of all the sacred texts. Tradition has it that, in ages past, when he was a king and was making a solemn procession round his city, he wiped the sweat from his brow with a spotless cloth which he was wearing; and the cloth was stained. Thought he, "It is this body of mine which has destroyed the original purity and whiteness of the cloth, and dirtied it. Impermanent indeed are all composite things." Thus he grasped the idea of impermanence; and hence it came to pass that it was the removal of impurity which worked his salvation.

Meantime, Jivaka Komarabhacca offered the Water of Donation; but the Master put his hand over the vessel, saying, "Are there no Brethren, Jivaka, in the monastery?"

Said Great Wayman, “There are no Brethren there, reverend sir.” “Oh yes, there are, Jivaka,” said the Master. “Hi, there!” said Jivaka to a servant; “just you go and see whether or not there are any Brethren in the monastery.”

At that moment Little Wayman, conscious as he was that his brother was declaring there were no Brethren in the monastery, determined to shew him there were, and so filled the whole mango-grove with nothing but Brothers. Some were making robes, others dyeing, whilst others again were repeating the sacred texts—each of a thousand Brethren he made unlike all the others. Finding this host of Brethren in the monastery, the man returned and said that the whole mango-grove was full of Brethren.

But as regards the Elder up in the monastery—

Wayman, a thousand-fold self-multiplied,
Sat on, till bidden, in that pleasant grove.

“Now go back,” said the Master to the man, “and say ‘The Master sends for him whose name is Little Wayman.’

But when the man went and delivered his message, a thousand mouths answered, “I am Little Wayman! I am Little Wayman!”

Back came the man with the report, “They all say they are ‘Little Wayman,’ reverend sir.”

“Well now go back,” said the Master, “and take by the hand the first one of them who says he is Little Wayman, and the others will all vanish.” The man did as he was bidden, and straightway the thousand Brethren vanished from sight. The Elder came back with the man.

When the meal was over, the Master said, “Jivaka, take Little Wayman’s bowl; he will return thanks.” Jivaka did so. Then like a young lion roaring defiance, the Elder ranged the whole of the sacred texts through in his address of thanks. Lastly, the Master rose from his seat and attended by the Order returned to the monastery, and there, after the assignment of tasks by the Brotherhood, he rose from his seat and, standing in the doorway of his perfumed chamber, delivered a Buddha-discourse to the Brotherhood. Ending with a theme which he gave out for meditation, and dismissing the

Brotherhood, he retired into his perfumed chamber, and lay down lion-like on his right side to rest.

At even, the orange-robed Brethren assembled together from all sides in the Hall of Truth and sang the Master's praises, even as though they were spreading a curtain of orange cloth round him as they sat.

"Brethren," it was said, "Great Wayman failed to recognise the bent of Little Wayman, and expelled him from the monastery as a dullard who could not even learn a single stanza in four whole months. But the All-Knowing Buddha by his supremacy in the Truth bestowed on him Arahatship with all its supernatural knowledge, even while a single meal was in progress. And by that knowledge he grasped the whole of the sacred texts. Oh! how great is a Buddha's power!"

Now the Blessed One, knowing full well the talk that was going on in the Hall of Truth, thought it meet to go there. So, rising from his Buddha-couch, he donned his two orange under-cloths, girded himself as with lightning, arrayed himself in his orange-coloured robe, the ample robe of a Buddha, and came forth to the Hall of Truth with the infinite grace of a Buddha, moving with the royal gait of an elephant in the plenitude of his vigour. Ascending the glorious Buddha-throne set in the midst of the resplendent hall, he seated himself upon the middle of the throne emitting those six-coloured rays which mark a Buddha,—like the newly-arisen sun, when from the peaks of the Yugandhara Mountains he illumines the depths of the ocean. Immediately the All-Knowing One came into the Hall, the Brotherhood broke off their talk and were silent. Gazing round on the company with gentle loving-kindness, the Master thought within himself, "This company is perfect! Not a man is guilty of moving hand or foot improperly; not a sound, not a cough or sneeze is to he heard! In their reverence and awe of the majesty and glory of the Buddha, not a man would dare to speak before I did, even if I sat here in silence all my life long. But it is my part to begin; and I will open the conversation." Then in his sweet divine tones he addressed the Brethren and said, "What, pray, is the theme of this conclave? And what was the talk which was broken off?"

"Sir," said they, "it was no profitless theme, but your own praises that we were telling here in conclave."

And when they had told him word for word what they had been saying, the Master said, “Brethren, through me Little Wayman has just now risen to great things in the Faith; in times past it was to great things in the way of wealth that he rose,—but equally through me.”

The Brethren asked the Master to explain this; and the Blessed One made clear in these words a thing which succeeding existences had hidden from them—

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares in Kasi, the Bodhisatta was born into the Treasurer’s family, and growing up, was made Treasurer, being called Treasurer Little. A wise and clever man was he, with a keen eye for signs and omens. One day on his way to wait upon the king, he came on a dead mouse lying on the road; and, taking note of the position of the stars at that moment, he said, “Any decent young fellow with his wits about him has only to pick that mouse up, and he might start a business and keep a wife.”

His words were overheard by a young man of good family but reduced circumstances, who said to himself, “That’s a man who has always got a reason for what he says.” And accordingly he picked up the mouse, which he sold for a farthing at a tavern for their cat.

With the farthing he got molasses and took drinking water in a water-pot. Coming on flower-gatherers returning from the forest, he gave each a tiny quantity of the molasses and ladled the water out to them. Each of them gave him a handful of flowers, with the proceeds of which, next day, he came back again to the flower grounds provided with more molasses and a pot of water. That day the flower-gatherers, before they went, gave him flowering plants with half the flowers left on them; and thus in a little while he obtained eight pennies.

Later, one rainy and windy day, the wind blew down a quantity of rotten branches and boughs and leaves in the king’s pleasaunce, and the gardener did not see how to clear them away. Then up came the young man with an offer to remove the lot, if the wood and leaves might be his. The gardener closed with the offer on the spot. Then this apt pupil of Treasurer Little repaired to the children’s playground and in a very little while had got them by bribes of molasses to collect

every stick and leaf in the place into a heap at the entrance to the pleasaunce. Just then the king's potter was on the look out for fuel to fire bowls for the palace, and coming on this heap, took the lot off his hands. The sale of his wood brought in sixteen pennies to this pupil of Treasurer Little, as well as five bowls and other vessels. Having now twenty-four pennies in all, a plan occurred to him. He went to the vicinity of the city-gate with a jar full of water and supplied 500 mowers with water to drink. Said they, "You've done us a good turn, friend. What can we do for you?" "Oh, I'll tell you when I want your aid," said he; and as he went about, he struck up an intimacy with a land-trader and a sea-trader. Said the former to him, "To-morrow there will come to town a horse-dealer with 500 horses to sell." On hearing this piece of news, he said to the mowers, "I want each of you to-day to give me a bundle of grass and not to sell your own grass till mine is sold." "Certainly," said they, and delivered the 500 bundles of grass at his house. Unable to get grass for his horses elsewhere, the dealer purchased our friend's grass for a thousand pieces.

Only a few days later his sea-trading friend brought him news of the arrival of a large ship in port; and another plan struck him. He hired for eight pence a well appointed carriage which plied for hire by the hour, and went in great style down to the port. Having bought the ship on credit and deposited his signet-ring as security, he had a pavilion pitched hard by and said to his people as he took his seat inside, "When merchants are being shewn in, let them be passed on by three successive ushers into my presence." Hearing that a ship had arrived in port, about a hundred merchants came down to buy the cargo; only to he told that they could not have it as a great merchant had already made a payment on account. So away they all went to the young man; and the footmen duly announced them by three successive ushers, as had been arranged beforehand. Each man of the hundred severally gave him a thousand pieces to buy a share in the ship and then a further thousand each to buy him out altogether. So it was with 200,000 pieces that this pupil of Treasurer Little returned to Benares.

Actuated by a desire to shew his gratitude, he went with one hundred thousand pieces to call on Treasurer Little. "How did you come by all this wealth?" asked the Treasurer. "In four short months, simply by following your advice," replied the young man; and he told him the whole story, starting with the dead mouse. Thought Lord High

Treasurer Little, on hearing all this, “I must see that a young fellow of these parts does not fall into anybody else’s hands.” So he married him to his own grown-up daughter and settled all the family estates on the young man. And at the Treasurer’s death, he became Treasurer in that city. And the Bodhisatta passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Supreme Buddha, the All-Knowing One himself, repeated this stanza:

With humblest start and trifling capital
A shrewd and able man will rise to wealth,
E’en as his breath can nurse a tiny flame.

Also the Blessed One said, “It is through me, Brethren, that Little Wayman has just now risen to great things in the Faith, as in times past to great things in the way of wealth.” His lesson thus finished, the Master made the connexion between the two stories he had told and identified the Birth in these concluding words, “Little Wayman was in those days the pupil of Treasurer Little, and I myself Lord High Treasurer Little.”

12. Nigrodhamiga Jātaka

“Keep only with the Banyan Deer.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the mother of the Elder named Prince Kassapa. The daughter, we learn, of a wealthy merchant of Rajagaha was deeply rooted in goodness and scorned all temporal things; she had reached her final existence, and within her breast, like a lamp in a pitcher, glowed her sure hope of winning Arahatship. As soon as she reached knowledge of herself, she took no joy in a worldly life but yearned to renounce the world. With this aim, she said to her mother and father, “My dear parents, my heart takes no joy in a worldly life; fain would I embrace the saving doctrine of the Buddha. Suffer me to take the vows.”

“What, my dear? Ours is a very wealthy family, and you are our only daughter. You cannot take the vows.”

Having failed to win her parents’ consent, though she asked them again and again, she thought to herself, “Be it so then; when I am married into another family, I will gain my husband’s consent and take the vows.” And when, being grown up, she entered another family, she proved a devoted wife and lived a life of goodness and virtue in her new home. Now it came to pass that she conceived, though she knew it not.

There was a festival proclaimed in that city, and everybody kept holiday, the city being decked like a city of the gods. But she, even at the height of the festival, neither anointed herself nor put on any finery, going about in her every-day attire. So her husband said to her, “My dear wife, everybody is holiday-making; but you do not put on your bravery.”

“My lord and master,” she replied, “the body is filled with two-and-thirty component parts. Wherefore should it be adorned? This bodily frame is not of angelic or archangelic mould; it is not made of gold, jewels, or yellow sandal-wood; it takes not its birth from the womb of lotus-flowers, white or red or blue; it is not filled with any immortal balsam. Nay, it is bred of corruption, and born of mortal parents; the qualities that mark it are the wearing and wasting away, the decay and

destruction of the merely transient; it is fated to swell a graveyard, and is devoted to lusts; it is the source of sorrow, and the occasion of lamentation; it is the abode of all diseases, and the repository of the workings of Karma. Foul within,—it is always excreting. Yea, as all the world can see, its end is death, passing to the charnel-house, there to be the dwelling-place of worms . What should I achieve, my bridegroom, by tricking out this body? Would not its adornment be like decorating the outside of a close-stool?"

"My dear wife," rejoined the young merchant, "if you regard this body as so sinful, why don't you become a Sister?"

"If I am accepted, my husband, I will take the vows this very day." "Very good," said he, "I will get you admitted to the Order." And after he had shewn lavish bounty and hospitality to the Order, he escorted her with a large following to the nunnery and had her admitted a Sister,—but of the following of Devadatta. Great was her joy at the fulfilment of her desire to become a Sister.

As her time drew near, the Sisters, noticing the change in her person, the swelling in her hands and feet and her increased size, said, "Lady, you seem about to become a mother; what does it mean?"

"I cannot tell, ladies; I only know I have led a virtuous life."

So the Sisters brought her before Devadatta, saying, "Lord, this young gentle-woman, who was admitted a Sister with the reluctant consent of her husband, has now proved to be with child; but whether this dates from before her admission to the Order or not, we cannot say. What are we to do now?"

Not being a Buddha, and not having any charity, love or pity, Devadatta thought thus: "It will be a damaging report to get abroad that one of my Sisters is with child, and that I condone the offence. My course is clear; I must expel this woman from the Order." Without any enquiry, starting forward as if to thrust aside a mass of stone, he said, "Away, and expel this woman!"

Receiving this answer, they arose and with reverent salutation withdrew to their own nunnery. But the girl said to those Sisters, "Ladies, Devadatta the Elder is not the Buddha. My vows were taken not under Devadatta, but under the Buddha, the Foremost of the world. Rob me not of the vocation I won so hardly; but take me

before the Master at Jetavana." So they set out with her for Jetavana, and journeying over the forty-five leagues thither from Rajagaha, came in due course to their destination, where with reverent salutation to the Master, they laid the matter before him.

Thought the Master, "Albeit the child was conceived while she was still of the laity, yet it will give the heretics an occasion to say that the ascetic Gotama has taken a Sister expelled by Devadatta. Therefore, to cut short such talk, this case must be heard in the presence of the king and his court." So on the morrow he sent for Pasenadi king of Kosala, the elder and the younger Anatha-pindika, the lady Visakha the great lay-disciple, and other well-known personages; and in the evening when the four classes of the faithful were all assembled—Brothers, Sisters, and lay-disciples, both male and female—he said to the Elder Upali, "Go, and clear up this matter of the young Sister in the presence of the four classes of my disciples."

"It shall be done, reverend sir," said the Elder, and forth to the assembly he went and there, seating himself in his place, he called up Visakha the lay-disciple in sight of the king, and placed the conduct of the enquiry in her hands, saying, "First ascertain the precise day of the precise month on which this girl joined the Order, Visakha; and thence compute whether she conceived before or since that date." Accordingly the lady had a curtain put up as a screen, behind which she retired with the girl. Spectatis manibus, pedibus, umbilico, ipso ventre puellae, the lady found, on comparing the days and months, that the conception had taken place before the girl had become a Sister. This she reported to the Elder, who proclaimed the Sister innocent before all the assembly. And she, now that her innocence was established, reverently saluted the Order and the Mater, and with the Sisters returned to her own nunnery.

When her time was come, she bore the son strong in spirit, for whom she had prayed at the feet of the Buddha Padumuttara ages ago. One day, when the king was passing by the nunnery, he heard the cry of an infant and asked his courtiers what it meant. They, knowing the facts, told his majesty that the cry came from the child to which the young Sister had given birth. "Sirs," said the king, "the care of children is a clog on Sisters in their religious life; let us take charge of him." So the infant was handed over by the king's command to the ladies of his family, and brought up as a prince. When the day came

for him to be named, he was called Kassapa, but was known as Prince Kassapa because he was brought up like a prince.

At the age of seven he was admitted a novice under the Master, and a full Brother when he was old enough. As time went on, he waxed famous among the expounders of the Truth. So the Master gave him precedence, saying, “Brethren, the first in eloquence among my disciples is Prince Kassapa.” Afterwards, by virtue of the Vammika Sutta, he won Arahatship. So too his mother, the Sister, grew to clear vision and won the Supreme Fruit. Prince Kassapa the Elder shone in the faith of the Buddha even as the full-moon in the mid-heaven. Now one day in the afternoon when the Tathagata on return from his alms-round had addressed the Brethren, he passed into his perfumed chamber. At the close of his address the Brethren spent the daytime either in their night-quarters or in their day-quarters till it was evening, when they assembled in the hall of Truth and spoke as follows: “Brethren, Devadatta, because he was not a Buddha and because he had no charity, love or pity, was nigh being the ruin of the Elder Prince Kassapa and his reverend mother. But the All-enlightened Buddha, being the Lord of Truth and being perfect in charity, love and pity, has proved their salvation.” And as they sat there telling the praises of the Buddha, he entered the hall with all the grace of a Buddha, and asked, as he took his. seat, what they were talking of as they sat together.

“Of your own virtues, sir,” said they, and told him all.

“This is not the first time, Brethren,” said he, “that the Tathagata has proved the salvation and refuge of these two: he was the same to them in the past also.”

Then, on the Brethren asking him to explain this to them, he revealed what re-birth had hidden from them.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a deer. At his birth he was golden of hue; his eyes were like round jewels; the sheen of his horns was as of, silver; his mouth was red as a bunch of scarlet cloth; his four hoofs were as though lacquered; his tail was like the yak’s; and he was as big as a young foal. Attended by five hundred deer, he dwelt in the forest

under the name of King Banyan Deer. And hard by him dwelt another deer also with an attendant herd of five hundred deer, who was named Branch Deer, and was as golden of hue as the Bodhisatta.

In those days the king of Benares was passionately fond of hunting, and always had meat at every meal. Every day he mustered the whole of his subjects, townsfolk and countryfolk alike, to the detriment of their business, and went hunting. Thought his people, "This king of ours stops all our work. Suppose we were to sow food and supply water for the deer in his own pleasaunce, and, having driven in a number of deer, to bar them in and deliver them over to the king!" So they sowed in the pleasaunce grass for the deer to eat and supplied water for them to drink, and opened the gate wide. Then they called out the townsfolk and set out into the forest armed with sticks and all manner of weapons to find the deer. They surrounded about a league of forest in order to catch the deer within their circle, and in so doing surrounded the haunt of the Banyan and Branch deer. As soon as they perceived the deer, they proceeded to beat the trees, bushes and ground with their sticks till they drove the herds out of their lairs; then they rattled their swords and spears and bows with so great a din that they drove all the deer into the pleasaunce, and shut the gate. Then they went to the king and said, "Sire, you put a stop to our work by always going a-hunting; so we have driven deer enough from the forest to fill your pleasaunce. Henceforth feed on them."

Hereupon the king betook himself to the pleasaunce, and in looking over the herd saw among them two golden deer, to whom he granted immunity. Sometimes he would go of his own accord and shoot a deer to bring home; sometimes his cook would go and shoot one. At first sight of the bow, the deer would dash off trembling for their lives, but after receiving two or three wounds they grew weary and faint and were slain. The herd of deer told this to the Bodhisatta, who sent for Branch and said, "Friend, the deer are being destroyed in great numbers; and, though they cannot escape death, at least let them not be needlessly wounded. Let the deer go to the block by turns, one day one from my herd, and next day one from yours,—the deer on whom the lot falls to go to the place of execution and lie down with its head on the block. In this wise the deer will escape wounding." The other agreed; and thenceforth the deer whose turn it was, used to go and lie down with its neck ready on the block. The cook used to go and carry off only the victim which awaited him.

Now one day the lot fell on a pregnant doe of the herd of Branch, and she went to Branch and said, “Lord, I am with young. When I have brought forth my little one, there will be two of us to take our turn. Order me to be passed over this turn.” “No, I cannot make your turn, another’s,” said he; “you must bear the consequences of your own fortune. Begone!” Finding no favour with him, the doe went on to the Bodhisatta and told him her story. And he answered, “Very well; you go away, and I will see that the turn passes over you.” And therewithal he went himself to the place of execution and lay down with his head on the block, Cried the cook on seeing him, “Why here’s the king of the deer who was granted immunity! What does this mean?” And off he ran to tell the king. The moment he heard of it, the king mounted his chariot and arrived with a large following. “My friend the king of the deer,” he said on beholding the Bodhisatta, “did I not promise you your life? How comes it that you are lying here?

“Sire, there came to me a doe big with young, who prayed me to let her turn fall on another; and, as I could not pass the doom of one on to another, I, laying down my life for her and taking her doom on myself, have laid me down here. Think not that there is anything behind this, your majesty.”

“My lord the golden king of the deer,” said the king, “never yet saw I, even among men, one so abounding in charity, love and pity as you. Therefore am I pleased with you. Arise! I spare the lives both of you and of her.”

“Though two be spared, what shall the rest do, O king of men?” “I spare their lives too, my lord.” “Sire, only the deer in your pleasaunce will thus have gained immunity; what shall all the rest do?” “Their lives too I spare, my lord.” “Sire, deer will thus be safe; but what will the rest of four-footed creatures do?” . “I spare their lives too, my lord.” “Sire, four-footed creatures will thus be safe; but what will the flocks of birds do?” “They too shall be spared, my lord.” “Sire, birds will thus be safe; but what will the fishes do, who live in the water?” “I spare their lives also, my lord.”

After thus interceding with the king for the lives of all creatures, the

Great Being arose, established the king in the Five Commandments, saying, “Walk in righteousness, great king. Walk in righteousness and

justice towards parents, children, townsmen, and countryfolk, so that when this earthly body is dissolved, you may enter the bliss of heaven." Thus, with the grace and charm that marks a Buddha, did he teach the Truth to the king. A few days he tarried in the pleasaunce for the king's instruction, and then with his attendant herd he passed into the forest again.

And that doe brought forth a fawn fair as the opening bud of the lotus, who used to play about with the Branch deer. Seeing this his mother said to him, "My child, don't go about with him, only go about with the herd of the Banyan deer." And by way of exhortation, she repeated this stanza:

Keep only with the Banyan deer, and shun
The Branch deer's herd; more welcome far
Is death, my child, in Banyan's company,
Than e'en the amplest term of life with Branch.

Thenceforth, the deer, now in the enjoyment of immunity, used to eat men's crops, and the men, remembering the immunity granted to them, did not dare to hit the deer or drive them away. So they assembled in the king's courtyard and laid the matter before the king. Said he, "When the Banyan deer won my favour, I promised him a boon. I will forego my kingdom rather than my promise. Begone! Not a man in my kingdom may harm the deer."

But when this came to the ears of the Banyan deer, he called his herd together and said, "Henceforth you shall not eat the crops of others." And having thus forbidden them, he sent a message to the men, saying, "From this day forward, let no husbandman fence his field, but merely indicate it with leaves tied up round it." And so, we hear, began a plan of tying up leaves to indicate the fields; and never was a deer known to trespass on a field so marked. For thus they had been instructed by the Bodhisatta.

Thus did the Bodhisatta exhort the deer of his herd, and thus did he act all his life long, and at the close of a long life passed away with them to fare according to his deserts. The king too abode by the Bodhisatta's teachings, and after a life spent in good works passed away to fare according to his deserts.

At the close of this lesson, when the Master had repeated that, as now, so in bygone days also he had been the salvation of the pair, he preached the Four Truths. He then shewed the connexion, linking together the two stories he had told, and identified the Birth by saying,—"Devadatta was the Branch Deer of those days, and his followers were that deer's herd; the nun was the doe, and Prince Kassapa was her offspring; Ananda was the king; and I myself was King Banyan Deer."

75. Maccha Jātaka

“Pajjunna, thunder!”—This story the Master told while at Jetavana, about the rain he caused to fall. For in those days, so it is said, there fell no rain in Kosala; the crops withered; and everywhere the ponds, tanks, and lakes dried up. Even the pool of Jetavana by the embattled gateway of Jetavana gave out; and the fish and tortoises buried themselves in the mud. Then came the crows and hawks with their lance-like beaks, and busily picked them out writhing and wriggling, and devoured them.

As he marked how the fishes and the tortoises were being destroyed, the Master’s heart was moved with compassion, and he exclaimed,—“This day must I cause rain to fall.” So, when the night grew day, after attending to his bodily needs, he waited till it was the proper hour to go the round in quest of alms, and then, girt round by a host of the Brethren, and perfect with the perfection of a Buddha, he went into Savatthi for alms. On his way back to the monastery in the afternoon from his round for alms in Savatthi, he stopped upon the steps leading down to the tank of Jetavana, and thus addressed the Elder

Ananda—“Bring me a bathing-dress, Ananda; for I would bathe in the tank of Jetavana.” “But surely, sir,” replied the Elder, “the water is all dried up, and only mud is left.” “Great is a Buddha’s power, Ananda. Go, bring me the bathing-dress,” said the Master. So the Elder went and brought the bathing-dress, which the Master donned, using one end to go round his waist, and covering his body up with the other. So clad, he took his stand upon the tank-steps, and exclaimed,—“I would fain bathe in the tank of Jetavana.”

That instant the yellow-stone throne of Sakka grew hot beneath him, and he sought to discover the cause. Realising what was the matter, he summoned the King of the Storm-Clouds, and said, “The Master is standing on the steps of the tank of Jetavana, and wishes to bathe. Make haste and pour down rain in a single torrent over all the kingdom of Kosala.” Obedient to Sakka’s command, the King of the Storm-Clouds clad himself in one cloud as an under garment, and another cloud as an outer garment, and chaunting the rain-song, he

darted forth eastward. And lo! he appeared in the east as a cloud of the bigness of a threshing-floor, which grew and grew till it was as big as a hundred, as a thousand, threshing-floors; and he thundered and lightened, and bending down his face and mouth deluged all Kosala with torrents of rain. Unbroken was the downpour, quickly filling the tank of Jetavana, and stopping only when the water was level with the topmost step. Then the Master bathed in the tank, and coming up out of the water donned his two orange-coloured cloths and his girdle, adjusting his Buddha-robe around him so as to leave one shoulder bare. In this guise he set forth, surrounded by the Brethren, and passed into his Perfumed Chamber, fragrant with sweet-smelling flowers. Here on the Buddha-seat he sate, and when the Brethren had performed their duties, he rose and exhorted the Brotherhood from the jewelled steps of his throne, and dismissed them from his presence. Passing now within his own sweet-smelling odorous chamber, he stretched himself, lion-like, upon his right side.

At even, the Brethren gathered together in the Hall of Truth, and dwelt on the forbearance and loving-kindness of the Master. "When the crops were withering, when the pools were drying up, and the fishes and tortoises were in grievous plight, then did he in his compassion come forth as a saviour. Donning a bathing-dress, he stood on the steps of the tank of Jetavana, and in a little space made the rain to pour down from the heavens till it seemed like to overwhelm all Kosala with its torrents. And by the time he returned to the Monastery, he had freed all alike from their tribulations both of mind and body."

So ran their talk when the Master came forth from his Perfumed Chamber into the Hall of Truth, and asked what was their theme of conversation; and they told him. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said the Master, "that the Blessed One has made the rain to fall in the hour of general need. He did the like when born into the brute-creation, in the days when he was King of the Fish." And so saying, he told this story of the past—

Once on a time, in this selfsame kingdom of Kosala and at Savatthi too, there was a pond where the tank of Jetavana now is,—a pond fenced in by a tangle of climbing plants. Therein dwelt the

Bodhisatta, who had come to life as a fish in those days. And, then as now, there was a drought in the land; the crops withered; water gave out in tank and pool; and the fishes and tortoises buried themselves in the mud. Like-wise, when the fishes and tortoises of this pond had hidden themselves in its mud, the crows and other birds, flocking to the spot, picked them out with their beaks and devoured them. Seeing the fate of his kinsfolk, and knowing that none but he could save them in their hour of need, the Bodhisatta resolved to make a solemn Profession of Goodness, and by its efficacy to make rain fall from the heavens so as to save his kinsfolk from certain death. So, parting asunder the black mud, he came forth,—a mighty fish, blackened with mud as a casket of the finest sandal-wood which has been smeared with collyrium. Opening his eyes which were as washen rubies, and looking up to the heavens he thus bespoke Pajjunna, King of Devas,—"My heart is heavy within me for my kinsfolk's sake, my good Pajjunna. How comes it, pray, that, when I who am righteous am distressed for my kinsfolk, you send no rain from heaven? For I, though born where it is customary to prey on one's kinsfolk, have never from my youth up devoured any fish, even of the size of a grain of rice; nor have I ever robbed a single living creature of its life. By the truth of this my Protestation, I call upon you to send rain and succour my kinsfolk." Therewithal, he called to Pajjunna, King of Devas, as a master might call to a servant, in this stanza—

Pajjunna, thunder! Baffle, thwart, the crow!
Breed sorrow's pangs in him; ease me of woe!

In such wise, as a master might call to a servant, did the Bodhisatta call to Pajjunna, thereby causing heavy rains to fall and relieving numbers from the fear of death. And when his life closed, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

"So this is not the first time, Brethren," said the Master, "that the Blessed One has caused the rain to fall. He did the like in bygone days, when he was a fish." His lesson ended, he identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's disciples were the fishes of those days, Ananda was Pajjunna, King of Devas, and I myself the King of the Fish."

81. Surapana Jātaka

“We drank.”—This story was cold by the Master about the Elder Sagata, while he was dwelling in the Ghosita-park near Kosambi.

For, after spending the rainy season at Savatthi, the Master had come on an alms-pilgrimage to a market-town named Bhaddavatika, where cowherds and goatherds and farmers and wayfarers respectfully besought him not to go down to the Mango Ferry; “for,” said they, “in the Mango Ferry, in the demesne of the naked ascetics, dwells a poisonous and deadly Naga, known as the Naga of the Mango Ferry, who might harm the Blessed One.” Feigning not to hear them, though they repeated their warning thrice, the Blessed One held on his way. Whilst the Blessed One was dwelling near Bhaddavatika in a certain grove there, the Elder Sagata, a servant of the Buddha, who had won such supernatural powers as a worldling can possess, went to the demesne, piled a couch of leaves at the spot where the Naga-king dwelt, and sate himself down cross-legged thereon. Being unable to conceal his evil nature, the Naga raised a great smoke. So did the Elder. Then the Naga sent forth flames. So too did the Elder. But, whilst the Naga’s flames did no harm to the Elder, the Elder’s flames did do harm to the Naga, and so in a short time he mastered the Naga-king and established him in the Refuges and the Commandments, after which he repaired back to the Master. And the Master, after dwelling as long as it pleased him at Bhaddavatika, went on to Kosambi. Now the story of the Naga’s conversion by Sagata, had got noised abroad all over the countryside, and the townsfolk of Kosambi went forth to meet the Blessed One and saluted him, after which they passed to the Elder Sagata and saluting him, said, “Tell us, sir, what you lack and we will furnish it.” The Elder himself remained silent; but the followers of the Wicked Six made answer as follows—“Sirs, to those who have renounced the world, white spirits are as rare as they are acceptable. Do you think you could get the Elder some clear white spirit?” “To be sure we can,” said the townsfolk, and invited the Master to take his meal with them next clay. Then they went back to their own town and arranged that each in his own house should offer clear white spirit to the Elder, and accordingly they all laid in a store and invited the Elder in and plied him with the liquor, house by

house. So deep were his potations that, on his way out of town, the Elder fell prostrate in the gateway and there lay hiccoughing nonsense. On his way back from his meal in the town, the Master came on the Elder lying in this state, and bidding the Brethren carry Sagata home, passed on his way to the park. The Brethren laid the Elder down with his head at the Buddha's feet, but he turned round so that he came to lie with his feet towards the Buddha. Then the Master asked his question, "Brethren, does Sagata shew that respect towards me now that he formerly did?" "No, sir." "Tell me, Brethren, who it was that mastered the Naga-king of the Mango Ferry?" "It was Sagata, sir." "Think you that in his present state Sagata could piaster even a harmless water-snake?" "That he could not, sir." "Well now, Brethren, is it proper to drink that which, when drunk, steals away a man's senses?" "It is improper, sir." Now, after discoursing with the Brethren in dispraise of the Elder, the Blessed One laid it down as a precept that the drinking of intoxicants was an offence requiring confession and absolution; after which he rose up and passed into his perfumed chamber.

Assembling together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren discussed the sin of spirit-drinking, saying, "What a great sin is the drinking of spirits, sirs, seeing that it has blinded to the Buddha's excellence even one so wise and so gifted as Sagata." Entering the Hall of Truth at this point, the Master asked what topic they were discussing; and they told him. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that they who had renounced the world have lust their senses through drinking spirits; the very same thing took place in bygone days." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a northern Brahmin-family in Kasi; and when he grew up, he renounced the world for the hermit's life. He won the Higher Knowledges and the Attainments, and dwelt in the enjoyment of the bliss of Insight in the Himalayas, with five hundred pupils around him. Once, when the rainy season had come, his pupils said to him, "Master, may we go to the haunts of men and bring back salt and vinegar?" "For my own part, sirs, I shall remain here; but you

may go for your health's sake, and come back when the rainy season is over."

"Very good," said they, and taking a respectful leave of their master, came to Benares, where they took up their abode in the royal pleasaunce. On the morrow they went in quest of alms to a village just outside the city gates, where they had plenty to eat; and next day they made their way into the city itself. The kindly citizens gave alms to them, and the king was soon informed that five hundred hermits from the Himalayas had taken up their abode in the royal pleasaunce, and that they were ascetics of great austerity, subduing the flesh, and of great virtue. Hearing this good character of them, the king went to the pleasaunce and graciously made them welcome to stay there for four months. They promised that they would, and thenceforth were fed in the royal palace and lodged in the pleasaunce. But one day a drinking festival was held in the city, and the king gave the five hundred hermits a large supply of the best spirits, knowing that such things rarely come in the way of those who renounce the world and its vanities. The ascetics drank the liquor and went back to the pleasaunce. There, in drunken hilarity, some danced, some sang, whilst others, wearied of dancing and singing, kicked about their rice-hampers and other belongings,—after which they lay down to sleep. When they had slept off their drunkenness and awoke to see the traces of their revelry, they wept and lamented, saying, "We have done that which we ought not to have done. We have done this evil because we are away from our master." Forthwith, they quitted the pleasaunce and returned to the Himalayas. Laying aside their bowls and other belongings, they saluted their master and took their seats. "Well, my sons," said he, "were you comfortable amid the haunts of men, and were you spared weary journeyings in quest of alms? Did you dwell in unity one with another?"

"Yes, master, we were comfortable; but we drank forbidden drink, so that, losing our senses and forgetting ourselves, we both danced and sang." And by way of setting the matter forth, they composed and repeated this stanza—

We drank, we danced, we sang, we wept; 'twas well
That, when we drank the drink that steals away
The senses, we were not transformed to apes.

“This is what is sure to happen to those who are not living under a master’s care,” said the Bodhisatta, rebuking those ascetics; and he exhorted them saying, “Henceforth, never do such a thing again.” Living on with Insight unbroken, he became destined to rebirth thereafter in the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth (and henceforth we shall omit the words ‘shewed the connexion ‘), by saying,—“My disciples were the band of hermits of those days, and I their teacher.”

122. Dummedha Jātaka

“Exalted station breeds a fool great woe.”—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta. For the Brethren had met together in the Hall of Truth, and were talking of how the sight of the Buddha’s perfections and all the distinctive signs of Buddhahood maddened Devadatta; and how in his jealousy he could not bear to hear the praises of the Buddha’s utter wisdom. Entering the Hall, the Master asked what was the subject of their converse. And when they told him, he said, “Brethren, as now, so in former times Devadatta was maddened by hearing my praises.” So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when King Magadha was ruling in Rajagaha in Magadha, the Bodhisatta was born an elephant. He was white all over and graced with all the beauty of form described above. And because of his beauty the king made him his state elephant.

One festal day the king adorned the city like a city of the devas and, mounted on the elephant in all its trappings, made a solemn procession round the city attended by a great retinue. And all along the route the people were moved by the sight of that peerless elephant to exclaim, “Oh what a stately gait! what proportions! what beauty! what grace! such a white elephant is worthy of an universal monarch.” All this praise of his elephant awoke the king’s jealousy and he resolved to have it cast over a precipice and killed. So he summoned the mahout and asked whether he called that a trained elephant.

“Indeed he is well trained, sire,” said the mahout. “No, he is very badly trained.” “Sire, he is well trained.” “If he is so well trained, can you get him to climb to the summit of Mount Vepulla?” “Yes, sire.” “Away with you, then,” said the king. And he got down from the elephant, making the mahout mount instead, and went himself to the foot of the mountain, whilst the mahout rode on the elephant’s back up to the top of Mount Vepulla. The king with his courtiers also

climbed the mountain, and had the elephant halted at the brink of a precipice. “Now,” said he to the man, “if he is so well trained as you say, make him stand on three legs.”

And the mahout on the elephant’s back just touched the animal with his goad by way of sign and called to him, “Hi! my beauty, stand on three legs.” “Now make him stand on his two fore-legs,” said the king. And the Great Being raised his hind-legs and stood on his fore-legs alone. “Now on the hind-legs,” said the king, and the obedient elephant raised his fore-legs till he stood on his hind-legs alone. “Now on one leg,” said the king, and the elephant stood on one leg.

Seeing that the elephant did not fall over the precipice, the king cried, “Now if you can, make him stand in the air.”

Then thought the mahout to himself, “All India cannot shew the match of this elephant for excellence of training. Surely the king must want to make him tumble over the precipice and meet his death.” So he whispered in the elephant’s ear, “My son, the king wants you to fall over and get killed. He is not worthy of you. If you have power to journey through the air, rise up with me upon your back and fly through the air to Benares.”

And the Great Being, endowed as he was with the marvellous powers which flow from Merit, straightway rose up into the air. Then said the mahout, “Sire, this elephant, possessed as he is with the marvellous powers which flow from Merit, is too good for such a worthless fool as you: none but a wise and good king is worthy to be his master. When those who are so worthless as you get an elephant like this, they don’t know his value, and so they lose their elephant, and all the rest of their glory and splendour.” So saying the mahout, seated on the elephant’s neck, recited this stanza—

Exalted station breeds a fool great woe;
He proves his own and others’ mortal foe.

“And now, goodbye,” said he to the king as he ended this rebuke; and rising in the air, he passed to Benares and halted in mid-air over the royal courtyard. And there was a great stir in the city and all cried out, “Look at the state-elephant that has come through the air for our king and is hovering over the royal courtyard.” And with all haste the news was conveyed to the king too, who came out and said, “If your coming is for my behoof, alight on the earth.” And the Bodhisatta

descended from the air. Then the mahout got down and bowed before the king, and in answer to the king's enquiries told the whole story of their leaving Rajagaha. "It was very good of you," said the king, "to come here"; and in his joy he had the city decorated and the elephant installed in his state-stable. Then he divided his kingdom into three portions, and made over one to the Bodhisatta, one to the mahout, and one he kept himself. And his power grew from the day of the Bodhisatta's coming till all India owned his sovereign sway. As Emperor of India, he was charitable and did other good works till he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying "Devadatta was in those days the king of Magadha, Sariputta the king of Benares, Ananda the mahout, and I the elephant."

156. Alinacitta Jātaka

“Prince Winheart once upon a time,” etc.—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a fainthearted Brother. The circumstances will be set forth in the Samvara Birth in the eleventh Book. When the Master asked this Brother if he really were fainthearted, as was said, he replied, “Yes, Blessed One.” To which the Master said, “What, Brother! in former days did you not gain supremacy over the kingdom of Benares, twelve leagues either way, and give it to a baby boy, like a lump of flesh and nothing more, and all this just by perseverance! And now that you have embraced this great salvation, are you to lose heart and faint?” And he told a story of olden days.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, there was a village of carpenters not far from the city, in which five hundred carpenters lived. They would go up the river in a vessel, and enter the forest, where they would shape beams and planks for housebuilding, and put together the framework of one-storey or two-storey houses, numbering all the pieces from the mainpost onwards; these then they brought down to the river bank, and put them all aboard; then rowing down stream again, they would build houses to order as it was required of them; after which, when they received their wage, they went back again for more materials for the building, and in this way they made their livelihood.

Once it befel that in a place where they were at work in shaping timbers, a certain Elephant trod upon a splinter of acacia wood, which pierced his foot, and caused it to swell up and fester, and he was in great pain. In his agony, he caught the sound of these carpenters cutting wood. “There are some carpenters will cure me,” thought he; and limping on three feet, he presented himself before them, and lay down close by. The carpenters, noticing his swollen foot, went up and looked; there was the splinter sticking in it. With a sharp tool they made incision about the splinter, and tying a string to it, pulled it right out. Then they lanced the gathering, and washed it with warm water,

and doctored it properly; and in a very short time the wound was healed.

Grateful for this cure, the Elephant thought: “My life has been saved by the help of these carpenters; now I must make myself useful to them.” So ever after that, he used to pull up trees for them, or when they were chopping he would roll up the logs; or bring them their adzes and any tools they might want, holding everything in his trunk like grim death. And the carpenters, when it was time to feed him, used to bring him each a portion of food, so that he had five hundred portions in all.

Now this Elephant had a young one, white all over, a magnificent high-bred creature. The Elephant reflected that he was now old, and he had better bring his young one to serve the carpenters, and himself be left free to go. So without a word to the carpenters he went off into the wood, and brought his son to them, saying, “This young Elephant is a son of mine. You saved my life, and I give him to you as a fee for your leechcraft; from henceforward he shall work for you.” So he explained to the young Elephant that it was his duty to do the work which he had been used to do himself, and then went away into the forest, leaving him with the carpenters. So after that time the young Elephant did all their work, faithfully and obediently; and they fed him, as they had fed the other, with five hundred portions for a meal.

His work once done, the Elephant would go play about in the river, and then return again. The carpenters’ children used to pull him by the trunk, and play all sorts of pranks with him in water and out. Now noble creatures, be they elephants, horses, or men, never dung or stale in the water. So this Elephant did nothing of the kind when he was in the water, but waited until he came out upon the bank.

One day, rain had fallen up river; and by the flood a half-dry cake of his dung was carried into the river. This floated down to the Benares landing place, where it stuck fast in a bush. Just then the king’s elephant keepers had brought down five hundred elephants to give them a bath. But the creatures scented this soil of a noble animal, and not one would enter the water; up went their tails, and off they all ran. The keepers told this to the elephant trainers; who replied, “There must be something in the water, then.” So orders were given to cleanse the water; and there in the bushes this lump was seen. “That’s what the matter is!” cried the men. So they brought a jar, and filled it

with water; next powdering the stuff into it, they sprinkled the water over the elephants, whose bodies then became sweet. At once they went down into the river and bathed.

When the trainers made their report to the king, they advised him to secure the Elephant for his own use and profit

The king accordingly embarked upon a raft, and rowed up stream until he arrived at the place where the carpenters had settled. The young Elephant, hearing the sound of drums as he was playing in the water, came out and presented himself before the carpenters, who one and all came forth to do honour to the king's coming, and said to him, "Sire, if woodwork is wanted, what need to come here? Why not send and have it brought to you?"

"No, no, good friends," the king answered, "'Tis not for wood that I come, but for this elephant here."

"He is yours, Sire!"—But the Elephant refused to budge.

"What do you want me to do, gossip Elephant?" asked the king.

"Order the carpenters to be paid for what they have spent on me, Sire."

"Willingly, friend." And the king ordered an hundred thousand pieces of money to be laid by his tail, and trunk, and by each of his four feet. But this was not enough for the Elephant; go he would not. So to each of the carpenters was given a pair of cloths, and to each of their wives robes to dress in, nor did he omit to give enough whereby his playmates the children should be brought up; then with a last look upon the carpenters, and the women, and the children, he departed in company with the king.

To his capital city the king brought him; and city and stable were decked out with all magnificence. He led the Elephant round the city in solemn procession, and thence into his stable, which was fitted up with splendour and pomp. There he solemnly sprinkled the Elephant, and appointed him for his own riding; like a comrade he treated him, and gave him the half of his kingdom, taking as much care of him as he did of himself. After the coming of this Elephant, the king won supremacy over all India.

In course of time the Bodhisatta was conceived by the Queen Consort; and when her time was near come to be delivered, the king died. Now if the Elephant learnt news of the king's death, he was sure to break his heart; so he was waited upon as before, and not a word said. But the next neighbour, the king of Kosala, heard of the king's death. "Surely the land is at my mercy," thought he; and marched with a mighty host to the city, and beleaguered it. Straight the gates were closed, and a message was sent to the king of Kosala—"Our Queen is near the time of her delivery; and the astrologers have declared that in seven days she shall bear a son. If she bears a son, we will not yield the kingdom, but on the seventh day we will give you battle. For so long we pray you wait!" And to this the king agreed.

In seven days the Queen bore a son. On his name-day they called him Prince Winheart, because, said they, he was born to win the hearts of the people.

On the very same day that he was born, the townsfolk began to do battle with the king of Kosala. But as they had no leader, little by little the army gave way, great though it was. The courtiers told this news to the Queen, adding, "Since our army loses ground in this way, we fear defeat. But the state Elephant, our king's bosom friend, has never been told that the king is dead, and a son born to him, and that the king of Kosala is here to give us battle. Shall we tell him?"

"Yes, do so," said the Queen. So she dressed up her son, and laid him in a fine linen cloth; after which she with all the court came down from the palace and entered the Elephant's stable. There she laid the babe at the Elephant's feet, saying, "Master, your comrade is dead, but we feared to tell it you lest you might break your heart. This is your comrade's son; the king of Kosala has run a leaguer about the city, and is making war upon your son; the army is losing ground; either kill your son yourself, or else win the kingdom back for him!"

At once the Elephant stroked the child with his trunk, and lifted him upon his own head; then making moan and lamentation he took hies down and laid him in his mother's arms, and with the words—"I will master the king of Kosala!" he went forth hastily.

Then the courtiers put his armour and caparison upon him, and unlocked the city gate, and escorted him thither. The Elephant emerging trumpeted, and frightened all the host so that they ran away,

and broke up the camp; then seizing the king of Kosala by his topknot, he carried him to the young prince, at whose feet he let him fall. Some rose to kill him, but them the Elephant stayed; and he let the captive king go with this advice: “Be careful for the future, and be not presumptuous by reason that our Prince is young.”

After that, the power over all India fell into the Bodhisatta’s own hand, and not a foe was able to rise up against him. The Bodhisatta was consecrated at the age of seven years, as King Winheart; just was his reign, and when he came to life’s end he went to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, having become perfectly enlightened, he repeated this couple of verses—

“Prince Winheart took king Kosala ill pleased with all he had;
By capturing the greedy king, he made his people glad.”

“So any brother, strong in will, who to the Refuge flies,
Who cherishes all good, and goes the way Nirvana lies,
By slow degrees will bring about destruction of all ties.”

And so the Master, bringing his teaching to a climax in the eternal Nirvana, went on to declare the Truths, and then identified the Birth: after the Truths, this backsliding Brother was established in sainthood—“She who now is Mahamaya was then the mother; this backslider was the Elephant who took the kingdom and handed it over to the child; Sariputta was the father Elephant, and I myself was the young Prince.”

243. Guttila Jātaka

“I had a pupil once,” etc.—This story the Master told in the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta.

On this occasion the Brethren said to Devadatta: “Friend Devadatta, the Supreme Buddha is your teacher; of him you learnt the Three Pitakas and how to produce the Four kinds of Ecstasy; you really should not act the enemy to your own teacher!” Devadatta replied: “Why, friends,—Gotama the Ascetic my teacher? Not a bit: was it not by my own power that I learnt the Three Pitakas, and produced the Four Ecstasies?” He refused to acknowledge his teacher.

The Brethren fell a-talking of this in the Hall of Truth. “Friend! Devadatta repudiates his teacher! he has become an enemy of the Supreme Buddha! and what a miserable fate has befallen him!” In came the Master, and enquired what they were all talking of together. They told him. “Ah, Brethren,” said he, “this is not the first time that Devadatta has repudiated his teacher, and shown himself my enemy, and come to a miserable end. It was just the same before.” And then he told the following story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a musician’s family. His name was Master Guttila. When he grew up, he mastered all the branches of music, and under the name of Guttila the Musician he became the chief of his kind in all India. He married no wife, but maintained his blind parents.

At that time certain traders of Benares made a journey to Ujjeni for trade. A holiday was proclaimed; they all clubbed together; they procured scents and perfumes and ointments, and all manner of foods and meats. “Pay the hire,” they cried, “and fetch a musician!”

It happened that at the time a certain Musila was the chief musician in Ujjeni. Him they sent for, and made him their musician. Musila was a player on the lute; and he tuned his lute up to the highest key, to play

upon. But they knew the playing of Guttila the Musician, and his music seemed to them like scratching on a mat. So not one of them showed pleasure. When Musila saw that they expressed no pleasure, he said to himself—"Too sharp, I suppose," and tuning his lute down to the middle tone, he played it so. Still they sat indifferent. Then thought he, "I suppose they know nothing about it;" and making as though he too were ignorant, he played with the strings all loose. As before, they made no sign. Then Musila asked them, "Good merchants, why do you not like my playing?"

"What! are you playing?" cried they. "We imagined that you must be tuning up."

"Why, do you know any better musician," he asked, "or are you too ignorant to like my playing?"

Said the merchants, "We have heard the music of Guttila the Musician, at Benares; and yours sounds like women crooning to soothe their babies."

"Here, take your money back," said he, "I don't want it. Only when you go to Benares, please take me with you."

They agreed, and took him back to Benares with them; they pointed out the dwelling of Guttila, and departed every man to his own house.

Musila entered the Bodhisatta's dwelling; he saw his beautiful lute where it stood, tied up: he took it down, and played upon it. At this the old parents, who could not see him because they were blind, cried out

"The mice are gnawing at the lute! Shoo! shoo! the rats are biting the lute to pieces!"

At once Musila put down the lute, and greeted the old folks. "Where do you come from?" asked they.

He replied, "I come from Ujjeni to learn at the feet of the teacher."

"Oh, all right," said they. He asked where the teacher was.

"He is out, father; but he will be back to-day," came the answer. Musila sat down and waited until he came; then after some friendly words, he told his errand. Now the Bodhisatta was skilled in divining from the lineaments of the body. He perceived that this was not a

good man; so he refused. “Go, my son, this art is not for you.” Musila clasped the feet of the Bodhisatta’s parents, to help his suit, and prayed them—“Make him teach me!” Again and again his parents besought the Bodhisatta to do so; until he could not stand it any longer, and did as he was asked. And Musila went along with the Bodhisatta into the king’s palace.

“Who is this, master?” asked the king, on seeing him.

“A pupil of mine, great king!” was the reply.

By and bye he got the ear of the king.

Now the Bodhisatta did not stint his knowledge, but taught his pupil everything which he knew himself. This done, he said, “Your knowledge is now perfect.”

Thought Musila, “I have now mastered my art. This city of Benares is the chief city in all India. My teacher is old; here therefore must I stay.” So he said to his teacher, “Sir, I would serve the king.” “Good, my son,” replied he, “I will tell the king of it.”

He came before the king, and said, “My pupil is wishful to serve your Highness. Fix what his fee shall be.”

The king answered, “His fee shall be the half of yours.” And he came and told it to Musila. Musila said, “If I receive the same as you, I will serve; but if not, then I will not serve him.”

“Why?” “Say: do I not know all that you know?” “Yes, you do.” “Then why does he offer me the half?”

The Bodhisatta informed the king what had passed. The king said,

“If he is as perfect in his art as you, he shall receive the same as you do.” This saying of the king the Bodhisatta told to his pupil. The pupil consented to the bargain; and the king, being informed of this, replied—“Very good. What day will you compete together?” “Be it the seventh day from this, O king.”

The king sent for Musila. “I understand that you are ready to try issue with your master?”

“Yes, your Majesty,” was the reply.

The king would have dissuaded him. “Don’t do it,” said he, “there should be never rivalry between master and pupil.”

“Hold, O king!” cried he—“yes, let there be a meeting between me and my teacher on the seventh day; we shall know which of us is master of his art.”

So the king agreed; and he sent the drum beating round the city with this notice—“Oyez! on the seventh day Guttila the Teacher, and Musila the Pupil, will meet at the door of the royal palace, to show their skill. Let the people assemble from the city, and see their skill!”

The Bodhisatta thought within himself, “This Musila is young and fresh, I am old and my strength is gone. What an old man does will not prosper. If my pupil is beaten, there is no great credit in that. If he beats me, death in the woods is better than the shame which will be my portion.” So to the woods he went, but he kept returning through fear of death and going back to the wood through fear of shame. And in this way six days passed by. The grass died as he walked, and his feet wore away a path.

At that time, Sakka’s throne became hot. Sakka meditated, and perceived what had happened. “Guttila the Musician is suffering much sorrow in the forest by reason of his pupil. I must help him!” So he went in haste and stood before the Bodhisatta. “Master,” said he, “why have you taken to the woods?”

“Who are you?” asked the other.

“I am Sakka.”

Then said the Bodhisatta, “I was in fear of being worsted by my pupil, O king of the gods; and therefore did I flee to the woods.” And he repeated the first stanza —

“I had a pupil once, who learnt of me
The seven-stringed lute’s melodious minstrelsy;
He now would fain his teacher’s skill outdo.
O Kosiya ! do thou my helper be!”

“Fear not,” said Sakka, “I am your defence and refuge: “and he repeated the second stanza—

“Fear not, for I will help thee at thy need;
For honour is the teacher’s rightful meed.
Fear not! thy pupil shall not rival thee,
But thou shalt prove the better man indeed.”

“As you play, you shall break one of the strings of your lute, and play upon six; and the music shall be as good as before. Musila too shall break a string, and he shall not be able to make music with his lute; then shall he be defeated. And when you see that he is defeated, you shall break the second string of your lute, and the third, even unto the seventh, and you shall go on playing with nothing but the body; and from the ends of the broken strings the sound shall go forth, and fill all the land of Benares for a space of twelve leagues.” With these words he gave the Bodhisatta three playing-dice, and went on: “When the sound of the lute has filled all the city, you must throw one of these dice into the air; and three hundred nymphs shall descend and dance before you. While they dance throw up the second, and three hundred shall dance in front of your lute; then the third, and then three hundred more shall come down and dance within the arena. I too will come with them; go on, and fear not!”

In the morning the Bodhisatta returned home. At the palace door a pavilion was set up, and a throne was set apart for the king. He came down from the palace, and took his seat upon the divan in the gay pavilion. All around him were thousands of slaves, women beauteously apparelled, courtiers, brahmins, citizens. All the people of the town had come together. In the courtyard they were fixing the seats circle on circle, tier above tier. The Bodhisatta, washed and anointed, had eaten of all manner of finest meats; and lute in hand he sat waiting in his appointed place. Sakka was there, invisible, poised in the air, surrounded by a great company. However, the Bodhisatta saw him. Musila too was there, and sat in his own seat. All around was a great concourse of people.

First the two played each the same piece. When they played, both the same, the multitude was delighted, and gave abundant applause. Sakka spoke to the Bodhisatta, from his place in the air: “Break one of the strings!” said he. Then the Bodhisatta brake the bee-string; and the string, though broken, gave out a sound from its broken end; it seemed like music divine. Musila too broke a string; but after that no sound came out of it. His teacher broke the second, and so on to the

seventh string: he played upon the body alone, and the sound continued, and filled the town—the multitude in thousands waved and waved their kerchiefs in the air, in thousands they shouted applause. The Bodhisatta threw up one of the dice into the air, and three hundred nymphs descended and began to dance. And when he had thrown the second and third in the same manner, there were nine hundred nymphs a-dancing as Sakka had said. Then the king made a sign to the multitude; up rose the multitude, and cried—"You made a great mistake in matching yourself against your teacher! You know not your measure!' Thus they cried out against Musila; and with stories and staves, and anything that came to hand, they beat and bruised him to death, and seizing him by the feet, they cast him upon a dustheap.

The king in his delight showered gifts upon the Bodhisatta, and so did they of the city. Sakka likewise spake pleasantly to him, and said, "Wise Sir, I will send anon my charioteer Matali with a car drawn by a thousand thoroughbreds; and you shall mount upon my divine car, drawn by a thousand steeds, and travel to heaven"; and he departed.

When Sakka was returned, and sat upon his throne, made all of a precious stone, the daughters of the gods asked him, "Where have you been, O king?" Sakka told them in full all that had happened, and praised the virtues and good parts of the Bodhisatta. Then said the daughters of the gods,

"O king, we long to look upon this teacher; fetch him hither!"

Sakka summoned Matali. "The nymphs of heaven," said he, "desire to look upon Guttila the Musician. Go, seat him in my divine car, and bring him hither." The charioteer went and brought the Bodhisatta. Sakka gave him a friendly greeting. "The maidens of the gods," said he, "wish to hear your music, Master."

"We musicians, O great king," said he, "live by practice of our art. For a recompense I will play."

"Play on, and I will recompense you."

"I care for no other recompense but this. Let these daughters of the gods tell me what acts of virtue brought them here; then will I play."

Then said the daughters of the gods, “Gladly will we tell you after of the virtues that we have practised; but first do you play to us, Master.”

For the space of a week the Bodhisatta played to them, and his music surpassed the music of heaven. On the seventh day he asked the daughters of the gods of their virtuous lives, beginning from the first. One of them, in the time of the Buddha Kassapa, had given an upper garment to a certain Brother; and having renewed existence as an attendant of Sakka, had become chief among the daughters of the gods, with a retinue of a thousand nymphs: of her the Bodhisatta asked—“What did you do in a previous existence, that has brought you here?” The manner of his question and the gift she had given have been told in the Vimana story: they spoke as follows—

“O brilliant goddess, like the morning star,
Shedding thy light of beauty near and far,
Whence springs this beauty? whence this happiness?
Whence all the blessings that the heart can bless?
I ask thee, goddess excellent in might,
Whence comes this all-pervading wondrous light?
When thou wert mortal woman, what didst thou
To gain the glory that surrounds thee now?”

“Chief among men and chief of women she
Who gives an upper robe in charity.
She that gives pleasant things is sure to win
A home divine and fair to enter in.
Behold this habitation, how divine!
As fruit of my good deeds this home is mine
A thousand nymphs stand ready at my call;
Fair nymphs—and I the fairest of them all.
And therefore am I excellent in might;
Hence comes this all-pervading wondrous light!”

Another had given flowers for worship to a Brother who craved an alms. Another had been asked for a scented wreath of five sprays for the shrine, and gave it. Another had given sweet fruits. Another had given fine essences. Another had given a scented five-spray to the shrine of the Buddha Kassapa. Another had heard the discourse of Brethren or Sisters in wayfaring, or such as had taken up their abode

in the house of some family. Another had stood in the water, and given water to a Brother who had eaten his meal on a boat. Another living in the world had done her duty by mother-in-law and father-in-law, never losing her temper. Another had divided even the share that she received, and so did eat, and was virtuous. Another, who had been a slave in some household, without anger and without pride had given away a share of her own portion, and had been born again as an attendant upon the king of the gods. So also all those who are written in the story of Guttila-vimana, thirty and seven daughters of the gods, were asked by the Bodhisatta what each had done to come there, and they too told what they had done in the same way by verses.

On hearing all this, the Bodhisatta exclaimed: "'Tis good for me, in sooth, truly 'Tis very good for me, that I came here, and heard by how very small a merit great glory has been attained. Henceforward, when I return to the world of men, I will give all manner of gifts, and perform good deeds." And he uttered this aspiration

"O happy dawn! O happy must I be!
O happy pilgrimage, whereby I see
These daughters of the gods, divinely fair,
And hear their sweet discourse! Henceforth I swear
Full of sweet peace, and generosity,
Of temperance, and truth my life shall be,
Till I come there where no more sorrows are."

Then after seven days had passed, the king of heaven laid his commands upon Matali the charioteer, and he seated Guttila in the chariot and sent him to Benares. And when he came to Benares, he told the people what he had seen with his own eyes in heaven. From that time the people resolved to do good deeds with all their might.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "In those days Devadatta was Musila, Anuruddha was Sakka, Amanda was the king, and I was Guttila the Musician."

316. Sasa Jātaka

“Seven red fish,” etc.—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, about a gift of all the Buddhist requisites. A certain landowner at Savatthi, they say, provided all the requisites for the Brotherhood with Buddha at its head, and setting up a pavilion at his house door, he invited all the company of priests with their chief Buddha, seated them on elegant seats prepared for them, and offered them a variety of choice and dainty food. And saying, “Come again to-morrow,” he entertained them for a whole week, and on the seventh day he presented Buddha and the five hundred priests under him with all the requisites. At the end of the feast the Master, in returning thanks, said, “Lay Brother, you are right in giving pleasure and satisfaction by this charity. For this is a tradition of wise men of old, who sacrificed their lives for any beggars they met with, and gave them even their own flesh to eat.” And at the request of his host he related this old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young hare and lived in a wood. On one side of this wood was the foot of a mountain, on another side a river, and on the third side a border-village. The hare had three friends—a monkey, a jackal and an otter. These four wise creatures lived together and each of them got his food on his own hunting-ground, and in the evening they again came together. The hare in his wisdom by way of admonition preached the Truth to his three companions, teaching that alms are to be given, the moral law to be observed, and holy days to be kept. They accepted his admonition and went each to his own part of the jungle and dwelt there.

And so in the course of time the Bodhisatta one day observing the sky, and looking at the moon knew that the next day would be a fast-day, and addressing his three companions he said, “To-morrow is a fast-day. Let all three of you take upon you the moral precepts, and observe the holy day. To one that stands fast in moral practice, almsgiving brings a great reward. Therefore feed any beggars that come to you by giving them food from your own table.” They readily assented, and abode each in his own place of dwelling.

On the morrow quite early in the morning, the otter sallied forth to seek his prey and went down to the bank of the Ganges. Now it came to pass that a fisherman had landed seven red fish, and stringing them together on a withe, he had taken and buried them in the sand on the river's bank. And then he dropped down the stream, catching more fish. The otter scenting the buried fish, dug up the sand till he came upon them, and pulling them out cried aloud thrice, "Does any one own these fish?" And not seeing any owner he took hold of the withe with his teeth and laid the fish in the jungle where he dwelt, intending to eat them at a fitting time. And then he lay down, thinking how virtuous he was! The jackal too sallied forth in quest of food and found in the hut of a field-watcher two spits, a lizard and a pot of milk-curd. And after thrice crying aloud, "To whom do these belong?" and not finding an owner, he put on his neck the rope for lifting the pot, and grasping the spits and the lizard with his teeth, he brought and laid them in his own lair, thinking, "In due season I will devour them," and so lay down, reflecting how virtuous he had been.

The monkey also entered the clump of trees, and gathering a bunch of mangoes laid them up in his part of the jungle, meaning to eat them in due season, and then lay down, thinking how virtuous he was. But the Bodhisatta in due time came out, intending to browse on the kuca grass, and as he lay in the jungle, the thought occurred to him, "It is impossible for me to offer grass to any beggars that may chance to appear, and I have no oil or rice and such like. If any beggar shall appeal to me, I shall have to give him my own flesh to eat." At this splendid display of virtue, Sakka's white marble throne manifested signs of heat. Sakka on reflection discovered the cause and resolved to put this royal hare to the test. First of all he went and stood by the otter's dwelling-place, disguised as a brahmin, and being asked why he stood there, he replied, "Wise Sir, if I could get something to eat, after keeping the fast, I would perform all my priestly duties." The otter replied, "Very well, I will give you some food," and as he conversed with him he repeated the first stanza—

Seven red fish I safely brought to land from Ganges flood,
O brahmin, eat thy fill, I pray, and stay within this wood.

The brahmin said, "Let be till to-morrow. I will see to it by and bye." Next he went to the jackal, and when asked by him why he stood

there, he made the same answer. The jackal, too, readily promised him some food, and in talking with him repeated the second stanza—

A lizard and a jar of curds, the keeper's evening meal,
Two spits to roast the flesh withal I wrongfully did steal:
Such as I have I give to thee: O brahmin, eat, I pray,
If thou shouldst deign within this wood a while with us to stay.

Said the brahmin, "Let be till to-morrow. I will see to it by and bye." Then he went to the monkey, and when asked what he meant by standing there, he answered just as before. The monkey readily offered him some food, and in conversing with him gave utterance to the third stanza—

An icy stream, a mango ripe, and pleasant greenwood shade,
'Tis thine to enjoy, if thou canst dwell content in forest glade.

Said the brahmin, "Let be till to-morrow. I will see to it by and bye." And he went to the wise bare, and on being asked by him why he stood there, he made the same reply. The Bodhisatta on hearing what he wanted was highly delighted, and said, "Brahmin, you have done well in coming to me for food. This day will I grant you a boon that I have never granted before, but you shall not break the moral law by taking animal life. Go, friend, and when you have piled together logs of wood, and kindled a fire, come and let me know, and I will sacrifice myself by falling into the midst of the flames, and when my body is roasted, you shall eat my flesh and fulfil all your priestly duties." And in thus addressing him the hare uttered the fourth stanza—

Nor sesame, nor beans, nor rice have I as food to give,
But roast with fire my flesh I yield, if thou with us wouldst live.

Sakka, on hearing what he said, by his miraculous power caused a heap of burning coals to appear, and came and told the Bodhisatta. Rising from his bed of kuca grass and coming to the place, he thrice shook himself that if there were any insects within his coat, they might escape death. Then offering his whole body as a free gift he sprang up, and like a royal swan, alighting on a cluster of lotuses, in an ecstasy of joy he fell on the heap of live coals. But the flame failed even to heat the pores of the hair on the body of the Bodhisatta, and it was as if he had entered a region of frost. Then he addressed Sakka in these words: "Brahmin, the fire you have kindled is icy-cold: it fails

to beat even the pores of the hair on my body. What is the meaning of this?" "Wise sir," he replied, "I am no brahmin. I am Sakka, and I have come to put your virtue to the test." The Bodhisatta said, "If not only thou, Sakka, but all the inhabitants of the world were to try me in this matter of almsgiving, they would not find in me any unwillingness to give," and with this the Bodhisatta uttered a cry of exultation like a lion roaring. Then said Sakka to the Bodhisatta, "O wise hare, he thy virtue known throughout a whole won." And squeezing the mountain, with the essence thus extracted, he daubed the sign of a hare on the orb of the moon. And after depositing the hare on a bed of young kuca grass, in the same wooded part of the jungle, Sakka returned to his own place in heaven. And these four wise creatures dwelt happily and harmoniously together, fulfilling the moral law and observing holy days, till they departed to fare according to their deeds.

The Master, when he had ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth—At the conclusion of the Truths the householder, who gave as a free-gift all the Buddhist requisites, attained fruition of the First Path—" At that time Ananda was the otter, Moggallana was the jackal, Sariputta the monkey, and I myself was the wise hare."

407. Mahakapi Jātaka

“You made yourself,” etc.—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning good works towards one’s relatives. The occasion will appear in the Bhaddasala Birth. They began talking in the Hall of Truth, saying, “The supreme Buddha does good works towards his relatives.” When the Master had asked and been told their theme, he said, “Brethren, this is not the first time a Tathagata has done good works towards his relatives,” and so he told a tale of old time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a monkey’s womb. When he grew up and attained stature and stoutness, he was strong and vigorous, and lived in the Himalaya with a retinue of eighty thousand monkeys. Near the Ganges bank there was a mango tree (others say it was a banyan), with branches and forks, having a deep shade and thick leaves, like a mountaintop. Its sweet fruits, of divine fragrance and flavour, were as large as waterpots: from one branch the fruits fell on the ground, from one into the Ganges water, from two into the main trunk of the tree. The Bodhisatta, while eating the fruit with a troop of monkeys, thought, “Someday danger will come upon us owing to the fruit of this tree falling on the water”; and so, not to leave one fruit on the branch which grew over the water, he made them eat or throw down the flowers at their season from the time they were of the size of a chick-pea. But notwithstanding, one ripe fruit, unseen by the eighty thousand monkeys, hidden by an ant’s nest, fell into the river, and stuck in the net above the king of Benares, who was bathing for amusement with a net above him and another below. When the king had amused himself all day and was going away in the evening, the fishermen, who were drawing the net, saw the fruit and not knowing what it was, shewed it to the king. The king asked, “What is this fruit?” “We do not know, sire.” “Who will know?”The foresters, sire.” He had the foresters called, and learning from them that it was a mango, he cut it with a knife, and first making the foresters eat of it, he ate of it himself and had some of it given to his seraglio and his ministers. The flavour of the ripe mango remained pervading the king’s whole body. Possessed by desire of the flavour, he asked the

foresters where that tree stood, and hearing that it was on a river bank in the Himalaya quarter, he had many rafts joined together and sailed upstream by the route shewn by the foresters. The exact account of days is not given. In due course they came to the place, and the foresters said to the king, “Sire, there is the tree.” The king stopped the rafts and went on foot with a great retinue, and having a bed prepared at the foot of the tree, he lay down after eating the mango fruit and enjoying the various excellent flavours. At each side they set a guard and made a fire. When the men had fallen asleep, the Bodhisatta came at midnight with his retinue. Eighty thousand monkeys moving from branch to branch ate the mangoes. The king, waking and seeing the herd of monkeys, roused his men and calling his archers said, “Surround these monkeys that eat the mangoes so that they may not escape, and shoot them: tomorrow we will eat mangoes with monkey’s flesh.” The archers obeyed, saying, “Very well,” and surrounding the tree stood with arrows ready. The monkeys seeing them and fearing death, as they could not escape, came to the Bodhisatta and said, “Sire, the archers stand round the tree, saying, “We will shoot those vagrant monkeys:” what are we to do?” and so stood shivering. The Bodhisatta said, “Do not fear, I will give you life;” and so comforting the herd of monkeys, he ascended a branch that rose up straight, went along another branch that stretched towards the Ganges, and springing from the end of it, he passed a hundred bow-lengths and lighted on a bush on the bank. Coming down, he marked the distance, saying, “That will be the distance I have come:” and cutting a bamboo shoot at the root and stripping it, he said, “So much will be fastened to the tree, and so much will stay in the air,” and so reckoned the two lengths, forgetting the part fastened on his own waist. Taking the shoot he fastened one end of it to the tree on the Ganges bank and the other to his own waist, and then cleared the space of a hundred bow-lengths with the speed of a cloud torn by the wind. From not reckoning the part fastened to his waist, he failed to reach the tree: so seizing a branch firmly with both hands he gave signal to the troop of monkeys, “Go quickly with good luck, treading on my back along the bamboo shoot.” The eighty thousand monkeys escaped thus, after saluting the Bodhisatta and getting his leave. Devadatta was then a Monkey and among that herd: he said, “This is a chance for me to see the last of my enemy,” so climbing up a branch he made a spring and fell on the Bodhisatta’s back. The Bodhisatta’s heart broke and great pain came on him.

Devadatta having caused that maddening pain went away: and the Bodhisatta was alone. The king being awake saw all that was done by the monkeys and the Bodhisatta: and he lay down thinking, "This animal, not reckoning his own life, has caused the safety of his troop." When day broke, being pleased with the Bodhisatta, he thought, "It is not right to destroy this king of the monkeys: I will bring him down by some means and take care of him:" so turning the raft down the Ganges and building a platform there, he made the Bodhisatta come down gently, and had him clothed with a yellow robe on his back and washed in Ganges water, made him drink sugared water, and had his body cleansed and anointed with oil refined a thousand times; then he put an oiled skin on a bed and making him lie there, he set himself on a low seat, and spoke the first stanza—

You made yourself a bridge for them to pass in safety through:
What are you then to them, monkey, and what are they to you?

Hearing him, the Bodhisatta instructing the king spoke the other stanzas—

Victorious king, I guard the herd, I am their lord and chief,
When they were filled with fear of thee and stricken sore with grief.

I leapt a hundred times the length of bow outstretched that lies,
When I had bound a bamboo-shoot firmly around my thighs:

I reached the tree like thunder-cloud sped by the tempest's blast;
I lost my strength, but reached a bough: with hands I held it fast.

And as I hung extended there held fast by shoot and bough,
My monkeys passed across my back and are in safety now.

Therefore I fear no pain of death, bonds do not give me pain,
The happiness of those was won o'er whom I used to reign.

A parable for thee, O king, if thou the truth would'st read:
The happiness of kingdom and of army and of steed
And city must be dear to thee, if thou would'st rule indeed.

The Bodhisatta, thus instructing and teaching the king, died. The king, calling his ministers, gave orders that the monkey-king should have obsequies like a king, and he sent to the seraglio, saying, "Come to the cemetery, as retinue for the monkey-king, with red garments,

and dishevelled hair, and torches in your hands." The ministers made a funeral pile with a hundred waggon loads of timber. Having prepared the Bodhisatta's obsequies in a royal manner, they took his skull, and came to the king. The king caused a shrine to be built at the Bodhisatta's burial-place, torches to be burnt there and offerings of incense and flowers to be made; he had the skull inlaid with gold, and put in front raised on a spear-point: honouring it with incense and flowers, he put it at the king's gate when he came to Benares, and having the whole city decked out he paid honour to it for seven days. Then taking it as a relic and raising a shrine, he honoured it with incense and garlands all his life; and established in the Bodhisatta's teaching he did alms and other good deeds, and ruling his kingdom righteously became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ananda, the monkey's retinue the assembly, and the monkey-king myself."

451. Cakka-Vaka Jātaka

“Fine-coloured art thou,” etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a greedy Brother. This man, it is said, dissatisfied with his mendicant’s garb and so forth, used to march about asking, “Where is there a meal for the Order? where is there an invitation?” and when he heard mention of meat, he showed great delight. Then some well-meaning Brethren, from kindness towards him, told the Master about it. The Master summoning him, asked, “Is it true, Brother, as I hear, that you are greedy?” “Yes, my lord, it is true,” said he. “Brother,” said the Master, “why are you greedy, after embracing a faith like ours, that leads to salvation? The state of greed is sinful; long ago, by reason of greed, you were not satisfied with the dead bodies of elephants and other offal in Benares, and went away into the mighty forest.” So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a greedy Crow was not content with the corpses of elephants in Benares, and all the other offal. “Now I wonder,” thought he, “what the forests may be like?” So to the forest he went; but neither was he satisfied with the wild fruits that he found there, and proceeded to the Ganges. As he passed along the bank of the Ganges, spying a pair of Ruddy Geese, he thought, “Yonder birds are very beautiful; I suppose they find plenty of meat to eat on this Ganges bank. I will question them, and if I too can eat their food doubtless I shall have a fine colour like them.” So perching not far from the pair, he put his question to the Ruddy Goose by reciting two stanzas:

“Fine-coloured art thou, fair of form, all plump in body, red of hue,
O Goose! I swear thou art most fair, thy face and senses clear and true!

“A-sitting on the Ganges’ bank thou feedest on the pike and bream,
Roach, carp, and all the other fish that swim along the Ganges’ stream !”

The Red Goose contradicted him by reciting the third stanza:

“No bodies from the tide I eat, nor lying in the wood:
All kinds of weed—on them I feed; that, friend, is all my food.”

Then the Crow recited two stanzas:

“I cannot credit what the Goose avers about his meat.
Things in the village soused with salt and oil are what I eat,

“A mess of rice, all clean and nice, which a man makes and pours
Upon his meat; but yet, my colour, Goose, is not like yours.”

Thereupon the Ruddy Goose recited to him the remaining stanzas showing forth the reason of his ugly colour, and declaring righteousness:

“Beholding sin your heart within, destroying humankind,
In fear and fright your food you eat; therefore this hue you find.

“Crow, you have erred in all the world by sins of former lives,
You have no pleasure in your food; ’Tis this your colour gives.

“But, friend, I eat and do no hurt, not anxious, at my ease,
Having no trouble, fearing nought from any enemies.

“Thus you should do, and mighty grow, renounce your evil ways,
Walk in the world and do no hurt; then all will love and praise.

“Who to all creatures kindly is, nor wounds nor makes to wound,
Who harries not, none harry him, gainst him no hate is found.”

“Therefore if you wish to be beloved by the world, abstain from all evil passions;” so said the Ruddy Goose, declaring righteousness. The Crow replied, “Don’t prate to me of your manner of feeding!” and crying “Caw! Caw!” flew away through the air to the dunghill of Benares.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the greedy Brother was established in the fruit of the Third Path): “At that time, the greedy Brother was the Crow, Rahula’s mother was the mate of the Ruddy Goose, and I was the Ruddy Goose myself.”

538. Muga-Pakkha Jātaka

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

Once upon a time a king Kasiraja ruled justly in Benares. He had sixteen thousand wives, but not one among them conceived either son or daughter. The citizens assembled as in the Kusa Jataka, saying, “Our king has no son to keep up his line”; and they begged the king to pray for a son. The king commanded his sixteen thousand wives to pray for sons; but though they worshipped the moon and the other deities and prayed, they obtained none. Now his chief queen Candadevi, the daughter of the king of the Maddas, was devoted to good works, and he asked her also to pray for a son. So on the day of the full moon she took upon herself the Uposatha vows, and while lying on a little bed, as she reflected on her virtuous life, she made an Act of Truth in these terms, “If I have never broken the commandments, by the truth of this my protestation may a son be borne to me.” Through the power of her piety, Sakka’s dwelling became hot. Sakka, having considered and ascertained the cause, said, “Candadevi asks for a son, I will give her one”; so, as he looked for a suitable son, he saw the Bodhisatta. Now the Bodhisatta, after having reigned twenty years in Benares, had been reborn in the Ussada hell where he had suffered for eighty thousand years, and had then been born in the world of the thirty-three gods, and after having stayed there his allotted period, he had passed away therefrom and was desirous of going to the world of the higher gods. Sakka went up to him and said, “Friend, if you are born in the world of men you will fully exercise the perfections and the mass of mankind will be

advantaged; now this chief queen of Kasiraja, Canda, is praying for a son, do you be born in her womb." He consented, and came attended by five hundred deities, and was himself conceived in her womb, while the other deities were conceived in the wombs of the wives of the king's ministers. The queen's womb seemed to be full of diamond; when she became aware of it, she told it to the king, who caused every care to be taken for the safety of the unborn child; and at last she brought forth a son endued with auspicious marks. On the same day five hundred young nobles were born in the ministers' houses. At that moment the king was seated on his royal dais, surrounded by his ministers, when it was announced, "A son is born to thee, O king"; at hearing it, paternal affection arose, and piercing through his skin reached to the marrow in his bones; joy sprang up within him and his heart became refreshed. He asked his ministers, "Are you glad at the birth of my son?" "What art thou saying, Sire?" they answered, "we were before helpless, now we have a help, we have obtained a lord." The king gave orders to his chief general, "A retinue must be prepared for my son, find out how many young nobles have been born to-day in the ministers' houses." He saw the five hundred and went and told it to the king. The king sent princely dresses of honour for the five hundred young nobles, and he also sent five hundred nurses. He gave moreover sixty-four nurses for the Bodhisatta, all free from the faults of being too tall, etc., [3] with their breasts not hanging down, and full of sweet milk. If a child drinks milk, sitting on the hip of a nurse who is too tall, its neck will become too long; if it sits on the hip of one too short, its shoulder-bone will be compressed; if the nurse be too thin, the babe's thighs will ache; if too stout, the babe will become bow-legged; the body of a very dark nurse is too cold, of one very white, is too hot; the children who drink the milk of a nurse with hanging breasts, have the ends of their noses flattened; some nurses have their milk sour, others have it bitter, etc. Therefore, avoiding all these faults, he provided sixty-four nurses all possessed of sweet milk and without any of these faults; and after paying the Bodhisatta great honour, he also gave the queen a boon. She accepted it and kept it in her mind. On the day of naming the child they paid great honour to the brahmans who read the different marks, and inquired if there was any danger threatening. They, beholding the excellence of his marks, replied, "O king, the prince possesses every mark of future good fortune, he is able to rule not one continent only but all the four,—there is no danger visible."

The king, being pleased, when he fixed the boy's name, gave him the name Temiyakumaro, since it had rained all over the kingdom of Kasi on the day of his birth and he had been born wet.

When he was one month old, they adorned him and brought him to the king, and the king having looked at his dear child, embraced him and placed him on his hip and sat playing with him. Now at that time four robbers were brought before him; one of them he sentenced to receive a thousand strokes from whips barbed with thorns, another to be imprisoned in chains, a third to be smitten with a spear, the fourth to be impaled. The Bodhisatta, on hearing his father's words, was terrified and thought to himself, "Ah! my father through his being a king, is becoming guilty of a grievous action which brings men to hell." The next day they laid him on a sumptuous bed under a white umbrella, and he woke after a short sleep and opening his eyes beheld the white umbrella and the royal pomp, and his fear increased all the more; and as be pondered "from whence have I come into this palace?" by his recollection of his former births, he remembered that he had once come from the world of the gods and that after that he had suffered in hell, and that then he had been a king in that very city. While he pondered to himself, "I was a king for twenty years and then I suffered eighty thousand years in the Ussada hell, and now again I am born in this house of robbers, and my father, when four robbers were brought before him, uttered such a cruel speech as must lead to hell; if I become a king I shall be born again in hell and suffer great pain there," he became greatly alarmed, his golden body became pale and faded like a lotus crushed by the hand, and he lay thinking how he could escape from that house of robbers. Then a goddess who dwelt in the umbrella, and who in a certain previous birth had been his mother, comforted him, "Fear not, my child Temiya; if you really desire to escape, then pretend to be a cripple, although not really one; though not deaf, pretend to be deaf, and, though not dumb, pretend to be dumb. Putting on these characteristics, shew no signs of intelligence." So she uttered the first stanza,

"Shew no intelligence, my child, be as a fool in all men's eyes,
Content to be the scorn of all, thus shalt thou gain at last the prize."

Being comforted by her words he uttered the second stanza,

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

and so he practised these three characteristics. The king, in order that his son might lose his melancholy, had the five hundred young nobles brought near him; the children began crying for their milk, but the Bodhisatta, being afraid of hell, reflected that to die of thirst would be better than to reign, and did not cry. The nurses told this to Queen Canda and she told it to the king; he sent for some brahmans skilled in signs and omens and consulted them. They replied, “Sire, you must give the prince his milk after the proper time has passed; he will then cry and seize the breast eagerly and drink of his own accord.” So they gave him his milk after letting the proper time pass by, and sometimes they let it pass by for once, and sometimes they did not give it to him all through the day. But he, stung by fear of hell, even though thirsty, would not cry for milk. Then the mother or the nurses gave him milk, though he did not cry for it, saying, “The boy is famished.” The other children cried when they did not get their milk, but he neither cried nor slept nor doubled up his hands nor feet, nor would he hear a sound. Then his nurses reflected, “The hands and feet of cripples are not like his, the formation of the jaws of the dumb is not like his, the structure of the ears of the deaf is not like his; there must be some reason for all this, let us examine into it”; so they determined to try him with milk, and so for one whole day they gave him no milk; but, though parched, he uttered no sound for milk. Then his mother said, “My boy is famished, give him milk,” and she made them give him milk. Thus giving him milk at intervals they spent a year in trying him, but they did not discover his weak point. Then saying, “The other children are fond of cakes and dainties, we will try him with them “; they set the five hundred children near him and brought various dainties and placed them close by him, and, telling them to take what they liked, they hid themselves. The other children quarrelled and struck one another and seized the cakes and ate them, but the Bodhisatta said to himself, “O Temiya, eat the cakes and dainties if you wish for hell,” and so in his fear of hell he would not look at them. Thus even though they tried him with cakes and dainties for a whole year they discovered not his weak point. Then they said, “Children are fond of different kinds of fruit,” and they brought all sorts of fruit and tried him; the other children fought for them and ate them, but he would not look at them, and thus for a whole year they

tried him with various kinds of fruit. Then they said, “Other children are fond of playthings”; so they set golden and other figures of elephants, etc., near him; the rest of the children seized them as if they were spoil, but the Bodhisatta would not look at them, and thus for a whole year they tried him with playthings. Then they said, “There is a special food for children four years old, we will try him with that”; so they brought all sorts of food; the other children broke them in pieces and ate them; but the Bodhisatta said to himself, “O Temiya, there is no counting of the past births when you did not obtain food,” and for fear of hell he did not look at them; until at last his mother, with her heart well nigh rent, fed him with her own hand. Then they said, “Children five years old are afraid of the fire, we will try him with that”; so, having had a large house made with many doors, and having covered it over with palmleaves, they set him in the middle surrounded by the other children and set fire to it. The others ran away shrieking, but the Bodhisatta said to himself that it was better than the torture in hell, and remained motionless as if perfectly apathetic, and when the fire came near him they took him away. Then they said, “Children six years old are afraid of a wild elephant “; so they had a well-trained elephant taught, and, when they had seated the Bodhisatta with the other children in the palace-court, they let it loose. On it came trumpeting and striking the ground with its trunk and spreading terror; the other children fled in all directions in fear for their lives, but the Bodhisatta, being afraid of hell, sat where he was, and the well-trained animal took him and lifted him up and down, and went away without hurting him. When he was seven years old, as he was sitting surrounded by his companions, they let loose some serpents with their teeth extracted and their mouths bound; the other children ran away shrieking, but the Bodhisatta, remembering the fear of hell, remained motionless, saying, “It is better to perish by the mouth of a fierce serpent”; then the serpents enveloped his whole body and they spread their hoods on his head, but still he remained motionless. Thus though they tried him again and again, they still could not discover his weak point. Then they said, “Boys are fond of social gatherings”; so, having set him in the palace-court with the five hundred boys, they caused an assembly of mimes to be gathered together; the other boys, seeing the mimes, shouted “bravo” and laughed loudly, but the Bodhisatta, saying to himself that if he were born in hell there would never be a moment’s laughter or joy, remained motionless as he pondered on hell, and never looked at the

dancing. Thus trying him again and again they discovered no weak point in him. Then they said, “We will try him with the sword”; so they placed him with the other boys in the palace-court, and while they were playing, a man rushed upon them, brandishing a sword like crystal and shouting and jumping, saying, “Where is this devil’s-child of the King of Kasi? I will cut off his head.” The others fled, shrieking in terror at the sight of him, but the Bodhisatta, having pondered on the fear of hell, sat as if unconscious. The man, although he rubbed the sword on his head and threatened to cut it off, could not frighten him and at last went away. Thus though they tried him again and again, they could not discover his weak point. When he was ten years old, in order to try whether he was really deaf, they hung a curtain round a bed and made holes in the four sides and placed conch-blowers underneath it without letting him see them. All at once they blew the conchs,—there was one burst of sound; but the ministers, though they stood at the four sides and watched by the holes in the curtain, could not through a whole day detect in him any confusion. of thought or any disturbance of hand or foot, or even a single start. So after a year had past, they tried him for another year with drums; but even thus, though they tried him again and again, they could not discover his weak point. Then they said, “We will try him with a lamp”; so in the night-time in order to see whether he moved hand or foot in the darkness, they lighted some lamps in jars, and having extinguished all the other lamps, they put these down for a while in the darkness, and then suddenly lifting the lamps in the jars, created all at once a blaze, and watched his behaviour; but though they thus tried him again and again for a whole year, they never saw him start even once. Then, they said, “We will try him with molasses”; so they smeared all his body with molasses and laid him in a place infested with flies and stirred the flies up; these covered his whole body and bit it as if they were piercing it with needles, but he remained motionless as if perfectly apathetic; thus they tried him for a year, but they discovered no weak point in him. Then when he was fourteen years old, they said, “This youth now he is grown up loves what is clean and abhors what is unclean,—we will try him with what is unclean”; so from that time they did not let him bathe or rinse his mouth or perform any bodily ablutions, until he was reduced to a miserable plight, and he looked like a released prisoner. As he lay, covered with flies, the people came round and reviled him, saying, “O Temiya, you are grown up now, who is to wait on you? are you not

ashamed? why are you lying there? rise up and cleanse yourself." But he, remembering the torments of the hell Gutha, lay quietly in his squalor; and though they tried him again and again for a year, they discovered no weak point in him. Then they put pans of fire in the bed under him, saying, "When he is distressed by the heat, he will perhaps be unable to bear the pain and will shew some signs of writhing "; boils seemed to break out on his body, but the Bodhisatta resigned himself, saying, "The fire of the hell Avici flames up a hundred leagues,—this heat is a hundred, a thousand times preferable to that," so he remained motionless. Then his parents, with breaking hearts, made the men come back, and took him out of the fire, and implored him, saying, "O prince Temiya, we know that thou art not in any way crippled by birth, for cripples have not such feet, face, or ears as thou hast; we gained thee as our child after many prayers, do not now destroy us, but deliver us from the blame of all the kings of Jambudipa"; but, though thus entreated by them, he lay still motionless, as if he heard them not. Then his parents went away weeping; and sometimes his father or his mother came back alone, and implored him; and thus they tried him again and again for a whole year, but they discovered no weak point in him. Then when he was sixteen years old they considered, "Whether it be a cripple or deaf and dumb, still there are none, who when they are grown up, do not delight in what is enjoyable and dislike what is disagreeable; this is all natural in the proper time like the opening of flowers. We will have dramas acted before him and will thus try him." So they summoned some women full of all graces, and as beautiful as the daughters of the gods, and they promised that whichever of them could make the prince laugh, or could entangle him in sinful thoughts should become his principal queen. Then they had the prince bathed in perfumed water and adorned like a son of the gods, and laid on a royal bed prepared in a suite of royal chambers like the dwellings of the gods, and having filled his inner chamber with a mingled fragrance of perfumed wreaths, wreaths of flowers, incense, unguents, spirituous liquor, and the like, they retired. Meanwhile the women surrounded him and tried hard to delight him with dancing and singing and all sorts of pleasant words; but he looked at them in his perfect wisdom and stopped his inhalations and exhalations in fear lest they should touch his body, so that his body became quite rigid. They, being unable to touch him, said to his parents, "His body is all rigid, he is not a man, but must be a goblin." Thus his parents, though

they tried him again and again, discovered no weak point in him. Thus, though they tried him for sixteen years with the sixteen great tests and many smaller ones, they were not able to detect a weak point in him. Then the king, being full of vexation, summoned the fortune-tellers and said, “When the prince was born ye said that he has fortunate and auspicious marks, he has no threatening obstacle; but he is born a cripple and deaf and dumb; your words do not answer to the facts.” “Great king,” they replied, “nothing is unseen by your teachers, but we knew how grieved you would be if we told you that the child of so many royal prayers would be all Ill-luck; so we did not utter it.” “What must be done now?” “O king, if this prince remains in this house, three dangers are threatened, viz. to your life or your royal power, or the queen; therefore it will be best to have some unlucky horses yoked to an unlucky chariot, and, placing him therein, to convey him by the western gate and bury him in the charnel-ground.” The king assented, being frightened at the threatened dangers. When the queen Candadevi heard the news she came to the king, “My lord, you gave me a boon and I have kept it unclaimed, give it to me now.” “Take it, O queen.” “Give the kingdom to my son.” “I cannot, O queen; thy son is all Ill-luck.” “Then if you will not give it for his life, give it to him for seven years.” “I cannot, O queen.” “Then give it to him for six years,—for five, four, three, two, one year. Give it to him for seven months, for six, five, four, three, two months, one month, for half a month.” “I cannot, O queen.” “Then give it to him for seven days.” “Well,” said the king, “take your boon.” So she had her son adorned, and, the city being gaily decorated, a proclamation was made to the beat of a drum, “This is the reign of prince Temiya,” and he was seated upon an elephant and led triumphantly rightwise round the city, with a white umbrella held over his head. When he returned, and was laid on his royal bed she implored him all the night, “O my child, prince Temiya, on thy account for sixteen years I have wept and taken no sleep: and my eyes are parched up, and my heart is pierced with sorrow; I know that thou art not really a cripple or deaf and dumb,—do not make me utterly destitute.” In this manner she implored him day after day for five days. On the sixth day the king summoned the charioteer Sunanda and said to him, “To-morrow morning early yoke some ill-omened horses to an ill-omened chariot, and having set the prince in it, take him out by the western gate and dig a hole with four sides in the charnel-ground; throw him into it, and break his head with the back of the spade and kill him, then

scatter dust over him and make a heap of earth above, and after bathing yourself come hither." That sixth night the queen implored the prince, "O my child, the King of Kasi has given orders that you are to be buried to-morrow in the charnel-ground,—to-morrow you will certainly die, my son." When the Bodhisatta heard this, he thought to himself, "O Temiya, your sixteen years' labour has reached its end," and he was glad; but his mother's heart was as it were cleft in twain. Still he would not speak to her lest his desire should not attain its end. At the end of that night, in the early morning, Sunanda the charioteer yoked the chariot and made it stand at the gate, and entering the royal bedchamber he said, "O queen, be not angry, it is the king's command." So saying, as the queen lay embracing her son he pushed her away with the back of his hand, and lifted up the prince like a bundle of flowers and came down from the palace. The queen was left in the chamber smiting her breast and lamenting with a loud cry. Then the Bodhisatta looked at her and considered, "If I do not speak she will die of a broken heart," but though he desired to speak, he reflected, "If I speak, my efforts for sixteen years will be rendered fruitless; but if I do not speak, I shall be the saving of myself and my parents." Then the charioteer lifted him into the chariot and saying, "I will drive the chariot to the western gate," he drove it to the eastern gate, and the wheel struck against the threshold. The Bodhisatta, hearing the sound, said, "My desire has attained its end," and he became still more glad at heart. When the chariot had gone out of the city, it went a space of three leagues by the power of the gods, and there the end of a forest appeared to the charioteer as if it were a charnel-ground; so thinking it to be a suitable place, he turned the chariot out of the road, and stopping it by the roadside he alighted and took off all the Bodhisatta's ornaments and made them into a bundle and laid them down, and then taking a spade began to dig a hole. Then the Bodhisatta thought, "This is my time for effort; for sixteen years I have never moved hands nor feet, are they in my power or not?" So he rose and rubbed his right hand with his left, and his left hand with his right, and his feet with both his hands, and resolved to alight from the chariot. When his foot came down, the earth rose up like a leather bag filled with air and touched the hinder end of the chariot; when he had alighted, and had walked backwards and forwards several times, he felt that he had strength to go a hundred leagues in this manner in one day. Then he reflected, "If the charioteer were to set against me,

should I have the power to contend with him?" So he seized hold of the hinder end of the chariot and lifted it up as if it were a toy-cart for children, and said to himself that he had power to contend with him; and as he perceived it, a desire arose to adorn himself. At that moment Sakka's palace became hot. Sakka, having perceived the reason, said, "Prince Temiya's desire has attained its end, he desires to be adorned, what has he to do with human adornment?" and he commanded Vissakamma to take heavenly decorations and to go and adorn the son of the King of Kasi. So he went and wrapt the prince with ten thousand pieces of cloth and adorned him like Sakka with heavenly and human ornaments. The prince, decked with all the bravery of the King of the gods, went up to the hole as the charioteer was digging, and standing at the edge, uttered the third stanza:

"Why in such haste, O charioteer? and wherefore do you dig that pit?
Answer my question truthfully,—what do you want to do with it?"

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

"Our king has found his only son crippled and dumb,—an idiot quite;
And I am sent to dig this hole and bury him far out of sight."

The Bodhisatta replied:

"I am not deaf nor dumb, my friend, no cripple, not e'en lame am I;
If in this wood you bury me, you will incur great guilt thereby.

Behold these arms and legs of mine, and hear my voice and what I say;
If in this wood you bury me, you will incur great guilt to-day."

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

"A heavenly minstrel or a god, or art thou Sakka, lord of all?
Who art thou, pray; whose son art thou? what shall we name thee when we call?"

Then the Bodhisatta spoke, revealing himself and declaring the law,

"No heavenly minstrel nor a god, nor Sakka, lord of all, am I;
I am the King of Kasi's son whom you would bury ruthlessly.

I am the son of that same king under whose sway you serve and thrive,
You will incur great guilt to-day if here you bury me alive.

If 'neath a tree I sit and rest while it its shade and shelter lends,
I would not break a single branch,—only the sinner harms his friends.

The sheltering tree—it is the king—; I am the branch that tree has spread;
And you the traveller, charioteer, who sits and rests beneath its shade;
If in this wood you bury me, great guilt will fall upon your head."

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

"He who is faithful to his friends may wander far and wide,—
Many will gladly wait on him, his food shall be supplied.

Whatever lands he wanders through, in city or in town,
He who is faithful to his friends finds honour and renown.

No robbers dare to injure him, no warriors him despise;
He who is faithful to his friends escapes all enemies.

Welcomed by all he home returns,—no cares corrode his breast,
He who is faithful to his friends is of all kin the best.

He honours and is honoured too,—respect he takes and gives;
He who is faithful to his friends full meed from all receives.

He is by others honoured who to them due honour pays,
He who is faithful to his friends wins himself fame and praise.

Like fire he blazes brightly forth, and sheds a light divine,
He who is faithful to his friends will with fresh splendour shine.

His oxen surely multiply, his seed unfailing grows,
He who is faithful to his friends reaps surely all he sows.

If from a mountain-top he falls or from a tree or grot,
He who is faithful to his friends finds a sure resting spot.

The banyan tree defies the wind, girt with its branches rooted round,—
He who is faithful to his friends doth all the rage of foes confound."

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

"Come, I will take thee back, O prince, to thine own proper home;
Sit on the throne and act the king,—why in this forest roam?"

The Great Being replied:

"I do not want that throne or wealth, I want not friends nor kin,
Since 'Tis by evil acts alone that I that throne could win."

The charioteer spoke:

"A brimful cup of welcome, prince, will be prepared for thee;
And thy two parents in their joy great gifts will give to me.

The royal wives, the princes all, Vesiyas and brahmans both,
Great presents in their full content will give me, nothing loth.

Those who ride elephants and cars, foot-soldiers, royal guards,
When thou returnest home again, will give me sure rewards.

The country folk and city folk will gather joyously,
And when they see their prince returned will presents give to me."

The Great Being spoke:

"By parents I was left forlorn, by city and by town,
The princes left me to my fate,—I have no home my own.

My mother gave me leave to go, my father me forsook,—
Here in this forest-wild alone the ascetic's vow I took."

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

“Even to those who hurry not, th’ heart’s longing wins success;
Know, charioteer, that I to-day have gained ripe holiness.

Even by those who hurry not, the highest end is won;
Crowned with ripe holiness I go, perfect and fearing none.”

The charioteer replied:

“Thy words, my lord, are pleasant words, open thy speech and clear;
Why wast thou dumb, when thou didst see father and mother near?”

The Great Being spoke:

“No cripple I for lack of joints, nor deaf for lack of ears,
I am not dumb for want of tongue as plainly now appears.

In an old birth I played the king, as I remember well,
But when I fell from that estate I found myself in hell.

Some twenty years of luxury I passed upon that throne,
But eighty thousand years in hell did for that guilt atone.

My former taste of royalty filled all my heart with fear;
Thence was I dumb, although I saw father and mother near.

My father took me on his lap, but midst his fondling play,
I heard the stern commands he gave, “At once this miscreant slay,
Saw him in sunder,—go, that wretch impale without delay.”

Hearing such threats well might I try crippled and dumb to be,
And wallow helplessly in filth, an idiot willingly.

Knowing that life is short at best and filled with miseries,
Who ‘gainst another for its sake would let his anger rise?

Who on another for its sake would let his vengeance light,
Through want of power to grasp the truth and blindness to the right ?”

Then Sunanda reflected, “This prince, abandoning all his royal pomp as if it were carrion, has entered into the wood, unwavering in his resolve to become an ascetic,—what have I to do with this miserable life? I too will become an ascetic with him”; so he spoke this stanza:

“I too would choose th’ ascetic’s life with thee;
Call me, O prince, for I as thou would be.”

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

"Restore the chariot first, thou'rt not a free man now;
First pay thy debts, they say,—then take the ascetic's vow."

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

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

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

The Great Being replied:

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

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

The man took the commands:

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

At that moment Candadevi opened her lattice and, as she wondered whether there were any tidings of her son and looked on the road by which the charioteer would return, she saw him coming alone and burst into lamentation.

The Master has thus described it:

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

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

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

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

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

The charioteer spoke:

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

The queen answered:

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

Then the charioteer spoke:

“No cripple he, he is not deaf,—his utterance clear and free;
He played fictitious parts at home, through dread of royalty.

In an old birth he played the king as he remembers well,
But when he fell from that estate he found himself in hell.

Some twenty years of luxury he passed upon that throne,
But eighty thousand years in hell did for that guilt atone.

His former taste of royalty filled all his heart with fear;
Hence was he dumb although he saw father and mother near.

Perfectly sound in all his limbs, faultlessly tall and broad,
His utterance clear, his wits undimmed, he treads salvation’s road.

If you desire to see your son, then come at once with me,
You shall behold prince Temiya, perfectly calm and free.”

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

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

"The horses to the chariots yoke,—bind girths on elephants and come;
Sound conch and tabour far and wide, and wake the loud-voiced kettledrum.

Let the hoarse tomtom fill the air, let rattling drums raise echoes sweet,—
Bid all this city follow me,—I go my son once more to greet.

Let palace-ladies, every prince, vesiyas and brahmans every one,
All have their chariot-horses yoked,—I go to welcome back my son.

Let elephant-riders, royal guards, horsemen and footmen every one,
Let all alike prepare to go, I go to welcome back my son.

Let country folk and city folk gather in crowds in every street,
Let all alike prepare to go, I go once more my son to greet."

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

The Master has thus described it:

"Sindh horses of the noblest breed stood harnessed at the palace gates;
The charioteers the tidings bring, "The train, my lord, thy presence waits."

The king spoke:

"Leave all the clumsy horses out, no weaklings in our cavalcade,"
(They told the charioteer, "Be sure not to bring horses of that kind,")
Such were the royal orders given, and such the charioteers obeyed."

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

The Master has thus described it :

"His royal chariot then prepared, the king without delay
Got in, and cried out to his wives—"Come with me all away!"

With yakstail fan and turban crest, and royal white sunshade,
He mounted in the royal car, with finest gold arrayed.

Then did the king set forth at once, his charioteer beside,
And quickly came where Temiya all tranquil did abide.

When Temiya beheld him come all brilliant and ablaze,
Surrounded by attendant bands of warriors, thus he says:

"Father, I hope 'Tis well with thee, thou hast good news to tell,
I hope that all the royal queens, my mothers, too, are well?"

"Yes, it is well with me, my son, I have good news to tell,
And all the royal queens indeed, thy mothers, all are well."

"I hope thou drinkest no strong drink, all spirit dost eschew,
To righteous deeds and almsgiving thy mind is ever true?"

"Oh yes, strong drink I never touch, all spirit I eschew,
To righteous deeds and almsgiving my mind is ever true."

"The horses and the elephants I hope are well and strong,
No painful bodily disease, no weakness, nothing wrong?"

"Oh yes, the elephants are well, the horses well and strong,
No painful bodily disease, no weakness, nothing wrong."

"The frontiers, as the central part, all populous, at peace,
The treasures and the treasuries quite full—say, what of these?

Now welcome to thee, royal Sir, O welcome now to thee!
Let them set out a couch, that here seated the king may be."

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

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

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

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

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

The king replied:

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

At that moment the queen Candadevi, surrounded by the royal ladies, came up, and after clasping her dear son's feet and saluting him, sat on one side with her eyes full of tears. The king said to her, "Lady, see what thy son's food is," and put some of the leaves into her hand

and also gave a little to the other ladies, who took it, saying, “O my lord, dost thou indeed eat such food? thou endurest great hardship,” and sat down. Then the king said, “O my son, this appears wonderful to me,” and he spoke a stanza:

“Most strange indeed it seems to me that thou thus left alone
Livest on such mean food and yet thy colour is not gone.”

The prince thus replied:

“Upon this bed of leaves strewn here I lie indeed alone,—
A pleasant bed it is and so my colour is not gone;

Girt with their swords no cruel guards stand sternly looking on,—
A pleasant bed it is and so my colour is not gone;

Over the past I do not mourn nor for the future weep,—
I meet the present as it comes, and so my colour keep.

Mourning about the hopeless past or some uncertain future need,—
This dries a young man’s vigour up as when you cut a fresh green reed.”

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

“My elephants, my chariots, horsemen, and infantry,
And all my pleasant palaces, dear son, I give to thee.

My queen’s apartments too I give, with all their pomp and pride,
Thou shalt be sole king over us,—there shall be none beside.

Fair women skilled in dance and song and trained for every mood
Shall lap thy soul in ease and joy,—why linger in this wood?

The daughters of thy foes shall come proud but to wait on thee;
When they have borne thee sons, then go an anchoret to be.

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

The Bodhisatta spoke:

“No, let the young man leave the world and fly its vanities,
The ascetic’s life best suits the young,—thus counsel all the wise.

No, let the young man leave the world, a hermit and alone;
I will embrace the hermit's life, I need no pomp nor throne.

I watch the boy,—with childish lips he "father" "mother," cries,—
Himself begets a son, and then he too grows old and dies.

So the young daughter in her flower grows blithe and fair to see,
But she soon fades cut down by death like the green bamboo tree.

Men, women all, however young, soon perish,—who in sooth
Would put his trust in mortal life, cheated by fancied youth?

As night by night gives place to dawn life still contracts its span;
Like fish in water which dries up,—what means the youth of man?

This world of ours is smitten sore, is ever watched by one,
They pass and pass with purpose fell,—why talk of crown or throne?

"Who sorely smites this world of ours? who watches grimly by?
And who thus pass with purpose fell? Tell me the mystery."

'Tis death who smites this world, old age who watches at our gate,
And 'Tis the nights which pass and win their purpose soon or late.

As when the lady at her loom sits weaving all the day,
Her task grows ever less and less,—so waste our lives away.

As speeds the hurrying river's course, on with no backward flow,
So in its course the life of men doth ever forward go;

And as the river sweeps away trees from its banks uptorn,
So are we men by age and death in headlong ruin borne."

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

"My elephants, my chariots, horsemen, and infantry,
And all my pleasant palaces, dear son, I give to thee.

My queen's apartments too I give, with all their pomp and pride,
Thou shalt be sole king over us,—there shall be none beside.

Fair women skilled in dance and song and trained for every mood
Shall lap thy soul in ease and joy, why linger in this wood?

The daughters of thy foes shall come proud but to wait on thee;
When they have borne thee sons, then go an anchoret to be.

My treasures and my treasuries, footmen and cavalry,
And all my pleasant palaces, dear son, I give to thee.

With troops of slaves to wait on thee, and queens to be embraced,
Enjoy thy throne, all health to thee, why linger in this waste?"

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

"Why seek for wealth,—it will not last; why woo a wife,—she soon will die;
Why think of youth, 'twill soon be past; and threatening age stands ever nigh.

What are the joys that life can bring? beauty, sport, wealth, or royal fare?
What is a wife or child to me? I am set free from every snare.

This thing I know,—where'er I go, Fate watching never slumbereth;
Of what avail is wealth or joy to one who feels the grasp of death?

Do what thou hast to do to-day, who can ensure the morrow's sun?
Death is the Master-general who gives his guarantee to none.

Thieves ever watch to steal our wealth,—I am set free from every chain;
Go back and take thy crown away; what want I with a king's domain?"

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

left their houses with the doors open as if it were an open market, and flocked round the king. The king and the multitude took the ascetic vow together before the Great Being. An hermitage erected by Sakka extended for three leagues. The Great Being went through the huts made of branches and leaves, and he appointed those in the centre for the women as they were naturally timid, while those on the outside were for the men. All of them on the fast-day stood on the ground, and gathered and ate the fruits of the trees which Vissakamma had created, and followed the rules of the ascetic life. The Great Being, knowing the mind of every one, whether he indulged thoughts of lust or malevolence or cruelty, sat down in the air and taught the law to each, and as they listened they speedily developed the Faculties and the Attainments.

A neighbouring king, hearing that Kasiraja had become an ascetic, resolved to establish his rule in Benares, so he entered the city, and seeing it all adorned he went up into the palace, and, beholding the seven kinds of precious stones there, he thought to himself that some kind of danger must gather round all this wealth; so he sent for some drunken revellers and asked them by which gate the king had gone out. They told him "by the eastern gate"; so he went out himself by that gate and proceeded along the bank of the river. The Great Being knew of his coming, and having gone to meet him, sat in the air and taught the law. Then the invader took the ascetic vow with all his company; and the same thing happened also to another king. In this way three kingdoms were abandoned; the elephants and horses were left to roam wild in the woods, the chariots dropped to pieces in the woods, and the money in the treasuries, being counted as mere sand, was scattered about in the hermitage. All the residents there attained to the eight Ecstatic Meditations; and at the end of their lives became destined for the world of Brahma. Yea the very animals, as the elephants and horses, having their minds calmed by the sight of the sages, were eventually reborn in the six heavens of the gods.

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

After they had come to the island of Ceylon, Elder Khuddakatissa, a native of Mangana, Elder Mahavamsaka, Elder Phussadeva, who dwelt at Katakandhakara, Elder Maharakkhita, a native of Uparimandakamala, Elder Mahatissa, a native of Bhaggari, Elder Mahasiva, a native of Vamattapabbhara, Elder Mahamaliyadeva, a native of Kalavela,—all these elders are called the late comers in the assembly of the Kuddalaka birth, the Mugapakkha birth, the Ayoghara birth, and the Hatthipala birth. Moreover Elder Mahanaga, a native of Maddha, and Elder Maliyamakadeva, remarked on the day of Parinibbana, “Sir, the assembly of the Mugapakkha birth is to-day extinct.” “Wherefore?” “I was then passionately addicted to spirituous drink, and when I could not bring those with me who used to drink liquor with me I was the last of all to give up the world and become an ascetic.”

539. Mahajanaka Jātaka

“Who art thou, striving,” etc.

This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the great Renunciation. One day the Brethren sat in the Hall of Truth discussing the Tathagata’s great Renunciation. The Master came and found that this was their subject; so he said “This is not the first time that the Tathagata performed the great Renunciation,—he performed it also formerly.” And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time there was a king named Mahajanaka reigning in Mithila in the kingdom of Videha. He had two sons, Aritthajanaka and Polajanaka; the elder he made viceroy and the younger commander-in-chief. Afterwards, when Mahajanaka died, Aritthajanaka, having become king, gave the viceroyalty to his brother. One day a slave went to the king and told him that the viceroy was desirous to kill him. The king, after repeatedly hearing the same story, became suspicious, and had Polajanaka thrown into chains and imprisoned with a guard in a certain house not far from the palace. The prince made a solemn asseveration, “If I am my brother’s enemy, let not my chains be unloosed nor the door become opened; but otherwise, may my chains be unloosed and the door become opened,” and thereupon the chains broke into pieces and the door flew open. He went out and, going to a frontier village, took up his abode there, and the inhabitants, having recognised him, waited upon him; and the king was unable to have him arrested. In course of time he became master of the frontier district, and, having now a large following, he said to himself, “If I was not my brother’s enemy before, I am indeed his enemy now,” and he went to Mithila with a large host, and encamped in the outskirts of the city. The inhabitants heard that Prince Polajanaka was come, and most of them joined him with their elephants and other riding animals, and the inhabitants of other towns also gathered with them. So he sent a message to his brother, “I was not your enemy before but I am indeed your enemy now; give the royal umbrella up to me or give battle.” As the king went to give battle, he bade farewell to his principal queen. “Lady,” he said, “victory and defeat in a battle cannot be foretold,—if any

fatal accident befalls me, do you carefully preserve the child in your womb": so saying he departed; and the soldiers of Polajanaka ere long took his life in battle. The news of the king's death caused a universal confusion in the whole city. The queen, having learned that he was dead, quickly put her gold and choicest treasures into a basket and spread a cloth on the top and strewed some husked rice over that; and having put on some soiled clothes and disfigured her person, she set the basket on her head and went out at an unusual time of the day, and no one recognised her. She went out by the northern gate; but she did not know the way, as she had never gone anywhere before and was unable to fix the points of the compass; so since she had only heard that there was such a city as Kalacampa, she sat down and kept asking whether there were any people going to Kalacampa city. Now it was no common child in her womb, but it was the Great Being re-born, after he had accomplished the Perfections, and all Sakka's world shook with his majesty. Sakka considered what the cause could be, and he reflected that a being of great merit must have been conceived in her womb, and that he must go and see it; so he created a covered carriage and prepared a bed in it and stood at the door of the house where she was sitting, as if he were an old man driving the carriage, and he asked if any one wanted to go to Kalacampa. "I want to go there, father." "Then mount up into this carriage, lady, and take your seat." "Father, I am far gone with child, and I cannot climb up; I will follow behind, but give me room for this my basket." "What are you talking about, mother? there is no one who knows how to drive a carriage like me; fear not, but climb up and sit down." By his divine power he caused the earth to rise as she was climbing up, and made it touch the hinder end of the carriage. She climbed up and lay down in the bed, and she knew that it must be a god. As soon as she lay down on the divine bed she fell asleep. Sakka at the end of thirty leagues came to a river, and he woke her, saying, "Mother, get down and bathe in the river; at the head of the bed there is a cloak, put it on; and in the carriage there is a cake to eat, eat it." She did so and lay down again and at evening time, when she reached Campa and saw the gate, the watch-tower and the walls, she asked what city it was. He replied, "Campa city, mother." "What sayest thou, father? Is it not sixty leagues from our city to Campa?" "It is so, mother, but I know the straight road." He then made her alight at the southern gate; "Mother, my village lies further on,—do you enter the city," so saying Sakka went on, and vanishing, departed to his own place.

The queen sat down in a certain hall. At that time a certain Brahmin, a reciter of hymns, who dwelt at Campa, was going with his five hundred disciples to bathe, and as he looked he saw her sitting there so fair and comely, and, by the power of the being in her womb, immediately as he saw her he conceived an affection for her as for a youngest sister, and making his pupils stay outside he went alone into the hall and asked her, "Sister, in what village dost thou dwell?" "I am the chief queen of King Aritthajanaka in Mithila," she said. "Why art thou come here?" "The king has been killed by Polajanaka, and I in fear have come here to save my unborn child." "Is there any kinsman of thine in this city?" "There is none, father." "Do not be anxious; I am a Northern Brahmin of a great family, a teacher famed far and wide, I will watch over you as if you were my sister,—call me your brother and clasp my feet and make a loud lamentation." She made a great wailing and fell at his feet and they each condoled with the other. His pupils came running up and asked him what it all meant. "This is my youngest sister, who was born at such a time when I was away." "O teacher, do not grieve, now that you have seen her at last." He caused a grand covered carriage to be brought and made her sit down in it and sent her to his own house, bidding them tell his wife that it was his sister and that she was to do everything that was necessary. His Brahmin wife gave her a hot water bath and prepared a bed for her and made her lie down. The Brahmin bathed and came home; and at the time of the meal he bade them call his sister and ate with her, and watched over her in the house. Soon after she brought forth a son, and they called him after his grandfather's name Prince Mahajanaka. As he grew up and played with the lads,—when they used to provoke him with their own pure Khattiya birth, he would strike them roughly from his own superior strength and stoutness of heart. When they made a loud outcry and were asked who had struck them, they would reply "The widow's son." The prince reflected "They always call me the widow's son,—I will ask my mother about it"; so one day he asked her, "Mother, whose son am I?" She deceived him, saying that the Brahmin was his father. When he beat them another day and they called him the widow's son, he replied that the Brahmin was his father; and when they retorted "What is the Brahmin to you?" he pondered, "These lads say to me "What is the Brahmin to you?" My mother will not explain the matter to me, she will not tell me the truth for her own honour's sake,—

come, I will make her tell it to me." So when he was sucking her milk he bit her breast and said to her, "Tell me who my father is,—if you do not tell me I will cut your breast off." She, being unable to deceive him, said, "My child, you are the son of King Aritthajanaka of Mithila; thy father was killed by Polajanaka, and I came to this city in my care to save thee, and the Brahmin has treated me as his sister and taken care of me." From that time he was no longer angry when he was called the widow's son: and before he was sixteen years old he had learned the three vedas and all the sciences; and by the time he was sixteen, he had become very handsome in his person. Then he thought to himself, "I will seize the kingdom that belonged to my father "; so he asked his mother "Have you any money in hand? If not, I will carry on trade and make money and seize my father's kingdom." "Son, I did not come empty-handed, I have a store of pearls and jewels and diamonds sufficient for gaining the kingdom—take them and seize the throne; do not carry on trade." "Mother," he said, "give that wealth to me, but I will only take half of it, and I will go to Suvannabhumi and get great riches there, and will then seize the kingdom." He made her bring him the half, and having got together his stock-in-trade he put it on board a ship with some merchants bound for Suvannabhumi, and bade his mother farewell, telling her that he was sailing for that country. "My son," she said, "the sea has few chances of success and many dangers,—do not go,—you have ample money for seizing the kingdom." But he told his mother that he would go,—so he bade her adieu and embarked on board. That very day a disease broke out in Polajanaka's body and he could not rise from his bed. There were seven caravans with their beasts embarked on board; in seven days the ship made seven hundred leagues, but having gone too violently in its course it could not hold out—its planks gave way, the water rose higher and higher, the ship began to sink in the middle of the ocean while the crew wept and lamented and invoked their different gods. But the Great Being never wept nor lamented nor invoked any deities, but knowing that the vessel was doomed he rubbed some sugar and ghee, and, having eaten his belly-full, he smeared his two clean garments with oil and put them tightly round him and stood leaning against the mast. When the vessel sank the mast stood upright. The crowd on board became food for the fishes and tortoises, and the water all round assumed the colour of blood; but the Great Being, standing on the mast, having determined the direction in which Mithila lay, flew up from the top of the mast,

and by his strength passing beyond the fishes and tortoises fell at the distance of 140 cubits from the ship. That very day Polajanaka died. After that the Great Being crossed through the jewel-coloured waves, making his way like a mass of gold, he passed a week as if it had been a day, and when he saw the shore again he washed his mouth with salt water and kept the fast. Now at that time a daughter of the gods named Manimekhala had been appointed guardian of the sea by the four guardians of the world. They said to her, "Those beings who possess such virtues as reverence for their mothers and the like do not deserve to fall into the sea,—look out for such"; but for those seven days she had not looked at the sea, for they say that her memory had become bewildered in her enjoyment of her divine happiness, and others even say that she had gone to be present at a divine assembly; at last however she had looked, saying to herself, "This is the seventh day that I have not looked at the sea,—who is making his way yonder?" As she saw the Great Being she thought to herself, "If Prince Mahajanaka had perished in the sea I should [not] have kept my entry into the divine assembly!" so assuming an adorned form she stood in the air not far from the Bodhisatta and uttered the first stanza, as she thus tested his powers:

"Who art thou, striving manfully here in mid-ocean far from land?
Who is the friend thou trustest in, to lend to thee a helping hand?"

The Bodhisatta replied, "This is my seventh day here in the ocean, I have not seen a second living being beside myself,—who can it be that speaks to me?" so, looking into the air, he uttered the second stanza:

"Knowing my duty in the world, to strive, O goddess, while I can,
Here in mid ocean far from land I do my utmost like a man."

Desirous to hear sound doctrine, she uttered to him the third stanza:

"Here in this deep and boundless waste where shore is none to meet the eye,
Thy utmost strivings are in vain,—here in mid-ocean thou must die."

The Bodhisatta replied, "Why dost thou speak thus? if I perish while I make my best efforts, I shall at all events escape from blame," and he spoke a stanza:

“He who does all a man can do is free from guilt towards his kin,
The lord of heaven acquits him too and he feels no remorse within.”

Then the goddess spoke a stanza:

“What use in strivings such as these, where barren toil is all the gain,
Where there is no reward to win, and only death for all thy pain?”

Then the Bodhisatta uttered these stanzas to shew to her her want of discernment:

“He who thinks there is nought to win and will not battle while he may,—
Be his the blame whate’er the loss,—’twas his faint heart that lost the day.

Men in this world devise their plans, and do their business as seems best,—
The plans may prosper or may fail,—the unknown future shows the rest.

Seest thou not, goddess, here to-day ’Tis our own actions which decide;
Drowned are the others,—I am saved, and thou art standing by my side.

So I will ever do my best to fight through ocean to the shore;
While strength holds out I still will strive, nor yield till I can strive no more.”

The goddess, on hearing his stout words, uttered a stanza of praise:

“Thou who thus bravely fightest on amidst this fierce unbounded sea
Nor shrinkest from the appointed task, striving where duty calleth thee,
Go where thy heart would have thee go, nor let nor hindrance shall there be.”

Then she asked him whither she should carry him, and on his answering “to the city of Mithila,” she threw him up like a garland and seizing him in both arms and making him lie on her bosom, she took him as if he was her dear child and sprang up in the air. For seven days the Bodhisatta slept, his body wet with the salt spray and thrilled with the heavenly contact. Then she brought him to Mithila

and laid him on his right side on the ceremonial stone in a mango grove, and, leaving him in the care of the goddesses of the garden, departed to her own abode. Now Polajanaka had no son: he had left only one daughter, wise and learned, named Sivalidevi. They had asked him on his death-bed, “O king, to whom shall we give the kingdom when thou art become a god?” and he had said, “Give it to him who can please the princess, my daughter Sivali, or who knows which is the head of the square bed, or who can string the bow which requires the strength of a thousand men, or who can draw out the sixteen great treasures.” “O king, tell us the list of the treasures.” Then the king repeated it:

“The treasure of the rising sun, the treasure at his setting seen,
The treasure outside, that within, and that not outside nor within,

At th’ mounting, at the dismounting, sal-pillars four, the yojana round,
The end of th’ teeth, the end of th’ tail, the kebuka, th’ ends of the trees,—

The sixteen precious treasures these, and these remain, where these are found,
The bow that tasks a thousand men, the bed, the lady’s heart to please.”

The king, besides these treasures, repeated also a list of others. After his death the ministers performed his obsequies, and on the seventh day they assembled and deliberated: “The king said that we were to give the kingdom to him who is able to please his daughter, but who will be able to please her?” They said, “The general is a favourite,” so they sent a command to him. He at once came to the royal gate and signified to the princess that he was standing there. She, knowing why he had come, and intending to try whether he had the wisdom to bear the royal umbrella, gave command that he should come. On hearing the command and being desirous to please her, he ran up quickly from the foot of the staircase and stood by her. Then to try him, she said, “Run quickly on the level ground.” He sprang forward, thinking that he was pleasing the princess. She said to him, “Come hither.” He came up with all speed. She saw his want of wisdom and said, “Come and rub my feet.” In order to please her, he sat down and rubbed her feet. Then she struck him on the breast with her foot and made him fall on his back, and she made a sign to her female

attendants, “Beat this blind and senseless fool and seize him by the throat and thrust him out”; and they did so. “Well, general?” they said; he replied, “Do not mention it, she is not a human being.” Then the treasurer went, but she put him also in the same way to shame. So too the cashier, the keeper of the umbrella, the sword- bearer: she put them all to shame. Then the multitude deliberated and said, “No one can please the princess: give her to him who is able to string the bow which requires the strength of a thousand men.” But no one could string it. Then they said, “Give her to him who knows which is the head of the square bed.” But no one knew it. “Then give her to him who is able to draw out the sixteen great treasures.” But no one could draw them out. Then they consulted together, “The kingdom cannot be preserved without a king; what is to be done?” Then the family priest said to them, “Be not anxious; we must send out the festive carriage, the king who is obtained by the festal carriage will be able to rule over all India.” So they agreed, and having decorated the city and yoked four lotus-coloured horses to the festive chariot and spread a coverlet over them and fixed the five ensigns of royalty, they surrounded them with an army of four hosts. Now musical instruments are sounded in front of a chariot which contains a rider, but behind one which contains none; so the family priest, having bid them sound the musical instruments behind, and having sprinkled the strap of the car and the goad with a golden ewer, bade the chariot proceed to him who has merit sufficient to rule the kingdom. The car went solemnly round the palace and proceeded up the kettle-drum road. The general and the other officers of state each thought that the car was coming up to him, but it passed by the houses of them all, and having gone solemnly round the city it went out by the eastern gate and passed onwards to the park. When they saw it going along so quickly, they thought to stop it; but when the family priest said, “Stop it not; let it go a hundred leagues if it pleases,” the car entered the park and went solemnly round the ceremonial stone and stopped as ready to be mounted. The family priest beheld the Bodhisatta lying there and addressed the ministers, “Sirs, I see someone lying on the stone; we know not whether he has wisdom worthy of the white umbrella or not; if he is a being of holy merit he will not look at us, but if he is a creature of ill omen he will start up in alarm and look at us trembling; sound forthwith all the musical instruments.” Forthwith they sounded the hundreds of instruments,—it was like the noise of the sea. The Great Being awoke at the noise, and having uncovered

his head and looked round, beheld the great multitude; and having perceived that it must be the white umbrella which had come to him he again wrapped his head and turned round and lay on his left side. The family priest uncovered his feet and, beholding the marks, said, "Not to mention one continent, he is able to rule all the four," so he bade them sound the musical instruments again.

The Bodhisatta uncovered his face, and having turned round lay on his right side and looked at the crowd. The family priest, having comforted the people, folded his hands and bent down and said, "Rise, my lord, the kingdom belongs to thee." "Where is the king?" he replied. "He is dead." "Has he left no son or brother?" "None, my lord." "Well, I will take the kingdom"; so he rose and sat down cross-legged on the stone slab. Then they anointed him there and then; and he was called King Mahajanaka. He then mounted the chariot, and, having entered the city with royal magnificence, went up to the palace and mounted the dais, having arranged the different positions for the general and the other officers. Now the princess, wishing to prove him by his first behaviour, sent a man to him, saying, "Go to the king and tell him, "the princess Sivali summons thee, go quickly to her". The wise king as if he did not hear his words, went on with his description of the palace,—"Thus and thus will it be well." Being unable to attract his attention he went away and told the princess, "Lady, the king heard thy words but he only keeps on describing the palace and utterly disregards thee." She said to herself, "He must be a man of a lofty soul," and sent a second and even a third messenger. The king at last ascended the palace walking at his own pleasure at his usual pace yawning like a lion. As he drew near, the princess could not stand still before his majestic bearing; and coming up she gave him her hand to lean on. He caught hold of her hand and ascended the dais, and having seated himself on the royal couch beneath the white umbrella, he inquired of the ministers, "When the king died, did he leave any instructions with you?" Then they told him that the kingdom was to be given to him who could please the princess Sivali. "The princess Sivali gave me her hand to lean on as I came near: I have therefore succeeded in pleasing her; tell me something else." "He said that the kingdom was to be given to him who could decide which was the head of the square bed." The king replied, "This is hard to tell, but it can be known by a contrivance," so he took out a golden needle from his head and gave it into the

princess' hand, saying, "Put this in its place." She took it and put it in the head of the bed. Thus they also say in the proverb "She gave him a sword." By that indication he knew which was the head, and, as if he had not heard it before, he asked what they were saying, and when they repeated it, he replied, "It is not a wonderful thing for one to know which is the head"; and so saying, he asked if there were any other test. "Sire, he commanded us to give the kingdom to him who could string the bow which required the strength of a thousand men." When they had brought it at his order, he strung it while sitting on the bed as if it were only a woman's bow for carding cotton. "Tell me something else," he said. "He commanded us to give the kingdom to him who could draw out the sixteen great treasures." "Is there a list?" and they repeated the before-mentioned list. As he listened the meaning became clear to him like the moon in the sky. "There is not time to-day, we will take the treasure to-morrow." The next day he assembled the ministers and asked them, "Did your king feed pacceka-buddhas?" When they answered in the affirmative, he thought to himself, "The sun' cannot be this sun, but pacceka-buddhas are called suns from their likeness thereto; the treasure must be where he used to go and meet them." Then he asked them, "When the pacceka-buddhas came, where did he use to go and meet them?" They told him of such and such a place; so he bade them dig that spot and draw out the treasure from thence, and they did so. "When he followed them as they departed, where did he stand as he bade them farewell?" They told him, and he bade them draw out the treasure from thence, and they did so. The great multitude uttered thousands of shouts and expressed their joy and gladness of heart, saying, "When they heard before of the rising of the sun, they used to wander about, digging in the direction of the actual sunrise, and when they heard of his setting, they used to go digging in the direction of the actual sunset, but here are the real riches, here is the true marvel." When they said, "The treasure within" he drew out the treasure of the threshold within the great gate of the palace; "The treasure outside,"—he drew out the treasure of the threshold outside; "Neither within nor without,"—he drew out the treasure from below the threshold; "At the mounting,"—he drew out the treasure from the place where they planted the golden ladder for mounting the royal state elephant; "At the dismounting,"—he drew out the treasure from the place where they dismounted from the royal elephant's shoulders; "The four great sal-pillars,"—there were four great feet, made of sal-

wood, of the royal couch where the courtiers made their prostrations on the ground, and from under them he brought out four jars full of treasure; “A yojana round,”—now a yojana is the yoke of a chariot, so he dug round the royal couch for the length of a yoke and brought out jars of treasure from thence; “The treasure at the end of the teeth,”—in the place where the royal elephant stood, he brought out two treasures from the spot in front of “his two tusks”; “At the end of his tail,”—at the place where the royal horse stood, he brought out jars from the place opposite his tail; “In the kebuka”; now water is called kebuka; so he had the water of the royal lake drawn off and there revealed a treasure; “The treasure at the ends of the trees,”—he drew out the jars of treasure buried within the circle of shade thrown at midday under the great sal trees in the royal garden. Having thus brought out the sixteen treasures, he asked if there was anything more, and they answered “No.” The multitude were delighted. The king said, “I will throw this wealth in the mouth of charity”; so he had five halls for alms erected in the middle of the city and at the four gates, and made a great distribution. Then he sent for his mother and the Brahmin from Kalacampa, and paid them great honour.

In the early days of his reign, King Mahajanaka, the son of Aritthajanaka, ruled over all the kingdoms of Videha. “The king, they say, is wise, we will see him,” so the whole city was in a stir to see him, and they came from different parts with presents; they prepared a great festival in the city, covered the walls of the palace with plastered impressions of their hands, hung perfumes and flower-wreaths, darkened the air as they threw fried grain, flowers, perfumes and incense, and got ready all sorts of food to eat and drink. In order to present offerings to the king they gathered round and stood, bringing food hard and soft, and all kinds of drinks and fruits , while the crowd of the king’s ministers sat on one side, on another a host of brahmins, on another the wealthy merchants and the like, on another the most beautiful dancing girls; brahmin panegyrists, skilled in festive songs, sang their cheerful odes with loud voices, hundreds of musical instruments were played, the king’s palace was filled with one vast sound as if it were in the centre of the Yugandhara ocean; every place which he looked upon trembled. The Bodhisatta as he sat under the white umbrella, beheld the great pomp of glory like Sakka’s magnificence, and he remembered his own struggles in the great ocean; “Courage is the right thing to put forth,—if I had not shewn

courage in the great ocean, should I ever have attained this glory?" and joy arose in his mind as he remembered it, and he burst into a triumphant utterance. He after that fulfilled the ten royal duties and ruled righteously and waited on the pacceka-buddhas. In course of time Queen Sivali brought forth a son endowed with all auspicious marks and they called his name Dighavu-kumara. When he grew up his father made him viceroy. One day when various sorts of fruits and flowers were brought to the king by the gardener, he was pleased when he saw them, and shewed him honour, and told him to adorn the garden and he would pay it a visit. The gardener carried out these instructions and told the king, and he, seated on a royal elephant and surrounded by his retinue, entered at the garden-gate. Now near it stood two bright green mango trees, the one without fruit, the other full of very sweet fruit. As the king had not eaten of the fruit no one ventured to gather any, and the king, as he rode on his elephant, gathered a fruit and ate it. The moment the mango touched the end of his tongue, a divine flavour seemed to arise and he thought to himself, "When I return I will eat several more"; but when once it was known that the king had eaten of the first fruit of the tree, everybody from the viceroy to the elephant-keepers gathered and ate some, and those who did not take the fruit broke the boughs with sticks and stripped off the leaves till that tree stood all broken and battered, while the other one stood as beautiful as a mountain of gems. As the king came out of the garden, he saw it and asked his ministers about it. "The crowd saw that your majesty had eaten the first fruit and they have plundered it," they replied. "But this other tree has not lost a leaf or a colour." "It has not lost them because it had no fruit." The king was greatly moved, "This tree keeps its bright green because it has no fruit, while its fellow is broken and battered because of its fruit. This kingdom is like the fruitful tree, but the ascetic life is like the barren tree; it is the possessor of property who has fears, not he who is without anything of his own. Far from being like the fruitful tree I will be like the barren one,—leaving all my glory behind, I will give up the world and become an ascetic." Having made this firm resolution, he entered the city, and standing at the door of the palace, sent for his commander-in-chief, and said to him, "O general, from this day forth let none see my face except one servant to bring my food and another to give me water for my mouth and a toothbrush, and do you take my old chief judges and with their help govern my kingdom: I will henceforth live the life of a Buddhist

priest on the top of the palace." So saying he went up to the top of the palace alone, and lived as a Buddhist priest. As time passed on the people assembled in the courtyard, and when they saw not the Bodhisatta they said, "He is not like our old king," and they repeated two stanzas:

"Our king, the lord of all the earth, is changed from what he was of old,
He heeds no joyous song to-day nor cares the dancers to behold;

The deer, the garden, and the swans fail to attract his absent eye,
Silent he sits as stricken dumb and lets the cares of state pass by."

They asked the butler and the attendant, "Does the king ever talk to you?" "Never," they replied. Then they related how the king, with his mind plunged in abstraction, and detached from all desires, had remembered his old friends the pacceka-buddhas, and saying to himself, "Who will show me the dwelling-place of those beings free from all attachments and possessed of all virtues?" had uttered aloud his intense feelings in three stanzas:

"Hid from all sight, intent on bliss, freed from all bonds and mortal fears,
In whose fair garden, old and young, together dwell those heavenly seers?

They have left all desires behind,—those happy glorious saints I bless,
Amidst a world by passion tost they roam at peace and passionless.

They have all burst the net of death, and the deceiver's outspread snare,—
Freed from all ties, they roam at will,—O who will guide me where they are?"

Four months passed as he thus led an ascetic's life on the palace, and at last his mind turned intently towards giving up the world: his own home seemed like one of the hells between the sets of worlds, and the three modes of existence presented themselves to him as all on fire. In this frame of mind he burst into a description of Mithila, as he thought, "When will the time come that I shall be able to leave this Mithila, adorned and decked out like Sakka's palace, and go to Himavat and there put on the ascetic's dress?"

“When shall I leave this Mithila, spacious and splendid though it be,
By architects with rule and line laid out in order fair to see,
With walls and gates and battlements,—traversed by streets on every side,
With horses, cows, and chariots thronged, with tanks and gardens beautified,
Videha’s far-famed capital, gay with its knights and warrior swarms,
Clad in their robes of tiger-skins, with banners spread and flashing arms,
Its brahmins dressed in Kaci cloth, perfumed with sandal, decked with gems,—
Its palaces and all their queens with robes of state and diadems!
When shall I leave them and go forth, the ascetic’s lonely bliss to win,—
Carrying my rags and water-pot,—when will that happy life begin?
When shall I wander through the woods, eating their hospitable fruit,
Tuning my heart in solitude as one might tune a seven-stringed lute,
Cutting my spirit free from hope of present or of future gain,
As the cobbler when he shapes his shoe cuts off rough ends and leaves it plain.”

Now he had been born at a time when men lived to the age of 10,000 years; so after reigning 7,000 years he became an ascetic while 3,000 years still remained of his life: and when he had embraced the ascetic life, he still dwelt in a house four months from the day of his seeing the mango tree; but thinking to himself that an ascetic’s house would be better than the palace, he secretly instructed his attendant to have some yellow robes and an earthen vessel brought to him from the market. He then sent for a barber and made him cut his hair and beard; he put on one yellow robe as the under dress, another as the upper, and the third he wrapped over his shoulder, and, having put his vessel in a bag, he hung it on his shoulder; then, taking his walking-stick, he walked several times backwards and forwards on the top-story with the triumphant step of a pacceka-buddha. That day he continued to dwell there, but the next day at sunrise he began to go down. The queen Sivali sent for seven hundred favourite concubines, and said to them, “It is a long time, four full months, since we last beheld the king, we shall see him to-day, do you all adorn yourselves and put forth your graces and blandishments and try to entangle him in the snares of passion.” Attended by them all arrayed and adorned,

she ascended the palace to see the king; but although she met him coming down, she knew him not, and thinking that it was a pacceka-buddha come to instruct the king she made a salutation and stood on one side; and the Bodhisatta came down from the palace. But the queen, after she had ascended the palace, and beheld the king's locks, of the colour of bees, lying on the royal bed, and the articles of his toilet lying on the royal bed, exclaimed, "That was no pacceka-buddha, it must have been our own dear lord, we will implore him to come back "; so having gone down from the top-story and reached the palace yard, she and all the attendant queens unloosed their hair and let it fall on their backs and smote their breasts with their hands, and followed the king, wailing plaintively, "Why dost thou do this thing, O great king?" The whole city was disturbed, and all the people followed the king weeping, "Our king, they say, has become an ascetic, how shall we ever find such a just ruler again?"

Then the Master, as he described the women's weeping, and how the king left them all and went on, uttered these stanzas:

"There stood the seven hundred queens, stretching their arms in pleading woe,
Arrayed in all their ornaments,—"Great king, why dost thou leave us so?"

But leaving those seven hundred queens, fair, tender, gracious,—the great king
Followed the guidance of his vow, with stern resolve unfaltering.

Leaving the inaugurating cup, the old sign of royal pomp and state,
He takes his earthen pot to-day, a new career to inaugurate."

The weeping Sivali, finding herself unable to stop the king, as a fresh resource sent for the commander-in-chief and bade him kindle a fire before the king among the old houses and ruins which lay in the direction where he was going, and to heap up grass and leaves and make a great smoke in different places. He did so. Then she went to the king and, falling at his feet, told him in two stanzas that Mithila was in flames.

"Terrible are the raging fires, the stores and treasures burn,
The silver, gold, gems, shells, and pearls, are all consumed in turn;

Rich garments, ivory, copper, skins,—all meet one ruthless fate;
Turn back, O king, and save thy wealth before it be too late."

The Bodhisatta replied, "What sayest thou, O queen? the possessions of those who have can be burned, but I have nothing;

"We who have nothing of our own may live without a care or sigh;
Mithila's palaces may burn, but naught of mine is burned thereby."

So saying he went out by the northern gate, and his queens also went out. The queen Sivali bade them shew him how the villages were being destroyed and the land wasted; so they pointed out to him how armed men were running about and plundering in different directions, while others, daubed with red lac, were being carried as wounded or dead on boards. The people shouted, "O king, while you guard the kingdom, they spoil and kill your subjects." Then the queen repeated a stanza, imploring the king to return:

"Wild foresters lay waste the land,—return, and save us all;
Let not thy kingdom, left by thee, in hopeless ruin fall."

The king reflected, "No robbers can rise up to spoil the kingdom while I am ruling,—this must be Sivalidevi's invention," so he repeated these stanzas as not understanding her:

"We who have nothing of our own may live without a care or sigh,
The kingdom may lie desolate, but naught of mine is harmed thereby.

We who have nothing of our own may live without a care or sigh,—
Feasting on joy in perfect bliss like an Abhassara deity."

Even after he had thus spoken the people still followed. Then he said to himself, "They do not wish to return,—I will make them go back"; so when he had gone about half a mile he turned back, and standing in the high road, he asked his ministers, "Whose kingdom is this?" "Thine, O king." "Then punish whosoever passes over this line," so saying he drew a line across with his staff. No one was able to violate that line; and the people, standing behind that line, made loud lamentation. The queen also being unable to cross that line, and beholding the king going on with his back turned towards her, could not restrain her grief, and beat her breast, and, falling across, forced her way over the line. The people cried, "The line-guardians have broken the line," and they followed where the queen led. The Great

Being went towards the Northern Himavat. The queen also went with him, taking all the army and the animals for riding. The king, being unable to stop the multitude, journeyed on for sixty leagues. Now at that time an ascetic, named Narada, dwelt in the Golden Cave in Himavat who possessed the five supernatural faculties; after passing seven days in an ecstasy, he had risen from his trance and was shouting triumphantly, "O the bliss, O the bliss!" and while gazing with his divine eye to see if there was anyone in India who was seeking for this bliss, he beheld Mahajanaka the potential Buddha. He thought, "The king has made the great renunciation, but he cannot turn the people back who follow headed by the queen Sivali,—they may put a hindrance in his way, and I will give him an exhortation to confirm his purpose still more"; so by his divine power he stood in the air in front of the king and thus spoke, to strengthen his resolve:

"Wherefore is all this noise and din, as of a village holiday?
Why is this crowd assembled here? will the ascetic kindly say?"

The king replied:

"I've crossed the bound and left the world, 'Tis this has brought these hosts of men;
I leave them with a joyous heart: thou know'st it all,—why ask me then?"

Then the ascetic repeated a stanza to confirm his resolve:

"Think not thou hast already crossed, while with this body still beset;
There are still many foes in front,—thou hast not won thy victory yet."

The Great Being exclaimed:

"Nor pleasures known nor those unknown have power my steadfast soul to bend,
What foe can stay me in my course as I press onwards to the end?"

Then he repeated a stanza, declaring the hindrances:

"Sleep, sloth, loose thoughts to pleasure turned, surfeit, a discontented mind—
The body brings these bosom-guests,—many a hindrance shalt thou find."

The Great Being then praised him in this stanza:

"Wise, Brahmin, are thy warning words, I thank thee, stranger, for the same;
Answer my question if thou wilt; who art thou, say, and what thy name."

Narada replied:

"Know I am Narada by name,—a kassapa; my heavenly rest
I have just left to tell thee this,—to associate with the wise is best.

The four perfections exercise,—find in this path thy highest joy;
Whate'er it be thou lackest yet, by patience and by calm supply;

High thoughts of self, low thoughts of self,—nor this, nor that befits the sage;
Be virtue, knowledge, and the law the guardians of thy pilgrimage."

Narada then returned through the sky to his own abode. After he was gone, another ascetic, named Migajina, who had just arisen from an ecstatic trance, beheld the Great Being and resolved to utter an exhortation to him that he might send the multitude away; so he appeared above him in the air and thus spoke:

"Horses and elephants, and they who in city or in country dwell,—
Thou hast left them all, O Janaka: an earthen bowl contents thee well.

Say, have thy subjects or thy friends, thy ministers or kinsmen dear,
Wounded thy heart by treachery that thou hast chosen this refuge here?"

The Bodhisatta replied:

"Never, O seer, at any time, in any place, on any plea,
Have I done wrong to any friend nor any friend done wrong to me.

I saw the world devoured by pain, darkened with misery and with sin;
I watched its victims bound and slain, caught helplessly its toils within;
I drew the warning to myself and here the ascetic's life begin."

The ascetic, wishing to hear more, asked him:

“None chooses the ascetic’s life unless some teacher point the way,
By practice or by theory: who was thy holy teacher, say.”

The Great Being replied:

“Never at any time, O seer, have I heard words that touched my heart
From Brahman or ascetic lips, bidding me choose the ascetic’s part.”

He then told him at length why he had left the world:

“I wandered through my royal park one summer’s day in all my pride,
With songs and tuneful instruments filling the air on every side,

And there I saw a Mango-tree, which near the wall had taken root,—
It stood all broken and despoiled by the rude crowds that sought its fruit.

Startled I left my royal pomp and stopped to gaze with curious eye,
Contrasting with this fruitful tree a barren one which grew close by.

The fruitful tree stood there forlorn, its leaves all stripped, its branches bare,
The barren tree stood green and strong, its foliage waving in the air.

We kings are like that fruitful tree, with many a foe to lay us low,
And rob us of the pleasant fruit which for a little while we show.

The elephant for ivory, the panther for his skin is slain,
Houseless and friendless at the last the wealthy find their wealth their bane;
That pair of trees my teachers were,—from them my lesson did I gain.”

Migajina, having heard the king, exhorted him to be earnest and returned to his own abode.

When he was gone, Queen Sivali fell at the king’s feet, and said

“In chariots or on elephants, footmen or horsemen, all as one,
Thy subjects raise a common wail, “Our king has left us and is gone!”

O comfort first their stricken hearts and crown thy son to rule instead;
Then, if thou wilt, forsake the world the pilgrim’s lonely path to tread.”

The Bodhisatta replied:

"I've left behind my subjects all, friends, kinsmen, home and native land;
But th' nobles of Videha race, Dighavu trained to bear command,—
Fear not, O queen of Mithila, they will be near to uphold thy hand."

The queen exclaimed, "O king, thou hast become an ascetic, what am I to do?" Then he said to her, "I will counsel thee, carry out my words"; so he addressed her thus:

"If thou would'st teach my son to rule, sinning in thought, and word and deed,
An evil ending will be thine—this is the destiny decreed;
A beggar's portion, gained as alms, so say the wise, is all our, need."

Thus he counselled her, and while they went on, talking together, the sun set.

The queen encamped in a suitable place, while the king went to the root of a tree and passed the night there, and the next day, after performing his ablutions, went on his way. The queen gave orders that the army should come after, and followed him. At the time for going the round for alms they reached a city called Thuna. At that time a man in the city had bought a large piece of flesh at a slaughter-house and, after frying it on a prong with some coals, had placed it on a board to grow cool; but while he was busied about something else a dog ran off with it. The man pursued it as far as the southern gate of the city, but stopped there, being tired. The king and queen were coming up separately in front of the dog, which in alarm at seeing them dropped the meat and made off. The Great Being saw this, and reflected, "He has dropped it and gone off, disregarding it, the real owner is unknown, there is not another piece of offal alms so good as this: I will eat it "; so taking out his own earthen dish and seizing the meat he wiped it, and, putting it on the dish, went to a pleasant spot where there was some water and ate it. The queen thought to herself, "If the king were worthy of the kingdom he would not eat the dusty leavings of a dog, he is not really my husband "; and she said aloud, "O great king, dost thou eat such a disgusting morsel?" "It is your own blind folly," he replied, "which prevents your seeing the especial value of this piece of alms"; so he carefully examined the spot where

it had been dropped, and ate it as if it were ambrosia, and then washed his mouth and his hands and feet.

Then the queen addressed him in words of blame:

"Should the fourth eating-time come round, a man will die if still he fast;
Yet for all that the noble soul would loathe so foul a mess to taste;

This is not right which thou hast done,—shame on thee, shame, I say, O king;
Eating the leavings of a dog, thou hast done a most unworthy thing."

The Great Being replied:

"Leavings of householder or dog are not forbidden food, I ween;
If it be gained by lawful means, all food is pure and lawful, queen."

As they thus talked together they reached the city-gate. Some boys were playing there; and a girl was shaking some sand in a small winnowing-basket. On one of her hands there was a single bracelet, and on the other two; these two jangled together, the other one was noiseless. The king saw the incident, and thought to himself, "Sivali keeps following me; a wife is the ascetic's bane, and men blame me and say that even when I have left the world I cannot leave my wife; if this girl is wise, she will be able to tell Sivali the reason why she should turn back and leave me. I will hear her story and send Sivali away." So he said to her:

"Nestling beneath thy mother's care, girl, with those trinkets on thee bound,
Why is one arm so musical while the other never makes a sound?"

The girl replied:

"Ascetic, on this hand I wear two bracelets fast instead of one,
'Tis from their contact that they sound,—'Tis by the second this is done.

But mark this other hand of mine: a single bracelet it doth wear,
That keeps its place and makes no sound, silent because no other's there.

The second jangles and makes jars, that which is single cannot jar;
Would'st thou be happy? be alone; only the lonely happy are."

Having heard the girl's words, he took up the idea and addressed the queen:

"Hear what she says; this servant girl would overwhelm my head with shame
Were I to yield to thy request; it is the second brings the blame.

Here are two paths: do thou take one, the other by myself take I;
Call me not husband from henceforth, thou art no more my wife: goodbye."

The queen, on hearing him, bade him take the better path to the right, while she chose the left; but after going a little way, being unable to restrain her grief, she again came to him, and she and the king entered the city together.

Explaining this, the Master said: "With these words on their lips they entered the city of Thuna."

After they had entered, the Bodhisatta went on his begging-round and reached the door of the house of a maker of arrows, while Sivali stood on one side. Now at that time the arrow-maker had heated an arrow in a pan of coals and had wetted it with some sour rice-gruel, and, closing one eye, was looking with the other while he made the arrow straight. The Bodhisatta reflected, "If this man is wise, he will be able to explain the incident,—I will ask him"; so he went up to him:

The Master described what had happened in a stanza:

"To a fletcher's house he came for alms; the man with one eye closed did stand,
And with the other sideways looked to shape the arrow in his hand."

Then the Great Being said to him:

"One eye thou closest and dost gaze with the other sideways,—is this right?
I pray, explain thy attitude; thinkest thou, it improves thy sight?"

He replied:

"The wide horizon of both eyes serves only to distract the view;
But if you get a single line, your aim is fixed, your vision true.

It is the second that makes jars, that which is single cannot jar;
Would'st thou be happy? be alone; only the lonely happy are."

After these words of advice, he was silent. The Great Being proceeded on his round, and, having collected some food of various sorts, went out of the city, and sat down in a spot pleasant with water; and having done all he had to do, he put away his bowl in his bag and addressed Sivali:

"Thou hear'st the fletcher: like the girl, he would o'erwhelm my head with shame
Were I to yield to thy request; it is the second brings the blame.

Here are two paths: do thou take one, the other by myself take I;
Call me not husband from henceforth, thou art no more my wife: goodbye."

She still continued to follow him even after this speech; but she could not persuade the king to turn back, and the people followed her. Now there was a forest not far off and the Great Being saw a dark tract of trees. He was wishing to make the queen turn back, and he saw some munja grass near the road; so he cut a stalk of it, and said to her, "See, Sivali, this stalk cannot be joined again, so our intercourse can never be joined again"; and he repeated this half stanza; "Like to a munja reed full-grown, live on, O Sivali, alone." When she heard him, she said, "I am henceforth to have no intercourse with King Mahajanaka"; and being unable to control her grief, she beat her breast with both hands and fell senseless on the road. The Bodhisatta, perceiving that she was unconscious, plunged into the wood, carefully obliterating his footsteps. His ministers came and sprinkled her body with water and rubbed her hands and feet, and at last she recovered consciousness. She asked, "Where is the king?" "Do you not know?" they said. "Search for him," she cried. But though they ran hither and thither they saw him not. So she made a great lamentation, and after erecting a tope where he had stood, she offered worship with flowers and perfumes, and returned. The Bodhisatta entered into the region of Himavat, and in the course of seven days he perfected the Faculties and the Attainments, and he returned no more to the land of men. The queen also erected topes on the spots where he had conversed with the arrow-maker, and with the girl, and where he had eaten the meat, and where he had conversed with Migajina and with Narada, and

offered worship with flowers and perfumes; and then, surrounded by the army, she entered Mithila and had her son's coronation performed in the mango-garden, and made him enter with the army into the city. But she herself, having adopted the ascetic life of a rishi, dwelt in that garden and practised the preparatory rites for producing mystic meditation until at last she attained absorption and became destined to birth in the Brahma world.

The Master, his lesson ended, said, "This is not the first time that the Tathagata performed the great Renunciation; he performed it also formerly." So saying he identified the Birth: "At that time the sea-goddess was Uppalavanna, Narada was Sariputta, Migajina was Moggallana, the girl was the princess Khema, the maker of arrows was Ananda, Sivali was the mother of Rahula, Prince Dighavu was Rahula, the parents were the members of the royal family, and I myself was the king Mahajanaka."

540. Sama Jātaka

“Who, as I filled,” etc. This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a certain priest who supported his mother. They say that there was a wealthy merchant at Savatthi, who was worth eighteen crores; and he had a son who was very dear and winning to his father and mother. One day the youth went upon the terrace of the house, and opened a window and looked down on the street; and when he saw the great crowd going to Jetavana with perfumes and garlands in their hands to hear the law preached, he exclaimed that he would go too. So having ordered perfumes and garlands to be brought, he went to the monastery, and having distributed dresses, medicines, drinks, etc. to the assembly and honoured the Blessed One with perfumes and garlands, he sat down on one side. After hearing the law, and perceiving the evil consequences of desire and the blessings arising from adopting the religious life, when the assembly broke up he asked the Blessed One for ordination, but he was told that the Tathagatas do not ordain anyone who has not obtained the permission of his parents; so he went away, and lived a week without food, and having at last obtained his parents’ consent, he returned and begged for ordination. The Master sent a priest who ordained him; and after he was ordained he obtained great honour and gain; he won the favour of his teachers and preceptors, and having received full orders he mastered the law in five years. Then he thought to himself, “I live here distracted,—it is not suitable for me,” and he became anxious to reach the goal of mystic insight; so having obtained instruction in meditation from his teacher, he departed to a frontier village and dwelt in the forest, and there having entered a course of spiritual insight, he failed, however much he laboured and strove for twelve years, to attain any special idea. His parents also, as time went on, became poor, for those who hired their land or carried on merchandise for them, finding out that there was no son or brother in the family to enforce the payment, seized what they could lay their hands upon and ran away as they pleased, and the servants and labourers in the house seized the gold and coin and made off therewith, so that at the end the two were reduced to an evil plight and had not even an ewer for pouring water; and at last they sold their

dwelling, and finding themselves homeless, and in extreme misery, they wandered begging for alms, clothed in rags and carrying potsherds in their hands. Now at that time a Brother came from Jetavana to the son's place of abode; he performed the duties of hospitality and, as he sat quietly, he first asked whence he was come; and learning that he was come from Jetavana he asked after the health of the Teacher and the principal disciples and then asked for news of his parents, "Tell me, Sir, about the welfare of such and such a merchant's family in Savatthi." "O friend, don't ask for news of that family." "Why not, Sir?" "They say that there was one son in that family, but he has become an ascetic under the law, and since he left the world that family has gone to ruin; and at the present time the two old people are reduced to a most lamentable state and beg for alms." When he heard the other's words he could not remain unmoved, but began to weep with his eyes full of tears, and when the other asked him why he wept, "O Sir," he replied, "they are my own father and mother, I am their son." "O friend, thy father and mother have come to ruin through thee,—do thou go and take care of them." "For twelve years," he thought to himself, "I have laboured and striven but never been able to attain the path or the fruit: I must be incompetent; what have I to do with the ascetic life? I will become a householder and will support my parents and give away my wealth, and will thus eventually become destined for heaven." So having determined he gave up his abode in the forest to the elder, and the next day departed and by successive stages reached the monastery at the back of Jetavana which is not far from Savatthi. There he found two roads, one leading to Jetavana, the other to Savatthi. As he stood there, he thought, "Shall I see my parents first or the Buddha?" Then he said to himself, "In old days I saw my parents for a long time, from henceforth I shall rarely have the chance of seeing the Buddha; I will see the perfectly Enlightened One to-day and hear the law, and then to-morrow morning I will see my parents." So he left the road to Savatthi and in the evening arrived at Jetavana. Now that very day at daybreak, the Master, as he looked upon the world, had seen the potentialities of this young man, and when he came to visit him he praised the virtues of parents in the Matiposaka-sutta. As he stood at the end of the assembly of elders and listened, he thought, "If I become a householder I can support my parents; but the Master also says, "A son who has become an ascetic can be helpful"; I went away before without seeing the Master, and I failed in such an imperfect

ordination; I will now support my parents while still remaining an ascetic without becoming a householder." So he took his ticket and his ticket-food and gruel, and felt as if he had committed a sin deserving expulsion after a solitary abode of twelve years in the forest. In the morning he went to Savatthi and he thought to himself, "Shall I first get the gruel or see my parents?" He reflected that it would not be right to visit them in their poverty empty-handed; so he first got the gruel and then went to the door of their old house. When he saw them sitting by the opposite wall after having gone their round for the alms given in broth, he stood not far from them in a sudden burst of sorrow with his eyes full of tears. They saw him but knew him not; then his mother, thinking that it was someone standing for alms, said to him, "We have nothing fit to be given to you, be pleased to pass on." When he heard her, he repressed the grief which filled his heart and remained still standing as before with his eyes full of tears, and when he was addressed a second and a third time he still continued standing. At last the father said to the mother, "Go to him; can this be thy son ?" She rose and went to him and, recognising him, fell at his feet and lamented, and the father also joined his lamentations, and there was a loud outburst of sorrow. To see his parents he could not control himself, but burst into tears; then, after yielding to his feelings, he said, "Do not grieve, I will support you"; so having comforted them and made them drink some gruel, and sit down on one side, he went again and begged for some food and gave it to them, and then went and asked for alms for himself, and having finished his meal, took up his abode at a short distance off. From that day forward he watched over his parents in this manner; he gave them all the alms he received for himself, even those at the fortnightly distributions, and he went on separate expeditions for his own alms, and ate them; and whatever food he received as provision for the rainy season he gave to them, while he took their worn-out garments and dyed them with the doors fast closed and used them himself: but the days were few when he gained alms and there were many when he failed to win anything, and his inner and outer clothing became very rough. As he watched over his parents he gradually grew very pale and thin and his friends and intimates said to him, "Your complexion used to be bright, but now you have become very pale,—has some illness come upon you?" He replied, "No illness has come upon me, but a hindrance has befallen me," and he told them the history. "Sir," they replied, "the Master does not allow us to waste the

offerings of the faithful, you do an unlawful act in giving to laymen the offerings of the faithful." When he heard this he shrank ashamed. But not satisfied with this they went and told it to the Master, saying, "So and so, Sir, has wasted the offerings of the faithful and used them to feed laymen." The Master sent for the young man of family and said to him, "Is it true that you, an ascetic, take the offerings of the faithful and support laymen with them?" He confessed that it was true. Then the Master, wishing to praise what he had done and to declare an old action of his own, said, "When you support laymen whom do you support?" "My parents," he answered. Then the Master, wishing to encourage him still more said, "Well done, well done" three times; "You are in a path which I have traversed before you: I in old time, while going the round for alms, supported my parents." The ascetic was encouraged thereby. At the request of the Brethren the Master, to make known his former actions, told them a legend of the olden time.

Once on a time, not far from Benares on the near bank of the river, there was a village of hunters, and another village on the further side; five hundred families dwelt in each. Now two hunter chiefs dwelt in the two villages who were fast friends; and they had made a compact in their youth, that if one of them had a daughter and the other a son, they would wed the pair together. In course of time a son was born to the chief in the near village and a daughter to the one in the further; the name. Dukulaka was given to the first as he was taken up when he was born in a wrapping of fine cloth, while the second was named Parika because she was born on the further side of the river. They were both fair to look at and of a complexion like gold; and though they were born in a village of hunters they never injured any living creature. When he was sixteen years old his parents said to Dukulaka, "O son, we will bring you a bride"; but he, a pure being newly come from the Brahma world, closed both his ears, saying, "I do not want to dwell in a house, do not mention such a thing"; and though they spoke three times to the same effect, he shewed no inclination for it. Parika also, when her parents said to her, "Our friend's son is handsome and with a complexion like gold, we are going to give you to him," made the same answer and closed her ears, for she too had come from the Brahma world. Dukulaka privately sent her a message, "If you wish to live as a wife with her husband, go into some other family, for I have no wish for such a thing," and she too sent a similar

message to him. But however unwilling they were, the parents would celebrate the marriage. But both of them lived apart like the Archangel Brahman, without descending into the ocean of carnal passion. Dukulaka never killed fish or deer, he never even sold fish which was brought to him. At last his parents said to him, “Though you are born in a family of hunters you do not like to dwell in a house, nor kill any living creature; what will you do?” “If you will give me leave,” he replied, “I will become an ascetic this very day.” They gave them both leave at once. Having bid them farewell, they went out along the shore of the Ganges and entered the Himavat region, where the river Migasammata flows down from the mountain and enters the Ganges; then, leaving the Ganges, they went up along the Migasammata. Now at that moment Sakka’s palace grew hot. Sakka, having ascertained the reason, commanded Vissakamma, “O Vissakamma, two great beings have left the world and entered Himavat, we must find an abode for them,—go and build them a hut of leaves and provide all the necessaries of an ascetic’s life a quarter of a mile from the river Migasammata and come back hither.” So he went and prepared everything as it is described in the Mugapakkha Birth, and returned to his own home, after having driven away all beasts that caused unpleasant noises, and having made a footpath near. They saw the footpath and followed it to the hermitage. When Dukulaka went into the hermitage and saw all the necessaries for an ascetic’s life, he exclaimed, “This is a gift to us from Sakka”; so having taken off his outer garment and put on a robe of red bark and thrown a black antelope-hide over his shoulder and twisted his hair in a knot, and assumed the garb of an anchorite, and having also given ordination to Parika, he took up his abode there with her, exercising all the feelings of benevolence which belong to the world of sensual pleasure. Through the influence of their benevolent feelings all the birds and beasts felt only kindly feelings towards each other,—not one of them did harm to any other. Pari brings water and food, sweeps the hermitage, and does all that has to be done, and both collect various kinds of fruits and eat them, and then they enter their respective huts of leaves and live there fulfilling the rules of the ascetic life. Sakka ministers to their wants. One day he foresaw that a danger threatened them, “They will lose their sight,” so he went to Dukulaka; and having sat on one side, after saluting him, he said, “Sir, I foresee a danger which threatens you,—you must have a son to take care of you: follow the way of the world.” “O Sakka, why dost

thou mention such a thing? Even when we lived in a house we shrank in disgust from all carnal intercourse; can we practise it now when we have come into the forest and are living an anchorite life here?" "Well, if you will not do as I say,—then at the proper season touch Pari's navel with your hand." This he promised to do; and Sakka, after saluting him, returned to his own abode. The Great Being told the matter to Pari, and at the proper time he touched her navel with his hand. Then the Bodhisatta descended from the heavenly world and entered her womb and was conceived there. At the end of the tenth month she bore a son of golden hue, and they called his name accordingly Suvannasama. (Now the Kinnari nymphs in another mountain had nursed Pari.) The parents washed the babe and laid it down in the hilt of leaves and went out to collect different sorts of fruit. While they were gone the Kinnaras took the child and washed it in their caves, and, going up to the top of the mountain, they adorned it with various flowers, and made the sectarial marks with yellow orpiment, red arsenic, and other paints, and then brought it back to its bed in the hut; and when Pari came home she gave the child suck. They cherished him as he grew up year after year, and when he was about sixteen they used to leave him in the hut and go out to collect forest roots and fruits. The Bodhisatta considered, "Some danger will one day happen"; he used to watch the path by which they went. One day they were returning home at evening time after collecting roots and fruits, and not far from the hermitage a great cloud rose up. They took shelter in the roots of a tree and stood on an ant-hill; and in this ant-hill a snake lived. Now water dropped from their bodies, which carried the smell of sweat to the snake's nostrils, and, being angry, it puffed out its breath and smote them as they stood there, and they both were struck blind and neither could see the other. Dukulaka called out to Pali, "My eyes are gone, I cannot see you"; and she too made the same complaint. "We have no life left," they said, and they wandered about, lamenting and unable to find the path. "What former sin can we have committed?" they thought. Now in former times they had been born in a doctor's family, and the doctor had treated a rich man for a disease of his eyes, but the patient had given him no fee; and being angry he had said to his wife, "What shall we do?" She, being also angry, had said, "We do not want his money; make-some preparation and call it a medicine and blind one of his eyes with it." He agreed and acted on her advice, and for this sin the two eyes of both of them now became blind.

Then the Great Being reflected, “On other days my parents have always returned at this hour, I know not what has happened to them, I will go and meet them”; so he went to meet them and made a sound. They recognised the sound, and making an answering noise they said, in their affection for the boy, “O Sama, there is a danger here, do not come near.” So he held out to them a long pole and told them to lay hold of the end of it, and they, seizing hold of it, came up to him. Then he said to them, “How have you lost your sight?” “When it rained we took shelter in the roots of a tree and stood on an ant-hill, and that made us blind.” When he heard it, he knew what had happened. “There must have been a snake there, and in his anger he emitted a poisonous breath”; and as he looked at them he wept and also laughed. Then they asked him why he wept and also laughed. “I wept because your sight is gone while you are still young, but I laughed to think that I shall now take care of you; do not grieve, I will take care of you.” So he led them back to the hermitage and he tied ropes in all directions, to distinguish the day and the night apartments, the cloisters, and all the different rooms; and from that day forwards he made them keep within, while he himself collected the forest roots and fruits, and in the morning swept their apartments, and fetched water from the Migasammata river, and prepared their food and the water for washing and brushes for their teeth, and gave them all sorts of sweet fruits, and after they had washed their mouths he ate his own meal. After eating his meal he saluted his parents and surrounded by a troop of deer went into the forest to gather fruit. Having gathered fruit with a band of Kinnaras in the mountain he returned at evening time, and having taken water in a pot and heated it, he let them bathe and wash their feet as they chose, then he brought a potsherd full of hot coals and steamed their limbs, and gave them all sorts of fruits when they were seated, and at the end ate his own meal and put by what was left. In this way he took care of his parents.

Now at that time a king named Piliyakkha reigned in Benares. He in his great desire for venison had entrusted the kingdom to his mother, and armed with the five kinds of weapons had come into the region of Himavat, and while there had gone on killing deer and eating their flesh, till he came to the river Migasammata, and at last reached the spot where Sama used to come and draw water. Seeing there the footsteps of deer he erected his shelter with boughs of the colour of

gems, and taking his bow and fitting a poisoned arrow on the string he lay there in ambush. In the evening the Great Being having collected his fruits and put them in the hermitage made his salutation to his parents, and saying, "I will bathe and go and fetch some water," took his pot, and surrounded by his train of deer, singled out two deer from the herd surrounding, and putting the jar on their backs, leading them with his hand, went to the bathing-place. The king in his shelter saw him coming, and said to himself, "All the time that I have been wandering here I have never seen a man before; is he a god or a naga? Now if I go up and ask him, he will fly up into heaven if he is a god, and he will sink into the earth if he is a naga. But I shall not always live here in Himavat, and one day I shall go back to Benares, and my ministers will ask me whether I have not seen some new marvel in the course of my rambles in Himavat. If I tell them that I have seen such and such a creature, and they proceed to ask me what its name was, they will blame me if I have to answer that I do not know; so I will wound it and disable it, and then ask it." In the meantime the animals went down first and drank the water and came up from the bathing-place; and then the Bodhisatta went slowly down into the water like a great elder who was perfectly versed in the rules, and, being intent on obtaining absolute calm, put on his bark garment and threw his deer-skin on one shoulder and, lifting up his water-jar, filled it and set it on his left shoulder. At this moment the king, seeing that it was the time to shoot, let fly a poisoned arrow and wounded the Great Being in the right side, and the arrow went out at the left side. The troop of deer, seeing that he was wounded, fled in terror, but Suvannasama, although wounded, balanced the water jar as well as he could, and, recovering his recollection, slowly went up out of the water. He dug out the sand and heaped it on one side and, placing his head in the direction of his parents' hut, he laid himself down like a golden image on the sand which was in colour like a silver plate. Then recalling his memory he considered all the circumstances; "I have no enemies in this district of Himavat, and I have no enmity against anyone." As he said these words, blood poured out of his mouth and, without seeing the king, he addressed this stanza to him:

"Who, as I filled my water-jar, has from his ambush wounded me,—
Brahman or Khattiya, Vessa,—who can my unknown assailant be?"

Then he added another stanza to shew the worthlessness of his flesh as food:

“Thou canst not take my flesh for food, thou canst not turn to use my skin;
Why couldst thou think me worth thine aim; what was the gain thou thought’st to win?”

And again another asking him his name, etc.:

“Who art thou, say,—whose son art thou? and what name shall I call thee by?
Why dost thou lie in ambush there? Answer my questions truthfully.”

When the king heard this, he thought to himself, “Though he has fallen wounded by my poisoned arrow, yet he neither reviles me nor blames me; he speaks to me gently as if soothing my heart,—I will go up to him”; so he went and stood near him, saying:

“I of the Kasis am the lord, King Piliyakkha named; and here,
Leaving my throne for greed of flesh, I roam to hunt the forest deer.

Skilled in the archer’s craft am I, stout is my heart nor given to change;
No Naga can escape my shaft if once he comes within my range.”

Thus praising his own merits, he proceeded to ask the other his name and family:

“But who art thou? Whose son art thou? How art thou called? Thy name make known;
Thy father’s name and family,—tell me thy father’s and thine own.”

The Great Being reflected, “If I told him that I belonged to the gods or the Kinnaras, or that I was a Khattiya or of similar race, he would believe me; but one must only speak the truth,” so he said:

“They called me Sama while I lived,—an outcast hunter’s son am I;
But here stretched out upon the ground in woful plight thou see’st me lie.

Pierced by that poisoned shaft of thine, I helpless lie like any deer,
The victim of thy fatal skill, bathed in my blood I wallow here.

Thy shaft has pierced my body through, I vomit blood with every breath,—

Yet, faint and weak, I ask thee still, why from thy ambush seek my death?

Thou canst not take my flesh for food, thou canst not turn to use my skin;
Why could'st thou think me worth thy aim; what was the gain thou thought'st to win?"

When the king heard this, he did not tell the real truth, but made up a false story and said:

"A deer had come within my range, I thought that it my prize would be,
But seeing thee it fled in fright,—I had no angry thought for thee."

Then the Great Being replied, "What say'st thou, O king? In all this Himavat there is not a deer which flies when he sees me":

"Since my first years of thought began, as far as memory reaches back,
No quiet deer or beast of prey has fled in fear to cross my track.

Since I first donned my dress of bark and left behind my childish days
No quiet deer or beast of prey has fled to see me cross their ways.

Nay, the grim goblins are my friends, who roam with me this forest's shade,
Why should this deer then, as you say, at seeing me have fled afraid?"

When the king heard him, he thought to himself, "I have wounded this innocent being and told a lie,—I will now confess the truth." So he said:

"Sama, no deer beheld thee there, why should I tell a needless lie?
I was o'ercome by wrath and greed and shot that arrow,—it was I."

Then he thought again, "Suvannasama cannot be dwelling alone in this forest, his relations no doubt live here; I will ask him about them." So he uttered a stanza:

"Whence didst thou come this morning, friend,—who bade thee take thy water-jar
And fill it from the river's bank and bear the burden back so far?"

When he heard this, he felt a great pang and uttered a stanza, as the blood poured from his mouth:

“My parents live in yonder wood, blind and dependent on my care,—
For their sakes to the river’s bank I came to fill my water-jar.”

Then he went on, bewailing their condition:

“Their life is but a flickering spark, their food at most a week’s supply,—
Without this water which I bring blind, weak, and helpless they will die.

I reek not of the pain of death, that is the common fate of all;
Ne’er more to see my father’s face—’Tis this which doth my heart appall.

Long, long, a sad and weary time my mother there will nurse her woe,
At midnight and at early morn her tears will like a river flow.

Long, long, a sad and weary time my father there will nurse his woe,
At midnight and at early morn his tears will like a river flow.

They will go wandering through the wood and of their tarrying son complain,
Expecting still to hear my step or feel my soothing touch—in vain.

This thought is as a second shaft which pierces deeper than before,
That I, alas! lie dying here, fated to see their face no more.”

The king, on hearing his lamentation, thought to himself, “This man has been fostering his parents in his excessive piety and devotion to duty, and even now amidst all his pain he only thinks of them,—I have done evil to such a holy being,—how can I comfort him? When I find myself in hell what good will my kingdom do me? I will watch over his father and mother as he watched over them; thus his death will be counteracted to them.” Then he uttered his resolution in the following stanzas:

“O Sama of auspicious face, let not despair thy soul oppress,
Lo I myself will wait upon thy parents in their lone distress.

I am well practised with the bow,—my promise is a surety good,—
I'll be a substitute for thee and nurse thy parents in the wood.

I'll search for leavings of the deer, and roots and fruits to meet their need;
I'll wait myself upon them both, their household slave in very deed.

Which is the forest where they are? Tell me, O Sama, for I vow
I will protect and foster them as thou thyself hast done till now."

The Great Being replied, "It is well, O king, then do thou foster them," so he pointed out the road to him:

"Where my head lies there runs a path two hundred bow lengths through the trees,
'Twill lead thee to my parents' hut,—go, nurse them there if so thou please."

Having thus shewn the path and borne the great pain patiently in his love for his parents, he folded his hands respectfully, and made his last request that he would take care of them:

"Honour to thee, O Kasi king, as thus thou goest upon thy way;
Helpless my parents are and blind,—O guard and nurse them both, I pray.

Honour to thee, O Kasi king,—I fold my hands respectfully,
Bear to my parents in my name the message I have given to thee."

The king accepted the trust, and the Great Being, having thus delivered his final message, became unconscious. Explaining this, the Master said:

"When Sama of auspicious face thus to the king these words had said,
Faint with the poison of the shaft he lay unconscious as if dead."

Up to this point when he uttered his words he had spoken as one out of breath; but here his speech was interrupted, as his form, heart, thoughts, and vital powers were successively affected by the violence of the poison, his mouth and his eyes closed, his hands and feet became stiffened, and his whole body was wet with blood. The king exclaimed, "Till just this moment he was talking to me, what has suddenly stopped his inhaling and exhaling his breath? These functions have now ceased, his body has become stiff, surely Sama is

now dead"; and being unable to control his sorrow, he smote his head with his hands and bewailed in a loud voice.

Here the Master, to make the matter clearer, spoke these stanzas:

"Bitterly did the king lament, "I knew not until this befell.
That I should e'er grow old or die,—I know it now, alas! too well.

All men are mortal, now I see; for even Sama had to die,
Who gave good counsel to the last, yea in his dying agony;

Hell is my sure and certain doom,—that murdered saint lies speechless there;
In every village all I meet will with one voice my guilt declare.

But in this lone unpeopled wood who will there be to know my name?
Here in this desert solitude who will remind me of my shame?"

Now at this time a daughter of the gods, named Bahusodari, who dwelt in the Gandhamadana mountain and who had been a mother to the Great Being in his seventh existence before this one, was continually thinking of him with a mother's affection; but on that day in the enjoyment of her divine bliss she did not remember him as usual; and her friends only said that she had gone to the assembly of the gods (and so remained silent). Suddenly thinking of him at the very moment when he became unconscious, she said to herself; "What has become of my son?" and then she saw that King Piliyakkha had wounded him with a poisoned arrow on the bank of the Migasammata and that he was lying on a sandbank, while the king was loudly lamenting. "If I do not go to him, my son Suvannasama will perish there and the king's heart will break, and Sama's parents will die of hunger and thirst. But if I go there, the king will carry the jar of water and go to his parents, and after hearing their words, will take them to their son, and I and they will make a solemn asseveration which shall overpower the poison in Sama's body, and my son shall then regain his life and his parents their sight, and the king, after hearing Sama's instruction, will go and distribute great gifts of charity and become destined for heaven; so I will go there at once." So she went, and standing unseen in the sky, by the bank of the river Migasammata, she discoursed with the king.

Here the Master, to make the matter clearer, spoke these stanzas:

“The goddess, hidden out of sight upon the Gandhamadan mount,
Uttered these verses in his ears, by pity moved on his account;

“A wicked action hast thou done,—heavy the guilt which rests on thee;
Parents and son all innocent, thy single shaft hath slain the three;

Come, I will tell thee how to find a refuge from thy guilt and rest;
Nurse the blind pair in yonder wood, so shall thy sinful soul be blest.”

When he heard her words, he believed what she said,—that, if he went and supported the father and mother, he would attain to heaven; so he made a resolve, “What have I to do with a kingdom? I will go and devote myself to nursing them.” After an outburst of weeping he conquered his sorrow, and thinking that Sama was indeed dead, he paid homage to his body with all kinds of flowers and sprinkled it with water, and thrice went round it, turning his right side towards it, and made his obeisance at the four several points. Then he took the jar which had been consecrated by him, he turned his face to the south and went on his way with a heavy heart.

Here the Master added this verse of explanation:

“After a burst of bitter tears, lamenting for the hapless youth,
The king took up the water-jar and turned his face towards the south.”

Strong as he was by nature, the king took up the water jar and resolutely forced his way to the hermitage and at last reached the door of wise Dukula’s hut. The wise man, seated inside, heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and, as he pondered doubtfully, he uttered these two lines:

“Whose are these footsteps which I hear? someone approaches by this way;
’Tis not the sound of Sama’s steps,—who art thou,—tell me, Sir, I pray.”

When the king heard him, he thought to himself; “If I tell him that I have killed his son and do not reveal my royal character, they will be angry and speak roughly to me, and then my anger will be roused against them and I shall do them some outrage, and this would be sinful; but there is no one who does not feel afraid when he hears that it is a king, I will therefore make myself known to them”; so he

placed the jar in the enclosure where the water jar should be put, and standing in the doorway of the hut, exclaimed:

"I of the Kasis am the lord, King Piliyakkha named; and here,
Leaving my throne for greed of flesh, I roam to hunt the forest deer.

Skilled in the archer's craft am I, stout is my heart nor given to change;
No Naga can escape my shaft if once he comes within my range."

The wise man gave him a friendly greeting, and replied :

"Welcome, O king, a happy chance directed thee this way:
Mighty thou art and glorious: what errand brings thee, pray?

The tindook and the piyal leaves, and kasumari sweet,
Though few and little, take the best we have, O king, and eat.

And this cool water from a cave high hidden on a hill,
O mighty monarch, take of it, drink if it be thy will."

When the king heard his welcome he thought to himself, "It would not be right to address him at once with the bare statement that I have just killed his son; I will begin to talk with him as if I knew nothing about it and then tell him"; so he said to him

"How can a blind man roam the woods? These fruits,—who brought them to your door?
He must have had good eyes y-wis, who gathered such a varied store."

The old man repeated two stanzas to shew the king that he and his wife did not gather the fruit, but that their son had brought it to them:

"Sama our son is young in years, not very tall but fair to the eye,
The long black hair that crowns his head curls like a dog's tail naturally.

He brought the fruit, and then went off, hastening to fill our water jar;
He will be back here presently,—the way to the river is not far."

The king replied:

"Sama, that duteous son of yours, whom you describe so fair, so good,—

I have slain him: those black curls of his are lying yonder, drenched in blood."

Parika's hut of leaves was close by, and as she sat there she heard the king's voice, and went out anxious to learn what had happened, and, having gone near Dukula by the aid of a rope, she exclaimed:

"Tell me, Dukula, who is this who says that Sama has been slain?
"Our Sama slain,"—such evil news seem to have cleft my heart in twain.

Like a young tender pepul shoot torn by the blast from off the tree,—
Our Sama slain,—to hear such news my heart is pierced with agony."

The old man gave her words of counsel:

"It is the king of Kasi land, his cruel bow has slain, I wot,
Our Sama by the river's bank, but let us pause and curse him not."

Parika replied:

"Our darling son, our life's sole stay, longed for and waited for so long,—
How shall my heart contain its wrath against the man who did this wrong?"

The old man exclaimed:

"A darling son, our life's sole stay, longed for and waited for so long!
But all the wise forbid our wrath against the doer of the wrong."

Then they both uttered their laments, beating their breasts and praising the Bodhisatta's virtues. Then the king tried to comfort them:

"Weep not, I pray you, overmuch, for your loved Sama's hapless fate;
Lo I will wait upon you both,—mourn not as wholly desolate;

I am well practised with the bow, my promise is a surety good,
Lo I will wait upon you both and nurse you in this lonely wood.

I'll search for leavings of the deer, and roots and fruits for all your need;
Lo I will wait upon you both, your household slave in very deed."

They remonstrated with him:

“This is not right, O king of men, this would be utterly unmeet;
Thou art our lord and rightful king: here we pay homage to thy feet.”

When the king heard this he was glad. “A wonderful thing,” he thought, “they do not utter one harsh word against me who have committed such a sin, they only receive me kindly”; and he uttered this stanza:

“Ye foresters, proclaim the right, this welcome is true piety;
Thou art a father from henceforth, and thou a mother unto me.”

They respectfully raised their hands and made their petition, “We have no need of any act of service from thee, but guide us, holding out the end of a staff; and show us our Sama,” and they uttered this couplet of stanzas:

“Glory to thee, O Kasi-king who art thy realm’s prosperity,
Take us and lead us to the spot where Sama, our loved son, doth lie.

There fallen prostrate at his feet, touching his face, eyes, every limb,
We will await the approach of death, patient so long as near to him.”

While they were thus speaking, the sun set. Then the king thought, “If I take them there now, their hearts will break at the sight; and if three persons thus die through me I shall certainly lie down in hell, — therefore I will not let them go thither”; so he said these stanzas:

“A region full of beasts of prey, as though the world’s extremest bound,—
’Tis there where Sama lies, as if the moon had fallen on the ground.

A region full of beasts of prey, as though the world’s extremest bound,—
’Tis there where Sama lies, as if the sun had fallen on the ground.

At the world’s furthest end he lies, covered with dust and stained with blood;
Stay rather in your cottage here nor tempt the dangers of the wood.”

They answered in this stanza to shew their fearlessness:

“Let the wild creatures do their worst,—by thousands, millions, let them swarm,
We have no fear of beasts of prey, they cannot do us aught of harm.”

So the king, being unable to stop them, took them by the hand and led them there.

When he had brought them near, he said to them, “This is your son.” Then his father clasped his head to his bosom and his mother his feet, and they sat down and lamented.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke these stanzas :

“Covered with dust and pierced to th’ heart, beholding thus their Sama lie
Prostrate as if a sun or moon had fallen earthward from the sky,
The parents lifted up their arms, lamenting with a bitter cry.

“O Sama, art thou fast asleep? art angry? or are we forgot?
Or say, has something vexed thy mind, that thou liest still and answerest not?

Who will now dress our matted locks and wipe the dirt and dust away,
When Sama is no longer here, the poor blind couple’s only stay?

Who now will sweep the floor for us, or bring us water, hot or cold?
Who fetch us forest roots and fruits, as we sit helpless, blind, and old?”

After long lamentation the mother smote her bosom with her hand, and considering her sorrow carefully, she said to herself, “This is all mere grief for my son,—he has swooned through the violence of the poison, I will perform a solemn asseveration of truth to take the poison from him”; so she performed an act of truth and repeated the following stanzas:

“If it be true that in old days Sama lived always virtuously,
Then may this poison in his veins lose its fell force and harmless be.

If in old days he spoke the truth and nursed his parents night and day,
Then may this poison in his veins be overpowered and ebb away.

Whatever merit we have gained in former days, his sire and I,
May it o’erpower the poison’s strength and may our darling son not die.”

When his mother had thus made the solemn asseveration, Sama turned as he lay there. Then his father also made his solemn asseveration in the same words; and while he was still speaking, Sama turned round and lay on the other side.

Then the goddess made her solemn asseveration. The Master in explanation uttered these stanzas:

"The goddess hidden out of sight upon the Gandhamadan mount
Performed a solemn act of truth, by pity moved on Sama's count;

"Here in this Gandhamadan mount long have I passed my life alone,
In forest depths where every tree beareth a perfume of its own,

And none of earth's inhabitants is dearer to my inmost heart,—
As this is true so from his veins may all the poison's power depart."

While thus in turn by pity moved they all their solemn witness bore,
Lo in their sight up Sama sprang, young, fair, and vigorous as before."

Thus the Great Being's recovery from his wound, the restoration of both his parents' sight, and the appearance of dawn,— all these four marvels were produced in the hermitage at the same moment by the goddess's supernatural power. The father and mother were beyond measure delighted to find that they had regained their sight and that Sama was restored to health. Then Sama uttered these stanzas:

"I am your Sama, safe and well,—see me before you and rejoice:
Dry up your tears and weep no more, but greet me with a happy voice.

Welcome to thee too, mighty king, may fortune wait on thy commands;
Thou art our monarch: let us know what thou desirest at our hands.

Tindukas, piyals, madhukas, our choicest fruits we bring our guest,—
Fruits sweet as honey to the taste,—eat whatsoe'er may please thee best.

Here is cold water, gracious lord, brought from the caves in yonder hill,
The mountain-stream best quenches thirst,—if thou art thirsty, drink thy fill."

The king also beholding this miracle exclaimed:

"I am bewildered and amazed, which way to turn I cannot tell,
An hour ago I saw thee dead,—who now stand here alive and well!"

Sama thought to himself, "This king looked upon me as dead, I will explain to him my being alive"; so he said:

"A man possessed of all his powers, with not one thought or feeling fled,
Because a swoon has stopped their play, that living man they think is dead."

Then being desirous to lead the king into the real meaning of the whole matter, he added two stanzas to teach him the Law:

"Those mortals who obey the Law and nurse their parents in distress,
The gods observe their piety and come to heal their sicknesses.

Those mortals who obey the Law and nurse their parents in distress,
The gods in this world praise their deed and in the next with heaven them bless."

The king, on hearing this, thought to himself; "This is a wonderful miracle: even the gods heal him who cherishes his parents when he falls into sickness; this Sama is exceeding glorious"; then he said:

"I am bewildered more and more, which way to turn I cannot see,
Sama, to thee I fly for help, Sama, do thou my refuge be."

Then the Great Being said, "O king, if thou wishest to reach the world of the gods and enjoy divine happiness there, thou must practise these ten duties," and he uttered these stanzas concerning them:

"Towards thy parents first of all fulfil thy duty, warrior king;
Duty fulfilled in this life here to heaven hereafter thee shall bring.

Towards thy children and thy wife, fulfil thy duty, warrior king;
Duty fulfilled in this life here to heaven hereafter thee shall bring.

Duty to friends and ministers, thy soldiers with their different arms,
To townships and to villages, thy realm with all its subject swarms,

To ascetics, Brahman holy men, duty to birds and beasts, O king,
Duty fulfilled in this life here to heaven hereafter thee shall bring.

Duty fulfilled brings happiness,—yea Indra, Brahma, all their host,
By following duty won their bliss: duty pursue at any cost."

The Great Being, having thus declared to him the ten duties of a king, gave him some still further instruction, and taught him the five precepts. The king accepted the teaching with bended head, and, having reverentially taken his leave, went to Benares, and, after giving many gifts and performing many other virtuous actions, passed away with his court to swell the host of heaven. The Bodhisatta also, with his parents, having attained the supernatural faculties and the various degrees of ecstatic meditation, went to the Brahma world.

After the lesson, the Master said, "O Brethren, it is an immemorial custom with the wise to support their parents." He then declared the truths (after which the Brother attained to the Fruit of the First Path) and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ananda, the goddess was Uppalavanna, Sakka was Anuruddha, the father was Kassapa, the mother was Bhaddakapilani, and Suvannasama was I myself."

541. Nimi Jātaka

“Lo these grey hairs,” etc. This story the Master told while dwelling in Makhadeva’s mango park, near Mithila, about a smile. One day at eventide, the Master with a large company of Brethren was walking up and down in this mango park, when he espied a pleasant spot. Being desirous of telling his behaviour in former times, he allowed a smile to be seen on his face. When asked by the Reverend Ananda why he smiled, he answered, “In yonder spot, Ananda, I once dwelt, deep in ecstatic meditation, in the time of King Makhadeva.” Then at his request, he sat down upon an offered seat, and told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Videha, and in the city of Mithila, a certain Makhadeva was king. Four and eighty thousand years he took his pleasure as a young man, four and eighty thousand years he was viceroy, eighty and four thousand years he was king.

Now he told his barber to be sure to inform him as soon as ever he should see grey hairs on his head. When by and by the barber saw grey hairs, and told him, he made the man pull them out with a pair of tongs, and to lay them upon his hand, and seeing death as it were clinging to his forehead, “now,” thinks he, “is the time for me to leave the world.” So he gave the barber his choice of a village, and sending for his eldest son, he told him to undertake the government, since he was himself about to renounce the world. “Why, my lord?” asked he. The king replied:

“Lo these grey hairs that on my head appear
Take of my life in passing year by year:
They are God’s messengers, which bring to mind
The time I must renounce the world is near.”

With these words he made his son king with the ceremonial sprinkling, and leaving him directions to act thus and thus, he left the city; and embracing the life of a Brother, through eighty-four thousand years he fostered the Four Excellencies, and he was then reborn in Brahma’s heaven.

His son also, in like manner, renounced the world, and became destined to Brahma's heaven. So also his son again; and so one royal prince after another, to the number of eighty and four thousand less two— each as he saw a white hair in his head became an ascetic in this mango park, and fostered the Four Excellencies, and was born in Brahma's heaven. The first of all this line to be there born, King Makhadeva, standing in Brahma's heaven looked down upon the fortunes of his family, and was glad at heart to see that four and eighty thousand princes less two had renounced the world. He pondered: "Will there be nirvana now, or not?" Seeing that there would not, he resolved that he and no other must round off his family. Accordingly, he came from thence and was conceived in the womb of the king's consort in Mithila city. On his name-day, the soothsayers looking at his marks, said, "Great king, this prince is born to round off your family. This your family of hermits will go no further." Hearing this, the king said, "The boy is born to round off my family like the hoop of a chariot-wheel!" so he gave him the name of Nemi - Kumara, or Prince Hoop.

From his childhood upwards, the boy was devoted to giving, to virtue, to keeping the sabbath vow. Then his father, as usual, saw a white hair, gave a village to his barber, made his son king, became a hermit in the mango park, and was destined for Brahma's heaven. King Nimi, in his devotion to almsgiving, made five almshalls, one at each of the four gates of the city, and one in the midst of it, and distributed great gifts: in each of the almshalls he distributed a hundred thousand pieces of money, that is five hundred thousand each day; continually he kept the Five Precepts; on the moon-days he observed the sabbath; he encouraged the multitude in almsgiving and good works; he pointed out the road to heaven, and affrighted them with the fear of death, and preached the Law. They abiding by his admonitions, giving gifts and doing good, passed away one after another and were born in the world of gods: that world became full, hell was as it were empty. Then in the Heaven of the Thirty-three, the company of gods assembled in Sudhamma the divine hall of assembly, crying aloud—"Hail to our teacher, King Nimi! By his doing, by the knowledge of a Buddha, we have attained to this divine enjoyment infinite!" Thus they sang the virtues of the Great Being. Even in the world of men that sound of praise was spread, as oil spreads over the surface of the great deep.

The Master explained this to the assembled Brethren in the following lines:

"It was a marvel in the world how good men did arise
In the days of good King Nimi, the worthy and the wise.

Alms gave Videha's monarch, the conqueror of his foes;
And as he gave in charity, this thought in him arose:
"Which is more fruitful—holy life or giving alms? who knows ?"

At that moment Sakka's throne became hot. Sakka pondering the reason, saw him reflecting there. "I will solve the question," he said; and going about, and swiftly, he made the palace one blaze of light, and entering the chamber, stood there glowing; and at the king's request, made all clear.

To explain this, the Master said:

"The mighty monarch of the gods, he of the thousand eyes,
Perceives his thought; before his light away the darkness flies.

Great Nimi spake to Vasava, and all his flesh did creep:

"Who art thou? or a demigod or Sakka's self must be:
For I have never seen or heard such glory as I see."

Then Vasava to Nimi spake, knowing his flesh did creep:

Sakka, the king of gods, I am; to visit you I'm here;
Ask what you will, O king, and let your flesh not creep for fear."

Then Nimi spake to Vasava, this invitation made:

"Most puissant lord of all that breathe, this question solve for me:
Holy to live, or alms to give, which should more fruitful be?"

Then Vasava to Nimi spake, solving his question so,
And told the fruit of holy life to him who did not know:

"He's born a Khattiya, who lives holy in the third degree:
A god, the middle; and the first brings perfect purity."

Not easy are these states to win by any charity,
Which hermits who have left the world win by austerity."

By these verses he illustrated the great fruitfulness of a holy life, and then recited others, naming the kings who in times past had been unable to get beyond the domain of sense by giving great gifts:

"Dudipa, Sagara, Sela, Mucalinda, Bhagirasa,
Usinara and Atthaka, Assaka, and Puthujjana,

Yea, kings and brahmins, Khattiya chiefs, many and many a one,
For all their sacrifice, beyond the Peta world came none."

Having thus explained how much greater was the fruitfulness of holy life than that of almsgiving, he described those ascetics who by the holy life had passed the Peta world to be born in Brahma's heaven, and said:

"These holy hermits who had left the world,
Seven sages, passed beyond: Yamahanu,
Somayaga, Manojava, Samudda,
Magha, and Bharata, and Kalikara:
Four others: Kassapa, Angirasa,
Akitti, Kisavaccha, these besides."

So far, he described by tradition the great fruit of a holy life; but now he went on, declaring what he had himself seen:

"Sida's a river in the north, unnavigable, deep:
About it, like a fire of reeds, blaze golden mountains steep,

With creepers filled and fragrant plants river and hills as well.
Thereby ten thousand eremites once on a time did dwell.

Noble am I, who kept the vow of temperance, self-control,
Almsgiving: solitary then tended each stedfast soul.

Caste or no caste, the upright man I would attend at need:
For every mortal man is bound by his own act and deed.

Apart from righteousness, all castes are sure to sink to hell:
All castes are purified if they are righteous and act well."

After this, he said: "But, great king, although holy living is more fruitful by far than almsgiving, yet both these are the thoughts of great men: do you be watchful in both, give alms and follow virtue." With this advice, he went to his own place.

Then the company of gods said: “Sire, we have not seen you lately; where have you been?” “Sirs, a doubt arose in the mind of King Nimi at Mithila, and I went to resolve the question, and to place him beyond doubt.” And then he described the occurrence in verse:

“Listen to me, Sirs, one and all that here assembled be:
Men who are righteous differ much in caste and quality.

There is King Nimi, wise and good, the better part who chose—
King of Videha, gave great gifts, that conqueror of his foes;

And as these bounteous gifts he gave, behold this doubt arose:
Which is more fruitful—holy life or giving alms? who knows?”

So he spoke, without omission, telling the king’s quality. This made the deities long to see that king; and they said, “Sire, King Nimi is our teacher; by following his admonitions, by his means, we have attained to the joy of godhood. We wish to see him—send for him, Sire, and show him to us!” Sakka consented, and sent Matali: “Friend Matali, yoke my royal car, go to Mithila, place King Nimi in the divine chariot and bring him here.” Matali obeyed and departed. Whilst Sakka was talking with the gods, and giving his orders to Matali, and sending his chariot, one month had past by men’s reckoning. So it was the holy day of the full moon: King Nimi opening the eastern window was sitting on the upper floor, surrounded by his courtiers, contemplating virtue; and just as the moon’s disk rose in the east this chariot appeared. The people had eaten their evening meal, and sat at their doors talking comfortably together. “Why, there are two moons to-day!” they cried. As they gossiped, the chariot became plain to their view. “No, it is no moon,” they said, “but a chariot!” In due course there appeared Matali’s team of a thousand thoroughbreds, and the car of Sakka, and they wondered whom that could be for? Ah, their king was righteous; for him Sakka’s divine car must be sent; Sakka must wish to see their king. So in delight they cried out:

“A marvel in the world, to make one shiver with delight:
For glorious Videha comes the car divine in sight!”

As the people talked and talked, swift as the wind came Matali, who turned the chariot, and brought it to rest out of the way by the sill of the window, and called on the king to enter.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"The mighty Matali, the charioteer
Of heaven, summoned now Videha's king
Who lived in Mithila: "Come, noble king,
Lord of the world, upon this chariot mount:
Indra and all the gods, the Thirty-three,
Would see you, waiting in Sudhamma Hall."

The king thought, "I shall see the gods' dwelling-place, which I never have seen; and I shall be showing kindness to Matali," so he addressed his women and all the people, and said—"In a short time I shall return: you must be watchful, do good and give alms." Then he got into the car.

The Master said, to explain this :

"Then with all speed, Videha's king arose,
And went towards the chariot, and got in.
When he was in it, Matali thus spoke:
"By which road shall I take you, noble king?
Where dwell the wicked, or where dwell the good?"

At this the king thought—"I have never seen either of these places before, and I should like to see both." He answered:

"Matali, charioteer divine, both places I would see:
Both where the righteous men abide, and where the wicked be."

Matali thinking, "One cannot see both at once; I will question him," recited a stanza:

"Which first, great monarch, noble king—which place first would you see,
That where the righteous men abide, or where the wicked be?"

Then the king, thinking that go to heaven he would in any case, and that he might as well choose to see hell, recited the next stanza:

"I'd see the place of sinful men; please let me go to hell;
Where they who once did cruel deeds and where the wicked dwell."

Then he just showed him Vetarani, the river of hell.

To explain this, the Master said;

"Matali showed the king Vetarani,
A river stinking, full of corrosive brine,
Hot, covered all with burning flames of fire."

The king was terrified when he saw creatures thus sorely tormented in Vetarani, and he asked Matali what sins they had done. Matali told him.

This the Master explained:

"Then Nimi, when he saw the people fall
In this deep river-flood, asked Matali
"Fear comes on me to see it, charioteer:
Tell me, what is the sin these mortals did
Who are cast in the river?" He replied,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"Who in the world of life are strong themselves,
Yet hurt the weak, oppress them, doing sin,
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are cast into the stream Vetarani."

Thus did Matali answer his question. And when the king had seen the hell Vetarani, he caused this place to disappear, and driving the chariot onwards showed him the place where they are torn by dogs and other beasts. He answered the, king's question as follows.

This the Master explained:

"Black dogs and speckled vultures, flocks of crows
Most horrid, prey upon them. When I look,
Fear seizes on me. Tell me, Matali,
What sin have these committed, charioteer,
Whom ravens prey on?" Matali replied,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These are the churls, the misers, foul of tongue
To brahmins and ascetics, that do hurt;
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are those you see of ravens here the prey."

His other questions are answered in the same way.

“Their bodies all ablaze they lie prostrate,
Pounded with red-hot lumps: when I behold,
Fear seizes on me. Tell me, Matali,
What sins have these committed, charioteer,
Who lie there beaten with the red-hot lumps?”
Then Matali the charioteer replied,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
“These in the world of life were sinful men,
Who hurt and did torment those without sin,
Both men and women, sinful as they were.
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Now lie there beaten with the red-hot lumps.”

“Others lie struggling in a pit of coals,
Roaring, their bodies charred: when I behold,
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What sin have these committed, charioteer,
Who lie there struggling in the fiery pit?”
Then Matali the charioteer replied,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
“These are they who before a crowd of men
Suborned a witness and forswore a debt;
And thus destroying people, mighty king,
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Lie there now struggling in the pit of coals.”

“Blazing and flaming, all one mass of fire,
I see an iron cauldron, huge and great:
Fear comes upon me, as I look upon it.
Matali, tell me, charioteer divine—
What sin these mortals did, that here headfirst
They’re cast into the iron cauldron huge?”
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
“Whoso has hurt a brahmin or ascetic,
Foul men of sin, and he a virtuous man,
Those cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Now headlong fall into the iron bowl.”

“They wring them by the neck and cast them in,
Filling the cauldron full of boiling water!

Fear seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That with their heads all battered, there they lie?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These are the wicked men who in the world
Caught birds, and did destroy them, mighty king;
And thus, destroying other creatures, they
By these their cruel acts gave rise to sin,
And they lie yonder, with their own necks wrung."

"There flows a river, deep, with shallow banks,
Easy of access: thither go the men,
Scorcht with the heat, and drink: but as they drink,
The water turns to chaff; which when I see,
Fear seizes on me. Tell me, Matali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That as they drink, the water turns to chaff?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These men are they who mixt good grain with chaff,
And sold it to a buyer, doing ill;
Therefore now scorcht with heat and parcht with thirst,
Even as they drink, the water turns to chaff."

"With spikes and spears and arrowheads they pierce
Those loudly-wailing folk on either side:
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That they lie yonder riddled with the spears?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These in the world of life were wicked men
Who took what was not theirs, and lived upon it—
Goats, sheep, kine, bulls, corn, treasure, silver, gold:
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Now yonder lie all riddled with the spears."

"Who are these fastened by the neck I see,
Some cut to pieces, others all to-torn:
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Matali,

What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That they lie yonder torn in little bits?"

Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"Fishers and butchers, hunters of the boar,
Slayers of cattle, bulls, and goats, who slew
And laid the corpses in the slaughter-house,
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are lying yonder torn in little bits."

"Yon lake of filth and ordure, stinking foul,
With evil scent unclean, where starving men
Eat of the contents! this when I behold,
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
Whom there I see devouring dirt and filth?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These are malicious persons, who, for hurt
Of others, lived with them, and harmed their friends:
These cruel creatures begat sin, and now,
Poor fools, they have ordure and filth to eat."

"Yon lake is full of blood, and stinking foul,
With evil scent unclean, where scorcht with heat
Men drink the contents! which when I behold,
Fear seizes on me; tell me, Matali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That they must now drink of the draught of blood?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"They who have slain a mother or a father,
Whom they should reverence; excommunicate
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are those who yonder drink the draught of blood."

"That tongue see, pierced with a hook, like as a shield
Stuck with a hundred barbs; and who are those
Who struggle leaping like a fish on land,
And roaring, drabble spittle? when I see it,
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Matali,

What sin has been committed by those mortals,
Whom I see yonder swallowing the hook?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These men are they who in the market-place
Haggling and cheapening from their greed of gain
Have practised knavery, and thought it hidden,
Like one that hooks a fish: but for the knave
There is no safety, dogged by all his deeds:
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are lying yonder swallowing the hook."

"Yon women, bent and broken, stretching their arms
And wailing, wretched, smeared with stains of blood,
Like cattle in the shambles, stand waist-deep
Buried in earth, the upper trunk ablaze!
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What sin has been committed by those women,
That now they stand all buried in the earth
Waist-deep, the upper trunk a mass of flame?"

Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"They were of noble birth when in the world,
Lived lives unclean, did deeds of wickedness,
Were traitors, left their husbands, and besides
Did other things to satisfy their lust;
They spent their lives in dalliance; therefore now
Stand blazing, waist-deep buried in the earth."

"Why do they seize yon persons by the legs
And cast them headlong into Naraka ?
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What sin has been committed by those men,
That they are so hurled headlong into Naraka?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These in the world did evil, did seduce
Another's wife, stole his most precious thing,
So now are headlong cast in Naraka.
They suffer misery for countless years

In hell; there is no safety for the sinner,
But he is ever dogged by his own deeds.
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are now cast headlong into Naraka."

With these words, Matali the charioteer made this hell to disappear also, and driving the chariot onwards, showed him the hell of torment for heretics. On request he explained it to him.

"Many and various causes I have seen
Most terrible, amongst these hells: to see them
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
Why they must suffer this excessive pain,
So sharp, so cruel, so intolerable?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"Who in the world were wicked heretics,
Who put their faith in false delusion,
Made proselytes of others to their heresy,
They by their heresy begetting sin
Must therefore suffer this excessive pain,
So sharp, so cruel, so intolerable."

Now in heaven the gods were sitting in Sudhamma. Hall, looking for the king's coming. "Matali is a long time away," thought Sakka; and he perceived the reason, so he said, "Matali is going the round as guide, showing all the different hells to the king and telling him what sin led to each hell. So calling to him a young god, very swift, he said to him—"Go tell Matali to bring the king quickly hither. He is using up King Nimi's life; he must not go round all the hells." With speed the young god went, and gave his message. When Matali heard it, he said, "We must not delay"; then showing to the king at one flash all the great hells in the four quarters, he recited a stanza:

"Now, mighty monarch, thou hast seen the place
Of sinners, and where cruel men are sent,
And where the wicked go: now, royal sage,
Come let us hasten to the king of heaven."

With this speech he turned the chariot towards heaven. As the king went towards heaven he beheld in the air the mansion of a goddess,

Birani, with pinnacles of jewels and gold, ornamented in great magnificence, having a park and a lake covered with lilies, and surrounded with trees worthy of the place: and there was this goddess seated upon a divan in a gabled chamber towards the front, and attended by a thousand nymphs, looking out through an open window. He asked Matali who she was, and Matali explained it to him.

“Behold yon mansion with five pinnacles:
There, deckt with garlands, lies upon a. couch
A most puissant woman, who assumes
All kinds of majesty and wondrous power.
Joy comes on me to see it, charioteer:
But tell me, Matali, what her good deeds,
That she is happy in this heavenly mansion.”
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
“Heard you ever in the world of Birani?
A brahmin’s home-born slave, who once received
A guest at the right moment, welcomed him
As mother might her son.; and therefore now,
Generous and chaste, lives happy in this mansion.”

With these words, Matali drove the chariot onwards and showed him the seven golden mansions of the god Sonadinna. The other, when he saw these and the glory of the god, asked an explanation, which Matali gave.

“There are seven mansions, shining clear and bright,
Where dwells a mighty being, richly dight,
Who with his wives inhabits them. Delight
Moves me, to see it: tell me, Matali,
What is the good this mortal did, that he
Dwells happy in this mansion heavenly?”
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Declaring how good ripens and bears fruit:
“This once was Sonadinna, one who gave
With royal bounty, and for hermits wrought
Seven hermitages: all their needs did crave
He faithfully provided. Food he brought,
Bedding to lie on, clothes to wear, and light,

Contented with those men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
So now dwells in this mansion of delight."

Thus he described the deeds of Sonadinna; then driving onwards his chariot, he showed a mansion of crystal: in height it was five and twenty leagues, it had hundreds of columns made of the seven precious things, hundreds of pinnacles, it was set about with lattices and little bells, a banner of gold and silver flew, beside it was a park and grove full of many bright flowers, with a lovely lake of lilies, nymphs cunning to sing and to make music were there in plenty. Then the king seeing this asked what were the deeds of these nymphs, and the other told him.

"Yon mansion built of crystal, shining bright,
With pinnacles uplifted in the height,
With food and drink in plenty, and a throng
Of goodly women skilled in dance and song!
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What good these women did, that now in heaven
They dwell within this palace of delight?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"These women ever walked in holy ways,
Faithful lay sisters, kept the holy days,
Generous, controlled, and watchful, heart-serene,
Now happy in the mansion you have seen."

He drove the chariot on, and showed a mansion of gems: it stood on a level spot, lofty, like a mountain of gems, bright shining, full of gods that played and sang divine music. Seeing this, the king asked what were the deeds of these gods, and the other replied.

"Yon mansion built of jewels, shining bright,
Symmetrical, proportioned, a fair sight,
Where in divinest melody around,
Songs, dances, drums and tabours do resound:
I never have beheld a sight so fair,
Nor sounds so sweet have ever heard, I swear!
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Matali,

What good these mortals did, that now I see
Happy in this heavenly mansion of delight?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"These were lay Brethren in the world of men:
Provided parks and wells, or water drew
In the well-shed, and tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, every need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
Who kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, they walked in holy ways,
And now dwell in this mansion of delight."

Thus having described the deeds of these persons, he drove on and showed him another crystal mansion: with many a pinnacle, and all manner of flowers all about, and fine trees, echoing with the songs of birds of all kinds, by which flowed a river of pure water, become the dwelling-place of a virtuous person surrounded by a company of nymphs. Seeing this the king asked what his deeds were; and the other told him.

"Yon mansion built of crystal, shining bright,
Its pinnacles uplifted in the height,
With food and drink in plenty, and a throng
Of goodly women skilled in dance and song,
And rivers, fringed with many a flower and tree—
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What good this mortal did in life, that he
Rejoices in this mansion heavenly?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"At Kimbila a householder was he,
Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully
Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, every need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
And now dwells in this mansion of delight."

Thus he described the deeds of this man, and drove on. Then he showed another crystal mansion: this even more than the last was grown about with all manner of fruit and flowers and clumps of trees. This seen, the king asked what were the deeds of this man who was so fortunate, and the other told him.

"Yon mansion, built of jewels, shining bright,
Its pinnacles uplifted in the height,
With food and drink in plenty, and a throng
Of goodly women skilled in dance and song,
And rivers, fringed with many a tree and flower,
Royal and elephant trees, and mango, sal,
Roseapple sweet, and tindook, piyal bower,
And orchard-trees fruit-bearing one and all—
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What good this mortal did in life, that he
Rejoices in this mansion heavenly?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"At Mithila a householder was he,
Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully
Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, all their need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
And now dwells in this mansion of delight."

Thus he described the deeds of this man also, and drove on. Then he showed another mansion of jewels, like the first, and at the king's request told him the deeds of a god who was happy there.

"Yon mansion built of jewels, shining bright,
Symmetrical, proportioned, a fair sight,
Where in divinest melody around,
Songs, dances, drums and tabours do resound:
I never have beheld a sight so fair,
Nor sounds so sweet have ever heard, I swear!

Joy seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What good these mortals did, whom now I see
Happy in this heavenly mansion of delight?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"Once a Benares householder was he,
Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully
Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, all their need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
And now dwells in this mansion of delight."

Again driving on, he showed a mansion of gold, like the sun in his strength, and at the king's request told him the deeds of the god who dwelt there.

"Behold yon mansion made of flaming fire,
Red like the sun whereas he riseth higher!
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What good this mortal did in life, that he
Rejoices in this mansion heavenly?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"Once a Savatthi householder was he,
Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully
Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, all their need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
And now dwells in this mansion of delight."

As he thus described these eight mansions, Sakka, king of the gods, thinking that Matali was a long time in coming, sent another swift god with a message. Matali, on hearing the message, saw that there must be no more delay; so at one flash he showed many mansions,

and described to the king what were the deeds of those who dwelt in then.

“See many fiery mansions in the air,
As in a bank of cloud the lightning’s flare!
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Matali,
What good these mortals did, whom now I see
Rejoicing in the heavenly mansion there?”
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
“Good-living, well-instructed, full of faith,
They acted as the Master’s teaching saith;
By living as the Allwise Buddha told
They came to these abodes you now behold.”

Having thus shown him these mansions in the sky, he set out to come before Sakka with these words:

“Thou’st seen the places of the good and wicked in the air;
Unto the monarch of the gods come let us now repair.”

With these words he drove on, and showed him the seven hills which make a ring about Sineru; to explain how the king questioned Matali on seeing these, the Master said:

“As the king journeyed on his way in the celestial car
Drawn by a thousand steeds, he saw the mountain peaks afar
In Sida ocean, and he asked, “Tell me what hills these are.”

At this question of Nimi the god Matali replied:

“The mighty hills Sudassara, Karavika, Isadhara,
Yugandhara, Nemindhara, Vinataka, Assakanna.
These hills are in Sidantara, in order there they be,
Which high-upstanding in the air thou, mighty king, dost see.”

Thus he showed the Heaven of the Four Great Kings, and drove on until he could show the statues of Indra which stood around the great Cittakuta gateway of the Heaven of the Thirty-three. At this sight the king asked, and the other answered.

“This place so fine, elaborate, adorned,
Set round with Indra’s statues, as it were
By tigers guarded— as I see this sight,

Joy comes upon me: tell me, Matali,
What is the name of this that I behold?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"This place is Cittakuta which you see,
The entrance to the place of heaven's king,
The doorway of the Mountain Beautiful:
Elaborate, adorned, and set about
With Indra's statues, as by tigers guarded.
Enter, wise king! enter this spotless place."

With these words Matali led the king within; so it is said—

"Journeying in the car celestial,
Drawn by a thousand steeds, the mighty king
Beheld the place where all the gods assemble."

And as he passed along, standing in the car still, he saw the place of the gods' assemblage in Sudhamma, and questioned Matali, who replied.

"As in the autumn is the sky all blue,
So is that jewelled mansion to the view.
Joy comes upon me: tell me, Matali,
What is this mansion which I now behold?"
Then answered Matali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"This is Sudhamma, where the gods assemble,
Supported by fair columns, finely wrought,
Eight-sided, made of gems and jewels rare,
Where dwell the Three-and-thirty, with their chief,
Lord Indra, thinking of the happiness
Of gods and men: enter this lovely place,
O mighty monarch, where the gods abide!"

The gods on their part sat watching for his arrival; and when they heard that the king was come, they went out to meet him with divine flowers and perfumes as far as the great Cittakuta gateway; and presenting him with their flowers and perfumes they brought him to Sudhamma Hall. The king dismounting from the car entered the hall of the gods, and the gods offered him a seat, Sakka the like and all pleasures too.

Explaining this, the Master said :

"The gods beheld the king arrive: and then, their guest to greet,
Cried—"Welcome, mighty monarch, whom we are so glad to meet!
O king! beside the king of gods we pray you take a seat."

And Sakka welcomed Vedeha, the king of Mithila town,
Ay, Vasava offered him all joys and prayed him to sit down.

"Amid the rulers of the world O welcome to our land:
Dwell with the gods, O king! who have all wishes at command,
Enjoy immortal pleasures, where the Three-and-thirty stand."

Thus Sakka offered him celestial pleasures; and the king declining made answer :

"As when a chariot, or when goods are given on demand,
So is it to enjoy a bliss given by another's hand.

I care not blessings to receive given by another's hand,
My goods are mine and mine alone when on my deeds I stand.

I'll go and do much good to men, give alms throughout the land,
Will follow virtue, exercise control and self-command:
He that so acts is happy, and fears no remorse at hand."

Thus did the Great Being discourse to the gods with honeyed sound; and discoursing he stayed seven days by men's reckoning, and gave delight to the company of the gods. And standing in the midst of the gods he described the virtue of Matali:

"A most obliging personage is Matali the charioteer,
The places where the good abide and where the bad, he showed me clear."

Then the king took leave of Sakka, saying that he wished to go to the world of men. Then Sakka said, "Friend Matali, take King Nimi at once to Mithila." He got ready the chariot; the king exchanged friendly greetings with the company of gods, left them and entered the car. Matali drove the car eastwards to Mithila. There the crowd, seeing the chariot, were delighted to know that their king was returning. Matali passed round the city of Mithila rightwise, and put down the Great Being at the same window, took leave, and returned to his own place. A great number of people surrounded the king, and

asked him what the gods' world was like. The king, describing the happiness of the gods and of Sakka their king, exhorted them to give alms and do good, for so they should be born in that divine place.

Afterwards, when his barber found a white hair and told him, he made the barber put aside that white hair; then he gave a village to the barber, and desiring to renounce the world, made his son king in his place. So when asked why he wished to renounce the world, he recited the stanza, "Lo, these grey hairs"; and like the former kings he renounced the world, and dwelt in the same mango grove, developing the Four Excellencies, and became destined to Brahma's heaven.

It is his renouncing of the world which is described by the Master in the last stanza:

"Thus spake King Nimi, lord of Mithila,
And having made a mighty sacrifice,
Entered upon the path of self-control."

And his son, named Kalara janaka, also renounced the world, and brought his line to an end.

When the Master had finished this discourse, he said—"So, Brethren, this is not the first time the Tathagata left the world; he did the same before." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Anuruddha was Sakka, Ananda was Matali, the eighty-four kings were the Buddha's followers, and King Nimi was I myself."

546. The Mahā-Ummagga-jātaka

"King Brahmadatta of Pañcāla," etc.

The Teacher, while dwelling at Jetavana, told this about the perfection of knowledge. One day the Brethren sat in the Hall of Truth and described the Buddha's perfection of knowledge: "Brethren, the omniscient Buddha whose wisdom is vast, ready, swift, sharp, crushing heretical doctrines, after having converted, by the power of his own knowledge, the Brahmins Kūṭadanta and the rest, the ascetics Sabhiya and the rest, the thieves Aṅgulimāla *etc.*, the yakkhas Āḷavaka *etc.*, the gods Sakka and the rest, and the Brahmins Baka *etc.*, made them humble, and ordained a vast multitude as ascetics and established them in the fruition of the paths of sanctification." The Teacher came up and asked what they were discoursing about, and when they told him, he replied, [330] "Not now only is the Buddha omniscient,—in past time also, before his knowledge was fully mature, he was full of all wisdom, as he went about for the sake of wisdom and knowledge," and then he told a story of the past.

In days gone by, a king named Vedeha ruled in Mithilā, and he had four sages who instructed him in the law, named Senaka, Pukkusa, Kāvinda, and Devinda. Now when the Bodhisatta was conceived in his mother's womb the king saw at dawn the following dream: four columns of fire blazed up in the four corners of the royal court as high as the great wall, and in the midst of them rose a flame of the size of a fire-fly, and at that moment it suddenly exceeded the four columns of fire and rose up as high as the Brahma world and illumined the whole world; even a grain of mustard-seed lying on the ground is distinctly seen. The world of men with the world of gods worshipped it with garlands and incense; a

vast multitude passed through this flame but not even a hair of their skin was singed. The king when he saw this vision started up in terror and sat pondering what was going to happen, and waited for the dawn. The four wise men also when they came in the morning asked him whether he had slept well. "How could I sleep well," he replied, "when I have seen such a dream" Then Pandit Senaka replied, "Fear not, O king, it is an auspicious dream, thou wilt be prosperous," and when he was asked to explain, he went on, "O king, a fifth sage will be born who will surpass us four; we four are like the four columns of fire, but in the midst of us there will arise as it were a fifth column of fire, one who is unparalleled and fills a post which is unequalled in the world of gods or of men." "Where is he at this moment?" "O king, he will either assume a body or come out of his mother's womb"; thus did he by his science what he had seen by his divine eye and the king from that time forward remembered his words. Now at the four gates of Mithilā there were four market towns, called the East town, the South town, the West town, and the North town[2]; [331] and in the East town there dwelt a certain rich man named Sirivaḍḍhaka, and his wife was named Sumanādevī. Now on that day when the king saw the vision, the Great Being went from the heaven of the Thirty-three and was conceived in her womb; and a thousand other sons of the gods went from that heaven and were conceived in the families of various wealthy merchants in that village, and at the end of the tenth month the lady Sumanā brought forth a child of the colour of gold. Now at that moment Sakka, as he looked over the world of mankind, beheld the Great Being's birth; and saying to himself that he ought to make known in the world of gods and men that this Buddha-shoot had sprung into being, he came up in a visible form as the child was being born and placed a piece of a medicinal herb in its hand, and then returned to his own dwelling. The Great Being seized it firmly in his closed hand; and as he came from his mother's womb she did not feel the slightest pain, but he passed out as easily as water from a sacred water-pot. When his mother saw the piece of the medicinal herb in his hand, she said to him, "My child,

what is this which you have got?" He replied, "It is a medicinal plant, mother," and he placed it in her hand and told her to take it and give it to all who are afflicted with any sickness. Full of joy she told it to the merchant Sirivaḍḍhaka, who had suffered for seven years from a pain in his head. Full of joy he said to himself, "This child came out of his mother's womb holding a medicinal plant and as soon as he was born he talked with his mother; a medicine given by a being of such surpassing merit must possess great efficacy"; so he rubbed it on a grindstone and smeared a little of it on his forehead, and the pain in his head which had lasted seven years passed away at once like water from a lotus leaf. Transported with joy he exclaimed, "This is a medicine of marvellous efficacy "; the news spread on every side that the Great Being had been born with a medicine in his hand, and all who were sick crowded to the merchant's house and begged for the medicine. They gave a little to all who came, having rubbed some of it on a grindstone and mixed it with water, and as soon as the affected body was touched with the divine medicine all diseases were cured, and the delighted patients went away proclaiming the marvellous virtues of the medicine in the house of the merchant Sirivaḍḍhaka. [332] On the day of naming the child the merchant thought to himself, "My child need not be called after one of his ancestors; let him bear the name of the medicine," so he gave him the name Osadha Kumāra. Then he thought again, "My son possesses great merit, he will not be born alone, many other children will be born at the same time"; so hearing from his inquiries that thousands of other boys were born with him, he sent them all nurses and gave them clothes, and resolving that they should be his son's attendants he celebrated a festival for them with the Great Being and adorned the boys and brought them every day to wait upon him. The Great Being grew up playing with them, and when he was seven years old he was as beautiful as a golden statue. As he was playing with them in the village some elephants and other animals passed by and disturbed their games, and sometimes the children were distressed by the rain and the heat. Now one day as they played, an unseasonable

rainstorm came on, and when the Great Being who was as strong as an elephant saw it, he ran into a house, and as the other children ran after him they fell over one another's feet and bruised their knees and other limbs. Then he thought to himself, "A hall for play ought to be built here, we will not play in this way," and he said to the boys, "Let us build a hall here where we can stand, sit, or lie in time of wind, hot sunshine, or rain,—let each one of you bring his piece of money." The thousand boys all did so and the Great Being sent for a master-carpenter and gave him the money, telling him to build a hall in that place. He took the money, and levelled the ground and cut posts and spread out the measuring line, but he did not grasp the Great Being's idea; so he told the carpenter how he was to stretch out his line so as to do it properly. He replied, "I have stretched it out according to my practical experience, I cannot do it in any other way." "If you do not know even so much as this how can you take our money and build a hall? Take the line, I will measure and shew you," so he made him take the line and himself drew out the plan, and it was done as if Vissakamma had done it. [333] Then he said to the carpenter, "Will you be able to draw out the plan in this way?" "I shall not be able, Sir." "Will you be able to do it by my instructions?" "I shall be able, Sir." Then the Great Being so arranged the hall that there was in one part a place for ordinary strangers, in another a lodging for the destitute, in another a place for the lying-in of destitute women, in another a lodging for stranger Buddhist priests and Brahmins, in another a lodging for other sorts of men, in another a place where foreign merchants should stow their goods, and all these apartments had doors opening outside. There also he had a public place erected for sports, and a court of justice, and a hall for religious assemblies. When the work was completed he summoned painters, and having himself examined them set them to work at painting beautiful pictures, so that the hall became like Sakka's heavenly palace Sudhammā. Still he thought that the palace was not yet complete, "I must have a tank constructed as well,"—so he ordered the ground to be dug for an architect and having discussed it with him

and given him money he made him construct a tank with a thousand bends in the bank and a hundred bathing ghāts. The water was covered with the five kinds of lotuses and was as beautiful as the lake in the heavenly garden Nandana. On its bank he planted various trees and had a park made like Nandana. And near this hall he established a public distribution of alms to holy men whether Buddhists or Brahmins, and for strangers and for people from the neighbouring villages.

These actions of his were blazed abroad everywhere and crowds gathered to the place, and the Great Being used to sit in the hall and discuss the right and the wrong of the good or evil circumstances of all the petitioners who resorted there and gave his judgment on each, and it became like the happy time when a Buddha makes his appearance in the world.

Now at that time, when seven years had expired, King Vedeha remembered how the four sages had said that a fifth sage should be born who would surpass them in wisdom, and he said to himself, "Where is he now?" and he sent out his four councillors by the four gates of the city, bidding them to find out where he was. When they went out by the other three gates they saw no sign of the Great Being, but when they went out by the eastern gate they saw the hall and its various buildings and they felt sure at once that only a wise man could have built this palace or caused it to be built, [334] and they asked the people, "What architect built this hall?" They replied, "This palace was not built by any architect by his own power, but by the direction of Mahosadha Pandit, the son of the merchant Sirivaḍḍha." "How old is he?" "He has just completed his seventh year." The councillor reckoned up all the events from the day on which the king saw the dream and he said to himself, "This being fulfils the king's dream," and he sent a messenger with this message to the king: "Mahosadha, the son of the merchant Sirivaḍḍha in the East market town, who is now seven years old, has caused such a hall and tank and park to be made,—shall I bring him into thy presence or not?"

When the king heard this he was highly delighted and sent for Senaka, and after relating the account he asked him whether he should send for this sage. But he, being envious of the title, replied, “O king, a man is not to be called a sage merely because he has caused halls and such things to be made; anyone can cause these things to be made, this is but a little matter.” When the king heard his words he said to himself, “There must be some secret reason for all this,” and was silent. Then he sent back the messenger with a command that the councillor should remain for a time in the place and carefully examine the sage. The councillor remained there and carefully investigated the sage’s actions, and this is the series of the tests or cases of examination[3]

1. “The piece of meat.”

One day when the Great Being was going to the play-hall, a hawk carried off a piece of flesh from the slab of a slaughterhouse and flew up into the air; some lads, seeing it, determined to make him drop it and pursued him. The hawk flew in different directions, and they, looking up, followed behind and wearied themselves, flinging stones and other missiles and stumbling over one another. Then the sage said to them, “I will make him drop it,” and they begged him to do so. He told them to look; and then himself with looking up he ran with the swiftness of the wind and trod upon the hawk’s shadow and then clapping his hands uttered a loud shout. By his energy that shout seemed to pierce the bird’s belly through and through and in its terror he dropped the flesh; and the Great Being, knowing by watching the shadow that it was dropped, [335] caught it in the air before it reached the ground. The people seeing the marvel, made a great noise, shouting and clapping their hands. The minister, hearing of it, sent an account to the king telling him how the sage had by this means made the bird drop the flesh. The king, when he heard of it, asked Senaka whether he should summon him to the court. Senaka reflected, “From the time of his coming I shall lose all my glory and the king will forget my existence,—I must not let him bring him here”; so in envy he said, “He is not a sage for such an action as this, this is only a small matter”; and the king being impartial, sent word that the minister should test him further where he was.

2. “The cattle.”

A certain man who dwelt in the village of Yavamajjhaka bought some cattle from another village and brought them home. The next day he took them to a field of grass to graze and rode on the back of one of the cattle. Being tired he got down and sat on the ground and fell asleep, and meanwhile a thief came and carried off the cattle. When he woke he saw not his cattle, but as he gazed on every side he beheld the thief running away. Jumping up he shouted, “Where are you taking my cattle?” “They are my cattle, and I am carrying them to the place which I wish.” A great crowd collected as they heard the dispute. When the sage heard the noise as they passed by the door of the hall, he sent for them both. When he saw their behaviour he at once knew which was the thief and which the real owner. But though he felt sure, he asked them what they were quarrelling about. The owner said, “I bought these cattle from a certain person in such a village, and I brought them home and put them in a field of grass. This thief saw that I was not watching and came and carried them off. Looking in all directions I caught sight of him and pursued and caught him. The people of such a village know that I bought the cattle and took them.” The thief replied, “This man speaks falsely, they were born in my house.” The sage said, “I will decide your case fairly; will you abide by my decision?” and they promised so to abide. Then thinking to himself that he must win the hearts of the people he first asked the thief, “What have you fed these cattle with, and what have you given them to drink?” “They have drunk rice gruel and have been fed on sesame flour and kidney beans.” Then he asked the real owner, who said, “My lord, how could a poor man like me get rice gruel and the rest? I fed them on grass.” The pandit caused an assembly to be brought together and ordered panic seeds to be brought and ground in a mortar and moistened with water and given to the cattle, and they forthwith vomited only grass. He shewed this to

the assembly, and then asked the thief, “Art thou the thief or not?” He confessed that he was the thief. He said to him, “Then do not commit such a sin henceforth.” But the Bodhisatta’s attendants carried the man away and cut off his hands and feet and made him helpless. Then the sage addressed him with words of good counsel, “This suffering has come upon thee only in this present life, but in the future life thou wilt suffer great torment in the different hells, therefore henceforth abandon such practices”; he taught him the five commandments. The minister sent an account of the incident to the king, who asked Senaka, but he advised him to wait, “It is only an affair about cattle and anybody could decide it.” The king, being impartial, sent the same command. (This is to be understood in all the subsequent cases,—we shall give each in order according to the list.)

3. “The necklace of thread.”

A certain poor woman had tied together several threads of different colours and made them into a necklace, which she took off from her neck and placed on her clothes as she went down to bathe in a tank which the pandit had caused to be made. A young woman who saw this conceived a longing for it, took it up and said to her, “Mother, this is a very beautiful necklace, how much did it cost to make? [336] I will make such a one for myself. May I put it on my own neck and ascertain its size?” The other gave her leave, and she put it on her neck and ran off. The elder woman seeing it came quickly out of the water, and putting on her clothes ran after her and seized hold of her dress, crying, “You are running away with a; necklace which I made.”

The other replied, “I am not taking anything of yours, it is the necklace which I wear on my neck”; and a great crowd collected as they heard this. The sage, while he played with the boys, heard them quarrelling as they passed by the door of the hall and asked what the noise was about. When he heard the cause of the quarrel he sent for them both, and having known at once by her countenance which was the thief, he asked them whether they would abide by his decision. On their both agreeing to do so, he asked the thief, “What scent do you use for this necklace?” She replied, “I always use *sabbasaṃhhāraka*[7] to scent it with.” Then he asked the other, who replied, “How shall a poor woman like me get *sabbasaṃhāraka?* I always scent it with perfume made of *piyaṅgu* flowers.” Then the sage had a vessel of water brought and put the necklace in it. Then he sent for a perfume-seller and told him to smell the vessel and find out what it smelt of. He directly recognised the smell of the *piyaṅgu* flower, and quoted the stanza which has been already given in the first book[8]:

"No omnigatherum it is; only the kaṅgu smells;
Yon wicked woman told a lie; the truth the gammer tells."

The Great Being told the bystanders all the circumstances and asked each of them respectively, “Art thou the thief? Art thou not the thief?” and made the guilty one confess, and from that time his wisdom became known to the people.

4. “The cotton thread.”

A certain woman who used to watch cotton fields was watching one day and she took some clean cotton and spun some fine thread and made it into a ball and placed it in her lap. As she went home she thought to herself, “I will bathe in the great sage’s tank,” so she placed the ball on her dress and went down into the tank to bathe. Another woman saw it, and conceiving a longing for it took it up, saying, “This is a beautiful ball of thread; pray did you make it yourself?” So she lightly snapped her fingers and put it in her lap as if to examine it more closely, and walked off with it. (This is to be told at full as before.) The sage asked the thief, “When you made the ball what did you put inside[9]?” She replied, “A cotton seed.” Then he asked the other, and she replied, “A timbaru seed.” When the crowd had heard what each said, he untwisted the ball of cotton and found a timbaru seed inside and forced the thief to confess her guilt. The great multitude were highly pleased and shouted their applause at the way in which the case had been decided.

5. “The son.”

A certain woman took her son and went down to the sage’s tank to wash her face. After she had bathed her son she laid him in her dress and having washed her own face went to bathe. At that moment a female goblin saw the child and wished to eat it, so she took hold of the dress and said, “My friend, this is a fine child, is he your son?” Then she asked if she might give him suck, and on obtaining the mother’s consent, she took him and played with him for a while and then tried to run off with him. The other ran after her and seized hold of her, shouting, “Whither are you carrying my child?” The goblin replied, “Why do you touch the child? he is mine.” As they wrangled they passed by the door of the hall, and the sage, hearing the noise, sent for them and asked what was the matter. When he heard the story, [337] although he knew at once by her red unwinking eyes that one of them was a goblin, he asked them whether they would abide by his decision. On their promising to do so, he drew a line and laid the child in the middle of the line and bade the goblin seize the child by the hands and the mother by the feet. Then he said to them, “Lay hold of it and pull; the child is hers who can pull it over.” They both pulled, and the child, being pained while it was pulled, uttered a loud cry. Then the mother, with a heart which seemed ready to burst, let the child go and stood weeping. The sage asked the multitude, “Is it the heart of the mother which is tender towards the child or the heart of her who is not the mother?” They answered, “The mother’s heart.” “Is she the mother who kept hold of the child or she who let it go?” They replied, “She who let it go.” “Do you know who she is who stole the child?” “We do not know, O sage.” “She is a goblin,—she seized it in order to eat it.” When they asked how he knew that he replied, “I knew her by her unwinking and red eyes and by her casting no shadow and by her fearlessness and want of mercy.” Then he asked her what she was, and she confessed that she was a goblin.

“Why did you seize the child?” “To eat it.” “You blind fool,” he said, “you committed sin in old time and so were born as a goblin; and now you still go on committing sin, blind fool that you are.” Then he exhorted her and established her in the five precepts and sent her away; and the mother blessed him, and saying, “May’st thou live long, my lord,” took her son and went her way.

6. “The black ball.”

There was a certain man who was called Goḷakāḷa,—now he got the name *gola* “ball” from his dwarfish size, and *kāḷa* from his black colour. He worked in a certain house for seven years and obtained a wife, and she was named Dīghatālā. One day he said to her, “Wife, cook some sweetmeats and food, we will pay a visit to your parents.” At first she opposed the plan, saying, “What have I to do with parents now?” but after the third time of asking he induced her to cook some cakes, and having taken some provisions and a present he set out on the journey with her. In the course of the journey he came to a stream which was not really deep, but they, being both afraid of water, dared not cross it and stood on the bank. Now a poor man named Dīghapiṭṭhi came to that place as he walked along the bank, and when they saw him they asked him whether the river was deep or shallow. Seeing that they were afraid of the water he told them that it was very deep and full of voracious fish. “How then will you go across it?” “I have struck up a friendship with the crocodiles and monsters that live here, and therefore they do not hurt me.” “Do take us with you,” they said. When he consented they gave him some meat and drink; and when he finished his meal he asked them which he should carry over first. “Take your sister first and then take me,” said Goḷakaḷā. Then the man placed her on his shoulders and took the provisions and the present and went down into the stream. When he had gone a little way, he crouched down and walked along in a bent posture. Goḷakāḷa, as he stood on the bank, thought to himself, “This stream must indeed be very deep; if it is so difficult for even such a man as Dīghapiṭṭhi, it must be impassable for me.” When the other had carried the woman to the middle of the stream, he said to her, “Lady, I will cherish you, and you shall live bravely arrayed with fine dresses and ornaments and men-servants and maidservants; what will this poor dwarf do for you? listen to what I tell you.” She listened to his words and ceased to love her husband, and being at once infatuated with the stranger, she

consented, saying, “If you will not abandon me, I will do as you say.” So when they reached the opposite bank, they amused themselves and left Goḷakāḷa, bidding him stay where he was. While he stood there looking on, they ate up the meat and drink and departed. When he saw it, he exclaimed, “They have struck up a friendship and are running away, leaving me here.” [338] As he ran backwards and forwards he went a little way into the water and then drew back again in fear, and then in his anger at their conduct, he made a desperate leap, saying, “Let me live or die,” and when once fairly in, he discovered how shallow the water was. So he crossed it and pursued him and shouted, “You wicked thief, whither are you carrying my wife?” The other replied, “How is she your wife? she is mine”; and he seized him by the neck and whirled him round and threw him off. The other laid hold of Dīghatālā’s hand and shouted, “Stop, where are you going? you are my wife whom I got after working for seven years in a house”; and as he thus disputed he came near the hall. A great crowd collected. The Great Being asked what the noise was about, and having sent for them and heard what each said he asked whether they would abide by his decision. On their both agreeing to do so, he sent for Dīghapiṭṭhi and asked him his name. Then he asked his wife’s name, but he, not knowing what it was, mentioned some other name.

Then he asked him the names of his parents and he told them, but when he asked him the names of his wife’s parents he, not knowing, mentioned some other names. The Great Being put his story together and had him removed. Then he sent for the other and asked him the names of all in the same way. He, knowing the truth, gave them correctly. Then he had him removed and sent for Dīghatālā and asked her what her name was and she gave it. Then he asked her her husband’s name and she, not knowing, gave a wrong name. Then he asked her her parents' names and she gave them correctly, but when he asked her the names of her husband’s parents' names, she talked at random and gave wrong names. Then the sage sent for the other two and asked the multitude, “Does the woman’s story agree with

Dīghapiṭṭhi or Goḷakāḷa." They replied, "With Goḷakāḷa." Then he pronounced his sentence, "This man is her husband, the other is a thief"; and when he asked him he made him confess that he had acted as the thief.

7. “The chariot.”

A certain man, who was sitting in a chariot, alighted from it to wash his face. At that moment Sakka was considering and as he beheld the sage he resolved that he would make known the power and wisdom of Mahosadha the embryo Buddha. So he came down in the form of a man[10], and followed the chariot holding on behind. The man who sat in the chariot asked, “Why have you come?” He replied, “To serve you.” The man agreed, and dismounting from the chariot went aside at a call of nature. Immediately Sakka mounted in the chariot and went off at speed. The owner of the chariot, his business done, returned; and when he saw Sakka hurrying away with the chariot, he ran quickly behind, crying, “Stop, stop, where are you taking my chariot?” Sakka replied, “Your chariot must be another, this is mine.” Thus wrangling they came to the gate of the hall. The sage asked, “What is this?” and sent for him: as he came, by his fearlessness and his eyes which winked not, the sage knew that this was Sakka and the other was the owner. Nevertheless he enquired the cause of the quarrel, and asked them, “Will you abide by my decision?” They said, “Yes.” He went on, “I will cause the chariot to be driven, and you must both hold on behind: the owner will not let go, the other will.” Then he told a man to drive the chariot, and he did so, the others holding on behind. The owner[11] went a little way, then being unable to run further he let go, but Sakka went on running with the chariot. When he had recalled the chariot, the sage said to the people: “This man ran a little way [339] and let go; the other ran out with the chariot and came back with it, yet there is not a drop of sweat on his body, no panting, he is fearless, his eyes wink not— this is Sakka, king of the gods.” Then he asked, “Are you king of the gods?” “Yes.” “Why did you come here?” “To spread the fame of your wisdom, O sage!” “Then,” said he, “don't do that kind of thing again.” Now Sakka revealed his power by standing poised in the air, and praised

the sage, saying, “A wise judgment this!” So he went to his own place. Then the minister unsummoned went to the king, and said, “O great king, thus was the Chariot Question resolved: and even Sakka was subdued by him; why do you not recognise superiority in men?” The king asked Senaka, “What say you, Senaka, shall we bring the sage here?” Senaka replied, “That is not all that makes a sage. Wait awhile: I will test him and find out.”

8. “The pole.”

So one day, with a view of testing the sage, they fetcht an acacia pole, and cutting off about a span, they had it nicely smoothed by a turner, and sent it to the East Market-town, with this message: “The people of the Market-town have a name for wisdom. Let them find out then which end is the top and which the root of this stick. If they cannot, there is a fine of a thousand pieces.” The people gathered together but could not find it out, and they said to their foreman, “Perhaps Mahosadha the sage would know; send and ask him.” The foreman sent for the sage from his playground, and told him the matter, how they could not find it out but perhaps he could. The sage thought in himself, “The king can gain nothing from knowing which is the top and which is the root; no doubt it is sent to test me.” He said, “Bring it here, my friends, I will find out.” Holding it in his hand, he knew which was the top and which the root; yet to please the heart of the people, he sent for a pot of water, and tied a string round the middle of the stick, and holding it by the end of the string he let it down to the surface of the water. The root being heavier sank first. Then he asked the people, “Is the root of a tree heavier, or the top?” “The root, wise sir!” “See then, this part sinks first, and this is therefore the root.” By this mark he distinguished the root from the top. The people sent it back to the king, distinguishing which was the root and which was the top. The king was pleased, and asked, who had found it out? They said, “The sage Mahosadha, son of foreman Sirivaddhi.” “Senaka, shall we send for him?” he asked. “Wait, my lord,” he replied, “let us try him in another way.”

9. “The head.”

One day, two heads were brought, one a woman’s and one a man’s; these were sent to be distinguished, with a fine of a thousand pieces in case of failure. The villagers could not decide and asked the Great Being. He recognised them at sight, because, they say, the sutures in a man’s head are straight, and in a woman’s head they are crooked. By this mark he told which was which; and they sent back to the king. The rest is as before.

10. “The snake.”

One day a male and a female snake were brought, and sent for the villagers to decide which was which. They asked the sage, and he knew at once when he saw them; for the tail of the male snake is thick, that of the female is thin; the male snake’s head is thick, the female’s is long; the eyes of the male are big, of the female small, the head[12] of the male is rounded, that of the female cut short. By these signs [340] he distinguished male from female. The rest is as before.

11. “The cock.”

One day a message was sent to the people of the East Market-town to this effect: “Send us a bull white all over, with horns on his legs, and a hump on the head, which utters his voice at three times[13] unfailingly; otherwise there is a fine of a thousand pieces.” Not knowing one, they asked the sage. He said: “The king means you to send him a cock. This creature has horns on his feet, the spurs; a hump on his head, the crest; and crowing thrice utters his voice at three times unfailingly. Then send him a cock such as he describes.” They sent one.

12. “The gem.”

The gem which Sakka gave to King Kusa was octagonal. Its thread was broken, and no one could remove the old thread and put in a new. One day they sent this gem, with directions to take out the old thread and to put in a new; the villagers could do neither the one nor the other, and in their difficulty they told the sage. He bade them fear nothing, and asked for a lump of honey. With this he smeared the two holes in the gem, and twisting a thread of wool, he smeared the end of this also with honey, he pushed it a little way into the hole, and put it in a place where ants were passing. The ants smelling the honey came out of their hole, and eating away the old thread bit hold of the end of the woollen thread and pulled it out at the other end. When he saw that it had passed through, he bade them present it to the king, who was pleased when he heard how the thread had been put in.

13. “The calving.”

The royal bull was fed up for some months, so that his belly swelled out, his horns were washed, he was anointed with oil, and bathed with turmeric, and then they sent him to the East Market-town, with this message: “You have a name for wisdom. Here is the king’s royal bull, in calf; deliver him and send him back with the calf, or else there is a fine of a thousand pieces.” The villagers, perplexed what to do, applied to the sage; who thought fit to meet one question with another, and asked, “Can you find a bold man able to speak to the king?” “That is no hard matter,” they replied. So they summoned him, and the Great Being said—“Go, my good man, let your hair down loose over your shoulders, and go to the palace gate weeping and lamenting sore. Answer none but the king, only lament; and if the king sends for you to ask why you lament, say, This seven days my son is in labour and cannot bring forth; O help me! tell me how I may deliver him! Then the king will say, What madness! this is impossible; men do not bear children. Then you must say, If that be true, how can the people of the East Market-town deliver your royal bull of a calf?” As he was bidden, so he did. The king asked who thought of that counter-quip; and on hearing that it was the sage Mahosadha he was pleased.

14. “The boiled rice.”

Another day, to test the sage, this message was sent: “The people of the East Market-town must send us some boiled rice cooked under eight conditions, and these are—[341] without rice, without water, without a pot, without an oven, without fire, without firewood, without being sent along a road either by woman or man. If they cannot do it, there is a fine of a thousand pieces.” The people perplext applied to the sage; who said, “Be not troubled, Take some broken rice[14], for that is not rice; snow, for that is not water; an earthen bowl, which is no pot; chop up some wood-blocks, which are no oven; kindle fire by rubbing, instead of a proper fire; take leaves instead of firewood; cook your sour rice, put it in a new vessel, press it well down, put it on the head of a eunuch, who is neither man nor woman, leave the main road and go along a footpath, and take it to the king.” They did so; and the king was pleased when he heard by whom the question had been solved.

15. “The sand.”

Another day, to test the sage, they sent this message to the villagers: “The king wishes to amuse himself in a swing, and the old rope is broken; you are to make a rope of sand, or else pay a fine of a thousand pieces.” They knew not what to do, and appealed to the sage, who saw that this was the place for a counter-question. He reassured the people; and sending for two or three clever speakers, he bade them go tell the king: “My lord, the villagers do not know whether the sand-rope is to be thick or thin; send them a bit of the old rope, a span long or four fingers; this they will look at and twist a rope of the same size.” If the king replied, “Sand-rope there never was in my house,” they were to reply, “If your majesty cannot make a sand-rope, how can the villagers do so?” They did so; and the king was pleased on hearing that the sage had thought of this counter-quip.

16. “The tank.”

Another day, the message was: “The king desires to disport him in the water; you must send me a new tank covered with water lilies of all five kinds, otherwise there is a fine of a thousand pieces.” They told the sage, who saw that a counter-quip was wanted. He sent for several men clever at speaking, and said to them: “Go and play in the water till your eyes are red, go to the palace door with wet hair and wet garments and your bodies all over mud, holding in your hands ropes, staves, and clods; send word to the king of your coming, and when you are admitted say to him, Sire, inasmuch as your majesty has ordered the people of the East Market-town to send you a tank, we brought a great tank to suit your taste; but she being used to a life in the forest, no sooner saw the town with its walls, moats, and watch-towers, than she took fright and broke the ropes and off into the forest: we pelted her with clods and beat her with sticks but could not make her come back. Give us then the old tank which your majesty is said to have brought from the forest, and we will yoke them together and bring the other back. The king will say, I never had a tank brought in from the forest, [342] and never send a tank there to be yoked and bring in another! Then you must say, If that is so, how can the villagers send you a tank?” They did so; and the king was pleased to hear that the sage had thought of this.

17. “The park.”

Again on a day the king sent a message: “I wish to disport me in the park, and my park is old. The people of the East Market-town must send me a new park, filled with trees and flowers.” The sage reassured them as before, and sent men to speak in the same manner as above.

18. "The King and the Donkey"

Then the king was pleased, and said to Senaka: “Well, Senaka, shall we send for the sage?” But he, grudging the other’s prosperity, said, “That is not all that makes a sage; wait.” On hearing this the king thought, “The sage Mahosadha was wise even as a child, and took my fancy. In all these mysterious tests and counter-quips he has given answers like a Buddha. Yet such a wise man as this Senaka will not let me summon him to my side. What care I for Senaka? I will bring the man here.” So with a great following he set out for the village, mounted upon his royal horse. But as he went the horse put his foot into a hole and broke his leg; so the king turned back from that place to the town. Then Senaka entered the presence and said: “Sire, did you go to the East Market-town to bring the sage back?” “Yes, sir,” said the king. “Sire,” said Senaka, “you make me as one of no account. I begged you to wait awhile; but off you went in a hurry, and at the outset your royal horse broke his leg.” The king had nothing to say to this. Again on a day he asked Senaka, “Shall we send for the sage, Senaka?” “If so, your majesty, don't go yourself but send a messenger, saying, O sage! as I was on my way to fetch you my horse broke his leg: send us a better horse and a more excellent one[15]. If he takes the first alternative he will come himself, if the second he will send his father. Then will be a problem to test him.” The king sent a messenger with this message. The sage on hearing it recognised that the king wished to see himself and his father. So he went to his father, and said greeting him, “Father, the king wishes to see you and me. You go first with a thousand merchants in attendance; and when you go, go not empty-handed, but take a sandalwood casket filled with fresh ghee. The king will speak kindly to you, and offer you a householder’s seat; take it and sit down. When you are seated, I will come; the king will speak kindly to me and offer me such another seat. Then I will look at you; take the cue and say, rising from your

seat, Son Mahosadha the wise, take this seat. Then the question will be ripe for solution." He did so. On arriving at the palace door he caused his arrival to be made known to the king, and on the king's invitation, he entered, and greeted the king, and stood on one side. The king spoke to him kindly, and asked where was his son the wise Mahosadha. "Coming after me, my lord." The king was pleased to hear of his coming, and bade the father sit in a suitable place. He found a place and sat there. [343] Meanwhile the Great Being drest himself in all his splendour, and attended by the thousand youths he came seated in a magnificent chariot. As he entered the town he beheld an ass by the side of a ditch, and he directed some stout fellows to fasten up the mouth of the ass so that it should make no noise, to put him in a bag and carry him on their shoulders. They did so; the Bodhisat entered the city with his great company. The people could not praise him enough. "This," they cried, "is the wise Mahosadha, the merchant Sirivaḍḍhaka's son; this they say is he, who was born holding a herb of virtue in his hand; he it is who knew the answers to so many problems set to test him." On arriving before the palace he sent in word of his coming. The king was pleased to hear it and said, "Let my son the wise Mahosadha make haste to come in." So with his attendants he entered the palace and saluted the king and stood on one side. The king delighted to see him spoke to him very sweetly, and bade him find a fit seat and sit down. He looked at his father, and his father at this cue uprose from his seat and invited him to sit there, which he did. Thereupon the foolish men who were there, Senaka, Pukkusa, Kāvinda, Devinda, and others, seeing him sit there, clapt their hands and laughed loudly and cried, "This is the blind fool they call wise! He has made his father rise from his seat, and sits there himself! Wise he should not be called surely." The king also was crestfallen. Then the Great Being said, "Why, my lord! are you sad?" "Yes, wise sir, I am sad. I was glad to hear of you, but to see you I am not glad." "Why so?" "Because you have made your father rise from his seat, and sit there yourself." "What, my lord! do you think that in all cases the sire is better than the sons?" "Yes, sir." "Did

you not send word to me to bring you the better horse or the more excellent horse?" So saying he rose up and looking towards the young fellows, said, "Bring in the ass you have brought." Placing this ass before the king he went on, "Sire, what is the price of this ass?" The king said, "If it be serviceable, it is worth eight rupees." "But if he get a mule colt out of a thorobred Sindh mare, what will the price of it be?" "It will be priceless." "Why do you say that, my lord? Have you not just said that in all cases the sire is better than the sons? By your own saying the ass is worth more than the mule colt. Now have not your wise men clapt their hands and laughed at me because they did not know that? What wisdom is this of your wise men! where did you get them?" And in contempt for all four of them he addrest the king in this stanza of the First Book[16]:

"Thinkst thou that the sire is always better than the son, O excellent king?
Then is yon creature better than the mule; the ass is the mule's sire[17]."

After this said, [344] he went on, "My lord, if the sire is better than the son, take my sire into your service; if the son is better than the sire, take me." The king was delighted; and all the company cried out applauding and praising a thousand times—"Well indeed has the wise man solved the question." There was cracking of fingers and waving of a thousand scarves: the four were crestfallen.

Now no one knows better than the Bodhisat the value of parents. If one ask then, why he did so: it was not to throw contempt on his father, but when the king sent the message, "send the better horse or the more excellent horse," he did thus in order to solve that problem, and to make his wisdom to be recognised, and to take the shine out of the four sages[18].

The king was pleased; and taking the golden vase filled with scented water, poured the water upon the merchant's hand, saying, "Enjoy the

East Market-town as a gift from the king.—Let the other merchants," he went on, "be subordinate to this." This done he sent to the mother of the Bodhisat all kinds of ornaments. Delighted as he was at the Bodhisat's solution of the Ass Question, he wished to make the Bodhisat as his own son, and to the father said, "Good sir, give me the Great Being to be my son." He replied, "Sire, very young is he still; even yet his mouth smells of milk: but when he is old, he shall be with you." The king said however, "Good sir, henceforth you must give up your attachment to the boy; from this day he is my son. I can support my son, so go your ways." Then he sent him away. He did obeisance to the king, and embraced his son, and throwing his arms about him kissed him upon the head, and gave him good counsel. The boy also bade his father farewell, and begged him not to be anxious, and sent him away.

The king then asked the sage, whether he would take his meals inside the palace or without it. He thinking that with so large a retinue it were best to have his meals outside the palace, replied to that effect. Then the king gave him a suitable house, and providing for the maintenance of the thousand youths and all, gave him all that was needful. From that time the sage attended upon the king.

19. "The precious gem"

Now the king desired to test the sage. At that time there was a precious jewel in a crow's nest on a palm-tree which stood on the bank of a lake near the southern gate, and the image of this jewel was to be seen reflected upon the lake. They told the king that there was a jewel in the lake. He sent for Senaka, [345] saying, "They tell me there is a jewel in the lake; how are we to get it?" Senaka said, "The best way is to drain out the water." The king instructed him to do so; and he collected a number of men, and got out the water and mud, and dug up the soil at the bottom—but no jewel could he see. But when the lake was again full, there was the reflexion of the jewel to be seen once more. Again Senaka did the same thing, and found no jewel. Then the king sent for the sage, and said, "A jewel has been seen in the lake, and Senaka has taken out the water and mud and dug up the earth without finding it, but no sooner is the lake full than it appears again. Can you get hold of it?" He replied, "That is no hard task, sire, I will get it for you." The king was pleased at this promise, and with a great following he went to the lake, ready to see the might of the sage's knowledge. The Great Being stood on the bank, and looked. He perceived that the jewel was not in the lake, but must be in the tree, and he said aloud, "Sire, there is no jewel in the tank." "What! is it not visible in the water?" So he sent for a pail of water, and said, "Now my lord, see—is not this jewel visible both in the pail and the lake?" "Then where can the jewel be?" "Sire, it is the reflexion which is visible both in the lake and in the pail, but the jewel is in a crow's nest in this palm-tree: send up a man and have it brought down." The king did so: the man brought down the jewel, and the sage put it into the king's hand. All the people applauded the sage and mocked at Senaka—"Here's a precious jewel in a crow's nest up a tree, and Senaka makes strong men dig out the lake! Surely a wise man should be like Mahosadha[19]." Thus they praised the

Great Being; and the king being delighted with him, gave him a necklace of pearls from his own neck, and strings of pearls to the thousand boys, and to him and his retinue he granted the right to wait upon him without ceremony[20].

20. “The chameleon.”

Again, on a day the king went with the sage into the park; [346] when a chameleon, which lived on the top of the arched gateway, saw the king approach and came down and lay flat upon the ground. The king seeing this asked, “What is he doing, wise sir?” “Paying respect to you, sire.” “If so, let not his service be without reward; give him a largess.” “Sire, a largess is of no use to him; all he wants is something to eat.” “And what does he eat?” “Meat, sire.” “How much ought he to have?” “A farthing’s worth, sire.” “A farthing’s worth is no gift from a king,” said the king, and he sent a man with orders to bring regularly and give to the chameleon a half-anna’s worth of meat. This was done thereafter. But on a fast day, when there is no killing, the man could find no meat; so he bored a hole through the half-anna piece, and strung it upon a thread, and tied it upon the chameleon’s neck. This made the creature proud. That day the king again went into the park; but the chameleon as he saw the king draw near, in pride of wealth made himself equal to the king, thinking within himself—“You may be very rich, Vedeha, but so am I.” So he did not come down, but lay still on the archway, stroking his head. The king seeing this said, “Wise sir, this creature does not come down to-day as usual; what is the reason?” and he recited the first stanza:

"Yon chameleon used not to climb upon the archway: explain, Mahosadha,
why the chameleon has become stiff-necked."

The sage perceived that the man must have been unable to find meat on this fast day when there was no killing, and that the creature must have become proud because of the coin hung about his neck; so he recited this stanza:

"The chameleon has got what he never had before, a half-anna piece; hence
he despises Vedeha lord of Mithilā."

[347] The king sent for the man and questioned him, and he told him all about it truly. Then he was more than ever pleased with the sage, who (it seemed) knew the idea of the chameleon, without asking any questions, with a wisdom like the supreme wisdom of a Buddha; so he gave him the revenue taken at the four gates. Being angry with the chameleon, he thought of discontinuing the gift, but the sage told him that it was unfitting and dissuaded him[21].

21. “Good and Bad Luck.”

Now a lad Piṅguttara living in Mithilā came to Takkasilā, and studied under a famous teacher, and soon completed his education; then after diligent study he proposed to take leave of his teacher and go. But in this teacher’s family there was a custom, that if there should be a daughter ripe for marriage she should be given to the eldest pupil. This teacher had a daughter beautiful as a nymph divine, so he said, “My son, I will give you my daughter and you shall take her with you.” Now this lad was unfortunate and unlucky, but the girl was very lucky. When he saw her he did not care for her; but though he said so, he agreed, not wishing to disregard his master’s words, and the brahmin married the daughter to him. Night came, when he lay upon the prepared bed; no sooner had she got into the bed than up he got groaning and lay down upon the floor. She got out and lay beside him, then he got up and went to bed again; when she came into the bed again he got out—for ill luck cannot mate with good luck. So the girl stayed in bed and he stayed on the ground. Thus they spent seven days. Then he took leave of his teacher and departed taking her with him. On the road there was not so much as an exchange of talk between them. Both unhappy they came to Mithilā. Not far from the town, Piṅguttara saw a fig-tree covered with fruit, and being hungry he climbed up and ate some of the figs. The girl also being hungry came to the foot of the tree and called out—“Throw down some fruit for me too.” “What!” says he, “have you no hands or feet? Climb up and get it yourself.” She climbed up also and ate. No sooner did he see that she had climbed than he came down quickly, [348] and piled thorns around the tree, and made off saying to himself—“I have got rid of the miserable woman at last.” She could not get down, but remained sitting where she was. Now the king, who had been amusing himself in the forest, was coming back to town on his elephant in the evening time when he saw her, and fell in love; so he sent to ask had she a husband or no. She replied, “Yes, I have a husband to whom my family gave me; but he has gone away and left

me here alone." The courtier told this tale to the king, who said, "Treasure trove belongs to the Crown." She was brought down and placed on the elephant and conveyed to the palace, where she was sprinkled with the water of consecration as his queen consort. Dear and darling she was to him; and the name Udumbarā or Queen Fig was given to her because he first saw her upon a fig-tree.

One day after this, they who dwelt by the city gate had to clean the road for the king to go disporting into his park; and Piṅguttara, who had to earn his living, tucked up his clothes and set to work clearing the road with a hoe. Before the road was clean the king with Queen Udumbarā came along in a chariot; and the queen seeing the wretch clearing the road could not restrain her triumph, but smiled to see the wretch there. The king was angry to see her smile, and asked why she did so. "My lord," she said, "that road-cleaner fellow is my former husband, who made me climb up the fig-tree and then piled thorns about it and left me; when I saw him I could not help feeling triumphant at my good fortune, and smiled to see the wretch there." The king said, "You lie, you laughed at someone else, and I will kill you!" And he drew his sword. She was alarmed and said, "Sire, pray ask your wise men!" The king asked Senaka whether he believed her. "No, my lord, I do not," said Senaka, "for who would leave such a woman if he once possest her?" When she heard this she was more frightened than ever. But the king thought, "What does Senaka know about it? I will ask the sage"; and asked him reciting this stanza[22]:

"Should a woman be virtuous and fair, and a man not desire her—do you believe it Mahosadha?"

[349] The sage replied:

"O king, I do believe it: the man would be an unlucky wretch; good luck and ill luck never can mate together."

These words allayed the king's anger, and his heart was calmed, and much pleased he said, "O wise man! if you had not been here, I

should have trusted the words of that fool Senaka and lost this precious woman: you have saved me my queen." He recompensed the sage with a thousand pieces of money. Then the queen said to the king respectfully, "Sire, it is all through this wise man that my life has been saved; grant me the boon, that I may treat him as my youngest brother." "Yes, my queen, I consent, the boon is granted." "Then, my lord, from this day I will eat no dainties without my brother, from this day in season and out of season my door shall be open to send him sweet food—this boon I crave." "You may have this boon also, my lady," quoth the king. Here endeth the Question of Good and Bad Luck[23].

22. “The goat and the dog.”

Another day, the king after breakfast was walking up and down in the long walk when he saw through a doorway a goat and a dog making friends. Now this goat was in the habit of eating the grass thrown to the elephants beside their stable before they touched it; the elephant-keepers beat it and drove it away; and as it ran away bleating, one man ran quickly after and struck it on the back with a stick. The goat with its back humped in pain went and lay down by the great wall of the palace, on a bench. Now there was a dog which had fed all its days upon the bones, skin, and refuse of the royal kitchen. That same day the cook had finished preparing the food, and had dished it up, and while he was wiping the sweat off his body the dog could no longer bear the smell of the meat and fish, and entered the kitchen, pushed off the cover [350] and began eating the meat. But the cook hearing the noise of the dishes ran in and saw the dog: he clapt to the door and beat it with sticks and stones. The dog dropt the meat from his mouth and ran off yelping; and the cook seeing him run, ran after and struck him full on the back with a stick. The dog humping his back and holding up one leg came to the place where the goat was lying. Then the goat said, “Friend, why do you hump your back? Are you suffering from colic?” The dog replied, “You are humping your back too, have you an attack of colic?” He told his tale. Then the goat added, “Well, can you ever go to the kitchen again?” “No, it is as much as my life’s worth.—Can you go to the stable again?” “No more than you, ’tis as much as my life’s worth.” Well, they began to wonder how they could live. Then the goat said, “If we could manage to live together I have an idea.” “Pray tell it.” “Well, sir, you must go to the stable; the elephant-keepers will take no notice of you, for (think they) he eats no grass; and you must bring me my grass. I will go to the kitchen, and the cook will take no notice of me, thinking that I eat no meat, so I will bring you your meat.” “That’s a good plan,” said the other, and they made a bargain of it: the dog went to the stable and brought a bundle of grass in his teeth and laid it beside

the great wall; the other went to the kitchen and brought away a great lump of meat in his mouth to the sane place. The dog ate the meat and the goat ate the grass; and so by this device they lived together in harmony by the great wall. When the king saw their friendship he thought—"Never have I seen such a thing before. Here are two natural enemies living in friendship together. I will put this in the form of a question to my wise men; those who cannot understand it I will banish from the realm, and if anyone guesses it [351] I will declare him the sage incomparable and shew him all honour. There is no time to-day; but to-morrow when they come to wait upon me I will ask them the question. So next day when the wise men had come to wait upon him, he put his question in these words:

"Two natural enemies, who never before in the world could come within seven paces of each other, have become friends and go inseparable. What is the reason?"

After this he added another stanza:

"If this day before noon you cannot solve me this question, I will banish you all. I have no need of ignorant men."

Now Senaka was seated in the first seat, the sage in the last; and thought the sage to himself, "This king is too slow of wit to have thought out this question by himself, he must have seen something. If I can get one day's grace I will solve the riddle. Senaka is sure to find some means to postpone it for a day." And the other four wise men could see nothing, being like men in a dark room: Senaka looked at the Bodhisat to see what he would do, the Bodhisat looked at Senaka. By the way Mahosadha looked Senaka perceived his state of mind; he sees that even this wise man does not understand the question, he cannot answer it to-day but wants a day's grace; he would fulfil this wish. So he laughed loudly in a reassuring manner and said, "What, sire, you will banish us all if we cannot answer your question?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, you know that it is a knotty question, and we cannot solve

it; do but wait a little. A knotty question cannot be solved in a crowd. We will think it over, and afterwards [352] explain it to you. So let us have a chance." So he said relying on the Great Being, and then recited these two stanzas:

"In a great crowd, where is a great din of people assembled, our minds are distracted, our thoughts cannot concentrate, and we cannot solve the question. But alone, calm in thought, apart they will go and ponder on the matter, in solitude grappling with it firmly, then they will solve it for thee, O lord of men."

The king, exasperated though he was at his speech, said, threatening them, "Very well, think it over and tell me; if you do not, I will banish you." The four wise men left the palace, and Senaka said to the others, "Friends, a delicate question this which the king has put; if we cannot solve it there is great fear for us. So take a good meal and reflect carefully." After this they went each to his own house. The sage on his part rose and sought out Queen Udumbarā, and to her he said, "O queen, where was the king most of to-day and yesterday?" "Walking up and down the long walk, good sir, and looking out of the window." "Ah," thought the Bodhisat, "he must have seen something there." So he went to the place and looked out and saw the doings of the goat and the dog. "The king's question is solved!" he concluded, and home he went. The three others found out nothing, and came to Senaka, who asked, "Have you found out the question?" "No, master." "If so, the king will banish you, and what will you do?" "But you have found it out?" "Indeed no, not I." "If you cannot find it out, how can we? We roared like lions before the king, and said, Let us think and we will solve it; and now if we cannot, he will be angry. What are we to do?" "This question is not for us to solve: [353] no doubt the sage has solved it in a hundred ways." "Then let us go to him." So they came all four to the Bodhisat's door, and sent to announce their coming, and entering spoke politely to him; then standing on one side they asked the Great Being, "Well, sir, have you thought out the question?" "If I have not, who will? Of course I

have." "Then tell us too." He thought to himself, "If I do not tell them, the king will banish them, and will honour me with the seven precious things. But let not these fools perish—I will tell them." So he made them sit down on low seats, and to uplift their hands in salutation, and without telling them what the king had really seen, he composed four stanzas, and taught them one each in the Pāli language, to recite when the king should ask them, and sent them away. Next day they went to wait on the king, and sat where they were told to sit, and the king asked Senaka, "Have you solved the question, Senaka?" "Sire, if I do not know it who can?" "Tell me, then." "Listen, my lord," and he recited a stanza as he had been taught:

"Young beggars and young princes like and delight in ram's[24] flesh; dog's flesh they do not eat. Yet there might be friendship betwixt ram and dog."

Although Senaka recited the stanza he did not know its meaning; but the king did because he had seen the thing. "Senaka has found it out," he thought; and then turned to Pukkusa and asked him. "What? am not I a wise man?" asked Pukkusa, and recited his stanza as he had been taught:

"They take off a goatskin to cover the horse's back withal, but a dogskin they do not use for covering: yet there might be friendship betwixt ram and dog."

[354] Neither did he understand the matter, but the king thought he did because he had seen the thing. Then he asked Kāvinda and he also recited his stanza:

"Twisted horns hath a ram, the dog hath none at all; one eateth grass, one flesh: yet there might be friendship betwixt ram and dog."

“He has found it out too,” thought the king, and passed on to Devinda; who with the others recited his stanza as he had been taught:

“Grass and leaves Both the ram eat, the dog neither grass nor leaves; the dog would take a hare or a cat: yet there might be friendship betwixt ram and dog.”

Next the king questioned the sage: “My son, do you understand this question?” “Sire, who else can understand it from Avīci to Bhavagga, from lowest hell to highest heaven?” “Tell me, then.” “Listen, sire”; and he made clear his knowledge of the fact by reciting these two stanzas:

“The ram, with eight half-feet on his four feet, and eight hooves, unobserved, brings meat for the other, and he brings grass for him[25]. The chief of Videha, the lord of men, on his terrace beheld with his own eyes the interchange of food given by each to the other, between bow-wow and full-mouth.”

[355] The king, not knowing that the others had their knowledge through the Bodhisat, was delighted to think that all five had found out the riddle each by his own wisdom, and recited this stanza:

“No small gain is it that I have men so wise in my house. A matter profound and subtile they have penetrated with noble speech, the clever men!”

So he said to them, “One good turn deserves another,” and made his return in the following stanza:

“To each I give a chariot and a she-mule, to each a rich village, very choice, these I give to all the wise men, delighted at their noble speech.”

All this he gave. Here endeth the Question of the Goat in the Twelfth Book[26].

But Queen Udumbarā knew that the others had got their knowledge of the question through the sage; and thought she, “The king has given the same reward to all five, like a man who makes no difference between peas and beans. Surely my brother should have had a special reward.” So she went and asked the king, “Who discovered the riddle for you, sir?” “The five wise men, madam.” “But my lord, through whom did the four get their knowledge?” “I do not know, madam.” “Sire, what do those men know! It was the sage—who wished that these fools should not be ruined through him, and taught them the problem. [356] Then you give the same reward to them all. That is not right; you should make a distinction for the sage.” The king was pleased that the sage had not revealed that they had their knowledge through him, and being desirous of giving him an exceeding great reward, he thought, “Never mind: I will ask my son another question, and when he replies, I will give him a great reward.” Thinking of this he hit on the Question of Poor and Rich.

23. “Rich and Poor.”

One day, when the five wise men had come to wait upon him, and when they were comfortably seated, the king said, “Senaka, I will ask a question.” “Do, sire.” Then he recited the first stanza in the Question of Poor and Rich:

“Endowed with wisdom and bereft of wealth, or wealthy and without wisdom—I ask you this question, Senaka: Which of these two do clever men call the better?”

Now this question had been handed down from generation to generation in Senaka’s family, so he replied at once:

“Verily, O king, wise men and fools, men educated or uneducated, do service to the wealthy, although they be high-born and he be base-born. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, and the wealthy is better.”

The king listened to this answer; then without asking the other three, he said to the sage Mahosadha who sat by:

“Thee also I ask, lofty in wisdom, Mahosadha, who knowest all the Law: A fool with wealth or a wise man with small store, which of the two do clever men call the better?”

[357] Then the Great Being replied, "Hear, O king:

“The fool commits sinful acts, thinking ”In this world I am the better“; he looks at this world and not at the next, and gets the worst of it in both. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool.”

This said, the king looked at Senaka: “Well, you see Mahosadha says the wise man is the best.” Senaka said, “Your majesty, Mahosadha is a child; even now his mouth smells of milk. What can he know?” and he recited this stanza:

“Science does not give riches, nor does family or personal beauty. Look at that idiot Gorimanda greatly prospering, because Luck favours the wretch[27]. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the wealthy is better.”

[358] Hearing this the king said, “What now, Mahosadha my son?” He answered, “My lord, what does Senaka know? He is like a crow where rice is scattered, like a dog trying to lap up milk: sees himself but sees not the stick which is ready to fall upon his head. Listen, my lord,” and he recited this stanza:

“He that is small of wit, when he gets wealth, is intoxicated: struck by misfortune he becomes stupefied: struck by ill luck or good luck as chance may come, he writhes like a fish in the hot sun. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool.”

“Now then, master!” said the king on hearing this. Senaka said, “My lord, what does he know? Not to speak of men, it is the fine tree full of fruit which the birds go after,” and he recited this stanza:

“As in the forest, the birds gather from all quarters to the tree which has sweet fruit, so to the rich man who has treasure and wealth crowds flock together for their profit. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the wealthy is the better.”

“Well, my son, what now?” the king asked. The sage answered, “What does that pot-belly know? Listen, my lord,” and he recited this stanza:

“The powerful fool does not well to win treasure by violence; roar loud as he will, they[28] drag the simpleton off to hell. [359] Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool.”

Again the king said, “Well, Senaka?” to which Senaka replied:

“Whatsoever streams pour themselves into the Ganges, all these lose name and kind. The Ganges falling into the sea, is no longer to be distinguished. So the world is devoted to wealth. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the rich is better.”

Again the king said, “Well, sage?” and he answered, “Hear, O king!” with a couple of stanzas:

“This mighty ocean of which he spoke, whereinto always flow rivers innumerable, this sea beating incessantly on the shore can never pass over it, mighty ocean though it be. So it is with the chatterings of the fool: his prosperity cannot overpass the wise. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the prosperous fool.”

[360] “Well, Senaka?” said the king. “Hear, O king!” said he, and recited this stanza:

“A wealthy man in high position may lack all self-control, but if he says anything to others, his word has weight in the midst of his kinsfolk; but wisdom has not that effect for the man without wealth. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the rich is better.”

“Well, my son?” said the king again. “Listen, sire! what does that stupid Senaka know?” and he recited this stanza:

“For another’s sake or his own the fool and small of wit speaks falsely; he is put to shame in the midst of company, and hereafter he goeth to misery. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool.”

Then Senaka recited a stanza:

“Even if one be of great wisdom, but without rice[29] or grain, and needy, should he say anything, his word has no weight in the midst of his kinsfolk, [361] and prosperity does not come to a man for his knowledge. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the rich is better.”

Again the king said, “What say you to that, my son?” And the sage replied, “What does Senaka know? he looks at this world, not the next,” and he recited this stanza:

“Not for his own sake nor another’s does the man of great wisdom speak a lie; he is honoured in the midst of the assembly, and hereafter he goes; r happiness. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool.”

Then Senaka recited a stanza:

“Elephants, kine, horses, jewelled earrings, women, are found in rich families; these all are for the enjoyment of the rich man without supernatural power. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the rich is better.”

The sage said, “What does he know?” and continuing to explain the matter he recited this stanza:

“The fool, who does thoughtless acts and speaks foolish words, the unwise, is cast off by Fortune as a snake casts the old skin. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool.”

[362] “What now?” asked the king then; and Senaka said, “My lord, what can this little boy know? Listen!” and he recited this stanza, thinking that he would silence the sage:

“We are five wise men, venerable sir, all waiting upon you with gestures of respect; and you are our lord and master, like Sakka, lord

of all creatures, king of the gods. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the rich is better."

When the king heard this he thought, "That was neatly said of Senaka; I wonder whether my son will be able to refute it and to say something else." So he asked him, "Well, wise sir, what now?" But this argument of Senaka's there was none able to refute except the Bodhisat; so the Great Being refuted it by saying, "Sire, what does this fool know? He only looks at himself and knows not the excellence of wisdom. Listen, sire," and he recited this stanza:

"The wealthy fool is but the slave of a wise man, when questions of this kind arise; when the sage solves it cleverly, then the fool falls into confusion. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool."

As if he drew forth golden sand from the foot of Sineru, as though he bought the full moon up in the sky, so did he set forth this argument, so did the Great Being shew his wisdom. Then the king said to Senaka, "Well, Senaka, cap that if you can!" But like one who had used up all the corn in his granary, he sat without answer, disturbed, [363] grieving.

If he could have produced another argument, even a thousand stanzas would not[30] have finished this Birth. But when he remained without an answer, the Great Being went on with this stanza in praise of wisdom, as though he poured out a deep flood:

"Verily wisdom is esteemed of the good; wealth is beloved because men are devoted to enjoyment. The knowledge of the Buddhas is incomparable, and wealth never surpasses wisdom."

Hearing this the king was so pleased with the Great Being's solution of the question, that he rewarded him with riches in a great shower, and recited a stanza:

“Whatsoever I asked he has answered me, Mahosadha[31] the only preacher of the Law. A thousand kine, a bull and an elephant, and ten chariots drawn by thorobreds, and sixteen excellent villages, here I give thee, pleased with thy answer to the question[32].”

Here endeth the Question of Rich and Poor (Book XX).

24. “The Secret Path.”

From that day the Bodhisat’s glory was great, and Queen Udumbarā managed it all. When he was sixteen she thought: “My young brother has grown up, and great is his glory; we must find a wife for him.” This she said to the king, and the king was well pleased. “Very good,” said he, “tell him.” [364] She told him, and he agreed, and she said, “Then let us find you a bride, my son.” The Great Being thought, “I should never be satisfied if they choose me a wife; I will find one for myself.” And he said, “Madam, do not tell the king for a few days, and I will go seek a wife to suit my taste, and then I will tell you.” “Do so, my son,” she replied. He took leave of the queen, and went to his house, and informed his companions. Then he got by some means the outfit of a tailor, and alone went out by the northern gate into North Town. Now in that place was an ancient and decayed merchant-family, and in this family was a daughter, the lady Amarā, a beautiful girl, wise, and with all the marks of good luck. That morning early, this girl had set out to the place where her father was plowing, to bring him rice-gruel which she had cooked, and it so happened that she went by the same road. When the Great Being saw her coming he thought, “A woman with all lucky marks! If she is unwed she must be my wife.” She also when she beheld him thought, “If I could live in the house of such a man, I might restore my family.” The Great Being thought, “Whether she be wed or not I do not know: I will ask her by hand-gesture, and if she be wise she will understand.” So standing afar off he clenched his fist. She understood that he was asking whether she had a husband, and spread out her hand. Then he went up to her, and asked her name. She said, “My name is that which neither is, nor was, nor ever shall be.” “Madam, there is nothing in the world immortal, and your name must be Amarā, the Immortal.” “Even so, master.” “For whom, madam, do you carry that gruel?” “For the god of old time.” “Gods of old time are one’s parents[33], and no doubt you mean your father.” “So it must be, master.” “What does your

father do?" "He makes two out of one." Now the making two out of one is plowing. "He is plowing, madam." [365] "Even so, master." "And where is your father plowing?" "Where those who go come not again." "The place whence those who go come not again is the cemetery: he is plowing then near a cemetery." "Even so, master." "Will you[34] come again to-day, madam?" "If a come I will not come[35], if a come not I will come." "Your father, methinks, madam, is plowing by a riverside, and if the flood come you will not come, if it come not you will." After this interchange of talk, the lady Amarā offered him a drink of the gruel. The Great Being, thinking it ungracious to refuse, said he would like some. Then she put down the jar of gruel; and the Great Being thought, "If she offer it to me without first washing the pot and giving me water to wash my hands, I will leave her and go." But she took up water in the pot and offered him water for washing, placed the pot empty upon the ground not in his hands, stirred up the gruel in the jar, filled the pot with it. But there was not much rice in it, and the Great Being said, "Why, madam, there is very little rice here!" "We got no water, master." "You mean when your field was in growth, you got no water upon it." "Even so, master." So she kept some gruel for her father, and gave some to the Bodhisat. He drank, and gargled his mouth, and said, "Madam, I will go to your house; kindly shew me the way." She did so by reciting a stanza which is given in the First Book:

"By the way of the cakes and gruel, and the double-leaf tree in flower, by the hand wherewith I eat I bid thee go, not by that wherewith I eat not: that is the way to the market-town, that secret path you must find[36]."

Here endeth the Question of the Secret Path.

25. "The Sage who took a wife."

[366] He reached the house by the way indicated; and Amarā's mother saw him and gave him a seat. "May I offer you some gruel, master?" she asked. "Thank you, mother—sister Amarā gave me a little." She at once recognized that he must have come on her daughter's account.

The Great Being, when he saw their poverty, said, "Mother, I am a tailor: have you anything to mend?" "Yes, master, but nothing to pay." "There is no need to pay, mother; bring the things and I will mend them." She brought him some old clothes, and each as she brought it the Bodhisat mended. The wise man's business always goes well, you know. He said then, "Go tell the people in the street." She published it abroad in the village; and in one day by his tailoring the Great Being earned a thousand pieces of money. The old dame cooked him a midday meal, and in the evening asked how much she should cook. "Enough, mother, for all those who live in this house." She cooked a quantity of rice with some curry and condiments.

Now Amarā in the evening came back from the forest, bearing a faggot of wood upon her head and leaves on her hip. She threw down the wood before the front door and came in by the back door. Her father returned later. The Great Being ate of a tasteful meal; the girl served her parents before herself eating, washed their feet and the Bodhisat's feet. For several days he lived there watching her. Then one day to test her, he said, "My dear Amarā, take half a measure of rice and with it make me gruel, a cake, and boiled rice." She agreed at once; and husked the rice; with the big grains she made gruel, the middling grains she boiled, and made a cake with the little ones, adding the suitable condiments. She gave the gruel with its condiments to the Great Being; [367] he no sooner took a mouthful of it than he felt its choice flavour thrill through him: nevertheless to test

her he said, “Madam, if you don't know how to cook why did you spoil my rice?” and spat it out on the ground. But she was not angry; only gave him the cake, saying, “If the gruel is not good eat the cake.” He did the same with that, and again rejecting the boiled rice, said, “If you don't know how to cook why did you waste my property?” As though angry he mixed all three together and smeared them all over her body from the head downwards, and told her to sit at the door. “Very good, master,” she said, not angry at all, and did so. Finding that there was no pride in her he said, “Come here, madam.” At the first word she came.

When the Great Being came, he had brought with him a thousand rupees and a dress in his betel-nut-bag. Now he took out this dress and placed it in her hands, saying, “Madam, bathe with your companions and put on this dress and come to me.” She did so. The sage gave her parents all the money he had brought or earned, and comforted them, and took her back to the town with him. There to test her he made her sit down in the gatekeeper’s house, and telling the gatekeeper’s wife of his plans, went to his own house. Then he sent for some of his men, and said, “I have left a woman in such and such a house; take a thousand pieces of money with you and test her.” He gave them the money and sent them away. They did as they were bid. She refused, saying, “That is not worth the dust on my master’s feet.” The men came back and told the result. He sent them again, and a third time; and the fourth time he bade them drag her away by force. They did so, and when she saw the Great Being in all his glory she did not know him, but smiled and wept at the same time as she looked at him. He asked her why she did this. She replied, “Master, I smiled when I beheld your magnificence, and thought that this magnificence was not given you without cause, but for some good deed in a former life: see the fruit of goodness! I thought, and I smiled. But I wept to think that now you would sin against the property which another watched and tended, [368] and would go to hell: in pity for that I wept.” After this test he knew her chastity, and

sent her back to the same place. Putting on his tailor's disguise, he went back to her and there spent the night.

Next morning he repaired to the palace and told Queen Udumbarā all about it; she informed the king, and adorning Amarā with all kinds of ornaments, and seated her in a great chariot, and with great honour brought her to the Great Being's house, and made a gala day. The king sent the Bodhisat a gift worth a thousand pieces of money: all the people of the town sent gifts from the doorkeepers onwards. Lady Amarā divided the gifts sent by the king into halves, and sent one portion back to the king; in the same way she divided all the gifts sent to her by the citizens, and returned half, thus winning the hearts of the people. From that time the Great Being lived with her in happiness, and instructed the king in things temporal and spiritual.

One day Senaka said to the other three who had come to see him, "Friends, we are not enough for this common man's son Mahosadha; and now he has gotten him a wife cleverer than himself. Can we find a means to make a breach between him and the king?" "What do we know, sir teacher—you must decide." "Well, never mind, there is a way. I will steal the jewel from the royal crest; you, Pukkusa, take his golden necklace; you, Kāvinda, take his woollen robe; you, Devinda, his golden slipper." They all four found a way to do these things. Then Senaka said, "We must now get them into the fellow's house without his knowledge." So Senaka put the jewel in a pot of dates and sent it by a slave-girl, saying, "If anyone else wants to have this pot of dates, refuse, but give them pot and all to the people in Mahosadha's house." She took it and went to the sage's house, and walked up and down crying, "D'ye lack dates?" But the lady Amarā standing by the door saw this: she noticed that the girl went nowhere else, there must be something behind it; so making a sign for her servants to approach, she cried herself to the girl, "Come here, girl, I will take the dates." [369] When she came, the mistress called for her servants, but none answered, so she sent the girl to fetch them. While she was gone Amarā put her hand into the pot and found the jewel.

When the girl returned Amarā asked her, “Whose servant are you, girl?” “Pandit Senaka’s maid.” Then she enquired her name and her mother’s name and said, “Well, give me some dates.” “If you want it, mother, take it pot and all—I want no payment.” “You may go, then,” said Amarā, and sent her away. Then she wrote down on a leaf, “On such a day of such a month the teacher Senaka sent a jewel from the king’s crest for a present by the hand of such and such a girl.” Pukkusa sent the golden necklet hidden in a casket of jasmine flowers; Kāvinda sent the robe in a basket of vegetables; Devinda sent the golden slipper in a bundle of straw. She received them all and put down names and all on a leaf, which she put away, telling the Great Being about it. Then those four men went to the palace, and said, “Why, my lord! won't you wear your jewelled crest?” “Yes, I will—fetch it,” said the king. But they could not find the jewel or the other things. Then the four said, “My lord, your ornaments are in Mahosadha’s house, and he uses them: that common man’s son is your enemy!” So they slandered him. Then his well-wishers went and told Mahosadha; and he said, “I will go to the king and find out.” He waited upon the king, who was angry and said, “I know him not! what does he want here?” He would not grant him an audience. When the sage learnt that the king was angry he returned home. The king sent to seize him; which the sage hearing from well-wishers indicated to Amarā that it was time he departed. So he escaped out of the city in disguise to South Town where he plied the trade of a potter in a potter’s house. All the city was full of the news that he had run away. Senaka and the other three hearing that he was gone, each unknown to the rest sent a letter to the lady Amarā, to this effect: “Never mind: are we not wise men?” [370] She took all four letters, and answered to each that he should come at such a time. When they came, she had them clean shaven with razors, and threw them into the jakes, and tormented them sore, and wrapping them up in rolls of matting sent word to the king. Taking them and the four precious things together she went to the king’s courtyard and there greeting him said: “My lord, the wise Mahosadha is no thief; here are the thieves. Senaka

stole the jewel, Pukkusa stole the golden necklace, Devinda stole the golden slipper: on such a day of such a month by the hand of such and such a slave-girl these four were sent as presents. Look at this leaf. Take what is yours, and cast out the thieves." And thus heaping contumely on these four persons she returned home. But the king was perplext about this, and since the Bodhisat had gone and there were no other wise men he said nothing, but told them to bathe and go home.

26. "The Goddess and the Firefly"

Now the deity that dwelt in the royal parasol no longer hearing the voice of the Bodhisat's discourse wondered what might be the cause, and when she had found it out determined to bring the sage back. So at night she appeared through a hole in the circuit of the parasol, and asked the king four questions which are found in the Questions of the Goddess, Book IV[37], the verses beginning "He strikes with hands and feet." The king could not answer, and said so, but offered to ask his wise men, asking a day's delay. Next day he sent a message summoning them, but they replied, "We are ashamed to shew ourselves in the street, shaven as we are." So he sent them four skullcaps to wear on their heads. (That is the origin of these caps, so they say.) Then they came, and sat where they were invited to go, and the king said, "Senaka, last night the deity that dwells in my parasol asked me four questions, which I could not solve but said I would ask my wise men. Pray solve them for me." And then he recited the first stanza:

"He strikes with hands and feet, and beats on the face; yet, O king, he is dear, and grows dearer than a husband[38]."

Senaka stammered out whatever came first, "Strikes how, strikes whom," [371] and could make neither head nor tail of it; the others were all dumb. The king was full of distress. When again at night the goddess asked whether he had found out the riddle, he said, "I asked my four wise men, and not even they could say." She replied, "What do they know? Save wise Mahosadha there is none can solve it. If you do not send for him and get him to solve these questions, I will cleave your head with this fiery blade." After thus frightening him she went on: "O king, when you want fire don't blow a firefly, and when you want milk don't milk a horn." Then she repeated the Firefly Question[39] of the Fifth Book:

“When light is extinguisht, who that goes in search of fire ever thinks a firefly to be fire, if he sees it at night? If he crumbles over it cow-dung and grass, it is a foolish idea; he cannot make it burn. So also a beast gets no benefit by wrong means, if it milks a cow by the horn where milk will not flow. By many means men obtain benefit, by punishment of enemies and kindness shown to friends. By winning over the chiefs of the army, and by the counsel of friends, the lords of the earth possess the earth and the fulness thereof.”

[372] “They are not like you, blowing at a firefly in the belief that it is a fire: you are like one blowing at a firefly when fire is at hand, like one who throws down the balance and weighs with the hand, like one who wants milk and milks the horn, when you ask deep questions of Senaka and the like of him. What do they know? Like fireflies are they, like a great flaming fire is Mahosadha blazing with wisdom. If you do not find out this question, you are a dead man.” Having thus terrified the king, she disappeared[40].

Hereat the king, smitten with mortal fear, sent out the next day four of his courtiers, with orders to mount each in a chariot, and to go forth from the four gates of the city, and wheresoever they should find his son, the wise Mahosadha, to shew him all honour and speedily to bring him back. Three of these found not the sage; but the fourth who went out by south gate found the Great Being in the South Town, who, after fetching clay and turning his master’s wheel, sat all clay-besmeared on a bundle of straw eating balls of rice dipt in a little soup. Now the reason why he did so was this: he thought that the king might suspect him of desiring to grasp the sovereign power, but if he heard that he was living by the craft of a potter this suspicion would be put away. When he perceived the courtier he knew that the man had come for himself; he understood that his prosperity would be restored, and he should eat all manner of choice food prepared by the lady Amarā: so he dropt the ball of rice which he held, stood up, and rinsed his mouth. At that moment up came the courtier: now this was one of Senaka’s faction, so he addrest him rudely as follows: “Wise

Teacher, what Senaka said was useful information. Your prosperity gone, all your wisdom was unavailing; and now there you sit all besmeared with clay on a truss of straw, eating food like that!" and he recited this stanza from the Bhūri-pañha or Question of Wisdom, Book X[41]:

[373] "Is it true, as they say, that you are one of profound wisdom? So great prosperity, cleverness, and intelligence does not serve you, thus brought to insignificance, while you eat a little soup like that."

Then the Great Being said, "Blind fool! By power of my wisdom when I want to restore that prosperity I will do it "; and he recited a couple of stanzas.

"I make weal ripen by woe, I discriminate between seasonable and unseasonable times, hiding at my own will; I unlock the doors of profit; therefore I am content with boiled rice. When I perceive the time for an effort, maturing my profit by my designs, I will bear myself valiantly like a lion, and by that mighty power you shall see me again."

Then the courtier said: "Wise sir, the deity who lives in the parasol has put a question to the king, and the king asked the four wise men,—not a wise man of them could solve it! Therefore the king has sent me for you." [374] "In that case," said the Great Being, "do you not see the power of wisdom? At such a time prosperity is of no use, but only one who is wise." Thus he praised wisdom. Then the courtier handed over to the Great Being the thousand pieces of money and the suit of clothes provided by the king, that he might bathe him and dress at once. The potter was terrified to think that Mahosadha the sage had been his workman, but the Great Being consoled him, saying, "Fear not, my master, you have been of great help to me." Then he gave him a thousand pieces; and with the mud-stains yet upon him mounted in the chariot and went to town. The courtier told the king of his arrival. "Where did you find the sage, my son?" "My

lord, he was earning his livelihood as a potter in the South Town; but as soon as he heard that you had sent for him, without bathing, the mud yet staining his body, he came." The king thought, "If he were my enemy he would have come with pomp and retinue; he is not my enemy." Then he gave orders to take him to his house, and bathe him, and adorn him, and to bid him come back with the pomp that should be provided. This was done. He returned, and entered, and gave the king greeting, and stood on one side. The king spoke kindly to him, then to test him said this stanza:

"Some do no sin because they are wealthy, but others do no sin for fear of the taint of blame. You are able, if your mind desired much wealth. Why do you not do me harm?"

The Bodhisat said:

"Wise men do not sinful deeds for the sake of the pleasure that wealth gives. [375] Good men, even though struck by misfortune and brought low, neither for friendship nor for enmity will renounce the right."

Again the king recited this stanza, the mysterious saying of a Khattiya[42]:

"He who for any cause, small or great, should upraise himself from a low place, thereafter would walk in righteousness."

And the Great Being recited this stanza with an illustration of a tree:

"From off a tree beneath whose shade a man should sit and rest,
'Twere treachery to lop a branch. False friends we do detest[43]."

Then he went on: "Sire, if it is treachery to lop a branch from a tree which one has used, what are we to say of one who kills a man? Your majesty has given my father great wealth, and has shewn me great favour: how could I be so treacherous as to injure you?" Thus having

demonstrated altogether his loyalty he reproached the king for his fault:

“When any man has disclosed the right to any, or has cleared his doubts, the other becomes his protection and refuge; and a wise man will not destroy this friendship.”

Now admonishing the king he said these two stanzas[44]:

"The idle sensual layman I detest,
The false ascetic is a rogue confest.

A bad king will a case unheard decide;
Wrath in the sage can ne’er be justified.
[376] The warrior prince takes careful thought, and well-weighed verdict gives,
When kings their judgment ponder well, their fame for ever lives[45]."

When he had thus said, the king caused the Great Being to sit on the royal throne under the white parasol outspread, and himself sitting on a low seat he said: “Wise sir, the deity who dwells in the white parasol asked me four questions. I consulted the four wise men and they could not find them out: solve me the questions, my son!” “Sire, be it the deity of the parasol, or be they the four great kings, or be they who they may; let who will ask a question and I will answer it.” So the king put the question as the goddess had done, and said:

“He strikes with hands and feet, he beats the face; and he, O king, is dearer than a husband.”

When the Great Being had heard the question, the meaning became as clear as though the moon had risen in the sky. “Listen, O king!” he said, “When a child on the mother’s lap happy and playful beats his mother with hands and feet, pulls her hair, beats her face with his fist, she says, Little rogue, why do you beat me? And in love she presses him close to her breast unable to restrain her affection, and kisses

him; and at such a time he is dearer to her than his father." Thus did he make clear this question, as though he made the sun rise in the sky; and hearing this the goddess shewed half her body from the aperture in the royal parasol, and said in a sweet voice, "The question is well solved!" Then she presented the Great Being with a precious casket full of divine perfumes and flowers, and disappeared. The king also [377] presented him with flowers and so forth, and asked him the second question, reciting the second stanza:

"She abuses him roundly, yet wishes him to be near: and he, O king, is dearer than a husband."

The Great Being said, "Sire, the child of seven years, who can now do his mother's bidding, when he is told to go to the field or to the bazaar, says, If you will give me this or that sweetmeat I will go; she says, Here my son, and gives them; then he eats them and says, Yes, you sit in the cool shade of the house and I am to go out on your business! He makes a grimace, or mocks her with gestures, and won't go. She is angry, picks up a stick and cries—You eat what I give you and then won't do anything for me in the field! She scares him, off he runs at full speed; she cannot follow and cries—Get out, may the thieves chop you up into little bits! So she abuses him roundly as much as she will; but what her mouth speaks she does not wish at all, and so she wishes him to be near. He plays about the livelong day, and at evening not daring to come home he goes to the house of some kinsman. The mother watches the road for his coming, and sees him not, and thinking that he durst not return has her heart full of pain; with tears streaming from her eyes she searches the houses of her kinsfolk, and when she sees her son she hugs and kisses him and squeezes him tight with both arms, and loves him more than ever, as she cries, Did you take my words in earnest? Thus, sire, a mother ever loves her son more in the hour of anger." Thus he explained the second question: the goddess made him the same offering as before

and so did the king. Then the king asked him the third question in another stanza:

“She reviles him without cause, and without reason reproaches; yet he, O king, is dearer than a husband.”

The Great Being said, “Sire, when a pair of lovers in secret [378] enjoy their love’s delights, and one says to the other, You don't care for me, your heart is elsewhere I know! all false and without reason, chiding and reproaching each other, then they grow dearer to each other. That is the meaning of the question.” The goddess made the same offering as before, and so did the king; who then asked him another question, reciting the fourth stanza:

“One takes food and drink, clothes and lodging,—verily the good men carry them off: yet they, O king, are dearer than a husband.”

He replied, “Sire, this question has reference to righteous mendicant brahmins. Pious families that believe in this world and the next give to them and delight in giving: when they see such brahmins receiving what is given and eating it, and think, It is to us they came to beg, our own food which they eat—they increase affection towards them. Thus verily they take the things, and wearing on the shoulder what has been given, they become dear.” When this question had been answered the goddess exprest her approval by the same offering as before, and laid before the Great Being’s feet a precious casket full of the seven precious things, praying him to accept it; the king also delighted made him Commander in Chief. Henceforward great was the glory of the Great Being. Here endeth the Question of the Goddess[46].

27. “The five Wise Men.”

Again these four said, “This common fellow is waxen greater: what are we to do?” Senaka said to them, “All right, I know a plan. Let us go to the fellow and ask him, To whom is it right to tell a secret? If he says, To no one, we will speak against him to the king and say that he is a traitor.” So the four went to the wise man’s house, and greeted him, and said, “Wise sir, we want to ask you a question.” “Ask away,” said he. Senaka said, “Wise sir, wherein should a man be firmly established?” “In the truth.” “That done, [379] what is the next thing to do?” “He must make wealth.” “What next after that?” “He must learn good counsel.” “After that what next?” “He must tell no man his own secret.” “Thank you, sir,” they said, and went away happy, thinking, “This day we shall see the fellow’s back!” Then they entered the king’s presence and said to him, “Sire, the fellow is a traitor to you!”

The king replied, “I do not believe you, he will never be traitor to me.” “Believe it, sire, for it is true! but if you do not believe, then ask him to whom a secret ought to be told; if he is no traitor, he will say, To so and so; but if he is a traitor he will say, A secret should be told to no one; when your desire is fulfilled, then you may speak. Then believe us, and be suspicious no longer.” Accordingly one day when all were seated together he recited the first stanza of the Wise Man’s Question, Book XX[47]:

“The five wise men are now together, and a question occurs to me: listen. To whom should a secret be revealed, whether good or bad?”

This said, Senaka, thinking to bring the king over to their side, repeated this stanza:

“Do thou declare thy mind, O lord of the earth! thou art our supporter and bearest our burdens. The five clever men will understand thy wish and pleasure, and will then speak, O master of men!”

Then the king in his human infirmity recited this stanza:

“If a woman be virtuous, and faithful, subservient to her husband’s wish and will, affectionate, [380] a secret should be told whether good or bad to the wife.”

“Now the king is on my side!” thought Senaka, and pleased he repeated a stanza, explaining his own course of conduct:

“He who protects a sick man in distress and who is his refuge and support, may reveal to his friend a secret whether good or bad.”

Then the king asked Pukkusa: “How does it seem to you, Pukkusa? to whom should a secret be told? ” and Pukkusa recited this stanza:

“Old or young or betwixt, if a brother be virtuous and trusty, to such a brother a secret may be told whether good or bad.”

Next the king asked Kāvinda, and he recited this stanza:

“When a son is obedient to his father’s heart, a true son, of lofty wisdom, to that son a secret may be revealed whether good or bad.”

And then the king asked Devinda, who recited this stanza:

“O lord of men! if a mother cherishes her son with loving fondness, to his mother he may reveal a secret whether good or bad.”

[381] After asking them the king asked, “How do you look upon it, wise sir?” and he recited this stanza:

“Good is the secrecy of a secret, the revealing of a secret is not to be praised. The clever man should keep it to himself whilst it is not accomplished; but after it is done he may speak when he will.”

When the sage had said this the king was displeased: then the king looked at Senaka and Senaka looked at the king. This the Bodhisat saw, and recognized the fact, that these four had once before slandered him to the king, and that this question must have been put to test him. Now whilst they were talking the sun had set, and lamps had been lit. “Hard are the ways of kings,” thought he, “what will happen no one can tell; I must depart with speed.” So he rose from his seat, and greeted the king, and went away thinking, “Of these four, one said it should be told to a friend, one to a brother, one to a son, one to a mother: they must have done or seen something; or I think, they have heard others tell what they have seen. Well, well, I shall find out to-day.” Such was his thought. Now on other days, these four on coming out of the palace used to sit on a trough at the palace door, and talk of their plans before going home: so the sage thought that if he should hide beneath that trough he might learn their secrets. Lifting the trough accordingly, he caused a rug to be spread beneath it and crept in, giving directions to his men to fetch him when the four wise men had gone away after their talk. The men promised and departed. Meanwhile Senaka was saying to the king, “Sire, you do not believe us, [382] now what do you think?” The king accepted the word of these breedbates without investigation, and asked in terror, “What are we to do now, wise Senaka?” “Sire, without delay, without a word to anyone, he must be killed.” “O Senaka, no one cares for my interests but you. Take your friends with you and wait at the door, and in the morning when the fellow comes to wait upon me, cleave his head with a sword.” So saying he gave them his own precious sword. “Very good, my lord, fear nothing, we will kill him.” They went out saying, “We have seen the back of our enemy!” and sat down on the trough. Then Senaka said, “Friends, who shall strike the fellow?” The others said, “You, our teacher,” laying the task on him. Then Senaka said, “You said, friends, that a secret ought to be told to

such and such a person: was it something you had done, or seen, or heard?" "Never mind that, teacher: when you said that a secret might be told to a friend, was that something which you had done?" "What does that matter to you?" he asked. "Pray tell us, teacher," they repeated. He said, "If the king come to know this secret, my life would be forfeit." "Do not fear, teacher, there's no one here to betray your secret, tell us, teacher." Then, tapping upon the trough, Senaka said, "What if that clodhopper is under this!" "O teacher! the fellow in all his glory would not creep into such a place as this! He must be intoxicated with his prosperity. Come, tell us." Senaka told his secret and said, "Do you know such and such a harlot in this city?" "Yes, teacher." "Is she now to be seen?" "No, teacher." "In the sāl-grove I lay with her, and afterwards killed her to get her ornaments, which I tied up in a bundle and took to my house and hung up on an elephant's tusk in such a room of such a storey: but use them [383] I cannot until it has blown over. This crime I have disclosed to a friend, and he has not told a soul; and that is why I said a secret may be told to a friend." The sage heard this secret of Senaka's and bore it in mind. Then Pukkusa told his secret. "On my thigh is a spot of leprosy. In the morning my young brother washes it, puts a salve on it and a bandage, and never tells a soul. When the king's heart is soft he cries, Come here, Pukkusa, and he often lays his head on my thigh. But if he knew he would kill me. No one knows this except my young brother; and that is why I said, A secret may be told to a brother." Kāvinda told his secret. "As for me, in the dark fortnight on the fast-day a goblin named Naradeva takes possession of me, and I bark like a mad dog. I told my son of this; and he, when he sees me to be possest, fastens me up indoors, and then he leaves me shutting the door, and to hide my noises he gathers a party of people. That is why I said that a secret might be told to a son." Then they all three asked Devinda, and he told his secret. "I am inspector of the king's jewels; and I stole a wonderful lucky gem, the gift of Sakka to King Kusa, and gave it to my mother. When I go to Court she hands it to me, without a word to anyone; and by reason of that gem I am pervaded

with the spirit of good fortune when I enter the palace. The king speaks to me first before any of you, and gives me each day to spend eight rupees, or sixteen, or thirty-two, or sixty-four. If the king knew of my having that gem concealed I'm a dead man! That is why I said that a secret might be told to a mother."

The Great Being took careful note of all their secrets; [384] but they, after disclosing their secrets as if they had ript up their bellies and let the entrails out, rose up from the seat and departed, saying, "Be sure to come early and we will kill the churl."

When they were gone the sage's men came and turned up the trough and took the Great Being home. He washed and drest and ate; and knowing that his sister Queen Udumbarī would that day send him a message from the palace, he placed a trusty man on the look-out, bidding him send in at once anyone coming from the palace. Then he lay down on his bed.

At that time the king also was lying upon his bed and remembering the virtue of the sage. "The sage Mahosadha has served me since he was seven years old, and never done me wrong. When the goddess asked me her questions but for the sage I had been a dead man. To accept the words of revengeful enemies, to give them a sword and bid them slay a peerless sage, this I ought never to have done. After to-morrow I shall see him no more!" He grieved, sweat poured from his body, possest with grief his heart had no peace. Queen Udumbarī, who was with him on his couch, seeing him in this frame, asked, "Have I done any offence against you? or has any other thing caused grief to my lord?" and she repeated this stanza:

"Why art thou perplext, O king? we hear not the voice of the lord of men! What dost thou ponder thus downcast? there is no offence from me, my lord."

Then the king repeated a stanza:

“They said, ”the wise Mahosadha must be slain“; and condemned by me to death is the most wise one. As I think on this I am downcast. There is no fault in thee, my queen.”

[385] When she heard this, grief crushed her like a rock for the Great Being; and she thought, “I know a plan to console the king: when he goes to sleep I will send a message to my brother.” Then she said to him, “Sire, it is your doing that the churl’s son was raised to great power; you made him commander-in-chief. Now they say he has become your enemy. No enemy is insignificant; killed he must be, so do not grieve.” Thus she consoled the king; his grief waned and he fell asleep. Then up rose the queen and went to her chamber, and wrote a letter to this effect. “Mahosadha, the four wise men have slandered you; the king is angry, and to-morrow has commanded that you be slain in the gate. Do not come to the palace to-morrow morning; or if you do come, come with power to hold the city in your hand.” She put the letter within a sweetmeat, and tied it up with a thread, and put it in a new jar, perfumed it, sealed it up, and gave it to a handmaid, saying, “Take this sweetmeat and give it to my brother.” She did so. You must not wonder how she got out in the night; for the king had erewhiles given this boon to the queen, and therefore no one hindered her. The Bodhisat received the present and dismissed the woman, who returned and reported that she had delivered it. Then the queen went and lay down by the king. The Bodhisat opened the sweetmeat, and read the letter, and understood it, and after deliberating what should be done went to rest.

Early in the morning, the other four wise men sword in hand stood by the gate, but not seeing the sage they became downcast, and went in to the king. “Well,” said he, “is the clodhopper killed?” They replied, “We have not seen him, sire.” And the Great Being at sunrise got the whole city into his power, set guards here and there, and in a chariot with a great host of men and great magnificence came to the palace gates. The king stood looking out of an open window. Then the Great Being got down from his chariot and saluted him; and the king

thought, “If he were my enemy, [386] he would not salute me.” Then the king sent for him, and sat upon his throne. The Great Being came in and sat on one side: the four wise men also sat down there. Then the king made as if he knew nothing and said, “My son, yesterday you left us and now you come again; why do you treat me thus negligently?” and he repeated this stanza:

“At evening you went, now you come. What have you heard? what doth your mind fear? Who commanded you, O most wise? Come, we are listening for the word: tell me.”

The Great Being replied, “Sire, you listened to the four wisemen and commanded my death, that is why I did not come,” and reproaching him repeated this stanza:

“The wise Mahosadha must be slain”: if you told this last night secretly to your wife, your secret was disclosed and I heard it."

When the king heard this he looked angrily at his wife thinking that she must have sent word of it on the instant. Observing this the Great Being said, “Why are you angry with the queen, my lord? I know all the past, present, and future. Suppose the queen did tell your secret: who told me the secrets of master Senaka, and Pukkusa, and the rest of them? But I know all their secrets ”; and he told Senaka’s secret in this stanza:

“The sinful and wicked deed which Senaka did in the sāl-grove [387] he told to a friend in secret, that secret has been disclosed and I have heard it.”

Looking at Senaka, the king asked, “Is it true?” “Sire, it is true,” he replied, and the king ordered him to be cast into prison. Then the sage told Pukkusa’s secret in this stanza:

“In the man Pukkusa, O king of men, there is a disease unfit for a king’s touching: he told it in secret to his brother. That secret has been disclosed and I have heard it.”

The king looking upon him asked, “Is it true?” “Yes, my lord,” said he; and the king sent him also to prison. Then the sage told Kāvinda’s secret in this stanza:

“Diseased is yon man, of evil nature, possest of Naradeva. He told it in secret to his son: this secret has been disclosed and I have heard it.”

[388] “Is it true, Kāvinda?” the king asked; and he answered, “It is true.” Then the king sent him also to prison. The sage now told Devinda’s secret in this stanza:

“The noble and precious gem of eight facets, which Sakka gave to your grandfather, that is now in Devinda’s hands, and he told it to his mother in secret. That secret has been disclosed and I have heard it.”

“Is it true, Devinda?” the king asked; and he answered, “It is true.” So he sent him also to prison. Thus they who had plotted to slay the Bodhisat were all in bonds together. And the Bodhisat said, “This is why I say, a man should tell his secret to no one; those who said that a secret ought to be told, have all come to utter ruin.” And he recited these stanzas, proclaiming a higher doctrine:

“The secrecy of a secret is always good, nor is it well to divulge a secret. When a thing is not accomplished the wise man should keep it to himself: when he has accomplished his aim let him speak an he will. One should not disclose a secret thing, but should guard it like a treasure; for a secret thing is not well revealed by the prudent. Not to a woman would the wise man tell a secret, not to a foe, nor to one who can be enticed by self-interest, nor for affection’s sake. He who discloses a secret thing unknown, through fear of broken confidence must endure to be the other’s slave. As many as are those who know a man’s secret, so many are his anxieties: therefore one should not

disclose a secret. Go apart to tell a secret by day; by night in a soft whisper: [389] for listeners hear the words, therefore the words soon come out[48].”

When the king heard the Great Being speak he was angry, and thought he, “These men, traitors themselves to their king, make out that the wise man is traitor to me!” Then he said, “Go drive them out of the town, and impale them or cleave their heads!” So they bound their hands behind them, at every street corner gave them a hundred blows. But as they were dragged along, the sage said, “My lord, these are your ancient ministers, pardon them their fault!” The king consented, and gave them to be his slaves. He set them free at once. Then the king said, “Well, they shall not live in my dominion,” and ordered that they should be banished. But the sage begged him to pardon their blind folly, and appeased him, and persuaded him to restore their positions. The king was much pleased with the sage: if this were his tender mercy towards his foes, what must it be to others! Thenceforward the four wise men, like snakes with their teeth drawn and their poison gone, could not find a word to say, we are told.

Here endeth the Question of the Five Wise Men, and likewise the Story of Calumny[49].

28. "The Great Battle"

After this time he used to instruct the king in things temporal and spiritual: and he thought, “I am indeed the king’s white parasol; it is I manage the kingdom: [390] vigilant I must therefore be.” He caused a great rampart to be built for the city. Along the rampart were watchtowers at the gates, and between the watch-towers he dug three moats—a water-moat, a mud-moat, and a dry-moat. Within the city he caused all the old houses to be restored: large banks were dug and made reservoirs for water; all the storehouses were filled with corn. All the confidential priests had to bring down from Himavat mud and edible lily-seeds. The water conduits were cleaned out, and the old houses outside were also restored. This was done as a defence against future dangers. Merchants who came from one place or another were asked whence they came; and on their replying, they were asked what their king liked; when this was told, they were kindly treated before they went away. Then he sent for a hundred and one soldiers and said to them, “My men, take these gifts to the hundred and one royal cities, and give them to their several kings to please them: live there in their service, listen to their actions and plans, and send me word. I will care for your wives and children.” And he sent with them earrings for some, and golden slippers for others, and golden necklets for others, with letters engraved upon them, which he appointed to reveal themselves when it should suit his purpose. The men went this way and that, and gave these gifts to the kings, saying that they were come to live in their service. When asked whence they came, they told the names of other places than that from which they had really come. Their offer accepted, they remained there in attendance, and made themselves to be trusted.

Now in the kingdom of Ekabala was a king named Saṃkhapāla, who was collecting arms and assembling an army. The man who had

come to him sent a message to the sage, saying, “This is the news here, but what he intends I know not; send and find out the truth of the matter.” Then the Great Being called a parrot and said, “Friend, go and find out what King Saṃkhapāla is doing in Ekabala, [391] then travel over all India and bring me the news.” He fed it with honey and grain, and gave it sweet water to drink, anointed the joints of the wings with oil a hundred and a thousand times refined, stood by the eastern window, and let it go. The parrot went to the man aforesaid and found out the truth. As he passed back through India he came to Uttarapañcāla city in the kingdom of Kampilla. There was reigning a king named Cūḷani-Brahmadatta, who had for spiritual and temporal adviser a brahmin Kevaṭṭa, wise and learned. The brahmin one morning awoke at dawn, and looking by the light of the lamp upon his magnificent chamber, as he regarded its splendour, thought, “To whom does this splendour belong? To no one but to Cūḷani-Brahmadatta. A king who gives splendour like this ought to be the chief king in all India, and I will be his chaplain-in-chief.” And so early in the morning he went to the king, and when he had enquired whether he had slept well, he said, “My lord, there is something I wish to say.” “Say on, teacher.” “My lord, a secret cannot be told in the town, let us go into the park.” “Very well, teacher.” The king went to the park with him, and left the retinue without, and set a guard, and entered the park with the brahmin, and sat down upon the royal seat. The parrot, seeing this, thought that there must be something afoot; “To-day I shall hear something which must be sent to my wise master.” So he flew into the park, and perched amid the leaves of the royal sāl-tree. The king said, “Speak on, teacher.” He said, “Sire, bend your ear this way; this is a plan for four ears only. If, sire, you will do what I advise, I will make you chief king in all India.” The king heard him greedily, and answered well pleased, “Tell me, my teacher, and I will do it.” “My lord, let us raise an army, and first besiege a small city. Then I will enter the city by a postern gate, and will say to the king, Sire, there is no use in your fighting: just be our man; your kingdom you

may keep, but if you fight with our mighty force, [392] you will be utterly conquered. If he does[50] what I advise, we will receive him; if not, we will fight and kill him, and with two armies go and take another city, and then another, and in this way we shall gain dominion over all India and drink the cup of victory. Then we will bring the hundred and one kings to our city, and make a drinking booth in the park, and seat them there, and provide them with poisoned liquor, and so kill them all and cast them into the Ganges. Thus we will get the hundred and one royal capitals into our hands, and you will become chief king of all India." "Very well, my teacher," said he, "I will do so." "Sire, this plan is for four ears only, no one else must know of it. Make no delay but set forth at once." The king was pleased with this advice and resolved to do so. The parrot which had overheard all their conversation let fall on Kevaṭṭa's head a lump of dung as though it dropt from a twig. "What's that?" cried he, looking upwards with mouth gaping wide: whereupon the bird dropt another into his mouth and flew off crying out, "Cree cree! O Kevaṭṭa, you think your plan is for four ears only, but now it is for six; by and by it will be for eight ears and for hundreds of them!" "Catch him, catch him!" they cried; but swift as the wind he flew to Mithilā and entered the wise man's house. Now the parrot's custom was this: If news from any place was for the sage's ears alone, he would perch on his shoulder; if Queen Amarā was also to hear it, he perched on his lap; if the company might hear it, upon the ground. This time he perched on the shoulder, and at that sign the company retired, knowing it to be secret. The sage took him up to the top storey and asked him, "Well, my dear, what have you seen, what have you heard?" He said, "My lord, in no other king of all India have I seen any danger; but only Kevaṭṭa, chaplain to Cūḷani-Brahmadatta in the city of Uttarapañcāla, took his king into the park and told him a plan for their four ears: I was sitting amidst the branches and dropt a ball of dung in his mouth, and here I am!" Then he told the sage all he had seen and heard. [393] "Did the king agree to it?" asked he. "Yes, he did," said the parrot. So the sage

tended the bird as was fitting, and put him in his golden cage strewn with soft rugs. He thought to himself, “Kevaṭṭa methinks does not know that I am the wise Mahosadha. I will not allow him to accomplish his plan.” Then he removed outside all the poor people who lived in the city, and he brought from all the kingdom, the country side, and the suburb villages, and settled within the city the rich families of the powerful, and he gathered great quantities of corn.

And Cūḷani-Brahmadatta did as Kevaṭṭa had proposed: he went with his army and laid siege to a city. Kevaṭṭa, as he had suggested, went into the city and explained matters to the king and won him over. Then joining the two armies Cūḷani-Brahmadatta followed Kevaṭṭa’s advice and went on to another kingdom, until he had brought all the kings of India under his power except King Vedeha. The men provided by the Bodhisat kept on sending messages to say, “Brahmadatta has taken such and such towns, be on your guard”: to which he replied, “I am on my guard here, be watchful yourselves without remissness.” In seven years and seven months and seven days Brahmadatta gained possession of all India, excepting Vedeha. Then he said to Kevaṭṭa: “Teacher, let us seize the empire of Vedeha at Mithilā!” “Sire,” he said, “we shall never be able to get possession of the city where wise Mahosadha lives: he is full of this sort of skill, very clever in device.” Then he expatiated on the virtue of the Great Being, as though he drew it on the disk of the moon. Now he was himself very skilful in device, so he said, “The kingdom of Mithilā is very small, and the dominion of all India is enough for us.” Thus he consoled the king; but the other princes said, “No, we will take the kingdom of Mithilā and drink the cup of victory!” Kevaṭṭa would have stayed them, saying, “What good will it be to take Vedeha’s kingdom? That king is our man already. Come back.” Such was his counsel: they listened to him and turned back. The Great Being’s men sent him word that Brahmadatta with a hundred and one kings on his way to Mithilā turned back [394] and

went to his own city. He sent word in answer, that they were to observe what he did.

Now Brahmadatta deliberated with Kevaṭṭa what was next to do. Hoping to drink the cup of victory, they adorned the park, and told the servants to set out wine in thousands of jars, to prepare fish and flesh of all sorts. This news also the sage's men sent to him. Now they did not know of the plan to poison the kings, but the Great Being knew it from what the parrot had told him; he sent a message to them accordingly, that they should inform him of the day fixt for this festival, and they did so. Then he thought, "It is not right that so many kings should be killed while a wise man like myself lives. I will help them." He sent for ten thousand warriors, his birth-fellows, and said, "Friends, on such a day Cūḷani-Brahmadatta, they tell me, wishes to adorn his park and to drink wine with the hundred and one kings. Go ye thither, and before anyone sits on the seats provided for the kings, take possession of the seat of honour next to Cūḷani-Brahmadatta, saying, This is for our king. When they ask whose men you are, tell them King Vedeha's. They will make a great outcry and say, What! for seven years and seven months and seven days we have been conquering kingdoms, and not once did we see your king Vedeha! What king is he? Go find him a seat at the end! You must then squabble and say, Except Brahmadatta, no king is above our king! If we cannot get even a seat for our king we will not let you eat or drink now! So shouting and jumping about, terrify them with the noise, break all the pots with your great clubs, scatter the food, and make it unfit to eat, rush amongst the crowd at the top of your speed, and make a din like titans invading the city of the gods, calling aloud, We are the wise Mahosadha's men of Mithilā city: catch us if you can! Thus shew them that you are there, and then return to me." They promised to obey, [395] and took their leave; and, armed with the five weapons, set off. They entered the decorated park like Nandana Grove, and beheld all its magnificent array, the seats placed for the hundred and one kings, the white parasols outspread, and all the rest. They did all as directed by the

Great Being, and after causing confusion amongst the crowd they returned to Mithilā.

The king's men told him what had happened: Brahmadatta was angry, that such a fine plan to poison the princes had failed; whilst the princes were angry, because they had been deprived of the cup of victory; and the soldiers were angry, because they had lost the chance of free drink. So Brahmadatta said to the princes, "Come, friends, let us go to Mithilā, and cut off King Vedeha's head with the sword, and trample it underfoot, and then come back and drink the cup of victory! Go tell your armies to get them ready." Then going apart with Kevaṭṭa, he told him about it, saying, "See, we shall capture the enemy who has threatened this fine plan. With the hundred and one princes and the eighteen complete armies we shall assail that town. Come, my teacher!" But the brahmin was wise enough to know that they could never capture the sage Mahosadha, but all they would get would be disgrace; the king must be dissuaded. So he said: "Sire! this king of Vedeha has no strength; the management is in the hands of the sage Mahosadha, and he is very powerful. Guarded by him, as a lion guards his den, Mithilā can be taken by none. We shall only be disgraced: do not think of going." But the king, mad with soldier's pride and the intoxication of empire, cried out, "What will he do!" and departed, with the hundred and one princes and the eighteen complete armies[51]. Kevaṭṭa, unable to persuade him to take his advice, and thinking that it was of no use to thwart him, went with him.

But those warriors came to Mithilā, in one night, and told the sage all that had passed. And the men whom he had before sent into service sent him word, that Cūḷani-Brahmadatta was on his way with the hundred and one kings to take King Vedeha; he must be vigilant. The messages came one after another: "To-day he is in such a place, [396] to-day in such a place, to-day he will reach the city." On hearing this the Great Being redoubled his care. And King Vedeha heard it noised about on all sides that Brahmadatta was on

his way to take the city. Now Brahmadatta in the early evening surrounded the city by the light of a hundred thousand torches. He girdled it with fences of elephants and of chariots and of horses, and at regular intervals placed a mass of soldiers: there stood the men, shouting, snapping their fingers, roaring, dancing, crying aloud. With the light of the torches and the sheen of the armour the whole city of Mithilā in its seven leagues was one blaze of light, the noise of elephants and horses, of chariots, and men made the very earth to crack. The four wise men, hearing the waves of sound and not knowing what it should be, went to the king and said, "Sire, there is a great din, and we know not what it is: will the king enquire?" Hereat the king thought, "No doubt Brahmadatta is come"; and he opened a window, and looked out. When he saw that he was indeed come, the king was dismayed, and said to them, "We are dead men! to-morrow he will kill us all doubtless!" So they sat talking together. But when the Great Being saw that he had come, fearless as a lion he set guards in all the city, and then went up into the palace to encourage the king. Greeting him, he stood on one side. The king was encouraged to see him, and thought, "There is no one can save me from this trouble except the wise Mahosadha!" and he addressed him as follows:

"Brahmadatta of Pañcāla has come with all his host; this army of Pañcāla is infinite, O Mahosadha! Men with burdens on their backs[52], foot-soldiers, men skilful in fight, men ready to destroy, a great din, the noise of drums and conchs, here is all skill in the use of steel weapons, here are banners and knights in mail, accomplished warriors and heroes! Ten sages are here, profound in wisdom, secret in stratagem, and eleventh, the mother of the king[53] encouraging the host of Pañcāla. [397] Here are a hundred and one warrior-princes in attendance, their kingdoms reft from them, terror-stricken and overcome by the men of Pañcāla. What they profess that they do for the king;—will they nill they speak fair they must; with Pañcāla they go perforce, being in his power. Mithilā the royal city is surrounded by this host arrayed with three

intervals[54], digging about it on all sides. It is surrounded as it were by stars on all sides. Think, Mahosadha! How shall deliverance come?"

[398] When the Great Being heard this, he thought, "This king is terribly in fear of his life. The sick man's refuge is the physician, [399] the hungry man's is food, and drink the thirsty man's, but I and I alone am his refuge. I will console him." Then, like a lion roaring upon the Vermilion uplands[55], he cried, "Fear not, sire, but enjoy your royal power. As I would scare a crow with a clod, or a monkey with a bow, I will scatter that mighty host, and leave them not so much as a waistcloth of their own." And he recited this stanza:

"Stretch out your feet, eat and be merry: Brahmadatta shall leave the host of Pañcāla and flee away."

After encouraging the king, the wise man came out and caused the drums of festival to beat about the city, with a proclamation—"Oyez! Have no fear. Procure garlands, scents, and perfumes, food and drink, and keep seven days' holiday. Let the people stay where they will, drink deep, sing and dance and make merry, shout and cheer and snap their fingers: all be at my cost. I am the wise Mahosadha: behold my power!" Thus he encouraged the townsfolk. They did so: and those without heard the sound of singing and musick. Men came in by the postern gate. Now it was not their way to arrest strangers at sight, except a foe; so the access was not closed. These men therefore saw the people taken up with merrymaking. And Cūḷani-Brahmadatta heard the noise in the town, and said to his courtiers: "Look ye, we have encompassed this city with eighteen great hosts, and the people shew neither fear nor anxiety: but full of delight and happiness they snap fingers, they make merry, they leap and sing. What is the meaning of this?" Then the men sent aforetime to foreign service spoke falsely as follows: "My lord, we entered the city by the postern on some business, and

seeing the people all taken up in merrymaking we asked, [400] Why are you so careless when all the kings of India are here besieging your city? And they replied, When our king was a boy he had a wish to hold festival when all the kings of India should have besieged the city; and now that wish is fulfilled: therefore he sent round a proclamation, and himself keeps festival in the palace." This made the king angry; and he sent out a division of his army with these orders: "Disperse all about the city, fill up the trenches, break down the walls, raze the gate-towers, enter the city, use the people's heads like pumpkins cast on a cart, and bring me here the head of King Vedeha." Then the mighty warriors, armed with all manner of weapons, marched up to the gate, assisted by the sage's men with red-hot missiles[56], showers of mud, and stones thrown upon them. When they were in the ditch attempting to destroy the wall, the men in the gate-towers dealt havock with arrows, javelins, and spears. The sage's men mocked and jeered at the men of Brahmadatta, with gestures and signs of the hands, and crying, "If you can't take us, have a bite or a sup, do!" and holding out bowls of toddy and skewers with meat or fish, which they ate and drank themselves, and promenaded the walls. The others quite unsuccessful returned to Cūḷani-Brahmadatta, and said, "My lord, no one but a magician could get in." The king waited four or five days, not seeing how to take what he wanted to take. Then he asked Kevaṭṭa: "Teacher, take the city we cannot, not a man can get near it! What's to be done?" "Never mind, your majesty. The city gets water from outside, we will cut off the water and so take it. They will be worn out for want of water, and will open the gates." "That is the plan," said the king. After that, they hindered the people from getting near the water. The wise man's spies wrote on a leaf, and fastened it on an arrow, and so sent word to him. Now he had already given orders, that whosoever sees a leaf fastened upon an arrow [401] was to bring it to him. A man saw this, and took it to the sage, who read the message. "He knows not that I am the sage Mahosadha," he thought. Procuring bamboo poles sixty cubits long, he had them split in two, the knots

removed, and then joined again, covered over with leather, and smeared with mud. He then sent for the soil and lily-seed brought from Himavat by the hermits, he planted the seed in the mud by the edge of the tank, and placed the bamboo over it, and filled it with water. In one night it grew up and flowered, rising a fathom above the top of the bamboo. Then he pulled it up and gave it to his men with orders to take it to Brahmadatta. They rolled up the stalk, and threw it over the wall, crying out, “Ho servants of Brahmadatta! don't starve for want of food. Here you are, wear the flower and fill your bellies with the stalk!” One of the wise man’s spies picked it up, and brought it to the king, and said, “See, your majesty, the stalk of this lily: never was so long a stalk seen before!” “Measure it,” said the king. They measured it and made it out to be eighty fathoms instead of sixty. The king asked, “Where did that grow?” One replied with a made-up tale: “One day, my lord, being thirsty for a little toddy, I went into the city by the postern, and I saw the great tanks made for the people to play in. There was a number of people in a boat plucking flowers. That was where this grew by the edge of the tank; but those which grew in the deep water would be a hundred cubits high.” Hearing this the king said to Kevaṭṭa, “Teacher, we cannot take them by cutting off the water; make an end of that attempt.” “Well,” said he, “then we will take them by cutting off their food; the city gets its food from outside.” “Very good, teacher.” The sage learnt this as before, and thought, “He does not know that I am the sage Mahosadha!” Along the rampart he laid mud and there planted rice. Now the wishes of the Bodhisats always do succeed: in one night the rice sprang up and shewed over the top of the rampart. [402] This Brahmadatta saw, and asked, “Friend, what is that which shews green above the rampart?” A scout of the sage’s replied, as though catching the words from the king’s lips, “My lord, Mahosadha the farmer’s son, foreseeing danger to come, collected from all the realm grain with which he filled his granaries, throwing out the residue upon the ramparts. No doubt this rice, warmed with the heat and soaked in the rain, grew up there into

plants. I myself one day went in by the postern on some business, and picked up a handful of this rice from a heap on the rampart, and dropt it in the street; whereupon the people laughed at me, and cried, ”You're hungry, it seems! tie up some of it in the corner of your robe, take it home, and cook it and eat it.“ Hearing this, the king said to Kevaṭṭa, ”Teacher, by cutting off the grain we shall not take this place; that is not the way.“ ”Then, my lord, we will take it by cutting off the supply of wood, which the city gets from without.“ ”So be it, teacher.“ The Bodhisat as before got to know of it; and he built a heap of firewood which shewed beyond the rice. The people laughed at the Brahmadatta’s men, and said, ”If you are hungry, here is something to cook your food with,“ throwing down great logs of wood as they said it. The king asked, ”What is this firewood shewing above the rampart?“ The scouts said, ”The farmer’s son, foreseeing danger to come, collected firewood, and stored it in the sheds behind the houses; what was over he stacked by the rampart side.“ Then the king said to Kevaṭṭa, ”Teacher, we cannot take the place by cutting off the wood; enough of that plan.“ ”Never mind, sire, I have another plan.“ ”What is that plan, teacher? I see no end to your plans. Videha we cannot take; let us go back to our city.“My lord, if it is said that Cūḷani-Brahmadatta with a hundred and one princes could not take Videha, we shall be disgraced. Mahosadha is not the only wise man, for I am another: I will use a stratagem.” “What stratagem, teacher?” “We will have a Battle of the Law.” [403] “What do you mean by that?” “Sire, no army shall fight. The two sages of the two kings shall appear in one place, and of these whichever shall salute the other shall be conquered. Mahosadha does not know this idea. I am older and he is younger, and when he sees me he will salute me. Thus we shall conquer Vedeha, and this done we will return home. So we shall not be disgraced. That is what is meant by a Battle of the Law.” But the Bodhisat learnt this secret as before. “If I let Kevaṭṭa conquer me thus,” he thought, “I am no sage.” Brahmadatta said, “A capital plan”: and he wrote a letter and sent it to Vedeha by the postern, to

this effect: “To-morrow there shall be a Battle of the Law between the two sages; and he who shall refuse to fight shall be accounted vanquished.” On receipt of this Vedeha sent for the sage and told him. He answered, “Good, my lord: send word to prepare a place for the Battle of the Law by the western gate, and there to assemble. So he gave a letter to the messenger, and next day they prepared the place for the Battle of the Law to see the defeat of Kevaṭṭa. But the hundred and one princes, not knowing what might befall, surrounded Kevaṭṭa to protect him. These princes went to the place prepared, and stood looking towards the east, and there also was the sage Kevaṭṭa. But early in the morning, the Bodhisat bathed in sweet-scented water, and clothed himself in a Kāsi robe worth a hundred thousand pieces, and adorned himself fully, and after a dainty breakfast went with a great following to the palace-gate. Bidden to enter, he did so, and greeted the king, and sat down on one side. ”Well, sage Mahosadha?“ said the king. ”I am going to the place of the Battle.“ ”And what am I to do?“ ”My lord, I wish to conquer Kevaṭṭa with a gem; I must have the eight-sided gem.“ ”Take it, my son." He took it, and took his leave, and surrounded by the thousand warriors, his birthmates, [404] he entered the noble chariot drawn by a team of white thorobreds, worth ninety thousand pieces of money, and at the time of the mid-day meal he came to the gate.

Kevaṭṭa stood watching for his arrival, and saying, “Now he comes, now he comes,” craning his neck till it seemed to be lengthened, and sweating in the heat of the sun. The Great Being, with his retinue, like an inundating sea, like a roused lion, fearless and unruffled, caused the gate to be opened and came forth from the city; descending from his chariot like a lion aroused, he went forward. The hundred and one princes beholding his majesty, acclaimed him with thousands of cries, “Here is the sage Mahosadha, son of Sirivaddha, who hath no peer for wisdom in all India!” And he like Sakka surrounded with his troop of gods, in glory and grandeur unparalleled, holding in his hand the precious gem, stood before

Kevaṭṭa. And Kevaṭṭa at first sight of him had not force to stand still, but advanced to meet him, and said, “Sage Mahosadha, we are sages both, and although I have been dwelling near you all this time, you have never yet sent me so much as a gift. Why is this?” The Great Being said, “Wise sir, I was looking for a gift which should be not unworthy of you, and to-day I have found this gem. Pray take it; there is not its like in the world.” The other seeing the gem ablaze in his hand, thought that he must be desiring to offer it, and said, “Give it me then,” holding out his hand. “Take it,” said the Great Being, and dropt it upon the tips of the fingers of his outstretched hand. But the brahmin could not support the weight of the gem in his fingers, and it slipt down and rolled to the Bodhisat’s feet; the brahmin in his greed to get it, stooped down to the other’s feet. Then the Great Being would not let him rise, but with one hand held his shoulderblades and with the other his loins, as he cried, “Rise teacher, rise, I am younger than you, young enough to be your grandson; do no obeisance to me.” As he said this again and again, he rubbed his face and forehead against the ground, till it was all bloody, then with the words “Blind fool, did you think to have an obeisance from me?” [405] he caught him by the throat and threw him away from himself. He fell twenty fathoms away; then got up and ran off. Then the Great Being’s men picked up the gem, but the echo of the Bodhisat’s words, “Rise up, rise, do no obeisance to me!” rose above the din of the crowd. All the people shouted aloud with one voice, “Brahmin Kevaṭṭa did obeisance to the sage’s feet!” And the kings, Brahmadatta and all, saw Kevaṭṭa bowed before the feet of the Great Being. “Our sage,” they thought, “has done obeisance to the Great Being; now we are conquered! he will make an end of us all”; and each mounting his horse they began to flee away to Uttarapañcāla. The Bodhisat’s men seeing them flee, again made a clamour, crying, “Cūlaṇī-Brahmadatta is in flight with his hundred and one princes!” Hearing this, the princes terrified more and more, ran on and scattered the great host; while the Bodhisat’s men, shouting and yelling, made a yet louder din. The Great Being

with his retinue returned to the city; while Brahmadatta's army ran in rout for three leagues. Kevaṭṭa mounted upon a horse came up with the army wiping off the blood from his forehead, and cried, "Ho there, do not run! I did not bow to the churl! Stop, stop!" But the army would not stop, and made mock of Kevaṭṭa, reviling him, "Man of sin! villain brahmin! You would make a Battle of the Law, and then bow before a stripling young enough to be your grandson! Is not this a thing most unmeet for you!" They would not listen to him, but went on. He dashed on into the army, and cried, "Ho you, you must believe me, I did not bow to him, he tricked me with a gem!" So by one means or another, he convinced the princes and made them believe him, and rallied the broken army.

Now so great was this host, that if each man of them had taken a clod or a handful of earth and thrown it into the moat, they could have filled the moat and made a heap as high as the rampart. But we know that the intentions of the Bodhisats are fulfilled; and there was not one who threw a clod or a handful of earth towards the city. They all returned back to their position. [406] Then the king asked Kevaṭṭa, "What are we to do, teacher?" "My lord, let no one come out from the postern, and cut off all access. The people unable to come out will be discouraged and will open the gate. Thus we shall capture our enemies." The sage was informed as before of the matter, and thought: "If they stay here long we shall have no peace; a way must be found to get rid of them. I will devise a stratagem to make them go." So he searched for a man clever in such things, and found one named Anukevaṭṭa. To him he said, "Teacher, I have a thing which I want you to carry out." "What am I to do, wise sir? Tell me." "Stand on the rampart, and when you see our men incautious, immediately let down cakes, fish, meat, and other food to Brahmadatta's men, and say, Here, eat this and this, don't be downhearted; try to stay here a few days longer; before long the people will be like hens in a coop and will open the gate of themselves, and then you will be able to capture Vedeha and that villain of a farmer's son. Our men when they hear this, with harsh

upbraiding, will bind you hand and foot in the sight of Brahmadatta's army, and will pretend to beat you with bamboos, and pull you down, and tying your hair in five knots[57] will daub you with brickdust, put a garland of kanavera[58] upon you, belabour you soundly until weals rise on your back, take you up on the rampart, tie you up, and let you down by a rope to Brahmadatta's men, crying out, Go, traitor! Then you will be taken before Brahmadatta, and he will ask your offence; you must say to him, Great king, once I was held in great honour, but the farmer's son denounced me to my king for a traitor and robbed me of all. I wished to make the man shorter by a head who had ruined me, and in pity for the despondency of your men [407] I gave them food and drink. For that, with the old grudge in his heart, he brought this destruction upon me. Your own men, O king, know all about it. Thus by one means or another you must win the king's confidence, and then say to him: Sire, now you have me, trouble no more. Now Vedeha and the farmer's son are dead men! I know the strong places and the weak places of the ramparts in this city. I know where crocodiles are in the moat and where they are not; before long I will bring the city into your hands. The king will believe you and do you honour, and will place the army in your charge. Then you must bring down the army into the places infested by snakes and crocodiles; the army in fear of the crocodiles will refuse to go down. You must then say to the king, Your army, my lord, has been corrupted by the farmer's son; there is not a man of them, not even teacher Kevaṭṭa and the princes, who has not been bribed. They just walk about guarding you, they are all the creatures of the farmer's son, and I alone am your man. If you do not believe me, order the kings to come before you in full dress; then examine their dresses, their ornaments, their swords, all given them by the farmer's son and inscribed with his name, and assure yourself. He will do so, and make sure, and in fear will dismiss the princes. Then he will ask you what is to be done? and you must reply, My lord, the farmer's son is full of resource, and if you stay here a few days he will gain over all

the army and capture yourself. Make no delay, but this very night in the middle watch let us take horse and depart, that we die not in the enemy's hands. He will follow your advice; and while he flees away you must return and tell my people." Thereupon Anukevaṭṭa replied, "Good, wise sir, I will do your bidding." "Well then, you must put up with a few blows." [408] "Wise sir, do what you will with my body, only spare my life and my limbs."

Then after shewing all respect to Anukevaṭṭa's family, he caused him to be roughly handled in this manner and handed him over to Brahmadatta's men. The king tested him, and trusted him, honoured him and gave him charge of the army; he brought the army down to the places which were infested by snakes and crocodiles; and the men terrified by the crocodiles, and wounded by arrows, spears, and lances cast by soldiers who stood upon the battlements, thus perished, after which none were so brave as to approach. Then Anukevaṭṭa approached the king, and said to him, "O great king, there is not a man to fight for you: all have been bribed. If you do not believe me, send for the princes, and see the inscriptions upon their garments and accoutrements." This the king did; and seeing inscriptions upon all their garments and accoutrements, he felt sure that indeed these had taken bribes. "Teacher," he said, "what's to be done now?" "My lord, there's nothing to be done; if you delay, the farmer's son will capture you. Sire, if the teacher Kevaṭṭa does walk about with a sore on his forehead, yet he also has taken his bribe; he accepted that precious gem, and made you run in rout for three leagues, and then won your confidence again and made you return. He is a traitor! I would not obey him a single night; this very night in the middle watch you should escape. You have not a friend but me." "Then, teacher, get my horse and chariot ready yourself." Finding that the king was assuredly bent on escape, he encouraged him and bade him fear nothing; then he went out and told the scouts that the king was to escape that night, let them not think of sleep. He next prepared the king's horse, arranging the reins so that the more he pulled the faster the horse would go; and at midnight he said,

“My lord, your horse is ready; see, it is time.” The king mounted the horse and fled. Anukevaṭṭa also got on horseback, as though to go with him, but after going a little way he turned back; and the king’s horse, by the arrangement of its reins, [409] pull as the king would, went on. Then Anukevaṭṭa came amongst the army, and shouted with a loud voice, “Cūlaṇī-Brahmadatta has fled!” The scouts and their attendants cried out too. The other princes, hearing the noise, thought in their terror, “Sage Mahosadha must have opened the gate and come out; we shall all be dead men!” Giving but a look at all the materials of their use and enjoyment[59], away they ran. The men shouted the louder, “The princes are in rout!” Hearing the noise, all the others who stood at the gate and on the towers shouted and clapt their hands. Then the whole city within and without was one great roar, as though the earth cleft asunder, or the great deep were broken up, whilst the innumerable myriads of that mighty host in mortal terror, without refuge or defence, cried aloud, “Brahmadatta is taken by Mahosadha with the hundred and one kings!” Away they ran in rout, throwing down even their waistclothes. The camp was empty. Cūlaṇī-Brahmadatta entered his own city with the hundred and one chiefs.

Next morning, the soldiers opened the city gates and went forth, and seeing the great booty, reported it to the Great Being, asking what they were to do. He said, “The goods which they have left are ours. Give to our king that which belonged to the princes, and bring to me that which belonged to Kevaṭṭa and the other private persons; all the rest let the citizens take.” It took half a month to remove the jewels of price and valuable goods, four months for the rest. The Great Being gave great honour to Anukevaṭṭa. From that day the citizens of Mithilā had plenty of gold.

29. "The Great Tunnel"

Now Brahmadatta and those kings had been a year in the city of Uttarapañcālā; when one day, Kevaṭṭa, looking upon his face in a mirror, saw the scar on his forehead and thought, “That is the doing of the farmer’s son: he made me a laughingstock before all those kings!” Anger arose in him. “How can I manage to see his back?” he thought. “Ah, here is a plan. Our king’s daughter, Pañcālacaṇḍī [410] is peerless in beauty, like a divine nymph; I will shew her to King Vedeha. He will be caught by desire like a fish that has swallowed the hook: I will land him and Mahosadha with him, and kill them both, and drink the cup of victory!” With this resolve, he approached the king. “My lord,” said he, “I have an idea.” “Yes, teacher, your idea left me once without a rag to cover me. What will you do now? Hold your peace.” “Sire, there never was a plan equal to this.” “Speak on, then.” “Sire, we two must be alone.” “So be it.” The brahmin took him into an upper storey, and said, “Great king! I will attract King Vedeha by desire, to bring him here, and kill him.” “A good plan, teacher, but how are we to arouse his desire?” “Sire, your daughter Pañcālacaṇḍī is peerless in beauty; we will have her charms and accomplishments celebrated in verse by poets, and have those poems sung in Mithilā. When we find that he is saying to himself, If the mighty monarch Vedeha cannot get this pearl of maidens, what is his kingdom to him? and that he is caught in the attraction of the idea, I will go and fix a day; on the day fixt by me he will come, like a fish that has swallowed the hook, and the farmer’s son with him; then we will kill them.” This pleased the king, and he agreed: “A fine plan that, my teacher! so we will do.”

But a maynah bird, that watched the king’s bed, took note of it.

And so the king sent for clever poets, and paid them richly, and shewed them his daughter, bidding them make a poem on her beauty; and they made songs of exceeding great sweetness, and recited them to the king. He rewarded them richly. Musicians learnt these songs from the poets, and sang them in public, and thus they were spread abroad. When they had been spread abroad, the king sent for the

singers, and said, “My children, climb into the trees by night with some birds, sit there and sing, and, in the morning, [411] tie bells about their necks, let them fly, and come down.” This he did that the world might say, the very gods sing the beauty of the King of Pañcāla’s daughter. Again the king sent for these poets, and said to them, “My children, make poems to this effect, that such a princess is not for any king in all India save Vedeha King of Mithilā, praising the king’s majesty and the girl’s beauty.” They did so, and reported it; the king paid them well, and told them to go to Mithilā and sing in the same way. They went to Mithilā, singing these songs on the way, and there sang them in public. Crowds of people heard the songs, and amidst loud applause paid them well. At night they would climb into the trees and sing, and, in the morning, tied bells about the birds' necks before they came down. People heard the sound of the bells in the air, and all the city rang with the news, that the very gods were singing the beauty of the king’s daughter. The king hearing of it sent for the poets, and made an audience in his palace. He was to think that they wanted to give him the peerless daughter of King Cūlani. So he paid them well, and they came back and told Brahmadatta. Then Kevaṭṭa said to him, “Now, sire, ’tis time for me to go and settle the day.” “Very good, teacher, what must you take with you?” “A little present.” He gave it. The other went with it, accompanied by a large following, to Vedeha’s kingdom. On his arrival being made known, all the city was in an uproar: “King Mani and Vedeha, they say, will strike a friendship; Cūlani will give his daughter to our king, and Kevaṭṭa, they say, is coming to fix a day.” King Vedeha also heard this; and the Great Being heard it, and thought, “I like not his coming; I must find out about it exactly.” So he sent word to spies that lived with Cūlani. They replied, “We do not quite understand this business. The king and Kevaṭṭa were sitting and talking in the royal bedchamber; but the maynah which watches the bedchamber will know about it.” On hearing this, the Great Being thought: [412] “That our enemies may not have an advantage, I will parcel out the whole city and decorate it, and not allow Kevaṭṭa to see it.” So from the city

gate to the palace, and from the palace to his own house, on both sides of the road he erected lattice-work, and covered all over with mats, covered all with pictures, scattered flowers upon the ground, set jars full of water in place, hung flags and banners. Kevaṭṭa as he entered the city could not see its arrangements; he thought the king had decorated it for his sake, and did not understand that it had been done that he might not see. When he came before the king, he offered his gift, and with a courteous greeting sat down on one side. Then after an honourable reception, he recited two stanzas, to announce the reason of his arrival:

"A king who wishes for thy friendship sends thee these precious things: now let worthy sweet-spoken ambassadors come from that place; let them utter gentle words which shall give pleasure, and let the people of Pañcāla and Videha be one."

"Sire," he went on, "he would have sent another in place of me, but me he sent, feeling sure that no other could tell the tale so pleasantly as I should do. Go, teacher, quoth he, win over the king to look favourably upon it, and bring him back with you. Now, sire, go, and you shall receive an excellent and beautiful princess, and there shall be friendship established between our king and you." The king was pleased at this proposal; he was attracted by the idea that he should receive a princess of peerless beauty, and replied, "Teacher, there was a quarrel between you and the wise Mahosadha at the Battle of the Law. Now go and see my son; [413] you two wise men must make up your differences; and after a talk together, come back." Kevaṭṭa promised to go and see the sage, and he went.

Now the Great Being that day, determined to avoid talking with this man of sin, in the morning drank a little ghee; they smeared the floor with wet cow-dung, and smeared the pillars with oil; all chairs and seats they removed except one narrow couch on which he lay. To his servants he gave orders as follows: "When the brahmin begins to talk, say, Brahmin, do not talk with the sage; he has taken a dose of

ghee to-day. And when I make as though to talk with him, stop me, saying, My lord, you have taken a dose of ghee—do not talk." After these instructions the Great Being covered himself with a red robe, and lay down on his couch, after posting men at the seven gate-towers[60]. Kevaṭṭa, reaching the first gate, asked where the wise man was? Then the servants answered, "Brahmin, do not make much noise; if you wish to go in, go silently. To-day the sage has taken ghee, and he cannot stand a noise." At the other gates they told him the same thing. When he came to the seventh gate, he entered the presence of the sage, and the sage made as though to speak: but they said, "My lord, do not talk; you have taken a strong dose of ghee—why should you talk with this wretched brahmin?" So they stayed him. The other came in, but could not find where to sit, nor a place to stand by the bed. He passed over the wet cow-dung and stood. Then one looked at him and rubbed his eyes, one lifted his eyebrow, one scratched his elbow. When he saw this, he was annoyed, and said, "Wise sir, I am going." Another said, "Ha, wretched brahmin, don't make a noise! If you do, I'll break your bones for you!" Terrified he looked back, when another struck him on the back with a bamboo stick, another caught him by the throat and pushed him, another slapt him on the back, until he departed in fear, like a fawn from the panther's mouth, and returned to the palace.

Now the king thought: [414] "To-day my son will be pleased to hear the news. What a talking there will be between the two wise men about the Law! To-day they will be reconciled together, and I shall be the gainer." So when he saw Kevaṭṭa, he recited a stanza, asking about their conversation together:

"How did your meeting with Mahosadha come off, Kevaṭṭa? Pray tell me that. Was Mahosadha reconciled, was he pleased?"

To this Kevaṭṭa replied, "Sire, you think that is a wise man, but there is not another man less good," and he recited a stanza:

“He is a man ignoble of nature, lord of men! disagreeable, obstinate, wicked in disposition, like one dumb or deaf: he said not a word.”

This displeased the king, but he found no fault. He provided Kevaṭṭa and his attendants with all that they needed and a house to live in, and bade him go and rest. After he had sent him away the king thought to himself, “My son is wise, and knows well how to be courteous; yet he would not speak courteously to this man and did not want to see him. Surely he must have seen cause for some apprehension in the future!” and he composed a stanza of his own:

“Verily this resolution is very hard to understand; a clear issue has been foreseen by this strong man. Therefore my body is shaken: who shall lose his own and fall into the hands of his foe?”

[415] “No doubt my son saw some mischief in the brahmin’s visit. He will have come here for no friendly purpose. He must have wished to attract me by desire, and make me go to his city, and there capture me. The sage must have foreseen some danger to come.” As he was turning over these thoughts in his mind, with alarm, the four wise men came in. The king said to Senaka, “Well, Senaka, do you think I ought to go to the city of Uttarapañcāla and marry King Cūḷanī’s daughter?” He replied, “O sire, what is this you say! When luck comes your way, who would drive it off with blows? If you go there and marry her, you will have no equal save Cūḷanī-Brahmadatta in all India, because you will have married the daughter of the chief king. The king knows that the other princes are his men, and Vedeha alone is his peer, and so desires to give you his peerless daughter. Do as he says and we also shall receive dresses and ornaments.” When the king asked the others, they all said the same. And as they were thus conversing, Brahmin Kevaṭṭa came from his lodging to take his leave of the king, and go; and he said, “Sire, I cannot linger here, I would go, prince of men!” The king shewed him respect, and let him go.

When the Great Being heard of his departure, he bathed and dressed and went to wait on the king, and saluting him sat on one side. Thought the king: "Wise Mahosadha my son is great and full of resource, he knows past, present and future; he will know whether I ought to go or not"; yet befooled by passion he did not keep to his first resolve, but asked his question in a stanza:

"All six have one opinion, and they are sages supreme in wisdom. To go or not to go, to abide here—Mahosadha, tell me your opinion also."

[416] At this the sage thought, "This king is exceedingly greedy in desire: blind and foolish he listens to the words of these four. I will tell him the mischief of going and dissuade him." So he repeated four stanzas:

"Do you know, great king: mighty and strong is King Cūḷanī-Brahmadatta, and he wants you to kill, as a hunter catches the deer by decoy. As a fish greedy for food does not recognize the hook hidden in the bait, or a mortal his death, so you O king, greedy in desire, do not recognize Cūḷanī's daughter, you, mortal, your own death. Go to Pañcāla, and in a little time you will destroy yourself, as a deer caught on the road comes into great danger."

[417] At this heavy rebuke[61], the king was angry. "The man thinks I am his slave," he thought, "he forgets I am a king. He knows that the chief king has sent to offer me his daughter, and says not a word of good wishes, but foretells that I shall be caught and killed like a silly deer or a fish that swallows the hook or a deer caught on the road!" and immediately he recited a stanza:

"I was foolish, I was deaf and dumb, to consult you on high matters. How can you understand things like other men, when you grew up hanging on to the plow-tail?"

With these opprobrious wordy, he said, “This clodhopper is hindering my good luck! away with him!” and to get rid of him he uttered this stanza:

“Take this fellow by the neck and rid my kingdom of him, who speaks to hinder my getting a jewel.”

But he, seeing the king’s anger, thought, “If any one at the bidding of this king seize me by hand or by neck, or touch me, I shall be disgraced to my dying day; therefore I will go of myself.” [418] So he saluted the king and went to his house. Now the king had merely spoken in anger: but out of respect for the Bodhisat he did not command any one to carry out his words. Then the Great Being thought, “This king is a fool, he knows not his own profit or unprofit. He is in love; and determined to get that princess, he does not perceive the danger to come; he will go to his ruin. I ought not to let his words lie in my mind. He is my great benefactor, and has done me much honour. I must have confidence in him. But first I will send the parrot and find out the facts, then I will go myself.” So he sent the parrot.

To explain this the Master said:

“Then he went out of Vedeha’s presence, and spake to his messenger, Māthara [sic] the clever parrot: ”Come, my green parrot, do a service for me. The king of Pañcāla has a maynah that watches his bed: ask him in full, for he knows all, knows all the secret of the king and Kosiya.“ Māṭhara *(sic)* the clever parrot listened, and went—the green parrot—to the maynah bird. Then this clever parrot Māṭhara spake to the sweet-voiced maynah in her fine cage: ”Is all well with you in your fine cage? is all happy, O Vessā[62]? Do they give you parched honey-corn in your fine cage?“ ”All is well with me, sir, indeed, all is happy, they do give me parched honey-corn, O clever parrot. Why have you come, sir, and why were you sent? I never saw you or heard of you before."

[419] On hearing this, he thought: “If I say, I am come from Mithilā, for her life she will never trust me. On my way I noticed the town Ariṭṭhapura in this kingdom of Sivi; so I will make up a false tale, how the king of Sivi has sent me hither,” and he said—

“I was King Sivi’s chamberlain in his palace, and from thence that righteous king set the prisoners free from bondage.”

[420] Then the maynah gave him the honey-corn and honey-water which stood ready for her in a golden dish, and said, “Sir, you have come a long way: what has brought you?” He made up a tale, desirous to learn the secret, and said,

“I once had to wife a sweet-voiced maynah, and a hawk killed her before my eyes.”

Then she asked, “But how did the hawk kill your wife?” He told her this story. “Listen, madam. One day our king invited me to join him at a water-party. My wife and I went with him, and amused ourselves. In the evening we returned with him to the palace. To dry our feathers, my wife and I flew out of a window and sat on the top of a pinnacle. At that moment a hawk swooped down to catch us as we were leaving the pinnacle. In fear of my life I flew swiftly off; but she was heavy then, and could not fly fast; hence before my eyes he killed her and carried her off. The king saw me weeping for her loss, and asked me the reason. On hearing what had occurred, he said, ”Enough, friend, do not weep, but look for another wife.“ I replied, ”What need I, my lord, to wed another, wicked and vicious? Better to live alone.“ He said, ”Friend, I know a bird virtuous like your wife; King Cūḷani’s chamberlain is a maynah like her. Go and ask her will, and let her reply, and if she likes you come and tell me; then I or my queen will go with great pomp and bring her back.“ With these words he sent me, and that is why I am come.” And he said:

“Full of love for her I am come to you: if you give me leave we might dwell together.”

[421] These words pleased her exceedingly; but without shewing her feelings she said, as though unwilling:

“Parrot should love parrot, and maynah maynah: how can there be union between parrot and maynah?”

The other hearing this thought, “She does not reject me; she is only making much of herself. Indeed she loves me doubtless. I will find some parables to make her trust me.” So he said—

“Whomsoever the lover loves, be it a low Caṇḍālī, all are alike: in love there is no unlikeness.”

This said, he went on, to shew the measure of the differences in the birth of men,

“The mother of the king of Sivi is named Jambāvatī, and she was the beloved queen consort of Vāsudeva the Kaṇha.”

Now the king of Sivi’s mother, Jambāvatī, was of the Caṇḍāla caste, and she was the beloved queen consort of Vāsudeva, one of the Kaṇhāgana clan, the eldest of ten brothers. The story goes, that he one day went out from Dvāravatī into the park; and on his way he espied a very beautiful girl, standing by the way, as she journeyed on some business from her Caṇḍāla village to town. He fell in love, and asked her birth; and on hearing that she was a Caṇḍālī, he was distressed. Finding that she was unmarried, he turned back at once, and took her home, surrounded her with precious things, and made her his chief queen. She brought forth a son Sivi, who ruled in Dvāravatī at his father’s death.

[422] After giving this example, he went on: “Thus even a prince such as he mated with a Caṇḍāla woman; and what of us, who are but

of the animal kingdom? If we like to mate together, there is no more to be said." And he gave another example as follows:

"Rathavatī, a fairy, also loved Vaccha, and the man loved the animal. In love there is no unlikeness.

"Vaccha was a hermit of that name, and the way she loved him was this. In times gone by, a brahmin, who had seen the evil of the passions, left great wealth to follow the ascetic life, and lived in Himavat in a hut of leaves which he made him. Not far from this hut in a cave lived a number of fairies, and in the same place lived a spider. This spider used to spin his web, and crack the heads of these creatures, and drink their blood. Now the fairies were weak and timid, the spider was mighty and very poisonous: they could do nothing against him, so they came to the hermit, and saluted him, and told him how a spider was destroying them and they could see no help; wherefore they begged him to kill the spider and save them. But the ascetic drove them away, crying, "Men like me take no life!" A female of these creatures, named Rahavatī, was unmarried; and they brought her all finely arrayed to the hermit, and said, "Let her be your handmaiden, and do you slay our enemy." When the hermit saw her he fell in love, and kept her with him, and lay in wait for the spider at the cave's mouth, and as he came out for food killed him with a club. So he lived with the fairy and begat sons and daughters on her, and then died. Thus she loved him."

The parrot, having described this example, said, "Vaccha the hermit, although a man, lived with a fairy, who belonged to the animal world; why should not we do the same, who both are birds?"

When she heard him she said, "My lord, the heart is not always the same: I fear separation from my beloved." But he, being wise and versed in the wiles of women, further tested her with this stanza:

“Verily I shall go away, O sweet-voiced maynah. This is a refusal; no doubt you despise me.”

[423] Hearing this she felt as though her heart would break; but before him she made as though she was burning with newly awakened love, and recited a stanza and a half:

“No luck for the hasty, O wise parrot Māṭhara. Stay here until you shall see the king, and hear the sound of tabours and see the splendour of our king.”

So when evening came they took their pleasure together; and they lived in friendship and pleasure and delight. Then the parrot thought, “Now she will not hide the secret from me; now I must ask it of her and go.—Maynah,” quoth he. “What is it, my lord?” “I want to ask you something; shall I say it?” “Say on, my lord.” “Never mind, to-day is a festival; another day I will see about it.” “If it be suitable to a festival, say it, if not, my lord, say nothing.” “Indeed, this is a thing fit for a festival day.” “Then speak.” “If you will listen, I will speak.” Then he asked the secret in a stanza and a half:

“This sound so loud heard over the countryside—the daughter of the king of Pañcāla, bright as a star—he will give her to the Videhas, and this will be their wedding!”

[424] When she heard this she said, “My lord! on a day of festival you have said a thing most unlucky!” “I say it is lucky, you say it is unlucky: what can this mean?” “I cannot tell you, my lord.” “Madam, from the time when you refuse to tell me a secret which you know, our happy union ends.” Importuned by him she replied, "Then, my lord, listen:—

“Let not even your enemies have such a wedding, Māṭhara, as there shall be betwixt the kings of Pañcāla and Videha.”

Then he asked, “Why do you ask such a thing, madam?” She replied, “Listen now, and I will tell you the mischief of it,” and she repeated another stanza:

“The mighty king of Pañcāla will attract Videha, and then he will kill him; his friend she will not be.”

So she told the whole secret to the wise parrot; and the wise parrot, hearing it, extolled Kevaṭṭa: “This teacher is fertile in resource; ’tis a wonderful plan to kill the king. But what is so unlucky a thing to us? silence is best.” Thus he attained the fruit of his journey. And after passing the night with her, he said, “Lady, I would go to the Sivi country, and tell the king how I have got a loving wife”; and he took leave in the following words:

[425] “Now give me leave for just seven nights, that I may tell the mighty king of Sivi, how I have found a dwelling-place with a maynah.”

The maynah hereat, although unwilling to part with him, yet unable to refuse, recited the next stanza:

“Now I give you leave for seven nights; if after seven nights you do not return to me, I see myself gone down into the grave; I shall be dead when you return[63].”

The other said: “Lady, what is this you say! if I see you not after seven days, how can I live?” So he spake with his lips, but thought in his heart, “Live or die[64], what care I for you?” He rose up, and after flying for a short distance towards the Sivi country, he turned off and went to Mithilā. Then descending upon the wise man’s shoulder, when the Great Being had taken him to the upper storey, and asked his news, he told him all. The other did him all honour as before.

This the Master explained as follows:

“And then Māṭhara, the wise parrot, said to Mahosadha: ”This is the story of the maynah."

On hearing it the Great Being thought: “The king will go, will I nill I, and if he go, he will be utterly destroyed. [426] And if by bearing a grudge against such a king who gave me such wealth, I refrain from doing well to him, I shall be disgraced. When there is found one so wise as I, why should he perish? I will set out before the king, and see Cūḷani; and I will arrange all well, and I will build a city for King Vedeha to dwell in, and a smaller passage a mile long, and a great tunnel of half a league; and I will consecrate King Cūḷani’s daughter and make her our king’s handmaiden; and even when our city is surrounded by the hundred and one kings with their army of eighteen myriads, I will save our king, as the moon is saved from the jaws of Rāhu, and bring him home. His return is in my hands.” As he thought thus, joy pervaded his body, and by force of this joy he uttered this aspiration:

“A man should always work for his interest in whose house he is fed.”

Thus bathed and anointed he went in great pomp to the palace, and saluting the king, stood on one side. “My lord,” he asked, “are you going to the city of Uttarapañcāla?” “Yes, my son; if I cannot gain Pañcālacaṇḍī, what is my kingdom to me? Leave me not, but come with me. By going thither, two benefits will be mine: I shall gain the most precious of women, and make friendship with the king.” Then the wise man said, “Well, my lord, I will go on ahead, and build dwellings for you; do you come when I send word.” Saying this, he repeated two stanzas:

“Truly I will go first, lord of men, to the lovely city of Pañcāla’s king, to build dwellings for the glorious Vedeha. When I have built dwellings for the glorious Vedeha, come, mighty warrior, when I send word.”

[427] The king on hearing this was pleased that he should not desert him, and said, “My son, if you go on ahead, what do you want?” “An army, sire.” “Take as many as you wish, my son.” The other went on, “My lord, have the four prisons opened, and break the chains that bind the robbers therein, and send these also with me.” “Do as you will, my son,” he replied. The Great Being caused the prisons to be opened, and brought forth mighty heroes who were able to do their duty wherever they should be sent, and bade them serve him; he shewed great favour to these, and took with him eighteen companies of men, masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, painters, men skilled in all arts and crafts, with their razor-adzes, spades, hoes, and many other tools. So with a great company he went out of the city.

The Master explained it by this stanza:

“The Mahosadha went on ahead, to the goodly town of the king of Pañcāla, to build dwellings for Vedeha the glorious.”

On his way, the Great Being built a village at every league’s end, and left a courtier in charge of each village, with these directions: “Against the king’s return with Pañcāla-caṇḍī you are to prepare elephants, horses, and chariots, to keep off his enemies, and to convey him speedily to Mithilā.” Arrived at the Ganges' bank, he called Ānandakumāra, and said to him, “Ānanda, take three hundred wrights, go to Upper Ganges, procure choice timber, build three hundred ships, make them cut stores of wood for the town, fill the ships with light wood, and come back soon.” Himself in a ship he crossed over the Ganges, and from his landing-place he paced out the distances, thinking—“This is half a league, here shall be the great tunnel: in this place shall be the town for our king to dwell in; from this place to the palace, a mile long, [428] shall be the small passage.” So he marked out the place; and then entered the city.

When King Cūlaṇi heard of the Bodhisat’s coming, he was exceedingly well pleased; for thought he, “Now the desire of my

heart shall be fulfilled; now that he is come, Vedeha will not be long in coming: then will I kill them both and make one kingdom in all India." All the city was in a ferment: "This, they say, is the wise Mahosadha, who put to flight the hundred and one kings as a crow is scared by a clod!" The Great Being proceeded to the palace gates whilst the citizens gazed at his beauty; then dismounting from the car, he sent word to the king. "Let him come," the king said; and he entered, and greeted the king, and sat down on one side. Then the king spoke politely to him, and asked, "My son, when will the king come?" "When I send for him, my lord." "But why are you come, then?" "To build for our king a place to dwell in, my lord." "Good, my son." He gave an allowance for the escort, and shewed great honour to the Great Being, and allotted him a house, and said: "My son, until your king shall come, live here, and do not be idle, but do what should be done." But as he entered the palace, he stood at the foot of the stairs, thinking, "Here must be the door of the little tunnel"; and again this came into his mind, "The king told me to do for him anything that had to be done; I must take care that this stairway does not fall in while we are digging the tunnel." So he said to the king, "My lord, as I entered, standing by the stair-foot, and looking at the new work, I saw a fault in the great staircase. If it please you, give me word and I will make it all right." "Good, my son, do so." He examined the place carefully, and determined where the exit of the tunnel should be[65]; then he removed the stair, and to keep the earth from falling into this place, he arranged a platform of wood, and thus fixed the stair firmly so that it should not collapse. The king all unwitting thought this to be done from goodwill to himself. The other spent that day [429] in superintending the repairs, and on the next day he said to the king, "My lord, if I could know where our king is to dwell, I could make it all right and take care of it." "Very good, wise sir: choose a place for his dwelling where you will in the city, except my palace." "Sire, we are strangers, you have many favourites: if we take their houses, your soldiers will quarrel with us. What are we to do?" "Wise sir, do not listen to them, but

choose the place which may please you." "My lord, they will come to you over and over again with complaints, and that will not be pleasant for you; but if you will, let our men be on guard until we take possession of the houses, and they will not be able to get past the door, but will go away. Thus both you and we shall be content." The king agreed. The Great Being placed his own guards at the foot and head of the stairway, at the great gate, everywhere, giving orders that no one was to pass by. Then he ordered his men to go to the queen-mother's house, and to make as though they would pull it down. When they began to pull down bricks and mud from the gates and walls, the queen-mother heard the news and asked, "You fellows, why do you break down my house?" "Mahosadha the sage wishes to pull it down and to build a palace for his king." "If that be so, you may live in this place." "Our king's retinue is very large; this place will not do, and we will make a large house for him." "You do not know me: I am the queen-mother, and now I will go to my son and see about it." "We are acting by the king's orders; stop us if you can! " She grew angry, and said, "Now I will see what is to be done with you," and proceeded to the palace gate; but they would not let her go in. "Fellows, I am the king's mother!" "Oh, we know you; but the king has ordered us to let no one come in. Go away!" She was unable to get into the palace, and stood looking at her house. Then one of the men said, [430] "What are you doing here? Away with you!" He seized her by the throat and threw her upon the ground. She thought, "Verily it must be the king's command, otherwise they would not be able to do this: I will visit the sage." She asked him, "Son Mahosadha, why do you pull down my house?" but he would not speak to her. But a bystander said, "What did you say, madam?" "My son, why does the sage pull down my house?" "To build a dwelling for King Vedeha." "Why, my son! in all this great city can he find no other place to live in? take this bribe, a hundred thousand pieces of money, and let him build elsewhere." "Very good, madam, we will leave your house alone; but do not tell any one that you have given this bribe, that no others may wish to bribe us to spare their

houses." "My son! if it were said that the queen-mother had need to bribe, the shame would be mine! I shall tell no one." The man consented, and took the hundred thousand pieces, and left that house. Then he went to Kevaṭṭa's house; who went to the palace gate, and had the skin of his back torn by bamboo sticks, but being unable to get an entrance, he also gave a hundred thousand pieces. In this way, by seizing houses in all parts of the city, and procuring bribes, they got nine crores of gold pieces.

After this the Great Being traversed the whole city, and returned to the palace. The king asked him whether he had found a place. "Sire," he said, "they are all willing to give; but as soon as we take possession they are stricken with grief. We do not wish to be the cause of unpleasantness. Outside the city, about a mile hence, between the city and the Ganges, there is a place where we could build a palace for our king." When the king heard this, he was pleased; for, thought he, "to fight with men inside the city is dangerous, it is impossible to distinguish friend from foe; but without the city it is easy to fight, therefore without the city [431] I will smite them and kill them." Then he said, "Good, my son, build in the place that you have seen." "We will, sire. But your people must not come to the place where we build, in search of firewood or herbs or such like things; if they do, there is sure to be a quarrel, and this will be pleasant for neither of us." "Very good, my son, forbid all access on that side." "My lord, our elephants like to disport them in the water; if the water becomes muddy, and the people complain that since Mahosadha came we have had no clean water to drink, you must put up with it." The king replied, "Let your elephants play." Then he proclaimed by beat of drum: "Whosoever shall go hence to the place where the sage Mahosadha is building, he shall be fined a thousand pieces."

Then the Great Being took leave of the king, and with his attendants went out of the city, and began to build a city on the spot that had been set apart. On the other side of the Ganges he built a village

called Gaggali: there he stationed his elephants, horses and chariots, his kine and oxen. He busied himself with the making of the city, and assigned to each their task. Having distributed all the work, he set about making the great tunnel; the mouth of which was upon the Ganges' bank. Sixty thousand warriors were digging the great tunnel: the earth they removed in leather sacks and dropt in the river, and whenever the earth was dropt in the elephants trampled it underfoot, and the Ganges ran muddy. The citizens complained that, since Mahosadha had come, they could get no clean water to drink; the river ran muddy, and what was to be done? Then the wise man's spies told them that Mahosadha's elephants were playing about in the water, and stirring up the mud, and that was why it ran muddy. Now the intentions of the Bodhisats are always fulfilled; therefore in the tunnel all roots and stones sank into the earth. The entrance to the lesser tunnel was in that city; seven hundred men were digging at the lesser tunnel; [432] the earth they brought out in leather sacks and dropt in the city, and as they dropt each load, they mixt it with water, and built a wall, and used it for other works. The entrance into the greater tunnel was in the city: it was provided with a door, eighteen hands high, fitted with machinery, so that one peg being pressed all were closed up[66]. On either side, the tunnel was built up with bricks and worked with stucco; it was roofed over with planks and smeared with cement[67], and whitened. In all there were eighty great doors and sixty-four small doors, which all by the pressure of one peg closed, and by the pressure of one peg opened. On either side there were some hundreds of lamp-cells, also fitted with machinery, so that when one was opened all opened, and when one was shut all were shut. On either side were a hundred and one chambers for a hundred and one warriors: in each one was laid a bed of various colours, in each was a great couch shaded by a white sunshade, each had a throne near the great couch, each had a statue of a woman, very beautiful—without touching them no one could tell they were not human. Moreover, in the tunnel on either side, clever painters made all manner of paintings: the splendour of Sakka, the zones of Mount Sineru, the sea

and the ocean, the four continents, Himavat, Lake Anotatta, the Vermilion Mountain, Sun and Moon, the heaven of the four great kings with the six heavens of sense and their divisions—all were to be seen in the tunnel. The floor was strewn with sand white as a silver plate, and on the roof full-blown lotus flowers. On both sides were booths of all sorts; here and there hung festoons of flowers and scented blooms. Thus they adorned the tunnel until it was like the divine hall of Sudhamma.

Now those three hundred wrights, having built three hundred ships, freighted them with loads of articles all ready prepared, and brought them down, and told the sage. He used them in the city, and made them put up the ships in a secret place to bring them out when he should give the word. In the city, the water-moat, the wall, [433] gate and tower, dwellings for prince and people, elephant-stables, tanks, all were finished. So great tunnel and little tunnel, and all the city, were finished in four months. And at the end of the four months, the Great Being sent a messenger to the king, to bid him come.

When the king heard this message, he was pleased, and set out with a large company.

The Master said:

"Then the king set out with an army in four divisions, to visit the prosperous city of Kampilliyā, with its innumerable chariots."

In due time he arrived at the Ganges. Then the Great Being went out to meet him, and conducted him to the city which he had built. The king entered the palace, and ate a rich meal, and after resting a little, in the evening sent a messenger to King Cūḷanī to say that he had come.

Explaining this, the Master said:

“Then he on arriving sent word to Brahmadatta: ”Mighty king, I am come to salute thy feet. Now give me to wife that woman most beauteous, full of grace, attended by her handmaidens."

[434] Cūḷanī was very glad at the message, and thought, “Where will my enemy go now? I shall cleave both their heads, and drink the cup of victory!” But he shewed only joy to the messenger, and did him respect, and recited the following stanza:

“Welcome art thou, Vedeha, a good coming is thine! Enquire now for a lucky hour, and I will give thee my daughter, full of grace, attended by her handmaidens.”

The messenger now went back to Vedeha, and said, “My lord, the king says: ”Enquire for an hour suited to this auspicious event, and I will give you my daughter.“ He sent the man back, saying, ”This very day is a lucky hour!"

The Master explained it thus:

“Then King Vedeha enquired for a lucky hour; which done, he sent word to Brahmadatta: ”Give me now to wife that woman most beauteous, full of grace, attended by her handmaidens.“ And King Cūḷanī said: ”I give thee now to wife that woman most beauteous, full of grace, attended by her handmaidens."

But in saying “I will send her now, even now,” he lied: and he gave the word to the hundred and one kings: “Make ready for battle with your eighteen mighty hosts, and come forth: we will cleave the heads of our two enemies, and drink the cup of victory!” And he placed in the palace his mother Queen Talatā, and his consort Queen Nandā, and his son Pañcālacaṇḍa, and his daughter Pañcālacaṇḍī, with the women, and came forth himself.

The Bodhisat treated very hospitably the great army which came with King Vedeha: [435] some were drinking spirits, some eating fish

and flesh, some lay wearied with their long march; but King Vedeha, with Senaka and the other wise men, sat on a goodly dais amidst his courtiers. But King Cūḷanī surrounded the city in four lines with three intervals, and kindled several hundreds of thousands of torches, and there they stood, ready to take it when the sun should rise. On learning this, the Great Being gave commission to three hundred of his own warriors: "Go by the little tunnel, and bring in by that tunnel the king's mother and consort, his son and daughter; take them through the great tunnel, but do not let them out by the door of the great tunnel; keep them safe in the tunnel until we come, but when we come, bring then out of the tunnel, and place them in the Great Court." When they had received these commands, they went along the lesser tunnel, and pushed up the platform beneath the staircase; they seized the guards at the top and bottom of the staircase and on the terrace, the humpbacks, and all the others that were there, bound them hand and foot, gagged them, and hid them away here and there; ate some of the food prepared for the king, destroyed the rest, and went up to the terrace. Now Queen Talatā on that day, uncertain what might befall, had made Queen Nandā and the son and daughter lie with her in one bed. These warriors, standing at the door of the chamber, called to them. She came out and said, "What is it, my children?" They said, "Madam, our king has killed Vedeha and Mahosadha, and has made one kingdom in all India, and surrounded by the hundred and one princes in great glory he is drinking deep: he has sent us to bring you four to him also." They came down to the foot of the staircase. When the men took them into the tunnel, they said: "All this time we have lived here, and never have entered this street before!" The men replied, "Men do not go into this street every day; this is a street of rejoicing, and because this is a day of rejoicing, the king [436] told us to fetch you by this way." And they believed it. Then some of the men conducted the four, others returned to the palace, broke open the treasury, and carried off all the precious things they wanted. The four went on by the greater tunnel, and seeing it to be like the glorious hall of the gods, thought that it had been made for

the king. Then they were brought to a place not far from the river, and placed in a fine chamber within the tunnel: some kept watch over them, others went and told the Bodhisat of their arrival.

"Now," thought the Bodhisat, "my heart's desire shall he fulfilled." Highly pleased, he went into the king's presence and stood on one side. The king, uneasy with desire, was thinking, "Now he will send his daughter, now, now": and getting up he looked out of the window. There was the city all one blaze of light with those thousands of torches, and surrounded by a great host! In fear and suspicion he cried, "What is this?" and recited a stanza to his wise men:

"Elephants, horses, chariots, footmen, a host in armour stands there, torches blaze with light; what do they mean, wise sirs?"

To this Senaka replied: "Do not trouble, sire: large numbers of torches are blazing; I suppose the king is bringing his daughter to you." And Pukkusa said, "No doubt he wishes to shew honour at your visit, and therefore has come with a guard." They told him whatever they liked. But the king heard the words of command—"Put a detachment here, set a guard there, be vigilant!" and he saw the soldiers under arms; so that he was frightened to death, and longing to hear some word from the Great Being, he recited another stanza:

"Elephants, horses, chariots, footmen, a host in armour stands there, torches ablaze with light: what will they do, wise sir?"

[437] Then the Great Being thought, "I will first terrify this blind fool for a little, then I will shew my power and console him." So he said,

"Sire, the mighty Cūḷanīya is watching you, Brahmadatta is a traitor: in the morning he will slay you."

On hearing this all were frightened to death: the king's throat was parched, the spittle ceased, his body burnt; frightened to death and whimpering he recited two stanzas:

"My heart throbs, my mouth is parched, I cannot rest, I am like one burnt in the fire and then put in the sun. As the smith's fire burns inwardly and is not seen outside, so my heart burns within me and is not seen outside."

When the Great Being heard this lament, he thought, "This blind fool would not do my bidding at other times; I will punish him still more," and he said:

"Warrior, you are careless, neglectful of advice, unwise: now let your clever advisers save you. A king who will not do the bidding of a wise and faithful counsellor, being bent on his own pleasure, is like a deer caught in a trap. As a fish, greedy for the bait, does not notice the hook hidden in the meat which is wrapped round it, does not recognise its own death: so you, O king, greedy with lust, like the fish, do not recognise Cūḷaneyya's daughter as your own death. If you go to Pañcāla, (I said,) you will speedily lose your happiness, as a deer caught on the highway will fall into great danger. A bad man, my lord, would bite like a snake in your lap; no wise man should make friends with him; unhappy must be the association with an evil man. [438] Whatsoever man, my lord; one should recognise for virtuous and instructed, he is the man for the wise to make his friend: happy would be the association with a good man."

Then to drive home the reproach, that a man should not be so treated, he recalled the words which the king had once said before, and went on—

"Foolish thou art, O king, deaf and dumb, that didst upbraid the best advice in me, asking how I could know what was good like another, when I had grown up at the plow-tail? Take yon fellow by the neck,

you said, and cast him out of my kingdom, who tries by his talk to keep me from getting a precious thing[68]!"

Having recited these two stanzas, he said, "Sire, how could I, a clodhopper, know what is good as Senaka does and the other wise men? That is not my calling. I know only the clodhopper's trade, but this matter is known to Senaka and his like; they are wise gentlemen, and now to-day [439] let them deliver you from the eighteen mighty hosts that compass you round about; and bid them take me by the throat and cast me forth. Why do you ask me now?" Thus he rebuked him mercilessly. When the king heard it, he thought, "The sage is reciting the wrongs that I have done. Long ago he knew the danger to come, that is why he so bitterly reproaches me. But he cannot have spent all this time idly; surely he must have arranged for my safety." So to reproach the other, he recited two stanzas:

"Mahosadha, the wise do not throw up the past in one's teeth; why do you goad me like a horse tied fast? If you see deliverance or safety, comfort me: why throw up the past against me?"

Then the Great Being thought, "This king is very blind and foolish, and knows not the differences amongst men: a while I will torment him, then I will save him"; and he said—

"'Tis too late for men to act, too hard and difficult: I cannot deliver you, and you must decide for yourself. There are elephants which can fly through the air, magical, glorious: they that possess such as these can go away with them. Horses there are which can fly through the air, magical, glorious: they that possess such as these can go away with them. Birds also there are, and goblins, which do the like. But it is too late for men to act, too hard and difficult: I cannot save you, and you must decide for yourself."

[440] The king, hearing this, sat still without a word; but Senaka thought, "There is no help but the sage for the king or for us; but the

king is too much afraid to be able to answer him. Then I will ask him." And he asked him in two stanzas:

"A man who cannot see the shore in the mighty ocean, when he finds a footing is full of joy. So to us and the king thou, Mahosadha, art firm ground to stand on; thou art our best of counsellors; deliver us from woe."

The Great Being reproached him in this stanza:

"'Tis too late for men to act, too hard and difficult: I cannot deliver you, and you must decide for yourself, Senaka."

The king, unable to find an opening, and terrified out of his life, could not say a word to the Great Being; but thinking that perhaps Senaka might have a plan, he asked him in this stanza:

"Hear this word of mine: you see this great danger, and now Senaka, I ask you—what do you think ought to be done here?"

[441] Senaka thinking, "The king asks a plan: good or bad, I will tell him one," recited a stanza:

"Let us set fire to the door, let us take a sword, let us wound one another, and soon we shall cease to live: let not Brahmadatta kill us by a lingering death."

The king fell in a passion to hear this; "That will do for your funeral pyre and your children's," he thought; and he then asked Pukkusa and the rest, who also spoke foolishly each after his own kind; here is the tradition:

"Hear this word: you see this great danger. Now I ask Pukkusa—what do you think ought to be done here?" "Let us take poison and die, and we shall soon cease to live: let not Brahmadatta kill us by a lingering death."; "Now I ask Kāvinda." "Let us fasten a noose and die, let us

cast ourselves from a height, let not Brahmadatta kill us by a lingering death." "Now I ask Devinda." "Let us set fire to the door, let us take a sword, let us wound one another, and soon we shall cease to live: I cannot save us, but Mahosadha can do so easily."

Devinda thought, "What is the king doing? Here is fire, and he blows at a firefly! Except Mahosadha, there is none other can save us: [412] yet he leaves him and asks us! What do we know about it?" Thus thinking, and seeing no other plan, he repeated the plan proposed by Senaka, and praised the Great Being in two stanzas:

"This is my meaning, sire: Let us all ask the wise man; and if for all our asking Mahosadha cannot easily save us, then let us follow Senaka's advice."

On hearing this, the king remembered his ill-treatment of the Bodhisat, and being unable to speak to him, he lamented in his hearing thus:

"As one that searches for sap in the plantain tree or the silk-cotton tree, finds none; so we searching for an answer to this problem have found none. Our dwelling is in a bad place, like elephants in a place where no water is, with worthless men and fools that know nothing. My heart throbs, my mouth is parched, I cannot rest, I am like one burnt in the fire and then put in the sun. As the smith's fire burns inwardly and is not seen outside, so my heart burns within and is not seen outside."

Then the sage thought, "The king is exceedingly troubled: If I do not console him, he will break his heart and die." So he consoled him.

[443] This the Master explained by saying:

"Then this wise sage Mahosadha, discerning of the good, when he beheld Vedeha sorrowful thus spake to him. "Fear not, O king, fear not, lord of chariots; I will set thee free, like the moon when it is

caught by Rāhu, like the sun when it is caught by Rāhu, like an elephant sunk in the mud, like a snake shut up in a basket, like fish in the net; I will set thee free with thy chariots and thy army; I will scare away Pañcāla, as a crow is scared by a clod. Of what use indeed is the wisdom or the counsellor of such a kind as cannot set thee free from trouble when thou art in difficulties?"

When he heard this, he was comforted: “Now my life is safe!” he thought: all were delighted when the Bodhisat spoke out like a lion. Then Senaka asked, “Wise sir, how will you get away with us all?” “By a decorated tunnel,” he said, “make ready.” So saying, he gave the word to his men to open the tunnel:

[444] “Come, men, up and open the mouth of the entrance: Vedeha with his court is to go through the tunnel.”

Up rose they and opened the door of the tunnel, and all the tunnel shone in a blaze of light like the decorated hall of the gods. The Master explained it by saying:

“Hearing the wise man’s voice, his followers opened the tunnel door and the mechanical bolts.”

The door opened, they told the Great Being, and he gave the word to the king: “Time, my lord! come down from the terrace.” The king came down, Senaka took off his headdress, unloosed his gown. The Great Being asked him what he did; he replied, “Wise sir, when a man goes through a tunnel, he must take off his turban and wrap his clothes tight around him.” The other replied, “Senaka, do not suppose that you must crawl through the tunnel upon your knees. If you wish to go on an elephant, mount your elephant: lofty is our tunnel, eighteen hands high, with a wide door; dress yourself as fine as you will, and go in front of the king.” Then the Bodhisat made Senaka go first, and went himself last, with the king in the middle, and this was the reason: in the tunnel was a world of eatables and drinkables, and the men ate and drank as they gazed at the tunnel, saying, “Do not go

quickly, but gaze at the decorated tunnel"; but the Great Being went behind urging the king to go on, while the king went on gazing at the tunnel adorned like the hall of the gods.

[445] The Master explained it, saying,

"In front went Senaka, behind went Mahosadha, and in the midst King Vedeha with the men of his court."

Now when the king's coming was known, the men brought out of the tunnel the other king's mother and wife, son and daughter, and set them in the great courtyard; the king also with the Bodhisat came out of the tunnel. When these four saw the king and the sage, they were frightened to death, and shrieked in their fear—"Without doubt we are in the hands of our enemies! it must have been the wise man's soldiers who came for us! " And King Cūḷanī, in fear lest Vedeha should escape—now he was about a mile from the Ganges—hearing their outcry in the quiet night, wished to say, "It is like the voice of Queen Nandā!" but he feared that he might be laughed at for thinking such a thing, and said nothing. At that moment, the Great Being placed Princess Pañcālacaṇḍi upon a heap of treasure, and administered the ceremonial sprinkling, as he said, "Sire, here is she for whose sake you came; let her be your queen!" They brought out the three hundred ships; the king came from the wide courtyard and boarded a ship richly decorated, and these four went on board with him. The Master thus explained it:

"Vedeha coming forth from the tunnel went aboard ship, and when he was aboard, Mahosadha thus encouraged him: "This is now your father-in-law[69], my lord, this is your mother-in-law, O master of men: as you would treat your mother, so treat your mother-in-law. As a brother by the same father and mother, so protect Pañcālacaṇḍa, O lord of chariots. Pañcālacaṇḍī is a royal princess, much wooed[70]; love her, she is your wife, O lord of chariots."

[446] The king consented. But why did the Great Being say nothing about the queen-mother? Because she was an old woman. Now all this the Bodhisat said as he stood upon the bank. Then the king, delivered from great trouble, wishing to proceed in the ship, said, “My son, you speak standing upon the shore”: and recited a stanza—

“Come aboard with speed: why do you stand on the bank? From danger and trouble we have been delivered; now, Mahosadha, let us go.”

The Great Being replied, “My lord, it is not meet that I go with you,” and he said,

"This is not right, sire, that I, the leader of an army, should desert my army and come myself. All this army, left behind in the town, I will bring away with the consent of Brahmadatta.

“Amongst these men, some are sleeping for weariness after their long journey, some eating and drinking, and know not of our departure, some are sick, after having worked with me four months, and there are many assistants of mine. I cannot go if I leave one man behind me; no, I will return, and all that army I will bring off with Brahmadatta’s consent, without a blow. You, sire, should go with all speed, not tarrying anywhere; I have stationed relays of elephants and conveyances on the road, so that you may leave behind those that are weary, and with others ever fresh may quickly return to Mithilā.” Then the king recited a stanza:

“A small army against a great, how will you prevail? The weak will be destroyed by the strong, wise sir!”

[447] Then the Bodhisat recited a stanza:

“A small army with counsel conquers a large army that has none, one king conquers many, the rising sun conquers the darkness.”

With these words, the Great Being saluted the king, and sent him away. The king remembering how he had been delivered from the hands of enemies, and by winning the princess had attained his heart's desire, reflecting on the Bodhisat's virtues, in joy and delight described to Senaka the wise man's virtues in this stanza:

"Happiness truly comes, O Senaka, by living with the wise. As birds from a closed cage, as fish from a net, so Mahosadha set us free when we were in the hands of my enemies."

To this Senaka replied with another, praising the sage:

"Even so, sire, there is happiness amongst the wise. As birds from a closed cage, as fish from a net, so Mahosadha set us free when we were in the hands of our enemies."

Then Vedeha crossed over the river, and at a league's distance he found the village which the Bodhisat had prepared; there the men posted by the Bodhisat supplied elephants and other transport and gave them food and drink. He sent back elephants or horses and transport when they were exhausted, and took others, and proceeded to the next village; and in this way he traversed the journey of a hundred leagues, and next morning he was in Mithilā.

[448] But the Bodhisat went to the gate of the tunnel; and drawing his sword, which was slung over his shoulder, he buried it in the sand, at the gate of the tunnel; then he entered the tunnel, and went into the town, and bathed him in scented water, and ate a choice meal, and retired to his goodly couch, glad to think that the desire of his heart had been fulfilled. When the night was ended, King Cūḷanī gave his orders to the army, and came up to the city. The Master thus explained it:

"The mighty Cūḷanīya watched all night, and at sunrise approached Upakārī. Mounting his noble elephant, strong, sixty years old, Cūlanīya, mighty king of Pañcāla, addressed his army; fully

armed with jewelled harness, an arrow[71] in his hand, he addressed his men collected in great numbers."

Then to describe them in kind—

"Men mounted on elephants, lifeguardsmen, charioteers, footmen, men skilful in archery, bowmen, all gathered together."

Now the king commanded them to take Vedeha alive:

"Send the tusked elephants, mighty, sixty years old, let them trample down the city which Vedeha has nobly built. Let the arrows[72] fly this way and that way, sped by the bow, arrows like the teeth of calves[73], sharp-pointed, piercing the very bones. Let heroes come forth in armour clad, with weapons finely decorated, bold and heroic, ready to face an elephant. Spears bathed in oil, their points glittering like fire, stand gleaming like the constellation of a hundred stars. [449] At the onset of such heroes, with mighty weapons, clad in mail and armour, who never run away, how shall Vedeha escape, even if he fly like a bird? My thirty and nine thousand[74] warriors, all picked men, whose like I never saw, all my mighty host.

"See the mighty tusked elephants, caparisoned, of sixty years, on whose backs are the brilliant and goodly princes; brilliant are they on their backs, as the gods in Nandana, with glorious ornaments, glorious dress and robes: swords of the colour of the sheat-fish[75], well oiled, glittering, held fast by mighty men, well-finished, very sharp, shining, spotless, made of tempered steel[76], strong, held by mighty men who strike and strike again. In golden trappings and bloodred girths they gleam as they turn like lightning in a thick cloud. Mailed heroes with banners waving, skilled in the use of sword and shield, grasping the hilt, accomplished soldiers, mighty fighters on elephant-hack,—encompassed by such as these thou hast no escape; I see no power by which thou canst come to Mithilā."

[450] Thus he threatened Vedeha, thinking to capture him then and there; and goading his elephant, bidding the army seize and strike and kill, King Cūḷanī came like a flood to the city of Upakārī.

Then the Great Being's spies thought, "Who knows what will happen?" and with their attendants surrounded him. Just then the Bodhisat rose from his bed, and attended to his bodily needs, and after breakfast adorned and dressed himself, putting on his kāsi robe worth a hundred thousand pieces of money, and with his red robe over one shoulder, and holding his presentation staff inlaid with the seven precious jewels, golden sandals upon his feet, and being fanned with a yakstail fan like some divine nymph richly arrayed, came up on the terrace, and opening a window showed himself to King Cūḷanī, as he walked to and fro with the grace of the king of the gods. And King Cūḷanī, seeing his beauty, could not find peace of mind, [451] but quickly drove up his elephant, thinking that he should take him now. The sage thought, "He has hastened hither expecting that Vedeha is caught; he knows not that his own children are taken, and that our king is gone. I will show my face like a golden mirror, and speak to him." So standing at the window, he uttered these words in a voice sweet as honey:

"Why have you driven up your elephant thus in haste? You come with a glad look; you think that you have got what you want. Throw down that bow, put away that arrow, put off that shining armour set with jewels and coral."

When he heard the man's voice, he thought, "The clodhopper is making fun of me; to-day I will see what is to be done with him "; then threatened him, saying,

"Your countenance looks pleased, you speak with a smile. It is in the hour of death that such beauty is seen."

As they thus talked together, the soldiers noticed the Great Being's beauty; "our king," they said, "is talking with wise Mahosadha; what

can it be about? Let us listen to their talk." So they drew near the king. But the sage, when the king had finished speaking, replied, "You do not know that I am the wise Mahosadha. I will not suffer you to kill me. Your plan [452] is thwarted; what was thought in the heart of you and Kevaṭṭa has not come to pass, but that has come to pass which you said with your lips." And he explained this by saying,

"Your thunders are in vain, O king! your plan is thwarted, man of war!. The king is as hard for you to catch as a thorobred for a hack. Our king crossed the Ganges yesterday, with his courtiers and attendants. You will be like a crow trying to chase the royal goose."

Again, like a maned lion without fear, he gave an illustration in these words:

"Jackals, in the night time, seeing the Judas tree in flower, think the flowers to be lumps of meat[77], and gather in troops, these vilest of beasts. When the watches of the night are past, and the sun has risen, they see the Judas tree in flower, and lose their wish, those vilest of beasts. Even so you, O king, for all that you have surrounded Vedeha, shall lose your wish and go, as the jackals went from the Judas tree."

When the king heard his fearless words, he thought, "The clodhopper is bold enough in his speech: no doubt Vedeha must have escaped." He was very angry. "Long ago," he thought, [453] "through this clodhopper I had not so much as a rag to cover me; now by his doing my enemy who was in my hands has escaped. In truth he has done me much evil, and I will be revenged on him for both." Then he gave orders as follows:

"Cut off his hands and feet, ears and nose, for he delivered Vedeha my enemy from my hands; cut off his flesh and cook it on skewers, for he delivered Vedeha my enemy out of my hands. As a bull's hide is spread out on the ground, or a lion's or tiger's fastened flat with

pegs, so I will peg him out and pierce him with spikes, for he delivered Vedeha my enemy out of my hand."

The Great Being smiled when he heard this, and thought, "This king does not know that his queen and family have been conveyed by me to Mithilā, and so he is giving all these orders about me. But in his anger he might transfix me with an arrow, or do something else that might please him; I will therefore overwhelm him with pain and sorrow, and will make him faint on his elephant's back, while I tell him about it." So he said:

"If you cut off my hands and feet, my ears and nose, so will Vedeha deal with Pañcālacaṇḍa, so with Pañcālacaṇḍī, so with Queen Nandā, your wife and children. [454] If you cut off my flesh and cook it on skewers, so will Vedeha cook that of Pañcālacaṇḍa, of Pañcālacaṇḍī, of Queen Nandā, your wife and children. If you peg me out and pierce me with spikes, so will Vedeha deal with Pañcālacaṇḍa, with Pañcālacaṇḍi, with Queen Nandā, your wife and children. So it has been secretly arranged between Vedeha and me. Like as a leather shield of a hundred layers, carefully wrought by the leather-workers, is a defence to keep off arrows; so I bring happiness and avert trouble from glorious Vedeha, and I keep off your devices as a shield keeps off an arrow."

[455] Hearing this, the king thought, "What is this clodhopper talking of? As I do to him, quotha, so King Vedeha will do to my family? He does not know that I have set a careful guard over my family, but he is only threatening me in fear of instant death. I don't believe what he says."

The Great Being divined that he thought him to be speaking in fear, and resolved to explain. So he said

“Come, sire, see your inner apartments are empty: wife, children, mother, O warrior, were carried through a tunnel and put in charge of Vedeha.”

Then the king thought, “The sage speaks with much assurance. I did hear in the night beside the Ganges the voice of Queen Nandā; very wise is the sage, perhaps he speaks the truth!” Great grief came upon him, but he gathered all his courage, and dissembling his grief, sent a courtier to enquire, and recited this stanza:

“Come, enter my inner apartments and enquire whether the man’s words be truth or lies.”

The messenger with his attendants went, and opened the door, and entered; there with hands and feet bound, and gags in their mouths, hanging to pegs, he discovered the sentries of the inner apartments, the dwarfs and hunchbacks, and so forth: broken vessels were scattered about, with food and drink, the doors of the treasury were broken open, and the treasure plundered, the bedroom with open doors, and a tribe of crows which had come in by the open windows; [456] it was like a deserted village, or a place of corpses. In this inglorious state he beheld the palace; and he told the news to the king, saying,

“Even so, sire, as Mahosadha said: empty is your inner palace, like a waterside village inhabited by crows.”

The king trembling with grief at the loss of his four dear ones, said, “This sorrow has come on me through the clodhopper!” and like a snake struck with a stick, he was exceedingly wroth with the Bodhisat. When the Great Being saw his appearance, he thought, “This king has great glory; if he should ever in anger say, ”What do I want with so and so?“ in a warrior’s pride he might hurt me. Suppose I should describe the beauty of Queen Nandā to him, making as if he had never seen her; he would then remember her, and would understand that he would never recover this precious woman if he

killed me. Then out of love to his spouse, he would do me no harm." So standing for safety in the upper storey, he removed his golden-coloured hand from beneath his red robe, and pointing the way by which she went, he described her beauties thus:

"This way, sire, went the woman beauteous in every limb, her lips like plates of gold, her voice like the music of the wild goose. This way was she taken, sire, the woman beauteous in every limb, clad in silken raiment, dark, with fair girdle of gold. Her feet reddened, fair to see, with girdles of gold and jewels, with eyes like a pigeon, slender, with lips like bimba fruit, and slender waist, well-born, slender-waisted like a creeper or a place of sacrifice[78], her hair long, black, and a little curled at the end, well-born, like a fawn, like a flame of fire in winter time. Like a river hidden in the clefts of a mountain under the low reeds, [457] beauteous in nose or thigh, peerless, with breasts like the tindook fruit,—not too long, not too short, not hairless and not too hairy."

As the Great Being thus praised her grace, it seemed to the king as if he had never seen her before: great longing arose in him, and the Great Being who perceived this recited a stanza:

"And so you are pleased at Nandā's death, glorious king: now Nandā and I will go before Yama."

[458] In all this the Great Being praised Nandā and no one else, and this was his reason: people never love others as they do a beloved wife; and he praised her only, because he thought that if the king remembered her he would remember his children also. When the wise Great Being praised her in this voice of honey, Queen Nandā seemed to stand in person before the king. Then the king thought: "No other save Mahosadha can bring back my wife and give her to me": as he remembered, sorrow came over him. Thereupon the Great Being said, "Be not troubled, sire: queen and son and mother shall all come back; my return is the only condition. Be comforted, majesty!" So he

comforted the king; and the king said, “I watched and guarded my own city so carefully, I have surrounded this city of Upakārī with so great a host, yet this wise man has taken out of my guarded city queen and son and mother, and has handed them over to Vedeha! whilst we were besieging the city, without a single one’s knowing, he sent Vedeha away with his army and transport! Can it be that he knows magic, or how to delude the eyes?” And he questioned him thus:

“Do you study magical art, or have you bewitched my eyes, that you have delivered Vedeha my enemy out of my hand?”

On hearing this, the Great Being said: "Sire, I do know magic, for wise men who have learnt magic, when danger comes, deliver both themselves and others:

“Wise men, sire, learn magic in this world; they deliver themselves, wise men, full of counsel. I have young men who are clever at breaking barriers; by the way which they made me Vedeha has gone to Mithilā.”

[459] This suggested that he had gone by the decorated tunnel; so the king said, “What is this underground way?” and wished to see it. The Great Being understood from his look that this was what he wanted, and offered to shew it to him:

“Come see, O king, a tunnel well made, big enough for elephants or horses, chariots or foot soldiers, brightly illuminated, a tunnel well built.”

Then he went on, “Sire, behold the tunnel which was made by my knowledge: bright as though sun and moon rose within it, decorated, with eighty great doors and sixty-four small doors, with a hundred and one bedchambers, and many hundreds of lamp-niches; come with me in joy and delight, and with your guard enter the city of Upakārī.” With these words he caused the city gate to be thrown open; and the king with the hundred and one princes came in. The Great Being

descended from the upper storey, and saluted the king, and led him with his retinue into the tunnel. When the king saw this tunnel like a decorated city of the gods, he spoke the praise of the Bodhisat:

"No small gain is it to that Vedeha, who has in his house or kingdom men so wise as you are, Mahosadha[79]!"

[460] Then the Great Being shewed him the hundred and one bedchambers: the door of one being opened, all opened, and one shut, all shut. The king went first, gazing at the tunnel, and the wise man went after; all the soldiers also entered the tunnel. But when the sage knew that the king had emerged from the tunnel, he kept the rest from coming out by going up to a handle and shutting the tunnel door: then the eighty great doors and the sixty-four small doors, and the doors of the hundred and one bedchambers, and the doors of the hundreds of lamp-niches all shut together; and the whole tunnel became dark as hell. All the great company were terrified.

Now the Great Being took the sword, which he had hidden yesterday[80] as he entered the tunnel: eighteen cubits from the ground he leapt into the air, descended, and catching the king's arm, brandished the sword, and frightened him, crying—"Sire, whose are all the kingdoms of India?" "Yours, wise sir! spare me!" He replied, "Fear not, sire. I did not take up my sword from any wish to kill you, but in order to shew my wisdom." Then he handed his sword to the king, and when he had taken it, the other said, "If you wish to kill me, sire, kill me now with that sword; if you wish to spare me, spare me." "Wise sir," he replied, "I promise you safety, fear not." So as he held the sword, they both struck up a friendship in all sincerity. Then the king said to the Bodhisat, "Wise sir, with such wisdom as yours, why not seize the kingdom?" "Sire, if I wished it, this day I could take all the kingdoms of India and slay all the kings; but it is not the wise man's part to gain glory by slaying others." "Wise sir, a great multitude is in distress, being unable to get out; open the tunnel door and spare their lives:" He opened the door: all the tunnel became a

blaze of light, the people were comforted, all the kings with their retinue came out and approached the sage, who stood in the wide courtyard with the king. [461] Then those kings said: “Wise sir, you have given us our lives; if the door had remained shut for a little while longer, all would have died there.” “My lords, this is not the first time your lives have been saved by me.” “When, wise sir?” “Do you remember when all the kingdoms of India had been conquered except our city, and when you went to the park of Uttarapañcāla ready to drink the cup of victory?” “Yes, wise sir.” “Then this king, with Kevaṭṭa, by evil device had poisoned the drink and food, and intended to murder you; but I did not wish you to die a foul death before me; so I sent in my men, and broke all the vessels, and thwarted their plan, and gave you your lives.” They all in fear asked Cūḷanī, “Is this true, sire?” “Indeed what I did was by Kevaṭṭa’s advice; the sage speaks truth.” Then they all embraced the Great Being, and said, “Wise sir, you have been the salvation of us all, you have saved our lives.” They all bestowed ornaments upon him in respect. The sage said to the king, “Fear not, sire; the fault lay in association with a wicked friend. Ask pardon of the kings.” The king said, “I did the thing because of a bad man: it was my fault; pardon me, never will I do such a thing again.” He received their pardon; they confessed their faults to each other, and became friends. Then the king sent for plenty of all sorts of food, perfumes and garlands, and for seven days they all took their pleasure in the tunnel, and entered the city, and did great honour to the Great Being; and the king surrounded by the hundred and one princes sat on a great throne, and desiring to keep the sage in his court, he said,

“Support, and honour, double allowance of food and wages, and other great boons I give; eat and enjoy at will: but do not return to Vedeha; what can he do for you?”

[462] But the sage declined in these words:

“When one deserts a patron, sire, for the sake of gain, it is a disgrace to both oneself and the other. While Vedeha lives I could not be another’s man; while Vedeha remains, I could not live in another’s kingdom.”

Then the king said to him, “Well, sir, when your king attains to godhead, promise me to come hither.” “If I live, I will come, sire.” So the king did him great honour for seven days, and after that as he took his leave, he recited a stanza, promising to give him this and that:

“I give you a thousand *nikkhas* of gold, eighty villages in Kāsi, four hundred female slaves, and a hundred wives. Take all your army, and go in peace, Mahosadha.”

And he replied: “Sire, do not trouble about your family. When my king went back to his country, I told him to treat Queen Nandā as his own mother, and Pañcālacaṇḍa as his younger brother, and I married your daughter to him with the ceremonial sprinkling. I will soon send back your mother, wife, and son.” “Good!” said the king, and gave him a dowry for his daughter, men slaves and women slaves, dress and ornaments, gold and precious metal, decorated elephants and horses and chariots. He then gave orders for the army to execute: [463]

“Let them give even double quantity to the elephants and horses, let them content charioteers and footmen with food and drink.”

This said, he dismissed the sage with these words:

“Go; wise sir, taking elephants, horses, chariots, and footmen; let King Vedeha see you back in Mithilā.”

Thus he dismissed the sage with great honour. And the hundred and one kings did honour to the Great Being, and gave him rich gifts. And the spies who had been on service with them surrounded the sage. With a great company he set out; and on the way, he sent men to

receive the revenues of those villages which King Cūḷanī had given him. Then he arrived at the kingdom of Vedeha.

Now Senaka had placed a man in the way, to watch and see whether King Cūḷanī came or not, and to tell him of the coming of anyone. He saw the Great Being at three leagues off, and returning told how the sage was returning with a great company. With this news he went to the palace. The king also looking out by a window in the upper storey saw the great host, and was frightened. "The Great Being's company is small, this is very large: can it be Cūḷanī come himself?" He put this question as follows:

"Elephants, horses, chariots, footmen, a great army is visible, with four divisions, terrible in aspect; what does it mean, wise sirs?"

Senaka replied:

"The greatest joy is what you see, sire: Mahosadha is safe, with all his host."

The king said to this, "Senaka, the wise man's army is small, this [464] is very great." "Sire, King Cūḷanī must have been pleased with him, and therefore must have given this host to him." The king proclaimed through the city by beat of drum:

"Let the city be decorated to welcome the return of the wise man."

The townspeople obeyed. The wise man entered the city and came to the king's palace; then the king rose, and embraced him, and returning to his throne spoke pleasantly to him:

"As four men leave a corpse in the cemetery, so we left you in the kingdom of Kampilliya and returned. But you—by what colour, or what means, or what device did you save yourself?"

The Great Being replied:

“By one purpose, Vedeha, I overmastered another, by plan I outdid plan, O warrior, and I encompassed the king as the ocean encompasses India.”

This pleased the king. Then the other told him of the gift which King Cūḷanī had made:

“A thousand nikkhas of gold were given to me, and eighty villages in Kāsi, four hundred slave women, and a hundred wives, and with all the army I have returned safe home.”

Then the king, exceedingly pleased and overjoyed, uttered this pious hymn in praise of the Great Being’s merit:

[465] “Happiness truly comes by living with the wise. As birds from a closed cage, as fish from a net, so Mahosadha set us free when we were in the hands of our enemies.”

Senaka answered him thus:

“Even so, sire, there is happiness with a wise man. As birds from a closed cage, as fish from the net, so Mahosadha set us free when we were in the hands of our enemies.”

Then the king set the drum of festival beating around the city: “Let there be a festival for seven days, and let all who have goodwill to me do honour and service to the wise man.” The Master thus explained it:

“Let them sound all manner of lutes, drums and tabors, let conchs of Magadha boom, merrily roll the kettledrums.”

Townsfolk and countryfolk in general, eager to do honour to the sage, on hearing the proclamation made merry with a will. The Master explained it thus:

“Women and maids, vesiya and brahmin wives, brought plenty of food and drink to the sage. Elephant drivers, lifeguardsmen,

charioteers, footmen, all did the like; and so did all the people from country and villages assembled. The multitude were glad to see the sage returned, and at his reception shawls were waved in the air."

[466] At the end of the festival, the Great Being went to the palace and said, "Sire, King Cūḷanī's mother and wife and son should be sent back at once." "Very good, my son, send them back." So he shewed all respect to those three, and entertained also the host that had come with him; thus he sent the three back well attended, with his own men, and the hundred wives and the four hundred slave women whom the king had given him, he sent with Queen Nandā, and the company that came with him he also sent. When this great company reached the city of Uttarapañcāla, the king asked his mother, "Did King Vedeha treat you well, my mother?" "My son, what are you saying? he treated me with the same honour as if I had been a goddess." Then she told how Queen Nandā had been treated as a mother, and Pañcālacaṇḍa as a younger brother. This pleased the king very much, and he sent a rich gift; and from that time forward both lived in friendship and amity[81].

Now Pañcālacaṇḍī was very dear and precious to the king; and in the second year she bore him a son. In his tenth year, King Vedeha died. The Bodhisat raised the royal parasol for him, and asked leave to go to his grandfather, King Cūḷanī. The boy said, "Wise sir, do not leave me in my childhood; I will honour you as a father." And Pañcālacaṇḍī said, "Wise sir, there is none to protect us if you go; do not go." But he replied, "My promise has been given; I cannot but go." So amidst the lamentations of the multitude, he departed with his servants, and came to Uttarapañcāla city. The king hearing of his arrival came to meet him, and led him into the city with great pomp, and gave him a great house, and besides the eighty villages given at first, [467] gave him another present; and he served that king.

30. “The Water-Demon.”

At that time a religious woman, named Bherī, used to take her meals constantly in the palace; she was wise and learned, and she had never seen the Great Being before; she heard the report that the wise Mahosadha was serving the king. He also had never seen her before, but he heard that a religious woman named Bherī had her meals in the palace. Now Queen Nandā was ill pleased with the Bodhisat, because he had separated her from her husband’s love, and caused her annoyance; so she sent for five women whom she trusted, and said, “Watch for a fault in the wise man, and let us try to make him fall out with the king.” So they went about looking for an occasion against him. And one day it so happened that this religious woman after her meal was going forth, and caught sight of the Bodhisat in the courtyard on his way to wait on the king. He saluted her, and stood still. She thought, “This they say is a wise man: I will see whether he be wise or no.” So she asked him a question by a gesture of the hand: looking towards the Bodhisat, she opened her hand. Her idea was to enquire whether the king took good care or not of this wise man whom he had brought from another country. When the Bodhisat saw that she was asking him a question by gesture, he answered it by clenching his fist: what he meant was, “Your reverence[82], the king brought me here in fulfilment of a promise, and now he keeps his fist tight closed and gives me nothing.” She understood; and stretching out her hand she rubbed her head, as much as to say, “Wise sir, if you are displeased, why do you not become an ascetic like me?” At this the Great Being stroked his stomach, as who should say, “Your reverence[82], there are many that I have to support, and that is why I do not become an ascetic.” After this dumb questioning she returned to her dwelling, and the Great Being saluted her and went in to the king. Now the queen’s confidantes saw all this from a window; and

coming before the king, they said, "My lord, Mahosadha has made a plot with Bherī

the ascetic to seize your kingdom, and he is your enemy.“ So they slandered him. ”What have you heard or seen?“ the king asked. [468] They said, ”Sire, as the ascetic was going out after her meal, seeing the Great Being, she opened her hand; as who should say, “Cannot you crush the king flat like the palm of the hand or a threshing-floor, and seize the kingdom for yourself? And Mahosadha clenched his fist, making as though he held a sword, as who should say, ”In a few days I will cut off his head and get him into my power.“ She signalled, ”Cut off his head,“ by rubbing her own head with her hand; the Great Being signalled, ”I will cut him in half,“ by rubbing his belly. Be vigilant, sire! Mahosadha ought to be put to death.” The king, hearing this, thought, “I cannot hurt this wise man; I will question the ascetic.” Next day accordingly, at the time of her meal, he came up and asked, “Madam, have you seen wise Mahosadha?” “Yes, sire, yesterday, as I was going out after my meal.” “Did you have any conversation together?” “Conversation? no; but I had heard of his wisdom, and in order to try it I asked him, by dumb signs, shutting my hand, whether the king was openhanded to him or closefisted, did he treat him with kindness or not. He closed his fist, implying that his master had made him come hither in fulfilment of a promise, and now gave him nothing. Then I rubbed my head, to enquire why he did not become an ascetic if he were not satisfied; he stroked his belly, meaning that there were many for him to feed, many bellies to fill, and therefore he did not become an ascetic.” “And is Mahosadha a wise man?” “Yes, indeed, sire: in all the earth there is not his like for wisdom.” After hearing her account, the king dismissed her. After she had gone, the sage came to wait upon the king; and the king asked him, “Have you seen, sir, the ascetic Bherī?” “Yes, sire, I saw her yesterday on her way out, and she asked me a question by dumb signs, and I answered her at once.” And he told the story as she had done. The king in his pleasure that day gave him the post of commander-in-chief, and put him in sole charge. Great was

his glory, second only to the king's. He thought: "The king all at once [469] has given me exceeding great renown; this is what kings do even when they wish to slay. Suppose I try the king to see whether he has goodwill towards me or not. No one else will be able to find this out; but the ascetic Bherī is full of wisdom, and she will find a way." So taking a quantity of flowers and scents, he went to the ascetic and, after saluting her, said, "Madam, since you told the king of my merits, the king has overwhelmed me with splendid gifts; but whether he does it in sincerity or not I do not know. It would be well if you could find out for me the king's mind." She promised to do so; and next day, as she was going to the palace, the Question of Dakarakkhasa the Water-Demon came into her mind. Then this occurred to her: "I must not be like a spy, but I must find an opportunity to ask the question, and discover whether the king has goodwill to the wise man." So she went. And after her meal, she sat still, and the king saluting her sat down on one side. Then she thought, "If the king bears illwill to the sage, and when he is asked the question if he declares his illwill in the presence of a number of people, that will not do; I will ask him apart." She said, "Sire, I wish to speak to you in private." The king sent his attendants away. She said, "I want to ask your majesty a question." "Ask, madam, and if I know it I will reply." Then she recited the first stanza in the Question of Dakarakkhasa[83]:

"If there were seven of you voyaging on the ocean, and a demon seeking for a human sacrifice should seize the ship, in what order would you give them up and save yourself from the water-demon?"

[470] The king answered by another stanza, in all sincerity:

"First I would give my mother, next my wife, next my brother, fourth my friend, fifth my brahmin, sixth myself, but I would not give up Mahosadha."

Thus the ascetic discovered the goodwill of the king towards the Great Being; but his merit was not published thereby, so she thought of something else: “In a large company I will praise the merits of these others, and the king will praise the wise man’s merit instead; thus the wise man’s merit will be made as clear as the moon shining in the sky.” So she collected all the denizens of the inner palace, and in their presence asked the same question and received the same answer; then she said, “Sire, you say that you would give first your mother: but a mother is of great merit, and your mother is not as other mothers, she is very useful.” And she recited her merits in a couple of stanzas:

“She reared you and she brought you forth, and for a long time was kind to you, when Chambhī offended against you she was wise and saw what was for your good, and by putting a counterfeit in your place she saved you from harm. Such a mother, who gave you life, your own mother who bore you in her womb, for what fault could you give her to the water-demon[84]?”

[472] To this the king replied, “Many are my mother’s virtues, and I acknowledge her claims upon me, but mine are still more numerous[85],” and then he described her faults in a couple of stanzas:

“Like a young girl she wears ornaments which she ought not to use, she mocks unseasonably at doorkeepers and guards, unbidden she sends messages to rival kings; and for these faults I would give her to the water-demon.”

[473] “So be it, sire; yet your wife has much merit,” and she declared her merit thus:

“She is chief amongst womankind, she is exceeding gracious of speech, devoted, virtuous, who cleaves to you like your shadow, not given to anger, prudent, wise, who sees your good: for what fault would you give your wife to the water-demon?”

He described her faults:

“By her sensual attractions she has made me subject to evil influence, and asks what she should not for her sons. In my passion I give her many and many a gift; I relinquish what is very hard to give, and afterwards I bitterly repent: for that fault I would give my wife to the water-demon.”

The ascetic said, "Be it so: but your younger brother Prince Tikhiṇamantī is useful to you; for what fault would you give him?

[474] “He who gave prosperity to the people, and when you were living in foreign parts brought you back home, he whom great wealth could not influence, peerless bowman and hero, Tikhiṇamantī: for what fault would you give your brother to the water-demon[86]?”

The king described his fault:

“He thinks, ”I gave prosperity to the people, I brought him back home when he was living in foreign parts, great wealth could not influence me, I am a peerless bowman and hero, and sharp in counsel, by me he was made king.“ He does not come to wait on me, madam, as he used to do; that is the fault for which I would give my brother to the water-demon.”

[475] The ascetic said, “So much for your brother’s fault: but Prince Dhanusekha is devoted in his love for you, and very useful”; and she described his merit:

“In one night both you and Dhanusekhavā were born here, both called Pañcāla, friends and companions: through all your life he has followed you, your joy and pain were his, zealous and careful by night and day in all service: for what fault would you give your friend to the water-demon?”

Then the king described his fault:

“Madam, through all my life he used to make merry with me, and to-day also he makes free excessively for the same reason. If I talk in secret with my wife, in he comes unbidden and unannounced. Give him a chance and an opening, he acts shamelessly and disrespectfully. That is the fault for which I would give my friend to the water-demon.”

The ascetic said, “So much for his fault; but the chaplain is very useful to you,” and she described his merit:

“He is clever, knows all omens and sounds, skilled in signs and dreams, goings out and comings in, [476] understands all the tokens in earth and air and stars: for what fault would you give the brahmin to the water-demon?”

The king explained his fault:

“Even in company he stares at me with open eyes; therefore I would give this rascal with his puckered brows to the water-demon.”

Then the ascetic said: “Sire, you say you would give to the water-demon all these five, beginning with your mother, and that you would give your own life for the wise Mahosadha, not taking into account your great glory: what merit do you see in him?” and she recited these stanzas:

“Sire, you dwell amidst your courtiers in a great continent surrounded by the sea, with the ocean in place of an encircling wall: lord of the earth, with a mighty empire, victorious, sole emperor, your glory has become great. You have sixteen thousand women drest in jewels and ornaments, women of all nations, resplendent like maidens divine. Thus provided for every need, every desire fulfilled, you have lived

long in happiness and bliss. Then by what reason or what cause do you sacrifice your precious life to protect the sage?"

[477] On hearing this, he recited the following stanzas in praise of the wise man's merit:

"Since Mahosadha, madam, came to me, I have not seen the stedfast man do the most trifling wrong. If I should die before him at any time, he would bring happiness to my sons and grandsons. He knows all things, past or future. This man without sin I would not give to the water-demon."

Thus this Birth came to its appropriate end. Then the ascetic thought: "This is not enough to shew forth the wise man's merits; I will make them known to all people in the city, like one that spreads scented oil over the surface of the sea." So taking the king with her, she came down from the palace, and prepared a seat in the palace courtyard, and made him sit there; then gathering the people together, she asked the king that Question of the Water-Demon over again from the beginning; and when he had answered it as described above, she addressed the people thus:

"Hear this, men of Pañcāla, which Cūḷanī has said. To protect the wise man he sacrifices his own precious life. [478] His mother's life, his wife's and his brother's, his friend's life and his own, Pañcāla is ready to sacrifice. So marvellous is the power of wisdom, so clever and so intelligent, for good in this world and for happiness in the next."

So like one that places the topmost pinnacle upon a heap of treasure, she put the pinnacle on her demonstration of the Great Being's merit.

Here endeth the Question of the Water-Demon[87], and here endeth also the whole tale of the Great Tunnel.

This is the identification of the Birth:

“Uppalavaṇṇī was Bherī, Suddhodana was the wise man’s father, Mahāmāyā his mother, the beautiful Bimbā was Amarā, Ānanda was the parrot, Sāriputta was Cūḷanī, Mahosadha was the lord of the world: thus understand the Birth. Devadutta was Kevaṭṭa, Cullanandikā was Talatā, Sundarī was Pañcālacaṇḍī, Yasassikā was the queen, Ambaṭṭha was Kāvinda, Poṭṭhapāda was Pukkusa, Pilotika was Devinda, Saccaka was Senaka, Diṭṭhamangalikā was Queen Udumbarā, Kuṇḍalī was the maynah bird, and Lāḷudāyī was Vedeha.”