

PREFACE.

THE following materials, collected mainly from Indian sources, are intended for the use of teachers giving moral instruction in High Schools. They are *not* meant to be read out to the class, still less to be placed in the hands of the pupils. The teacher should select for a short lesson of thirty minutes one of the topics dealt with in the book. He should commence his lesson with a simple example drawn from everyday life and might next refer to the text-book lessons in the vernacular text-books to which reference is given at the head of each section. He will then be able to further illustrate the topic by using the materials given below. In imparting moral instruction the teacher should endeavour to interest his class in a number of instances of human conduct illustrating the particular moral quality in view. The quotations from sacred books may be used to show how the great teachers of India have in the past lent the weight of their authority to insisting on the virtue which has been illustrated by the anecdotes. In other words, these materials are for *the use* of the teacher; the lesson must be *his own work*. The sources from which these extracts have been drawn are given at the end of the work. The extracts can be amplified by references to these or other suitable works.

R. E. E.

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OBEDIENCE TO GOD, THE KING, PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

[See Vernacular text-books I 10, II 2, III 7, IV 14.]

I.

If anyone gave you a few acres, you would say that you had received a benefit; can you deny that the boundless extent of the earth is a benefit? If anyone gave you money, you would call that a benefit. God has buried countless masses of gold and silver in the earth. If a house were given you, bright with marble, its roof beautifully painted with colours and gilding, you would call it no small benefit. God has built for you a mansion that fears no fire or rain covered with a roof which glitters in one fashion by day, and in another by night. Whence comes the breath you draw; the light by which you perform the actions of your life? The blood by which your life is maintained? The food by which your hunger is appeased?.....The true God has planted, not a few oxen, but all the herds on their pastures throughout the world, and furnished food to all the flocks; he has ordained the alternation of summer and winter.....has invented so many arts and varieties of voice, so many notes to make music.....We have implanted in us the seed of all ages, of all arts; and God our Master brings forth our intellects from obscurity.

II.

Love to God shows itself as *Reverence, Devotion, Worship* and *Submission* to His Will. We find all lovers of God show these virtues. See how Bhīshma reverences and worships Shri Krishna the Avatāra of Vishnu; at the Rājasūya sacrifice of Yudhishtira, Bhīshma bids them offer the *arghya* to him, and Nārada declares that "He who approveth not the worship offered unto Krishna, the Oldest One in the universe, deserveth neither soft words nor consideration. Those men that will not worship Krishna, with eyes like lotuspetsals, should be regarded as dead though moving" And so also, when Bhīshma lay dying, he was thinking "of Krishna in mind, word and act," and his one thought was to receive his blessing; he closed the great exhortation with the recital of "the thousand names of Vāsudeva," and his last words, ere bidding all farewell, asked Shri Krishna's permission to depart.

In Prahlāda, the son of the Daitya King Hiranyakashipu, we have one of the most famous examples of devotion. Despite all his teachers could say, he steadily prayed to and praised Hari. In vain did his father threaten him and seek to kill him; the wild elephant who should have trampled on him failed to injure; the rock that should have crushed him lay light as down on his bosom; the sword that should have struck off his head fell blunted from his neck; the poison that should

have carried death along his veins proved harmless as water ; Narashima, the Avatāra, burst from the granite pillar, and deliv-
 Hari's servant from the tyrant who sought to slay.

Dhruva, leaving his father's palace to flee from the unkindness of his step-mother, shows such fervour of devotion and such courage and steadfastness in worship, that Hari appears to him, and gives him as throne, the pole-star, on the boundary of the Trilokī, whereon he lives and reigns.

Nothing, perhaps, is more marked in the perfect human character of Rāmachandra than his unwavering submission to the Divine Will. Over and over again during the whirl that followed his sudden exclusion from the throne, he calms those around him by reminding them that all that happens is by the good law, and he himself is utterly unshaken by the storm, knowing the Real amid all changing unrealities.

On the other hand, we read constantly of the overthrow of those who do not honour the Supreme Lord. Mighty rulers like Rāvan who was monarch in Lankā, fell because they thought themselves rivals of Īshvara, and set themselves against his loving will for the worlds. Jarāsandha, the King of Magadha, refusing, though bidden by Shri Krishna, to set free the Kings he had captured was slain by Bhīma ; Shishupāla fell before the discus of the Lord he denied ; Duryodhana perished, with his friends and followers, for his persistent rejection of Shri Krishna's counsels ; the list might be extended for many pages. Out of all these shines out the warning that those who show hate to Īshvara must perish.

Loyalty to the Head of the State is equally insisted on in the Shāstras, not only by direct command but by example. When Yudhishtira is King in Indraprastha, and his four brothers go out to war, they bring to his feet all the wealth they gained ; they fought for their King, not for themselves. So when Yudhishtira was exiled after the gambling-match, and the people came out to follow him, leaving their allegiance to Dhritarāshtra, the loyal Prince bade them return to Hastināpura and obey their proper ruler, since only thus could they secure the general prosperity.

This loyalty was fostered in the people by the devotion to duty imposed on the King, and by the high ideal of kingship insisted on. Utatthya, of the race of Angirā, instructing the King Māndhātā son of Yuvanāshva, said :— " One becometh a King in order that he may uphold righteousness, and not that he may conduct himself capriciously. The King is the protector of the world, Ó Māndhātā ! If he act righteously, he attaineth to the honours of a veritable God upon earth. But if he act unrighteously he sinketh into hell. All creatures rest upon righteousness ; and righteousness, in turn, resteth upon the King. That King alone is a true King who upholdeth righteousness. If he fail to chastise unrighteousness, the Devas desert his mansions, and he incurreth obloquy among men.

Patriotism, the love of one's country, and Public Spirit, caring for the nation more than for oneself, are virtues that are so closely akin to loyalty that they should never be separated from it. "King and Country" are the object of true loyalty. No man should be without this love of country and the readiness to sacrifice himself for his native land; for national greatness cannot exist without patriotism and public spirit, and national greatness means, in the long run, family and individual prosperity: the whole and the part cannot be separated. Public spirit makes a man feel the successes and the sufferings of his country as though they were his own—as indeed they are. It makes him try to protect the weak from injustice, to resist wrong, to uphold the law, to stand for justice, to refuse to make unfair profit at the cost of the community or to cheat it by evading what is due to it from himself. The heroes of ancient India are constantly described as "intent on the welfare of others"; Shri Krishna bids Arjuna see "to the protection of the masses," to "the maintenance of mankind." The man who thinks only of himself and of his family is short-sighted, and is really undermining his and their future happiness.

To parents is due ever the most complete *Obedience*, and this is one of the most often-repeated injunctions of the Sanātana Dharma. See how Rāmachandra, the Great Example, obeys his father. When Dasharatha is inveigled into granting Rāma's exile and the son is told by Kaikeyī that his father fears to speak his will: "Speak, O honoured lady, the desire of the King," is his quick reply, "and I will carry it out. There is no service greater than service of the father, than carrying out his words." And to all arguments counselling resistance, he gives the steadfast answer: "There is no power in me to transgress my father's order.....I shall abide by my father's orders." And later, when his father was dead, and Bharata, most unwilling regent, held his crown in trust, all his answer to Bharata's passionate pleadings that he should ascend the throne was that his father had sent him to the forest, and had placed Bharata on the throne; each must do his own task, according to the father's word: "What my father hath commanded must not be made untrue."

Again we read in the *Mahābhārata* the story of the knower of Brāhman, shrouded in the impure body of a fowler, who led to his parents the Brāhman Kaushika, who came to learn wisdom at his feet. The fowler took the Brāhman to the beautiful rooms in which he had housed his aged parents, saying that his own happy state of knowledge and peace was due to his filial piety; having bowed low at their feet he introduced his guest and then told him: "These my parents are the idols that I worship; whatever is due to the Devas I do to them.....To me they are like the three sacred fires mentioned by the learned; and O Brāhman, they seem to me to be as good as sacrifices, or the four Vedas.....The two parents, the sacred fire, the soul, and the guru, these five, O good Brāhman, are worthy of the highest reverence." He then told Kaushika that he had acted wrongly in leaving his parents in

MATERIALS FOR MORAL INSTRUCTION.

his anxiety to learn the Vedas, and that he should go back to them and console them: "Return to the side of thy father and mother, and be diligent in honouring thy parents, for I do not know if there be any virtue higher than this."

III.

It is written in the *Vishnu Purāna* that:—

1. A man has three *atigūrūs* (or specially venerable superiors).
2. His father, his mother, and his spiritual teacher.
3. To them he must always pay obedience.
4. What they say, that he must do.
5. And he must do what is agreeable and serviceable to them.
6. Let him never do anything without their leave.
7. Those three are equal to the three Vedas (Rig-veda, Sama-veda, and Yajur-veda), they are equal to the three gods (Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva), they are equal to the three worlds (of men, of gods, and of Brāhmans), they are equal to the three fires.
8. The father is the *gārhapatya* (or household) fire, the mother is the *dakshina* (or ceremonial) fire, and the spiritual teacher is the *Āhavanīya* (or sacrificial) fire.
9. He pays regard to all his duties, who pays regard to those three; he who shows no regard to them, derives no benefit from any religious observance.
10. By honouring his mother, he gains the present world; by honouring his father, the world of gods; and by paying strict obedience to his spiritual teacher the world of Brahma.

IV.

In the *Saṅgīya*, which is a portion of the *Mahābhārata*, it is written that "The disciple should always make obeisance to the preceptor; and, free from heedlessness, should always desire sacred instruction. When the pure man obtains knowledge by this same course of discipleship,—that is the first quarter of his life as a Brahmachārin. As (is) his conduct always towards his preceptor, so likewise should he behave towards the preceptor's wife, and so likewise should he act towards the preceptor's son,—that is said to be the second quarter. What one, recognizing what the preceptor has done for one, and understanding the matter (taught), feels with a delighted heart regarding the preceptor—believing that one has been brought into existence by him,—that is the third quarter of life as a Brahmachārin. One should do what is agreeable to the preceptor, by means of one's life and riches, and in deed, thought and word,—that is said to be the fourth quarter. (A disciple) obtains a quarter by time, so likewise a quarter by associat-

ing with the preceptor, he also obtains a quarter by means of his own energy ; and then he attains to a quarter by means of the Sāstras."

V.

In the sacred books of the Zoroastrians, obedience to parents and teachers insisted on ; thus :—

It is the duty of a child to be obedient and respectful towards his parents and thus to gain his (God's) affections and to please him. (*Dinhard*, Vol. IV, 250.)

My Son! Never associate yourself with those with whom their parents are discontented. (*Pand-nameh* of Adarbad Marespand, 94.)

Be obedient to your father and mother, hear their words and obey them. (*Pand-nameh* of Adarbad Marespand, 90.)

I ask of Thee, O Ahuramazda! Pray tell me aright ; "Who (but Thee) has, through his wisdom, made the son revere his father." (*Yasna*, XLIV 7.)

(Ahuramazda to Zoroaster.)

O Zarathushtra! Do not offend thy father Pourushaspa, thy mother Dogdho and your teacher. (Hadokht nusk quoted in *Saddar*, Chap. 40.)

May that good man who teaches (and shows) to us the righteous paths which bring us profit whether in this world or the next enjoy the greatest of good. (*Yasna*, XLIII 3.)

We find also the following prayer for the king :—

O Ahuramazda! I pray for courage, victory and majestic sovereignty for my king.

I pray for his rule, for allegiance to his throne, for a long period of his reign, for his long life and for strength to his body.

I pray that he may have powerful courage, god-granted victory, and victorious superiority, that he may suppress those who are evil-minded, hostile, evil-disposed and quarrelsome.

I pray that our king may be victorious over all those who entertain evil thoughts, utter evil words and do evil actions, over revengeful enemies, and malicious persons.

I pray that our king may be victorious through his good thoughts, good words and good actions. May he smite all the enemies, all the evil-doers.

May he be gifted with all these boons in return for his good life. May that bring all glory to him and may all that enhance the piety of his soul.

Oh Ruler! May you live long, may you live happy to help the righteous and to punish the unrighteous.

May the best brilliant life of the righteous and pious be your lot. (Afringāu.)

MANNERS.

[See Vernacular text-book, VI 15.]

VI.

Courtesy and *Consideration for the feelings of others* are enjoined as general principles of conduct, and noble bearing and manners have ever been held to be characteristic of the true Aryan. This speech must be true, but also pleasing :

“ Let him speak the true, let him speak the pleasing, let him not speak an unpleasing truth, nor speak a pleasing falsehood ; this is the ancient law.”

Of course, there are occasions when it is the plain and positive duty of the person concerned to tell the truth even though it be unpleasant, as when a person in authority rebukes or corrects a subordinate. But even in such cases he should speak gently, and such instances of special duty do not justify uncalled-for and rude language or sharpness, which only mar the due effect of the rebuke and prevent its entering into the heart of the reproved.

Good manners are very apt to be under-valued in modern times, partly because of the hurry and rush of modern civilisation, and partly from ignorance. But this under-valuing is a mistake. Good manners spring from a good heart and a gentle nature, and show kindness and refinement of character. They imply self-control and a sense of self-respect and dignity, and many difficult social situations, which cause quarrels among ill-mannered people, are passed through without any trouble or ruffle by the well-mannered. Soft words, courteous gestures, pleasant smiles, dignified bearing, make social intercourse refreshing and a source of enjoyment, and the young Hindu should sedulously cultivate the noble manners of the elder generation, and thus sweeten the tones of modern society. Even gold becomes more beautiful by being refined and a noble and strong character is beautified by courtly bearing.

VII.

The true Aryan must avoid intolerance and bigotry as he would avoid poison, and should remember that it is utterly alien from the spirit of his ancestral religion. He must look on all Hindu sects as members of his own family, and refuse to quarrel with or to antagonise any. And he must look outside the pale of Hinduism, and see in the other religions that surround him rays of the same Spiritual Sun in which he himself is basking, and thus spread peace over India, and make possible for her a united national existence. Let his religious watchword be “ Include,” not “ Exclude,” since the Self is One.

VIII.

Patience is also most necessary in all dealings with inferiors ; lesser ability generally implies less quickness of understanding, less power to grasp or to perform, and the superior needs to practise patience in order not to confuse and bewilder the inferior. With children and servants this virtue has special opportunity for exercise, and its existence in the elders is peculiarly helpful and peace-making in the family. Strength should be used to help and support weakness, not to crush and terrify it, and "patience sweet that naught can ruffle" is a sign of a truly great and strong nature. Appreciativeness and patience are especially needed in parents and teachers.

KINDNESS TO MEN AND TO ANIMALS.

[See Vernacular text-book, I 15, 20.]

IX.

A HUNTER, poor and low-caste, gave chase all day to bird and beast, and caught nothing, and, as the shades of night stole over the forest, he found himself alone, hungry, and having no result of his toil.

He climbed up into a bel-tree, whose leaves, three-lobed, are offered to Siva by the pious.

His tears fell as he thought of his wife and little ones waiting at home for the father and for food.

The tears fell on the leaves of the bel-tree.

Tears of pity (so the old story says) are very heavy. They are more precious than the tears shed by the folk who weep only for their own pain.

The hunter's tears broke the leaves from the branches, and the leaves fell upon a stone *lingam* that stood under the tree in honour of Siva.

The man in the tree died, for a snake had bitten him, and spirits bore his soul to the house of the gods, and brought it to great Siva.

"This soul has no right here," cried the dwellers in heaven. "He was an outcast, knowing not the holy laws, and eating foul food, and not offering the right gifts to the gods."

Then said Siva :—

"He gave me bel-leaves, and he gave me tears." ¹

Outcast as the man seemed, his heart was real. He was worthy of a place in Siva's heaven.

X.

In the *Udyoga Parva* of the *Mahābhārata* it is written that :— Righteousness, truth, asceticism, self-restraint, contentment, modesty, renunciation, love of others, gift, acquaintance with the scriptures, patience, and forgiveness,—these twelve virtues are the practices of a *Brāhman*. He that doth not fall away from these twelve, may sway the

¹ Miss M. E. Noble's *Web of Indian Life*, pp 215-6.

entire earth. He that is endued with three, or two, or even one, of these, doth never regard anything as his own to the exclusion of others. Self-restraint, renunciation, and knowledge, in these reside emancipation. These are the attributes of *Brāhmins* endued with wisdom and regarding *Brahma* as the highest of all objects of attainment. True or false, it is not laudable for a *Brāhman* to speak ill of others; they that do this have hell for their abode. *Mada* had eighteen faults which have not yet been enumerated by me. They are ill-will towards others, throwing obstacles in the way of virtuous acts, detraction, falsehood in speech, lust, anger, dependance, speaking ill of others, finding out the faults of others for report, waste of wealth, quarrel, insolence, cruelty to living creatures, malice, ignorance, disregard of those that are worthy of regard, loss of the sense of right and wrong, and always seeking to injure others. A wise man, therefore, should not give way to *mada*, for the accompaniments of *mada* are censurable.

XI.

The following story was related by Buddha while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, concerning Devadatta. One day they raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying: "Sirs, Devadatta is harsh, cruel, and violent. He has not an atom of pity for mortals." When the Master came, he inquired what was the topic the Brethren were assembled to discuss, and on hearing what it was, he said: "Brethren, not now only, but formerly also he was pitiless." And herewith he told a story of the past:—

Once upon a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young elephant, and growing up a fine comely beast, he became the leader of the herd, with a following of eighty thousand elephants, and dwelt in the Himālayas. At that time a quail laid her eggs in the feeding-ground of the elephants. When the eggs were ready to be hatched, the young birds broke the shells and came out. Before their wings had grown, and when they were still unable to fly, the Great Being with his following of eighty thousand elephants, in ranging about for food, came to this spot. On seeing them the quail thought: "This royal elephant will trample on my young ones and kill them. Lo! I will implore his righteous protection for the defence of my brood." Then she raised her two wings and standing before him repeated the first stanza:—

Elephant of sixty years,
Forest lord amongst thy peers,
I am but a puny bird,
Thou a leader of the herd;
With my wings I homage pay,
Spare my little ones, I pray.

The Great Being said: "O quail, be not troubled. I will protect thy offspring." And standing over the young birds, while the eighty thousand elephants passed by, he thus addressed the quail: "Behind us comes a solitary rogue elephant. He will not do our bidding. When he comes, do thou entreat him too, and so insure the safety of thy offspring." And with these words he made off. And the quail went forth to meet the other elephant, and with both wings uplifted, making respectful salutation, she spoke the second stanza:—

Roaming over hill and dale
 Cherishing thy lonely way,
 Thee, O forest king, I hail,
 And with wings my homage pay.
 I am but a wretched quail,
 Spare my tender brood to slay.

On hearing her words the elephant spoke the third stanza:—

I will slay thy young ones, quail;
 What can thy poor help avail?
 My left foot can crush with ease
 Many thousand birds like these.

And so saying, with his foot he crushed the young birds to atoms, and stalking over them washed away in a flood of water, and went off loudly trumpeting. The quail sat down on the bough of a tree and said: "Then be off with you and trumpet away. You shall very soon see what I will do. You little know what a difference there is between strength of body and strength of mind. Well! I will teach you this lesson." And thus threatening him she repeated the fourth stanza:—

Power abused is not all gain,
 Power is often folly's bane.
 Beast that didst my young ones kill,
 I will work thee mischief still.

And so saying, shortly afterwards she did a good turn to a crow, and when the crow, who was highly pleased, asked: "What can I do for you?" the quail said: "There is nothing else, Sir, to be done, but I shall expect you to strike with your beak and to peck out the eyes of this rogue elephant." The crow readily assented, and the quail then did a service to a blue fly, and when the fly asked: "What can I do for you?" she said: "When the eyes of this rogue elephant have been put out by the crow, then I want you to let fall a nit upon them." The fly agreed, and then the quail did a kindness to a frog, and when the frog asked what it was to do, she said: "When this rogue elephant becomes blind, and shall be searching for water to drink, then take your stand and utter a croak on the top of a mountain, and when he has climbed to the top,

come down and croak again at the bottom of the precipice. This much I shall look for at your hands." After hearing what the quail said, the frog readily assented. So one day the crow with its beak pecked out both the eyes of the elephant, and the fly dropped its eggs upon them, and the elephant being eaten up with maggots was maddened by the pain, and overcome with thirst wandered about seeking for water to drink. At this moment the frog standing on the top of a mountain uttered a croak. Thought the elephant "There must be water there," and climbed up the mountain. Then the frog descended, and standing at the bottom croaked again. The elephant thought, "There will be water there," and moved forward towards the precipice, and rolling over fell to the bottom of the mountain and was killed. When the quail knew that the elephant was dead, she said: "I have seen the back of mine enemy," and in a high state of delight strutted over his body, and passed away to fare according to her deeds.

The Master said: "Brethren, one ought not to incur the hostility of anyone. The four creatures, by combining together, brought about the destruction of this elephant, strong as he was.

A quail with crow, blue fly and frog allied,
Once proved the issue of a deadly feud.
Through them king elephant untimely died:
Therefore all quarrelling should be eschewed."

Uttering this stanza inspired by perfect wisdom, he thus identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the rogue elephant, and I myself was the leader of the herd elephants.

XII.

THE PRINCE WITH THE GREAT HEART.

Ah! many were the dead that lay on the field of Kurukshetra, after the fight of eighteen days—dead chiefs, dead nobles, dead horsemen and horses, dead elephant riders and elephants, dead archers and charioteers.

The five Pandava brothers had played their part in the fray of blood, but death had not fallen to their lot. Yet the heart of the eldest of the brethren, Yudhishtira, was sore smit with grief at the horror of the great war, and he said to his brothers: "It is time that we sought for a new world; for this world is but a place of death and war. What say you? Shall we pass from this earth and seek a land beyond?" "We will go," said Arjuna. "Let us go," said Bhima. "Let us go," said the twin sons of the lady Madri, even Nakula and Sahadeva.

But ere they went they put a new king on the throne of their land, and they gave rich fair gifts to the Brāhmans. And having set all in

order, he and his brothers and the lady Draupadi, his wife, put off the shining robes and gems of royalty, and put on rough coats made of the bark of trees, and they fared forth on the long journey followed by a dog that loved them.

Many people of Hastinapura went some part of the way with the seven pilgrims—for there were seven with the dog.

“Go back now,” did the five brothers keep stopping to say; and still the folk would walk at their side.

At last the dusk fell, and the folk must needs return to the city, and they said farewell with much weeping; and the lady Draupadi and the five Pandava brothers and the dog passed on—passed on—passed on—towards the far-off Himālaya peaks.

By rivers, by foaming seas, by strange forests they journeyed, until they beheld a giant form rise up in front, even the shape of the lord Agni, master of fire, and seven bright rays shone from his brow as he spake :—

“O sons of Pandu, I am Agni. I greet you princes. Now one of you—Arjuna—bears a mighty bow and quiver that always holds arrows no matter how oft arrow shall be shot. But no more do ye need this magic bow which was lent you by the Kinning gods. Therefore return it to those who gave. Cast it, O Arjuna, into yonder sea, on whose beach you now stand.”

Arjuna did as he was bid.

Then Agni, the Fire lord, led the seven pilgrims on their road, south and south, west and west, and they saw him no more after that.

They paused not in the long travel, and they saw the white mountains and they saw the high summit of Meru which rose up to the far, far sky; and between them and the grand mount there stretched a wide waste of sand, and they passed on.

But the lady Draupadi fell and lay dead.

“O wherefore should this dear one die?” cried Bhima.

“For naught,” said the king, “but that she loved us too much; for much love brings pain and even doom.”

They passed on.

And the next to fall and lie dead on the dreary sand was Sahadeva.

“One sin was in his soul,” said the king, “noble though he was in his life and in the wars, for he had thoughts of pride.”

So they passed on, four brothers and the dog.

It was not long ere Nakula made halt, and he too fell.

“Our brother,” sighed the king, “was good; but he at times was vain of his fair form and his comely features.”

The little group passed on, and the next to drop was Arjuna.

"A lie he uttered once," said the king, "though, in good sooth, it was the lie of a man of courage, for he said that in the space of one day he would slay all his foes, but this he could not do."

And now but three left—two Pandava princes and the loyal hound; and the plain of sand was very wide, and Meru was far.

When Yudhishtira turned at the sound of a fall, he saw that Bhima had sunk upon the earth.

"My brother," said the king, "my well-loved brother is dead, and his sin was this, that he would long too grossly for the feast of the royal board; and yet he was a noble man."

And the king attained to the grand hill even to the high-rising Meru; and there came out to him a chariot of fire, and in it sat the mighty god Sakra, who said: "Come up to Meru, best of all princes, and abide in glory with the Shining Ones."

"I thank the lord of all the gods," replied Yudhishtira, "but I care not to come to heaven if so be my dear Draupadi is not there, and if I may not see my four brothers; for we were all dear to each other in peace and war, and in our thirteen years of exile and in our triumph over enemies."

"Thy wish shall be given thee," said Sakra. "Step into the car of light."

"Nay," spake the prince of the Great-heart once more, "but I may not leave on earth this poor dog that shared the toil of the long way."

"Nay, for thou art now to live among holy gods."

"Even for such glory I will not leave this living thing that I loved."

"No unclean beast may enter heaven," said the god.

"I cannot part from this poor creature that crouches at my feet."

"Will you then stay with a dog and lose the hope of seeing your brethren?"

"To forsake even the meanest comrade is a sin," replied Yudhishtira.

The next instant the dog was gone, and lo! it had changed its form, and in its place was the lord of death and judgment, even Dharma, and Dharma said: "Thou hast well borne the test, O king, and because thou wouldst not set foot in the car of the gods and leave thy humbler comrade, thou shalt sit in the most high place of heaven. Come."

In the car of light they rose, and spirits of cloud and air and fire soared in the bright swarm on right and left, above and below; and so they passed, and passed, and passed.

And as soon as the prince of the Great-heart set foot on the floor of the house of the gods, he looked this way and that, and asked :—

“Where is my dear Draupadi, and where are my brothers ?”

And Purandara, one of the Shining Ones, made reply : “Be at rest, O Yudhishthira, for here are thrones of gold and the songs of the saints are heard for ever.”

“Nay,” said the king ; “but I will not stay here, for I will not be in any place where I cannot behold them that I have loved so long.”

And at last, when many words were spoken by the king and the gods, the lord Dharma bade a Deva lead the king to the place where he might find the lost ones.

So this angel led him out of heaven, and the gate was shut behind, and they turned to the left, and lo ! there was a dark way down among the rocks, and amid terrible trees that smelt ill, and on the tangled roots of the trees were clots of blood, and filthy flies buzzed in and out of the gloomy shades, and worms writhed among the slimy stones, and black crows swooped upon the bodies of the dead that lay in the rugged path. A black cave, deep as night, now opened, and the king paused ; and then he turned away from hell.

“Go not away,” cried voices of folk that he could not see, “for when you came into this place the air was sweeter and hope sprang up in our hearts.”

“Who calls to me ?” he cried.

“It is I, Draupadi.”

“And Arjuna, Bhima, Nakula, Sahadeva—brothers all.”

Then the king set his feet firm on the rock, and he said to the Deva : “Go to the mighty gods and say I shall not come to their abode any more, for here will I stay with them I love.”

The angel fled, and the king stood in the place of night.

And when the heavenly Sakra heard the message, he and Dharma and all the gods and spirits rose up from their seats of gold, and they made haste to go down to hell, and as they entered that scene of darkness, behold the shadows rolled away, the light broke clear, and the breeze blew soft, and fresh, and sweet-scented, and the flowers sprang up about the lovely trees, and heaven smiled where once was death.

“Thy pains are at an end,” said the mighty Sakra. “Come down with us, and with thee shall come thy dear ones ; for here are Draupadi and thy brothers, and ye shall all first wash in the Ganges of the sky, and so pass into the blessed world of love and peace.”

And so they all passed together.

So shall all pass together. For there will be a day, O children of India, when no folk on earth will care to be rich or at ease while other

folk are in grief or hunger ; and no man will look from his window upon all the ill-fed, ill-clad, and be content with his own ease and well-being. And as with men so with nations. The nations shall be one in heart and mind. America shall join hands of love with Asia, and Asia with Europe, and Australia with Africa.

Now this day is far off. But it will make the more haste to dawn if men and women that have great hearts in every land and nation will join in the band of Makers of Peace. There is a house of peace in the town of The Hague, in the country of the noble Dutch people, and here there is a court of wise men that seek to solve the quarrels of nations without the aid of the sword and the cannon and the ship of war. And in the day that is to come (the children of India and the children of all lands must help) every quarrel of the peoples will have its end in that House of Peace.¹

XIII.

Sir Philip Sidney's last act was as noble as his whole life. When lying wounded on the fatal field of Zutphen, he caught the eye of a dying soldier fixed on the water at which his own parched lips were placed, "Take it," said he, "thy need is greater than mine." There spoke the hero as well as the gentleman. Somewhat similar in character were the dying words of the hero of Corunna. When the surgeons hurried to his aid, Sir John Moore said: "You can be of no service to me; go to the soldiers to whom you can be useful; I am beyond your skill."

XIV.

Zoroaster says :—

Zarathushtra (Zoroaster) will act justly towards the wicked and towards the righteous. (*Yasna*, XXXIII r.)

The *Sāma-Veda* says :—

"Cross the passes difficult to cross ; (conquer) wrath with peace ; untruth with truth."

Says the Buddha :—

"Hatred ceases not by hatred at any time : hatred ceases by love."

And again :—

"To the man that causelessly injures me, I will return the protection of my ungrudging love ; the more evil comes from me."

¹ The story is based on Sir Edwin Arnold's *Indian Idylls*, episodes "The Great Journey," and "The Entry into Heaven," these in turn being based on the *Mahābhārata*.

And again :—

“ He who bears ill-will to those who bear ill-will can never become pure ; but he who feels no ill-will pacifies those who hate. Overcome anger by not being angered ; overcome evil by good ; overcome avarice by liberality ; overcome falsehood by truth.”

Says Lao-tze :—

“ To those who are good, I am good ; and to those who are not good, I am also good ; and thus all get to be good. To those who are sincere, I am sincere ; and to those who are not sincere, I am also sincere ; and thus all get to be sincere.”

Says Jesus Christ :—

“ Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.”

Evil is only perpetuated when it is returned, the wrong emotion growing ever stronger as it is fed with fuel of its own nature ; but as water poured on fire is love poured on hate. Happiness can only be gained as the fires of hatred are quenched, and this can only be done by love, generously and freely outpoured.

XV.

A story was told by the great Buddha, while at Jetavana, about the bitter words spoken by the Six. For, in those days the Six, when they disagreed with respectable Brethren, used to taunt, revile and jeer them, and load them with ten kinds of abuse. This the Brethren reported to the Blessed One, who sent for the Six and asked whether this charge was true. On their admitting its truth, he rebuked them, saying, “ Brethren, hard words gall even animals : in bygone days an animal made a man who had used harsh language to him lose a thousand pieces.” And, so saying, he told this story of the past :—

Once on a time at Takkasilā in the land of Gandhāra there was a king reigning there, and the Bodhisatta came to life as a bull. When he was quite a tiny calf, he was presented by his owners to a brāhman who came in—they being known to give away presents of oxen to such-like holy men. The brāhman called it Nandi-Visāla (Great-Joy), and treated it like his own child, feeding the young creature on rice-gruel and rice. When the Bodhisatta grew up, he thought thus to himself “ I have been brought up by this brāhman with great pains and all India cannot show the bull which can draw what I can. How if I were to re-pay the brāhman the cost of my nurture by making proof of my strength ? ” Accordingly, one day he said to the brāhman, “ Go, brāhman, to some merchant rich in herds, and wager him a thousand pieces that your bull can draw a hundred loaded carts.”

The brāhman went his way to a merchant and into a discussion with him as to whose oxen in the town were the strongest. “ Oh, so-and-so's,

or so-and-so's," said the merchant. "But," added he, "there are no oxen in the town which can compare with mine for real strength." Said the brāhman: "I have a bull who can pull a hundred loaded carts." "Where's such a bull to be found?" laughed the merchant. "I have got him at home," said the brāhman. "Make it a wager." "Certainly," said the brāhman, and staked a thousand pieces. Then he loaded a hundred carts with sand, gravel and stones, and leashed the lot together, one behind the other, by cords from the axle-tree of the one in front to the trace-bar of its successor. This done, he bathed Nandi-Visāla, gave him a measure of perfumed rice to eat, hung a garland round his neck, and harnessed him all alone to the leading cart. The brāhman in person took his seat upon the pole, and flourished his goad in the air, shouting, "Now then, you rascal! pull them along, you rascal!

"I'm not the rascal he calls me," thought the Bodhisatta to himself; and so he planted his four feet like so many posts, and budged not an inch.

Straightway, the merchant made the brāhman pay over the thousand pieces. His money gone, the brāhman took his bull out of the cart and went home, where he lay down on his bed in an agony of grief. When Nandi-Visāla strolled in and found the brāhman a prey to such grief, he went up to him and enquired if the brāhman were taking a nap. "How should I be taking a nap when I have a thousand pieces won of me?" "Brāhman, all the time I have lived in your house, have I ever broken a pot, or squeezed up against anybody, or made messes about?" "Never, my child." "Then why did you call me a rascal? It's you who are to blame, not I. Go and bet him two thousand this time. Only remember not to miscall me rascal again." When he heard this, the brāhman went off to the merchant, and laid a wager of two thousand. Just as before, he leashed the hundred carts to one another and harnessed Nandi-Visāla, very spruce and fine, to the leading cart. If you ask how he harnessed him, well he did it in this way:—first, he fastened the cross-yoke on to the pole; then he put the bull in on one side, and made the other fast by fastening a smooth piece of wood from the cross-yoke on to the axle-tree, so that the yoke was taut and could not skew round either way. Thus a single bull could draw a cart made to be drawn by two. So now seated on the pole, the brāhman stroked Nandi-Visāla on the back, and called on him in this style: "Now then, my fine fellow! pull them along, my fine fellow!" With a single pull the Bodhisatta tugged along the whole string of the hundred carts till the hindermost stood where the foremost had started. The merchant, rich in herds, paid up the two thousand pieces he had lost to the brāhman. Thus did he gain greatly by reason of the Bodhisatta.

Thus laying down, by way of rebuke to the Six, the rule that hard words please no one, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:—

Speak only words of kindness, never words
 Unkind. For him who spoke him fair, he moved
 A heavy load, and brought him wealth, for love.

When he had thus ended his lesson as to speaking only words of kindness, the Master identified the Birth by saying: "Ānanda was the brāhman of those days, and I myself Nandi-Visāla."

XVI.

Burmans treat animals with great consideration. That this kindness and compassion for animals has very far-reaching results no one can doubt. If you are kind to animals, you will be kind, too, to your fellow-man. It is really the same thing, the same feeling in both cases. If to be superior in position to an animal justifies you in torturing it, so it would do with men. If you are in a better position than another man, richer, stronger, higher in rank, that would—that does often in our minds—justify ill-treatment and contempt. Our innate feeling towards all that we consider inferior to ourselves is scorn; the Burman's is compassion. You can see this spirit coming out in every action of their speech. "You are so strong, have you no compassion for him who is weak, who is tempted, who has fallen?" How often have I heard this from a Burman's lips! How often have I seen him act up to it! It seems to them the necessary corollary of strength that the strong man should be sympathetic and kind. It seems to them an unconscious confession of weakness to be scornful, revengeful, inconsiderate. Courtesy, they say, is the mark of a great man, discourtesy of a little one. No one who feels his position secure will lose his temper, will persecute, will be disdainful. Their word for a fool and for a hasty-tempered man is the same. To them it is the same thing, one infers the other. And so their attitude towards animals is but an example of their attitude to each other. That an animal or a man should be lower and weaker than you is the strongest claim he can have on your humanity, and your courtesy and consideration for him is the clearest proof of your own superiority. And so in his dealings with animals the Buddhist considers himself, consults his own dignity, his own strength, and is kind and compassionate to them out of the greatness of his own heart. Nothing is more beautiful than the Burman in his ways with his children, and his beasts, with all who are lesser than himself.

FAIRNESS AND JUSTICE.
(IN THE MORAL SENSE.)

[See Vernacular text-book VI, 26.]

XVII.

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares the Bodhisatta was born in a brāhman family. And when he came of age, he was trained in all the arts, and adopting the ascetic life he developed all the Faculties and Attainments, and took up his abode in a pleasant quarter of the Himālayas, living on wild fruits and roots. At this time the king being anxious to find out his defects, went about inquiring if there was anyone who would tell him his faults. And not finding anyone to speak to his dispraise, either within doors or without, either within the city or outside it, he wandered about the country side in disguise, thinking, "How will it be in the country?" And not meeting with anyone there to speak to his dispraise, and, hearing men speak only of his merits, he thought, "How will it be in the Himālaya region?" And he went into the forest and wandered about till he reached the hermitage of the Bodhisatta, where after saluting him, and addressing him in a friendly manner he took a seat on one side. At that moment the Bodhisatta was eating some ripe figs which he had brought from the wood. They were luscious and sweet, like powdered sugar. He addressed the king and said: "Your Excellency, pray eat this ripe fig and drink some water."

The king did so, and asked the Bodhisatta: "Why, Reverend Sir, is this ripe fig so exceedingly sweet?"

"Your Excellency," he replied, "the king now exercises his rule with justice and equity. That is why it is so sweet."

"In the reign of an unjust king, does it lose its sweetness, Sir?"

"Yes, Your Excellency, in the time of unjust kings, oil, honey, molasses and the like, as well as wild roots and fruits, lose their sweetness and flavour, and not these only but the whole realm becomes bad and flavourless; but when the rulers are just, these things become sweet and full of flavour, and the whole realm recovers its tone and flavour."

The king said: "It must be so, Reverend Sir," and without letting him know that he was the king, he saluted the Bodhisatta and returned to Benares. And thinking to prove the words of the ascetic he ruled unjustly, saying to himself: "Now I shall know all about it;" and after the lapse of a short time he went back and saluting the Bodhisatta, sat respectfully on one side. The Bodhisatta using exactly the same words, offered him a ripe fig, which proved to be bitter to his taste. Finding it to be bitter he spat it out, saying, "It is bitter, Sir."

Said the Bodhisatta: "Your Excellency, the king must be unjust, for when rulers are unjust, everything beginning with the wild fruits in the wood, lose all their sweetness and flavour." And hereupon he recited these stanzas:—

The bull through floods a devious course will take,
The herd of the kine all straggling in his wake:
So if a leader tortuous paths pursue,
To base ends will he guide the vulgar crew,
And the whole realm an age of license rue.

But if the bull a course direct should steer,
The herd of kine straight follow in his rear.
So should their chief to righteous ways be true,
The common folk injustice will eschew,
And through the realm shall holy peace ensue.

The king after hearing the Bodhisatta's exposition of the Truth, let him know he was the king and said: "Holy Sir, formerly it was due to me alone that the figs were first sweet and then bitter, but now I will make them sweet again."

Then he saluted the Bodhisatta and returned home, and ruling righteously restored everything to its original condition.

XVIII.

If both are willing to hear all that is to be said; if both are willing to hear just judgment, even if it goes against their own side, all will be well.

Justice is best done when both sides are willing to be just.

Many centuries ago a young prince came to the throne of Persia.

"It is great to be a king," said he to himself, "and I will show all men, rich and poor, that they must bow to my will."

He was about to become a tyrant.

But by good fortune this evil course was checked.

A wise man spoke to the royal officers and the servants of the place:—

"Do no service for the king Bahram bin Bahram till his conduct is more worthy of a good ruler."

They took his advice. All the high officers stayed away. Carpet-spreaders spread no carpets. Gate-keepers guarded no gates. Table-servants waited at no tables. The king had risen in the morning and found none to do anything for him, and he wandered lonely from room to room.

The wise man entered and the king greeted him with gladness, but the wise man scarcely said a word.

"What is the matter?" asked Bahram bin Bahram.

"Will you, sir, let me speak my mind?"

"Say all you wish, Mobed."

"I would like to tell you, sir, of the noble kings that sat on the throne of Persia before you."

And he told him of their mercy and justice.

"I understand," said Bahram bin Bahram. "I will try to walk in their steps."

At that moment a band of nobles and chiefs came into the royal chamber, and begged the young king to act as a strong and just ruler should, and he gave them his promise.

Then all served him gladly—secretaries, chamberlains, soldiers, carpet-spreaders, gate-keepers, table-servants and all. The master devoted his strength to his people. His people respected the master.¹

In this case the people who collided or ran against each other where the king and his people. One side—the king's side—was at first unwilling to do justice and much trouble followed. But the king's will changed, and then the will of the people changed, and each side tried to be just to the other.

It is said that in old times, when Skadeed was king in Syria, so mild and just was his rule that the wolf hurt not the sheep, and the hawk did not attack the partridge.

And again the king set a Qazi to judge a certain province of the kingdom, and for a whole year no one came to the Court of Justice to complain against his neighbour. The Qazi told the king he had done no work as judge, and did not deserve payment. But Skadeed insisted that he must be paid.

Not long afterwards two men did come before the Qazi.

"Sir," said one, "I bought a piece of land from this my neighbour, and I found in it a treasure which I had not known of, and therefore had not bought, and so I invited this my neighbour to take the treasure that was his by right and he would not."

"It is true, O judge," said the other, "and I will not take it, for I sold all that land and its contents to my friend."

Thus they strove one against the other, as friend with friend, each wishing to give and neither wishing to take.

The Qazi asked concerning their children, and found that one man had a son and the other a daughter.

¹ Mirkhond's *Rausat us-safa*, Vol. II, Part I, p. 338.

"Let the young people be married," said the judge, "and the treasure be given to them; and so it will remain the property of both families."

And this was done.¹

How differently things went in this case!

Both sides were eager to be just, and justice was quickly and happily done.

XIX.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his chief queen. When he grew up, he became king on his father's death and gave abundant alms. He had a park-keeper named Sumangala. A certain paccekabuddha left the Nandamūlla cave on a pilgrimage for alms, and coming to Benares stayed in the park. Next day he went into the town to beg. The king saw him with favour, made him come up into the palace and sit on the throne, waited on him with various delicate kinds of food, both hard and soft, and received his thanks: being pleased that the paccekabuddha should stay in his park, he exacted a promise and sent him back thither: after his morning meal he went there in person, arranged the places for his habitation by night and day, gave him the park-keeper Sumangala as attendant, and went back to the town. After that the paccekabuddha had meals constantly in the palace and lived there a long time: Sumangala respectfully attended on him. One day he went away, saying to Sumangala: "I am going to such and such a village for a few days, but will come back: inform the king." Sumangala informed the king. After a few days' stay in that village the paccekabuddha came back to the park in the evening after sunset. Sumangala, not knowing of his arrival, had gone to his own house. The paccekabuddha put away his bowl and robe, and after a little walk sat down on a stone-slab. That day some strange guests had come to the park-keeper's house. To get them soup and curry he had gone with a bow to kill a tame deer in the park: he was there looking for a deer when he saw the paccekabuddha and thinking he was a great deer, he aimed an arrow and shot him. The paccekabuddha uncovered his head and said: "Sumangala." Greatly moved, Sumangala said: "Sir, I knew not of your coming and shot you, thinking you were a deer: forgive me." "Very well, but what will you do now? Come, pull out the arrow." He made obeisance and pulled it out. The paccekabuddha felt great pain and passed into *nirvāna* then and there. The park-keeper thought the king would not pardon him if he knew: he took his wife and children and fled. By supernatural power the whole city heard that the paccekabuddha had entered *nirvāna*, and all were greatly excited. Next day some men entered the park, saw the body and told the king that the

¹ Mirkhond's *Rausat-us-safa*, Vol. I, Part I, p. 107.

park-keeper had fled after killing the paccekabuddha. The king went with a great retinue and for seven days paid honour to the body: then with all ceremony he took the relics, built a shrine, and doing honour to it went on ruling his kingdom righteously. After a year, Sumangala determined to find out what the king thought: he came and asked a minister whom he saw to find out what the king thought of him. The minister praised Sumangala before the king: but he was as if he heard not. The minister said no more, but told Sumangala that the king was not pleased with him. After another year he came, and again in the third year he brought his wife and children. The minister knew the king was appeased, and setting Sumangala at the palace-door told the king of his coming. The king sent for him, and after greeting said: "Sumangala, why did you kill that paccekabuddha, through whom I was gaining merit?" "O king, I did not mean to kill him, but it was in this way that I did the deed," and he told the story. The king bade him have no fear, and reassuring him made him park-keeper again. Then the minister asked: "O king, why did you make no answer when you heard Sumangala's praises twice, and on the third hearing why did you send for him and forgive him?" The king said: "Dear sir, it is wrong for a king to do anything hastily in his anger: therefore I was silent at first, and the third time when I knew I was appeased I sent for Sumangala:" and so he spoke these stanzas to declare the duty of a king:—

Conscious of an angry frown,
 Ne'er let king stretch out his rod:
 Things unworthy of a crown
 Then would follow from his nod.

Conscious of a milder mood,
 Let him judgments harsh decree,
 When the case is understood,
 Fix the proper penalty:
 Self nor others will he vex,
 Clearly parting right from wrong:
 Though his yoke is on men's necks,
 Virtue holds him high and strong.

Princes reckless in their deed
 Ply the rod remorselessly,
 Ill repute is here their meed,
 Hell awaits them when they die.

They who love the saintly law,
 Pure in deed and word and thought,
 Filled with kindness, calm and awe,
 Pass through both worlds as they ought.

King am I, my people's lord;
 Anger shall not check my bent:
 When to vice I take the sword,
 Pity prompts the punishment.

So the king declared his own good qualities in six stanzas: his whole court were pleased and declared his merits in the words: "Such excellence in moral practices and qualities is worthy of your majesty." Sumangala, after the court had finished speaking, saluted the king, and after obeisance spoke three stanzas in the king's praise:—

Such thy glory and thy power ;
 Ne'er resign them for an hour :
 Free from anger, free from fears,
 Reign in joy a hundred years.

Prince, whom all those virtues bless,
 Mild and bland, but firm in worth,
 Rule the world with righteousness,
 Pass to heaven when freed from earth.

True in word, in action good,
 Take the means thy end to gain :
 Calm the troubled multitude,
 As a cloud with genial rain.

XX.

1. Justice is blind to this or that person, and does what is right, no matter who or what is to be weighed in the scales.
2. Justice thinks of what is due to persons unseen.
3. People may not always agree as to what is just, but it is good when all *wish* to be just.
4. We should treat people fairly whether we ourselves are happy or sad.
5. Human hearts love justice, and sooner or later men show their hatred of wrong and their pleasure in the right.
6. We should be just to people who worship according to other religions than our own.

Beautiful is the starry heaven. But, said a wise Greek named Aristotle, "Neither the evening star nor the morning star is so beautiful as justice."

TRUTHFULNESS.

[See Vernacular text-books, I 17, III 23.]

XXI.

TRUTHFULNESS, integrity, and goodness—qualities that hang not on any man's breath—form the essence of manly character, or, as one of our old writers has it, "that inbred loyalty unto Virtue which can serve her without a livery." He who possesses these qualities, united with strength of purpose, carries with him a power which is irresistible. He is strong to do good, strong to resist evil, and strong to bear up under difficulty and misfortune. When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his base assailants, and they asked him in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here," was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest lustre; and when all else fails, he takes stand upon his integrity and his courage:

XXII.

On one occasion four divine beings made their appearance on the Earth to attend a festival of the Gods.

And they bore in their hands wreaths of the strangest flowers that had ever been seen, and those around asked: "What are these flowers?" And the Gods made answer and said: "These divine flowers are fit for those possessed of great powers: for the base, the foolish, the faithless, the sinful beings within the world of men, they are *not* fitted. But, whosoever amongst men is endued with certain virtues, to them is due the honour of wearing these flowers.

"He who steals no thing from another,
Who uttereth no lie,
Who doth not lose his head at the height of fame—
He may wear the flowers."

Now there was a certain false Teacher or Priest who thought to himself: "I do not possess one of these qualities, but, by appearing to possess them, I shall obtain permission to wear the wreaths, and the people will believe that I really am what I appear to be, and they will place their confidence in me."

Then, with exceeding boldness, he came to the first of the Gods and exclaimed with great solemnity: "Behold, I am endowed with these qualities of which you speak—

"I have stolen from no man, never have I uttered a lie, nor has fame ever caused me to be proud or haughty."

And when he had uttered these words, the wreath was placed upon his brow. And, emboldened by his success, he came with the same pride and confidence into the presence of the second God, and asked that the second wreath should be bestowed upon him.

And the God said :—

“ He who earns wealth honestly, and shuns dishonest means,
Who takes but sparingly of the Cup of Pleasure,
To him shall be awarded this second wreath.”

And the false Priest bowed his head and said : “ Behold all that I have earned is honestly gotten, and all pleasure have I shunned. Give me the wreath ! ”

And the wreath was placed upon his brow.

Then, with boldness increased by his success, he approached the third God, and asked that the third wreath should encircle his brow.

And the God said :—

“ He who scorns choice food,
Who never turneth from his purpose,
Who keepeth his faith unchanged,
To him shall be given the wreath.”

And the false Priest said : “ I have ever lived on the simplest fare. I have been ever steadfast of purpose, and loyal in my faith. Therefore give *me* the wreath.”

And the third wreath was bestowed upon him.

Then did the pride of the false Priest know no bounds, and he went hastily to the fourth God and demanded the fourth wreath.

And the God said :—

“ He who will attack no good man to his face or behind his back,
Ane he who keeps his word in all things,
To him belongs this wreath.”

Then the false Priest cried out in a loud voice : “ I have attacked no man good or evil, and never have I broken my word to any.”

The God looked at him sadly, but he placed the wreath upon his brow, and the four divine beings disappeared from the sight of man. But no sooner had they left the earth than the Priest felt a violent pain. His head seemed to be crushed by spikes, and, writhing in agony, he made full confession and begged that the flowers should be removed from his head ; but though all pitied his condition, none could remove the flowers, for they seemed to be fastened on with an iron band.

And he called aloud to the Gods, saying :

“ O ye great powers, forgive my pride and spare my life ! ” And they answered : “ These flowers are not meant for the wicked. You have

received the reward of your false words." Then, having rebuked him in the presence of the people, they removed the flowers from the head of the repentant man and returned to the abode of the Blest.

XXIII.

In the sacred books of the Zoroastrians it is written:—

1. Ahuramazda (God) dwells in the paths of truth. (*Yasna*, Chap. XXXIII, 5; XLIII, 3.)
2. Truth is the characteristic of the Good spirit, Falsehood that of the Evil spirit. Let the wise choose the truth. (*Yasna*, Chap. XXX, 3.)
3. O Ahuramazda! I invoke Thee through righteousness and through my good mind. (*Yasna*, *Gatha*.)
4. Mithra (the Yazata presiding over truth and justice) frees from distress the man who has not lied. (*Meher Yasht*, 22.)
5. O Mithra! Free us from distress as we have not lied. (*Meher Yasht*, 23.)
6. "Ye, future kings! try to put down falsehood." (King Darius in Besitun Inscriptions, IV, 5.)

XXIV.

It is written in the *Udyoga Parva* of the *Mahābhārata* that:—He that forsaketh of his own accord even a great object owing to its being fraught with unrighteousness, liveth happily, casting off all woes, like a snake that hath cast off its slough. A victory gained by an untruth, deceitful conduct towards the king, and insincerity of intentions expressed before the preceptor,—these three are each equal to the sin of slaying a Brāhman. Excessive envy, death, and boastfulness, are the causes of the destruction of prosperity. Carelessness in waiting upon the preceptor, haste, and boastfulness, are the three enemies of knowledge. Idleness, inattention, confusion of the intellect, restlessness, gatherings for killing time, haughtiness, pride, and covetousness,—these seven constitute, it is said, the faults of students in the pursuit of learning. How can they that desire pleasure have knowledge? Students again, engaged in the pursuit of learning, cannot have pleasure. Votaries of pleasure must give up knowledge, and votaries of knowledge must give up pleasure.

XXV.

The great Chinese religious teacher, Confucius, with an air of sadness once said to a stranger: "Allow me to ask what it is that you call my proper Truth." The stranger replied: "A man's proper Truth is

pure sincerity in its highest degree:—without this pure sincerity one cannot move others. Hence if one (only) forces himself to wail, however sadly he may do so, it is not (real) sorrow; if he forces himself to be angry, however he may seem to be severe, he excites no awe; if he forces himself to show affection, however he may smile, he awakens no harmonious reciprocation. True grief, without a sound, is yet sorrowful; true anger, without any demonstration, yet awakens awe; true affection, without a smile, yet produces a harmonious reciprocation. Given this truth within, it exercises a spiritual efficacy without, and this is why we count it so valuable. In our relations with others, it appears according to the requirements of each case:—in the service of parents, as gentle, filial duty; in the service of rulers, as loyalty and integrity; in festive drinking, as pleasant enjoyment; in the performance of the mourning rites, as sadness and sorrow. In loyalty and integrity, good service is the principal thing; in festive drinking, the enjoyment; in the mourning rites, the sorrow; in the service of parents, the giving them pleasure.”

XXVI.

A story was told by Buddha, while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the two chief disciples. On a certain occasion the two chief elders resolved during the rainy season to devote themselves to solitude. So they bade the Master farewell and leaving the company of the Brethren they went forth from Jetavana, carrying their bowl and robes with their own hands, and lived in a forest near a border village. And a certain man, who waited on the elders and lived upon their broken victuals, dwelt apart in the same place. On seeing how happily these elders lived together, he thought: “I wonder if it is possible to set them at variance.” So he drew nigh to Sariputta and said: “Can it be, Reverend Sir, that there is some quarrel between you and the venerable chief elder Moggallāna?” “Why so, Sir?” he asked. “He ever, Holy Sir, speaks in your dispraise and says, ‘When I am gone, what is Sariputta worth compared with me in caste, lineage, family and country, or in the power of attainments in the sacred volumes?’” The elder smiled and said: “Be off, sirrah!” Another day he drew nigh to the chief elder Moggallāna and said the same thing. He too smiled and said: “Be off, sirrah!” Moggallāna went to Sariputta and asked: “Has this fellow, who lives on our leavings, said aught to you?” “Yes, friend, he has.” “And he said exactly the same thing to me. We must drive him away.” “Very well, friend, drive away.” The elder said: “You are not to come here,” and snapping his fingers at him, he drove him away. The two elders lived happily together, and returning to the Master, made obeisance to him and sat down. The Master spoke kindly to them and asked if they had kept their Retreat pleasantly. They said: “A certain beggar wished to set us at variance, but failing in the attempt he ran away.” The Master said: “Verily, Sariputta, not now only, but formerly also, he thought to set you at variance, but failing in the attempt he ran away.” And hereupon at his request he related a story of bygone days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-god in a forest. At that time a lion and a tiger lived in a mountain cave in that forest. A jackal was in attendance on them, and living on their broken meats began to wax gross of body. And one day he was struck with the thought: "I have never yet eaten the flesh of a lion or a tiger. I must set these two animals by the ears, and when in consequence of their quarrel they have come by their death, I will eat their flesh." So he drew nigh to the lion and said: "Is there any quarrel, Sir, between you and the tiger?" "Why so, Sir?" "Your Reverence," he said, "he ever speaks in your dispraise and says, 'When I am gone, this lion will never attain to the sixteenth part of my personal beauty, nor of my stature and girth, nor of my natural strength and power.'" Then the lion said to him: "Off with you. He will never speak thus of me." Then the jackal drew nigh to the tiger also, and spoke after the same manner. On hearing him the tiger hastened to the lion and asked: "Friend, is it true that you said so and so of me?" And he spoke the first stanza:—

Is it thus Sudātha speaks of me?
 "In grace of form and pedigree,
 In might and prowess in the field,
 Sobāhu still to me must yield."

On hearing this Sudātha repeated the four remaining stanzas:—

Is it thus Subāhu speaks of me?
 "In grace of form and pedigree,
 In might and prowess in the field,
 Sudātha still to me must yield."
 If such injurious words are thine,
 No more shall thou be friend of mine.
 The man that lends a ready ear
 To any gossip he may hear,
 Soon picks a quarrel with a friend,
 And love in bitter hate will end.
 No friend suspects without a cause,
 Or carefully looks out for flaws;
 But on his friend in trust will rest
 As child upon its mother's breast,
 And ne'er will by a stranger's word
 Be parted from his bosom's lord.

When the qualities of a friend had been thus set forth in these four stanzas the tiger said: "The fault is mine," and begged pardon of the lion. And they continued to live happily together in the same place. But the jackal departed and fled elsewhere.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time the jackal was the beggar who lived on broken meats, the lion was Sariputta, the tiger Moggallāna, and the deity that dwelt in that forest and saw the whole thing with his own eyes was I myself."

XXVII.

In the *Jaina Sutrās* it is written :—

Knowing the truth, one should live up to it; seeking the Law, earnest in the performance of austerities, possessing the Guptis, being accomplished, one should always exert oneself, intent on the soul's benefit, and desiring the highest good (*viz.*, liberation).

The fool thinks that his wealth, cattle, and relations will save him; they him, or he them. But they are no help, no protection.

When calamity befalls him, or the end of his life draws near, he must go and come alone; the wise believe that there is nothing to protect him.

All living beings owe their present form of existence to their *karma*; timid, wicked, suffering latent misery, they err about (in the Circle of Births), subject to birth, old age, and death.

He should know that the present time is the best opportunity to mend, and that an awakening is difficult to obtain. A wise man should be aware of this. The (first) Jina has said this, and so the remaining ones (will) say it.

COURAGE.

[See Vernacular text-books II 12, III 2, IV 20, V 4, 43.]

XXVIII.

1. "Be courageous like Jamasp" (Zoroaster's Blessing 3).
2. Grant me O Atâr! manly courage (*Yasna*, LXII 4.)
3. O Courageous Mithra! grant courage to me.

(*Meher Yasht.*)

XXIX.

The demon Mâra, wishing to destroy the great Buddha, caused a storm of rocks to fall. And mighty, mighty, mountain peaks came through the air, spitting forth fire and smoke. But as they reached the Great Being, they changed into bouquets of heavenly flowers.

Then he raised a storm of deadly weapons. And they came—one-edged, and two-edged swords, and spears, and arrows—smoking and flaming through the sky. But as they reached the Great Being, they became flowers from heaven.

Then he raised a storm of charcoal. But the embers, though they came through the sky as red as *Kimsuka* flowers, were scattered at the feet of the future Buddha as heavenly flowers.

Then he raised a storm of ashes; and the ashes came through the air exceeding hot, and in colour like fire; but they fell at the feet of the future Buddha as the dust of sandal-wood.

Then he raised a storm of sand; and the sand, exceeding fine, came smoking and flaming through the air; but it fell at the feet of the future Buddha as heavenly flowers.

Then he raised a storm of mud. And the mud came smoking and flaming through the air; but it fell at the feet of the future Buddha as heavenly perfume.

Then saying, "By this I will terrify Siddhattha, and drive him away!" he brought on a thick darkness. And the darkness became fourfold; but when it reached the future Buddha, it disappeared as darkness does before the brightness of the sun.

Thus was Mâra unable by these nine—the wind, and the rain, and the rocks, and the weapons, and the charcoal, and the ashes, and the sand, and the mud, and the darkness—to drive away the future Buddha. So he called on his host, and said, "Why stand you still? Seize, or slay, or drive away this prince!" And himself mounted the Mountain-girded, and seated on his back, he approached the future Buddha, and cried out, "Get up, Siddhattha, from the seat! It does not belong to thee! It is meant for me!"

The Great Being listened to his words, and said, "Māra! it is not by you that the Ten Cardinal Virtues have been perfected, nor the lesser Virtues, nor the higher Virtues. It is not you who have sacrificed yourself in the five great Acts of Self-renunciation, who have diligently sought after Knowledge, and the Salvation of the world, and the attainment of Wisdom. This seat does not belong to thee, it is to me that it belongs."

Then the enraged Māra unable to endure the vehemence of his anger, cast at the Great Being that Sceptre-javelin of his, the barb of which was in shape as a wheel. But it became a garland of flowers, and remained as a canopy over him, whose mind was bent upon good.

Thus, by courageous devotion to the good, evil influences are turned aside and rendered harmless.

XXX.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a thorough-bred Sind horse and was made the king's charger, surrounded by all pomp and state. He was fed on exquisite three-year old rice, which was always served up to him in a golden dish worth a hundred thousand pieces of money; and the ground of his stall was perfumed with the four odours. Round his stall were hung crimson curtains, while overhead was a canopy studded with stars of gold. On the walls were festooned wreaths and garlands of fragrant flowers; and a lamp fed with scented oil was always burning there.

Now all the kings round coveted the kingdom of Benares. Once seven kings encompassed Benares, and sent a missive to the king, saying, "Either yield up your kingdom to us or give battle." Assembling his ministers, the king of Benares laid the matter before them, and asked them what he was to do. Said they, "You ought not to go out to do battle in person, sire, in the first instance. Despatch such and such a knight out first to fight them; and later on, if he fails, we will decide what to do."

Then the king sent for that knight and said to him, "Can you fight the seven kings, my dear knight?" Said he, "Give me but your noble horse, and then I could fight not seven kings only, but all the kings in India." "My dear knight, take my horse or any other horse you please, and do battle." "Very good, my sovereign lord," said the knight; and with a bow he passed down from the upper chambers of the palace. Then he had the noble horse led out and sheathed in mail, arming himself too cap-à-pie, and girding on his sword. Mounted on his noble steed he passed out of the city-gate, and with a lightning charge broke down the first camp, taking one king alive and bringing him back a prisoner to the soldiers' custody. Returning to the field, he broke down the second and the third camps, and so on until he captured alive five kings. The sixth camp he had

just broken down, and had captured the sixth king, when his horse received a wound, which streamed with blood and caused the noble animal sharp pain. Perceiving that the horse was wounded, the knight made it lie down at the king's gate, loosened its mail, and set about arming another horse. As the Bodhisatta lay at full length on his side, he opened his eyes and gathered what the knight was doing. "My rider," thought he to himself, "is arming another horse. That other horse will never be able to break down the seventh camp and capture the seventh king; he will lose all that I have accomplished. This peerless knight will be slain; and the king, too, will fall into the hands of the foe. I alone, and no other horse, can break down that seventh camp and capture the seventh king." So, as he lay there, he called to the knight, and said, "Sir knight, there is no horse but I who can break down the seventh camp and capture the seventh king. I will not throw away what I have already done; only have me set upon my feet and clad again in my armour." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

Though prostrate now, and pierced with darts, I lie,
 Yet still no hack can match the destrier.
 So harness none but me, O charioteer.

The knight had the Bodhisatta set upon his feet, bound up his wound, and armed him again in proof. Mounted on the brave horse, he broke down the seventh camp, and brought back alive the seventh king, whom he handed over to the custody of the soldiers. They led the Bodhisatta too up to the king's gate, and the king came out to look upon him. Then said the Great Being to the king, "Great king, slay not these seven kings; bind them by an oath, and let them go. Let the knight enjoy all the honour due to us both, for it is not right that a warrior who has presented you with seven captive kings should be brought low. And as for yourself, exercise charity, keep the Commandments, and rule your kingdom in righteousness and justice." When the Bodhisatta had thus exhorted the king, they took off his mail; but when they were taking it off piecemeal, he passed away.

The king had the body burned with all respect, and bestowed great honour on the knight, and sent the seven kings to their homes after exacting from each an oath never to war against him any more. And he ruled his kingdom in righteousness and justice, passing away when his life closed to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

Then the Master said, "Thus, brethren, in bygone days the wise and good persevered even amid hostile surroundings, and, even when wounded so grievously, still did not give in. Whereas you who have devoted yourself to so saving a doctrine, how comes it that you give up persevering?" After which, he preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the faint-hearted Brother won Arahatsip. His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connection, and identified the Birth by saying, "Ananda was the king of those days, Sariputta the knight, and I myself the thorough-bred Sind horse."

SELF-CONTROL.

[See Vernacular text-book, V 6.]

XXXI.

THE Great King Aśoka caused the following edict to be engraved on the rocks :—

Imperfect fulfilment of the Law.

‘His sacred and Gracious Majesty the King desires that in all places men of every denomination may abide, for they all desire mastery over the senses and purity of mind.

Man, however, is various in his wishes, and various in his likings.

Some of the denominations will perform the whole, others will perform but one part of the commandment. Even for a person to whom lavish liberality is impossible, the virtues of mastery over the senses, purity of mind, gratitude, and steadfastness are altogether indispensable.’

XXXII.

It is written in the *Udyoga Parva* of the *Mahābhārata*, that :—“He that hath Self-restraint casteth off lust, avarice, pride, wrath, sleep, boastfulness, self-esteem, malice, and sorrow. Purity and the absence of crookedness and fraud, are the distinctive marks of a man of Self-restraint. He that is not covetous, that is satisfied with a little, that regardeth not objects provoking lust, and that is as grave as the ocean, is known as a man of Self-restraint. He that is well-behaved, of a good disposition and a contented soul, that knoweth his own Self, and is possessed of wisdom, winneth great regard here and attaineth to a blissful state hereafter. Possessed of mature wisdom, he that hath no fear of other creatures and whom other creatures fear not, is said to be the foremost of men. Seeking the good of all, he is a universal friend, and no one is made unhappy by him. Endued with gravity like that of the ocean and enjoying contentment in consequence of his wisdom, such a man is always calm and cheerful. Regulating their conduct according to the acts practised by the righteous of olden times and before their eyes, they that are Self-restrained, being devoted to peace, rejoice in this world! Or, abandoning work because contented in consequence of knowledge, such a person, with his senses under control, moveth quietly in this world, waiting for the inevitable hour and absorption into *Brahma*! And as the track of feathery creatures in the sky is incapable of being perceived so the path of a sage enjoying contentment in consequence of knowledge is not visible. Abandoning the world he that betaketh himself, in pursuit of emancipation to the *Sanyāsa* mode of life, hath bright and eternal regions assigned to him in heaven!”

XXXIII.

Listen also to the words of the *Bhagavadgīta*:—He whose heart is not agitated in the midst of calamities, who has no longing for pleasures, and from whom (the feelings of) affection, fear, and wrath have departed, is called a sage of steady mind. His mind is steady, who, being without attachments anywhere, feels no exultation and no aversion on encountering the various agreeable and disagreeable (things of this world). A man's mind is steady, when he withdraws his senses from (all) objects of sense, as the tortoise (withdraws) its limbs from all sides. Objects of sense withdraw themselves from a person who is abstinent; not so the taste (for those objects). But even the taste departs from him, when he has seen the Supreme. The boisterous senses, O son of Kunti! carry away by force the mind even of a wise man, who exerts himself (for final emancipation). Restraining them all, a man should remain engaged in devotion, making me his only resort. For his mind is steady whose senses are under his control. The man who ponders over objects of sense forms an attachment to them; from (that) attachment is produced desire; and from desire anger is produced; from anger results want of discrimination; from want of discrimination, confusion of the memory; from confusion of the memory, loss of reason; and in consequence of loss of reason he is utterly ruined. But the self-restrained man who moves among objects with senses under the control of his own self, and free from affection and aversion, obtains tranquillity. When there is tranquillity, all his miseries are destroyed, for the mind of him whose heart is tranquil soon becomes steady. He who is not self-restrained has no steadiness of mind; nor has he who is not self-restrained perseverance in the pursuit of self-knowledge; there is no tranquillity for him who does not persevere in the pursuit of self-knowledge; and whence can there be happiness for one who is not tranquil? For the heart which follows the rambling senses leads away his judgment, as the wind leads a boat astray upon the waters. Therefore, O you of mighty arms! His mind is steady whose senses are restrained on all sides from objects of sense. The self-restrained man is awake, when it is night for all beings and when all beings are awake, that is the night of the right-seeing sage. He into whom all objects of desire enter, as waters enter the ocean, which, (though) replenished (still) keeps its position unmoved, he only obtains tranquillity; not he who desires (those) objects of desire. The man who, casting off all desires, lives free from attachments, who is free from egoism, and from (the feeling that this or that is) mine, obtains tranquillity. This, O son of Pritha! is the Brahmic state; attaining to this, one is never deluded; and remaining in it in (one's) last moments, one attains (brahma-nirvāṇa) the Brahmic bliss.

XXXIV.

In the *Vishnu Purāna* it is written:—One who has acquired complete command over himself, gains this world and the next.

One who has no command over himself, reaps no fruit from any of his acts (whether worldly or tending to the acquisition of spiritual merit).

Self-restraint is the best instrument of purification ; self-restraint is the best of auspicious objects ; by self-restraint he obtains anything he may desire in his heart.

The man who rides (as it were) in a chariot drawn by his five senses and directed by his mind (as the charioteer), who keeps it on the path of the virtuous, can never be overcome by his enemies (lust, wrath, and greed), unless the horses (unrestrained by the charioteer) run away with the chariot.

As the waters (of all streams) are stored up (and reabsorbed) in the ocean, which, though being filled with them, remains unmoved and tranquil, even so that man, in whose mind the passions are stored up (and dissolved), obtains perfect calmness ; but not he who strives after the gratification of his desires.

XXXV.

Again, we read in the *Gita* :—Knowledge, truth, self-restraint, sacred learning, freedom from animosity (towards living beings), modesty, endurance, freedom from censoriousness, sacrifice, guilt, courage, quiescence, these are the twelve great observances of a Brāhman. Whoever is not devoid of these twelve can govern this whole world, and those who are possessed of three, two, or even one (of these) become, in (due) course, distinguished (for knowledge) and identified with the Brāhman. (Self-restraint, abandonment, and freedom from heedlessness on these depends immortality. And the talented Brāhmans say that truth is chief over them.) Self-restraint has eighteen defects ; if (any one of them is) committed, it is an obstacle (to self-restraint). They are thus stated. Untruthfulness, backbiting, thirst, antipathy (to all beings), darkness, repining, hatred of people, haughtiness, quarrelsomeness, injuring living creatures, reviling others, garrulity, vexation, want of endurance, want of courage, imperfection, sinful conduct, and slaughter. That is called self-restraint by the good which is free from these defects.

XXXVI.

Krishna, in the *Gita*, says to Arjuna :—Devotion is not his, O Arjuna ! who eats too much, nor his who eats not at all ; not his who is addicted to too much sleep, nor his who is ever awake. That devotion which destroys all misery is his, who takes due food and exercise, who toils duly in all works, and who sleeps and awakes in due time. When a man's mind well restrained becomes steady upon the self alone, then he being indifferent to all objects of desire, is said to be devoted. As a light standing in a windless place flickers not, that is declared to be the parallel for a devotee, whose mind is restrained,

and who devotes his self to abstraction. That mental condition, in which the mind restrained by practice of abstraction, ceases to work; in which too, one seeing the self by the self, is pleased in the self; in which one experiences that infinite happiness which transcends the senses, and which can be grasped by the understanding only; and adhering to which, one never swerves from the truth; acquiring which, one thinks no other acquisition higher than it; and adhering to which, one is not shaken off even by great misery; that should be understood to be called devotion in which there is a severance of all connection with pain. That devotion should be practised with steadiness and with an unresponding heart. Abandoning, without exception, all desires, which are produced from fancies, and restraining the whole group of the senses on all sides by the mind only, one should by slow steps become quiescent, with a firm resolve coupled with courage; and fixing the mind upon the self, should think of nothing. Wherever the active and unsteady mind breaks forth there one should ever restrain it, and fix it steadily on the self alone. The highest happiness comes to such a devotee whose mind is fully tranquil, in whom the quality of passion has been suppressed, who is free from sin, and who is become one with the Brāhman. Thus constantly devoting his self to abstraction, a devotee, freed from sin, easily obtains that supreme happiness—contact with the Brahman. He who has devoted his self to abstraction, by devotion, looking alike on everything, sees the self abiding in all beings, and all beings in the self. To him who sees me in everything, and everything in me, I am never lost, and he is not lost to me. The devotee who worships me abiding in all beings, holding that all is one, lives in me, however he may be living. That devotee, O Arjuna! is deemed to be the best, who looks alike on pleasure or pain, whatever it may be, in all creatures comparing all with his own pleasure or pain.

WORK AND DUTY.

[See Vernacular text-books, IV 17, VI 1.]

XXXVII.

THE great King Asoka caused the following to be engraved on the rocks :—

The prompt Dispatch of Business.

Thus saith His Sacred and Gracious Majesty the King :—During long ages past business has not been disposed of, nor have reports been received at all hours. Now by me this arrangement has been made that at all hours and in all places whether I am dining, or in the ladies' apartments, or in my bedroom, or in my closet, or in my carriage, or in the palace-gardens—the official reporters should report to me on the people's business. At all places I am ready to dispose of the people's business.

And if, perchance, I personally by word of mouth command that a gift be made or order executed, or anything urgent is entrusted to the officials, and in that business a dispute arises or fraud occurs among the communities, I have commanded that immediate report be made to me at any hour and at any place, for I am never fully satisfied with my efforts and my dispatch of business.

Work I must for the welfare of all, and the root of the matter is in effort and the dispatch of business, for nothing is more efficacious to secure the welfare of all. And for what do I toil? For no other end than this, that I may discharge my debt to animate beings, and that while I make some happy here, they may in the next world gain heaven.

For this purpose have I caused this pious edict to be written, that it may long endure, and that my sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons may strive for the welfare of all. That, however, is a difficult thing, save by the utmost exertion.

XXXVIII.

It is written in the *Udyoga Parva* of the *Mahābhārata* that :—Some say that success in the world to come depends upon work. Some declare that work should be shunned and that salvation is attainable by knowledge. The Brāhmins know this that though one may have a knowledge of eatable things yet his hunger will not be appeased unless he actually eats. Those branches of knowledge that help the doing of work, bear fruit, but not the others ; for the fruit of work is of ocular demonstration. A thirsty person drinks water, and by that act his thirst is allayed. This result proceeds no doubt, from work. Therein

lies the efficacy of work. If any one thinks that something else is better than work, I deem him weak, and his words meaningless. In the other world, it is by virtue of work that the gods flourish. It is by work that wind blows. It is by virtue of work that the sleepless Surya rises every day and becomes the cause of day and night; and Soma passes through the months and the fortnights and the combinations of constellations. Fire is kindled of itself and burns by virtue of work, doing good to mankind. The sleepless goddess Earth, by force sustains this very great burden. The sleepless rivers, giving satisfaction to all organized beings, carry their waters with speed. The sleepless Indra, possessed of a mighty force, pours down rain, resounding the heaven and the cardinal points. Desirous of being the greatest of gods, he led a life of austerities such as a holy Brāhman leads. Indra gave up pleasure, and all things agreeable to the heart. He sedulously cherished virtue and truth, and self-control, and forbearance, and impartiality, and humanity. It was by work that he attained a position the highest of all. Following the above course of life, Indra attained the high sovereignty over the gods. Vrihaspati, intently and with self-control, led in a proper manner that life of austerities which Brāhman leads. He gave up pleasure and controlled his senses and thereby attained the position of the preceptor of the célestials.

XXXIX.

The life of man in this world is, for the most part, a life of work. In the case of ordinary men, work may be regarded as their normal condition. Every man worth calling a man should be willing and able to work. The honest labouring man finds work necessary for his sustenance; but it is equally necessary for men of all conditions, and in every relationship of life.

XL.

"Idleness," says Jeremy Taylor, "is the burial of a living man,—an idle person being so useless to any purposes of God and man, that he is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities of the world; and he only lives to spend his time, and eat the fruits of the earth, like a vermin or a wolf. When their time comes, they die and perish, and in the meantime do no good; they neither plough nor carry burthens; all that they do is either unprofitable or mischievous. Idleness, indeed, is the greatest prodigality in the world."

XLI.

A noble French youth, named Bayard, mounted a spirited horse, and managed him so well that the people marvelled; for though he was but fifteen years of age, he ruled the horse as though he were a man of thirty.

Afterwards, when there was war between France and Spain, the Knight Bayard stood on a bridge, and held it, all alone as he was, against 200 Spaniards, and so kept his ground, brave as a Rajput, till a band of French warriors came to his aid.

He was wounded in a battle, and was carried to the house of an Italian gentleman, whose wife and two daughters were in great fear lest they should suffer harm from the violence of the French soldiers. Bayard was in their house four weeks, and all that time he took care that no hurt should be done to the ladies, though the city was full of rude warriors who had conquered the garrison. And he took his leave of the family with many thanks for their kindness; and they, in turn, admired his knightly conduct.

At last he had a deadly wound in battle, and he held up the hilt of his sword—a cross—before his eyes, and died; having fought for his king and nation, “without fear and without reproach.”

A motto of this chevalier (knight) Bayard was :—

“Do your duty, come what may.”

For that was what he himself did, whether in the field of war or in the quiet household.

And what may come?

Storm; but the soldier, the policeman, the messenger, the postman, the sailor, will face the storm and do their duty.

Disease; but the nurse and the doctor will go in and out of the sick-room, or the hospital, where patients lie ill of infectious diseases, and do their duty.

Peril; but the fireman will attack the flames of the burning house; the miner will work in the dangerous mine; the fisherman will go out at night to sea; the captain will stay on the sinking ship till all the passengers are safely got off; the man in the street will stop the runaway horse, or the mad dog, or the furious elephant.

Worry and weariness; but the mother will watch over her little ones; she will attend to their wants; she will guard their health; she will soothe their sorrows; she will work for them night and day.

The name of Bayard, which I opened this lesson with, is famous all over the world. But there are more Bayards than can be counted; I mean there are countless men and women who bravely and finely do their daily duty, and more than their duty.

For example, it is a railway-worker's duty to shunt trains, wheel trucks, and so on. But Ram Lal Bauri, a shunter in the employ of the East Indian Railway Company, thought it his duty to do yet more. In the *London Gazette* of 25 October, 1910, we read how

King George V awarded a medal for bravery to the Hindu shunter ; and this is the story :—

On 14 March, 1909, Ram Lal Bauri was sitting upon the brake of the first of eight empty wagons, which were being shunted upon a colliery siding, and as the wagons went round a curve he noticed three children playing upon the line. He jumped off, ran forward, and picked up two of the children and was trying to get hold of the third when the wagon reached and killed her. The rescuer was knocked down but escaped injury.

Ram Lal Bauri had never heard of Bayard, but he understood Bayard's motto, "Do thy duty, come what may."

The shunter and Bayard were *strong* men. Is it only the strong who bravely do their duty? Let me tell you a tale of the strong and the weak ; I mean strong or weak in body.

The five mighty brothers, the Pandavas, with the lady Draupadi travelled on a long journey, and saw lakes, rivers, mountains, forests. They were beaten by stormy winds and nearly stifled by clouds of dust. Darkness fell, and in the darkness they heard the crash of falling trees.

"Are the skies coming down in ruin?" they said to one another, "and are the hills being torn to pieces?"

They took shelter in a cave, and waited till the tempest had passed by. Then they walked on, and the lady Draupadi—the blacked-eyed princess—dropped fainting to the earth.

"Alas!" cried Yudhishtira, the eldest of the Pandava brothers, "alas! this is my fault! For, had I not spent my all in dice-playing, my brothers and my dear Draupadi would not have been fated to wander in this hard exile."

The lady opened her eyes. The cool breeze and the kind words of the five princes restored her. They placed her on a deer-skin and bade her rest.

Then said Yudhishtira :—

"Rugged are the mountains that lie before us, and long the road we have to go, and how shall this weak woman endure the hardships of the way?"

Said Bhima the mighty one :—

"I have a son, a Rākshasa, of immense strength. What loads can he not carry? What corner of the heavens can he not soar to? I will call him hither, and the strong one shall carry us over the land."

No sooner had Bhima thus thought of his son than the Rākshasa appeared, and, placing his hands together, asked how he might help his father and uncles. He had brought with him other Rākshasās, and all were eager to show courtesy to the noble princes.

So, at the bidding of Bhima, the flying monsters, the Rākshasās, bore the lady Draupadi and the Pandavas and their company of Brāhmins over the broad country, and the princes and their friends saw great things—forests, beasts, birds, lakes with many lotuses and more that I cannot stay to tell.

Thus did strength fulfil its duty. The strong princes tended the weak lady, and the strong Rākshasas carried both her and the strong princes. The strong ones aided the strong ones as well as the weak one. For the five brothers, though powerful men, were not able to bear Draupadi so easily and swiftly over the Indian land as were the Rākshasās.

And now I will tell of strength that did its evil will, and had no sense of duty.

One day a Rākshasa carried away three of the Pandavas and Draupadi.

But who would have thought he was a bad monster? For some time he had taken the shape of a holy Brāhmin, wise in his words and grave in his looks. He was a fire smouldering under ashes. He was false.

All of a sudden he took the form of a Rākshasa, and flew up into the high air, bearing Yudhishtira and Nakula and Sahadeva and the lady Draupadi; and he was about to carry them to danger and perhaps death.

Bhima the Mighty appeared.

Sahadeva had slipped off the back of the beast, and stood on the earth shaking his weapon at the horrid Rākshasa; and the monster, strong as he was, was alarmed at the sight of a greater strength than his own, and he wheeled round and round in his confusion of mind.

Strength that was bad was face to face with strength that was good.

Each rooted up trees and flung them. Each roared like a storm. Each charged like a wild elephant. The Rākshasa sank fainting. Bhima lifted him in his arms and hurled him to the ground, and thus he died; and the Pandava brothers and Draupadi were delivered from the Evil One.

Glorious is the strength that helps; glorious is the power that does its duty.¹

We should not expect a woman to do what the mighty Bhima did. The lady Sita—the most glorious lady in the tales of the Hindus—could not root up trees and hurl them at Rākshasās.

¹ *Mahābhārata* (P. C. Roy's edition), Vol. II.

But for all that she could do her duty as nobly as Bhima.

The lady Sita had made up her mind to go with the lord Rāma, her husband, into the forest of exile for fourteen years, for so his father Dasaratha had decreed. Evil would be her lot in the jungle, and weary the long way. Knowing all that, she chose rather to suffer with her lord than to enjoy the pleasures of the palaces of Ayodhya city.

Then the ladies of the court pressed round her, and begged her not to depart.

"The king," they urged, "has not sent *you* into exile. Stay, dear soul, and be content with us."

But these words displeased the lady Sita. The advice was meant in kindness. Nevertheless, it did not point to the way of duty, and Sita did not heed the speech of her friends.¹

XLII.

In the Hindu traditions regarding the sage Vena it is written that— "The son of Vena, Prithu, with joined hands, once addressed the great rishis thus: "A very slender understanding for perceiving the principles of duty has been given to me by nature: tell me truly how I must employ it. Doubt not that I shall perform whatever you shall declare to me as my duty, and its object.' Then those gods and great rishis said to him: 'Whatever duty is enjoined perform it without hesitation, disregarding what thou mayest like or dislike, looking on all creatures with an equal eye, putting far from thee lust, anger, cupidity, and pride. Restrain by the strength of thine arm all those men who swerve from righteousness, having a constant regard to duty.

XLIII.

Duty then for each one of us means what we ought to do. It does not mean exactly the same for us all: for of course the duty of a parent is different from that of a child; the duty of a Thakor Sahib is different from that of a Rāj Kumār; the duty of a teacher is different from that of a learner; the duty of a soldier is different from that of a cultivator. Still there are duties for us all, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, men, women and children; every one of us has a duty, and the duty of each one of us is of two kinds (1) a duty to God, and (2) a duty to man.

These two-fold duties of us all resemble, in a higher sense, the two-fold duties which a child owes firstly to his parents and secondly to his brothers and sisters. For we are all as the children of a vast

¹ Rāmāyana (version of Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. II, p. 46.

and universal family, of which we all alike are members, and of which the great Head is God. And just as the child, as in duty bound, should love and obey his earthly father, so we should love and obey, in the highest sense, Him who is the Father of all. And just as the child loves his brothers and sisters, so we should love our fellow-men.

XLIV.

“What will you gain,” said Seneca, “if you do your duty bravely and generously? You will gain the doing of it—the deed itself is the gain.” We ought to do what is right, not from hope of the promises, or fear of punishment, but from love of what is good, because “thy testimonies are the very joy of my heart.”

PHILANTHROPY AND SYMPATHY WITH ALL MEN
INCLUDING UNSELFISHNESS.

[See Vernacular text-books, I 12, II 19, III 4, 5, IV 21, 22, 24.]

XLV.

KISĀGOTAMI is the name of a young girl, whose marriage with the only son of a wealthy man was brought about in true fairy-tale fashion. She had one child, but when the beautiful boy could run alone, it died. The young girl in her love for it carried the dead child clasped to her bosom, and went from house to house of her pitying friends asking them to give her medicine for it. But a Buddhist mendicant, thinking, "she does not understand," said to her: "my good girl, I myself have no such medicine as you ask for, but I think I know of one who has." "Oh, tell me who that is!" said Kisāgotamī. "The Buddha can give you medicine: go to him," was the answer.

She went to Gautama, and doing homage to him, said: "Lord and Master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my child?" "Yes, I know of some," said the Teacher.

Now it was the custom for patients or their friends to provide the herbs which the doctors required, so she asked what herbs he would want. "I want some mustard seed, he said; and when the poor girl eagerly promised to bring some of so common a drug, he added: "You must get it from some house where no son, or husband or parent, or slave has died." "Very good," she said, and went to ask for it, still carrying her dead child with her. The people said: "Here is mustard-seed, take it." But when she asked, "In my friend's house has any son died, or a husband, or a parent, or slave?" they answered: "Lady! what is this that thou sayest; the living are few, but the dead are many." Then she went to other houses but one said: "I have lost a son"; another, "We have lost our parents"; another, "I have lost my slave."

At last, not being able to find a single house where no one had died, her mind began to clear, and, summoning up resolution, she left the dead body of her child in a forest, and returning to the Buddha paid him homage. He said to her: "Have you the mustard-seeds?" "My Lord," she replied, "I have not; the people tell me that the living are few, but the dead are many." Then he talked to her on that essential part of his system—the impermanency of all things—till her doubts were cleared away, and, accepting her lot, she became a disciple and entered the first Path.

Sorrow, therefore, is the common lot of humanity and we should feel for others in their suffering just as we value sympathy in our own misfortunes.

XLVI.

When does sorrow go with sorrow? When another heart feels it and our heart *feels with it*.

Duryodhana, the famous warrior, fell on the plain of Kurukshetra, and so grief-stricken were his friends that, when he lay prone upon the earth and died, all nature seemed in disorder. Creatures without heads and with many legs and many arms danced in dreadful dance over the earth. Lakes and wells were turned into blood. Rivers flowed up-stream instead of downwards. Women seemed to look like men, and men like women.¹

The poet here teaches us that the suffering endured by one soul spread through a wide, wide world. There was sympathy between the fallen king and thousands of living creatures.

Is this sympathy only shown in sorrow? No, it is shown both in happiness and sorrow.

The Christian people keep holy the name of a Roman lady of the old days—Cecilia. They call her St. Cecilia. It is told of her that she had a gift for music, and, when she played sweetly on an organ, or some such instrument, the joyful sound floated to heaven. In heaven it was heard by angles, and angels flew down to the earth, carrying roses for the beloved lady. This was fellow-feeling in the happiness of music.

It also happened that one day she wandered along the bank of the River Rhine in Germany, and people came to look upon her, and ask for her blessing. Among the people was a poor musician. He did not, however, want to join in the saint's music. He wanted her to join in his sorrow. He brought to her his deaf-and-dumb boy. She saw the child's weakness; she saw the father's sorrow. She took the boy in her arms and kissed him, and (so says the legend) his tongue was unloosed, and he spoke and praised the kindness of St. Cecilia.

XLVII.

One day the sage Sankarāchārya was going along the street with his pupils to take his midday bath in the Ganges. A *Chāndūla* with his dogs was passing by him, when the pupils shouted to ask him to clear the road, as Brāhmans do in Malabar to this day. The man, however, turned about and asked the *Guru* how he might consistently teach *Advaitism*, that is, the doctrine that self and the world are one, and practise such differentiating observances. The *Guru* was struck by the answer, and its pertinency to the occasion called forth the five beautiful slokas forming the *Manisha Panchaka*, every one of which ends thus: "He who has learned to look on phenomena in this (monistic) light is my true *Guru*, be he a *Chāndūla* or a twice-born man. This is my conviction."

¹ *Mahābhārata* (P. C. Roy's edition), Vol. VII.

XLVIII.

Selfishness, we might almost say, is *the one bad thing* in the world, for all crimes and all misdeeds, great and small, spring from it.

It is selfishness that robs and cheats. The selfish man wants money. He does not care that others have also their wants and their rights. They have money and he wants it; so he takes it in any way that he can.

It is selfishness that is the source of intemperance and all the degradation and crime to which it leads. To see the drunkard, poor and ragged, despised and ridiculed, you would hardly think that he went into it for the sake of having a good time. If he went into it for that, it does not seem to have been a success. But it is because at the first he thought merely of his own immediate pleasure, and forgot the happiness of father and mother, or of wife and children, that he sank to this low condition.

It is selfishness that leads to the neglect of the poor and the helpless, that makes men so stingy and mean that they are often unwilling to help others even when it can be done at little cost or trouble to themselves.

It is selfishness that speaks the cruel words or makes the jest that gives another pain.

It is selfishness that takes pleasure in tormenting another; that takes pleasure in tormenting the dumb animals.

In a word, selfishness seeks to get the most good possible out of the world, and to do the least that is possible for others.

XLIX.

True courage and gentleness go hand in hand. The brave man is generous and forbearing, never unforgiving and cruel. It was finely said of Sir John Franklin by his friend Parry, that "he was a man who never turned his back upon a danger, yet of that tenderness that he would not brush away a mosquito." A fine trait of character—truly gentle, and worthy of the spirit of Bayard—was displayed by a French officer in the cavalry combat of El Bodon in Spain. He had raised his sword to strike Sir Felton Harvey, but perceiving his antagonist had only one arm, he instantly stopped, brought down his sword before Sir Felton in the usual salute, and rode past. To this may be added a noble and gentle deed of Ney during the same Peninsular War. Charles Napier was taken prisoner at Corunna, desperately wounded; and his friends at home did not know whether he was alive or dead. A special messenger was sent out from England with a frigate to ascertain his fate. Baron Clouet received the flag, and informed Ney of the arrival. "Let the prisoner see his friends," said Ney, "and tell them he is well, and well treated."

Clouet lingered, and Ney asked, smiling, "what more he wanted"? "He has an old mother, a widow, and blind." "Has he? then let him go himself and tell her he is alive." As the exchange of prisoners between the countries was not then allowed, Ney knew that he risked the displeasure of the Emperor by setting the young officer at liberty; but Napoleon approved of the generous act.

L.

Once on a time, when Brahmadata 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 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, townfolk 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 pleasance, and, having driven in a number of deer, to bar them in and deliver them over to the king!" So they sowed in the pleasance grass for the deer to eat and supplied water for them to drink, and opened the gate wide. Then they called out the townfolk 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 pleasance, 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 pleasance. Henceforth feed on *them*."

Hereupon the king betook himself to the pleasance, 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, 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 thereafter 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 pleasure 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 pleasance 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.

LI.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadata was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of the Queen Consort. On his name-day, the name they gave him was Prince Brahmadata.

In course of time, he grew up, and at sixteen years went to Takkasilā for his education; where he mastered all branches of learning, and on his father's death he became king in his stead, and ruled with uprightness and all rectitude, administering justice with no regard had to his own will or whim. And as he ruled thus justly, his ministers on their part were also just; thus, while all things were justly done, there

was none who brought a false suit into court. Presently all the bustle of suitors ceased within the precincts of the palace; all day long the ministers might sit on the bench, and go away without seeing a single suitor. The courts were deserted.

Then the Bodhisatta thought to himself, "Because of my just Government not one suitor comes to try issue in court; the old hubbub is quiet; the courts of law are deserted. Now I must search whether I have any fault in me; which if I find, I will eschew it, and live a good life hereafter." From that time he tried continually to find some one who would tell him of a fault; but of all who were about him at court he could not find one such; nothing could he hear but good of himself. "Perhaps," thought he, "They are all so much afraid of me that they say no ill of me but only good," and so went about to try those who were outside his walls. But with these it was just the same. Then he made inquisition of the citizens at large, and outside the city questioned those who belonged to the suburbs at the four city gates. Still there was none who had any fault to find; nothing but praises could he hear. Lastly with intent to try the country side, he entrusted all government to his ministers, and mounted in his carriage, and taking only the driver with him, left the city in disguise. All the country he traversed, even to the frontier; but not a fault-finder could he light upon; all he could hear was only his own praises. So back he turned from the marches, and set his face homewards again by the highroad.

Now it fortuneed that at this very time Mallika, the king of Kosala had done the very same thing. He too was a just king, and he had been searching for his faults; but amongst those about him there was none who had any fault to find; and hearing nothing but praise, he had been making enquiry throughout all the country, and had but then arrived at that same spot.

These two met, in a place where the carriage-road was deeply sunk between two banks, and there was no room for one carriage to pass another.

"Get your carriage out of the way!" said king Mallika's driver to the driver of the king of Benares.

"No, no, driver," said he, "out of the way with yours! know that in this carriage sits the great monarch Brahmadata, lord of the kingdom of Benares!"

"Not so, driver!" replied the other, "in this carriage sits the great king Mallika, lord of the realm of Kosala! It is for you to make way, and to give place to the carriage of our king!"

"Why, here's king too," thought the driver of the king of Benares. "What in the world is to be done?" Then a thought struck him; he would enquire what should be the age of the two kings, so that the younger should give way to the elder. And he made enquiry of the

other driver how old his king was ; but he learnt that both were of the same age. Thereupon he asked the extent of this king's power, wealth, and glory, and all points touching his caste and clan and his family ; discovering that both of them had a country three hundred leagues long, and that they were alike in power, wealth, glory, and the nature of their family and lineage. Then he bethought him that place might be given to the better man ; so he requested that the other driver should describe his master's virtues. The man replied by the first verse of poetry following, in which he set forth his monarch's faults as though they were so many virtues : -

"Rough to the rough, king Mallika the mild with mildness sways,
Masters the good by goodness, and the bad with badness pays.
Give place, give place, O driver ! such are this monarch's ways !"

"Oh," said the man of the king of Benares, "is that all you have to say about your king's virtues ?" "Yes," said the other, "If these are his virtues, what must his vices be !" "Vice be it, then," quoth he, "if you will ; but let us hear what your king's virtues may be like !" "Listen then," rejoined the first, and repeated the second verse : -

"He conquers wrath by mildness, the bad with goodness sways,
By gifts the miser vanquishes and lies with truth repays.
Give place, give place, O driver ! such are this monarch's ways !"

At these words both king Mallika and his driver descended from their carriage and loosed the horses, and moved it out of the way, to give place to the king of Benares. Then the king of Benares gave good admonition to king Mallika, saying, "Thus and thus must you do" ; after which he returned to Benares, and there gave alms and did good all his life, till at the last he went to swell the hosts of heaven. And king Mallika took the lesson to heart ; and after traversing the length and breadth of the land, and lighting upon none who had any fault to find, returned to his own city ; where he gave alms all his life and did good, till at the end he too went to swell the hosts of heaven.

LII.

So we are agreed—are we not ? that the life of the true man rises above the life of brutal thoughts and feelings and actions. The true life is that of humanity.

But which men are humanity ? Is it the Indian, the Japanese, the Chinese, and the other people of Asia ? Is it the black race of Africa ? Is it the white race of Europe, America and Australia ?

Humanity, like Krishna, has many forms. Let me tell you a short story of Krishna.

Krishna sat on a couch with his wife, Rukmini, attended by 1,000 maids of the same age and wearing like dresses ; and Nārada came to

see him in his glory. Then rose Krishna and bade him sit on the couch while he washed his feet.

“What can I do for you, Nārada?” he asked.

“Lord, I have come to behold your bright presence and your power; and I desire to walk through your palace of many mansions!”

Nārada entered another chamber of the great house, and there he saw Krishna playing at dice with one of his wives.

“O Nārada,” said Krishna, “so you have come to pay me a visit, and I am pleased to see you.”

In silent wonder Nārada withdrew and passed into another room, and there he beheld Krishna playing with happy children.

And he walked away and went into another apartment, and found Krishna about to bathe.

And wherever he went, he met Krishna in every room.¹

¹ *Sree Krishna*, by Muralidhur Roy, pp. 149-50.

CHEERFULNESS AND CONTENTEDNESS.

[See Vernacular text-books, VI 42, VII 18.]

LIII.

IN the *Vana Parva* of the *Mahābhārata* it is written:—Those wise men whose knowledge has made them happy and contented, and who are indifferent to happiness and misery alike, are really happy. The wise are always contented and the foolish always discontented. There is no end to discontent, and contentment is the highest happiness. People who have reached the perfect way, do not grieve, they are always conscious of the final destiny of all creatures. One must not give way to discontent, for it is like a virulent poison. It kills persons of undeveloped intelligence, just as a child is killed by an enraged snake. That man has no manliness whose energies have left him, and who is over-powered with perplexity when an occasion for the exercise of vigour presents itself. Our actions are surely followed by their consequences. Whoever merely gives himself up to passive indifference to worldly affairs accomplishes no good. Instead of murmuring one must try to find out the way by which he can secure exemption from spiritual misery; and the means of salvation found, he must then free himself from sensuality. The man who has attained a high state of spiritual knowledge is always conscious of the great instability of all matter. Such a person keeping in view the final doom of all, never grieves. I too O learned man, do not grieve; I stay here in this life biding my time. For this reason, O best of men, I am not perplexed with doubts. The Brāhman said: "Thou art wise and high in spiritual knowledge and vast is thy intelligence. Thou who art versed in holy writ, art content with thy spiritual wisdom, I have no cause to find fault with thee. Adieu, O best of pious men, mayst thou be prosperous, and may righteousness shield thee and mayst thou be assiduous in the practice of virtue!"

LIV.

Once on a time, when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as an ox, named Big Red, on the squire's estate in a certain hamlet. And he had a younger brother who was known as Little Red. There were only these two brothers to do all the draught-work of the family. Also, the squire had an only daughter, whose hand was asked in marriage for his son by a gentleman of the town. And the parents of the girl, with a view to furnishing dainty fare for the wedding guests, began to fatten up a pig named Munika.

Observing this, Little Red said to his brother, "All the loads that have to be drawn for this household are drawn by you and me, my brother; but all they give us for our pains is sorry grass and straw to eat. Yet here is the pig being victualled on rice! What can be the reason why he should be treated to such fare?"

Said his brother, "My dear Little Red, envy him not; for the pig eats the food of death. It is but to furnish a relish for the guests at their daughter's wedding, that the family are feeding up the pig. Wait but a little time and the guests will be coming. Then will you see that pig lugged out of his quarters by the legs, killed, and in process of conversion into curry." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

Then envy not poor Munika; 'tis death
He eats. Contented much your frugal chaff,
—The pledge and guarantee of length of days.

Not long afterwards the guests did arrive; and Munika was killed and cooked into all manner of dishes. Said the Bodhisatta to Little Red, "Did you see Munika, dear brother?" "I have indeed seen, brother, the outcome of Munika's feasting. Better a hundred, nay a thousand, times than such food is ours, though it be but grass, straw, and chaff; for our fare harms us not, and is a pledge that our lives will not be cut short."

PERSEVERANCE.

[See Vernacular text-books, I 22, II 10, III 31.]

LV.

THERE lived formerly in a certain country a very stupid Brāhman householder, who inadvertently committed a deadly sin. And his spiritual adviser told him, that his guilt could be cleansed and his sin atoned for, only by going and spending the remainder of his life bathing in the Ganges. So he handed over his goods to his son, and set out, with his pot and staff, on his pilgrimage to the Ganges. And after travelling for some days, he came to the bank of a small mountain streamlet, whose waters in the hot season were all but dry. And he said to himself: Doubtless this is the sacred Ganges. So he took up his abode on the banks of that stream, bathing every day in such water as he could find. And thus he remained for five years.

Then one day there passed by that way a Pāshupata ascetic. And he said to the Brāhman: My son, what are you doing here? So he replied: Reverend Sir, I am performing penance, for the expiation of sin, on the banks of the Ganges. Then the ascetic said: What has this miserable puddle to do with the Ganges? And the Brahman said: Is this, then, not the Ganges? And the ascetic laughed in his face, and said: Truly, old as I am, I did not think that there had been folly like this in the world. Wretched man, who has deluded you? The Ganges is hundreds of miles away, and resembles this contemptible brook no more than Mount Mēru resembles an ant hill.

Then the Brāhman said: Reverend Sir, I am obliged to you. And taking his pot and staff, he went forward, till at length he came to a broad river. And he rejoiced greatly, saying: This must be the sacred Ganges? So he settled on its bank, and remained there for five years, bathing every day in its waters. Then one day there came by a Kāpālīka, who said to him: Why do you remain here, wasting precious time over a river of no account or sanctity, instead of going to the Ganges? But the Brāhman was amazed, and said: And is this then, not the Ganges? Then the Kāpālīka replied: This the Ganges! Is a jackal a lion, or a Chāndāla a Brāhman? Sir, you are dreaming.

Then the Brahman said sorrowfully: Worthy Kāpālīka, I am indebted to you. Fortunate was our meeting. And taking his pot and staff, he went forward, till at length he came to the Nermada. And thinking: Here, at last, is the sacred Ganges; he was overjoyed; and he remained on its banks for five years, bathing every day in its waters. But one day he observed on the bank near him, a pilgrim like himself, casting flowers into the river, and calling it by its name. So he went up to him and said: Sir, what is the name of this river? And the pilgrim answered: Is it possible that you do not know the holy Nermada? Then the Brāhman sighed deeply. And he said: Sir, I am enlightened by you. And he took his pot and staff, and went forward.

But he was now very old and feeble. And long penance had weakened his frame and exhausted his energies. And as he toiled on in the heat of the day over the burning earth, the sun beat on his head like the thunderbolt of Indra, and struck him with fever. Still he gathered himself together and struggled on, growing weaker and weaker day by day, till at last he could go no further, but fell down and lay dying on the ground. But collecting all his remaining strength, with a last desperate effort he dragged himself up a low hill in front of him. And lo! there before him rolled the mighty stream of Ganges, with countless numbers of pilgrims doing penance on its banks and bathing in its stream. And in his agony he cried aloud: O Mother Ganges! alas! alas! I have pursued you all my life, and now I die here helpless in sight of you. So his heart broke, and he never reached its shore.

But when he got to the other world, Yama said to Chitragupta: What is there down against him? And Chitragupta said: I find against him a terrible sin. But that he has expiated by fifteen years' penance on the banks of Ganges. Then that Brāhman was amazed, and said: Lord, you are mistaken. I never reached the Ganges. And Yama smiled, for Yama is just, and cannot err: and Chitragupta cannot be deceived. What is this whole world but illusion! Just as penance performed in an improper spirit, even on the actual banks of Ganges, would be no true penance, so that poor simple Brāhman's penance, performed in the belief that he had reached the Ganges, was counted by that holy one as truly so performed. For men judge by the fallacious testimony of the senses, but the gods judge by the heart.

ALL persons actuated by a sense of honour feel bound to discharge to the best of their capacity an obligation which they have undertaken, no matter how difficult the accomplishment of the task.

A fine example of honourable conduct is related in Tod's Rājasthān. Describing the ceremony of sending a bracelet to a warrior whose protection or services are required, he writes :—

'The festival of the bracelet (*Rākhi*)' is in spring, and whatever its origin, it is one of gallantry of the most delicate nature which is established between the fair sex and the cavaliers of Rājasthān. Though the bracelet may be sent by maidens, it is only on the occasions of urgent necessity or danger. The Rajput dame bestows with the bracelet the title of adopted brother. Its acceptance secures to her the protection of the favoured cavalier to whom it is sent. He may hazard his life in her cause, and yet never receive a smile in reward, for he cannot even see the fair object who, as brother of her adoption, has constituted him her defender. But there is a charm in the mystery of such connection, never endangered by close observation, and the loyal to the fair may well attach a value to the public recognition of being the *Rākhibund Bhāe*, the 'bracelet-bound brother' of a princess. The intrinsic value of such pledge is never looked to, nor is it requisite that it should be costly, though it varies with the means and rank of the donor, and may be of flock silk and spangles, or gold chains and gems. The acceptance of the pledge and its return is by the *kātchli*, or corset, of simple silk or satin, or gold brocade and pearls. In shape or application, there is nothing similar in Europe. A whole province has often accompanied the *kātchli*, and the monarch of India was so pleased with this courteous delicacy in the custom of Rājasthān, on receiving the bracelet of the princess Kurnavati, which invested him with the title of her brother, and uncle and protector of her infant, (Oody Sing, that he pledged himself to her service, "even if the demand were the castle of Rinthumbor." Humāyun proved himself a true knight, and even abandoned his conquest in Bengal when called on to redeem his pledge, and succour Chitor, and the widows and minor sons of Sanga Rāna. Humāyun had the highest proofs of the worth of those courting his protection. He was with his father Bābar in all his wars in India, and at the battle of Biana his prowess was conspicuous, and was recorded by Bābar's own pen. He amply fulfilled his pledge, expelled the foe from Chitor, took Mandu by assault, and, as some revenge for her king's aiding the king of Gujārāt, he sent for the Rāna Bikramājī, whom following their own notions of investiture, he girt with a sword in the captured citadel of his foe.

PRUDENCE AND MODESTY.

LVII.

ONCE on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta gained his livelihood as a trader. In those days in a border-village in Kāsi there dwelt a number of carpenters. And it chanced that one of them, a bald grey-haired man, was planing away at some wood, with his head glistening like a copper bowl, when a mosquito settled on his scalp and stung him with its dart-like sting.

Said the carpenter to his son, who was seated hard by,—“My boy, there’s a mosquito stinging me on the head; do drive it away.” “Hold still then, father,” said the son; “one blow will settle it.”

(At that very time the Bodhisatta had reached that village in the way of trade, and was sitting in the carpenter’s shop.)

“Rid me of it,” cried the father. “All right father,” answered the son, who was behind the old man’s back, and, raising a sharp axe on high with intent to kill only the mosquito, he cleft his father’s head in twain. So the old man fell dead on the spot.

Thought the Bodhisatta, who had been an eye-witness of the whole scene, “Better than such a friend is an enemy with sense, whom fear of men’s vengeance will deter from killing a man.” And he recited these lines:—

Sense-lacking friends are worse than foes with sense;
Witness the son that sought the gnat to slay,
But cleft, poor fool, his father’s skull in twain.

So saying the Bodhisatta rose up and departed, passing away in after days to fare according to his deserts. And as for the carpenter, his body was burned by his kinsfolk.

LVIII.

The Japanese people express their idea of prudence in this way: they have, in one of their temples, a figure of Buddha meditating on a lotus; and in front of the Lord are three little apes. One has its hand on its eyes; the second has its hand on its ears; the third has its hand on its mouth.

What do the three apes mean?

The first teaches:—

“I see no bad or foolish thing.”

The second teaches:—

“I hear no bad or foolish thing.”

The third teaches:—

“I say no bad or foolish thing.”

If we wrote on a board a list of the prudent person's habits, it would run something like this—the Prudent Person—

Minds what he says.

Minds what he hears.

Minds what he sees.

Is careful in his eating, drinking, clothing, etc.

Looks where he goes.

Thinks of the morrow, and beyond the morrow.

Tries to imagine what will follow after his action or word; that is to say, he thinks of the *consequences*.

LIX.

A learned Brāhman once went over to a wise king and said, 'Hear, O king, I am well versed in the holy scriptures. I intend to teach thee the holy book of the Bhāgavata.' The king, who was the wiser of the two, well knew that a man who has read the Bhāgavata would seek more to know his own Self than honour and wealth in a king's court. He replied, 'I see, O Brāhman, that you yourself have not mastered that book thoroughly. I promise to make you my tutor, but go first and learn the scripture well.' The Brāhman went his way, thinking within himself, 'How foolish the king is to say I have not mastered the Bhāgavata well, when I have been reading the book over and over again for all these years.' However he went over the book carefully once more and appeared before the king. The king told him the same thing again and sent him away. The Brāhman was sore vexed, but thought there must be some meaning for this behaviour of the king. He went home, shut himself up in his closet, and applied himself more than ever to the study of the book. By and by the hidden meanings began to flash before his intellect; the vanity of running after the bubbles, riches and honour, kings and courts, wealth and fame, all vanished before his unclouded vision. From that day forward he gave himself up entirely to attain perfection by the worship of God, and never returned to the king. A few years after the king thought of the Brāhman, and went to his house to see what he was about. Seeing the Brāhman, all radiant with the divine light and love, he fell upon his knees and said, 'I see you have now arrived at the true meaning of the scriptures; I am ready to be your disciple, if you will duly condescend to make me one.'

LX.

A great crowd of Jews gathered round the Lord Jesus Christ, and He said:—

Which of you, who perhaps wishes to build a tower, would not first sit down and reckon the cost, so as to be sure he has enough money to finish the work? Otherwise, he may lay the foundation and

not be able to finish it, and all who see the half-made building will mock him, saying, "This man began to build, and was not able to finish." Or what king, as he goes out to war, would not first sit down and take counsel whether he is able, with 10,000 men, to meet his enemy who has 20,000? He reflects whether he had not better send messengers to sue for peace.¹

That is to say, we should look forward; we should try to think out our plan of action, in building, in war, in business, in trade, in our art or craft, in study, etc.

We should be prudent.

LXI.

Once on a time, while Brahmadata was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of an elephant trainer. When he grew up, he was taught all the art of managing the elephant. And there came a young villager from Kāsi, and was taught of him. Now when the future Buddhas teach any, they do not give a niggardly dole of learning; but according to their own knowledge so teach they, keeping nothing back. So this youth learnt all the branches of knowledge from the Bodhisatta, without omission; and when he had learnt, said he to his master: "Master, I will go and serve the king." "Good, my son," said he: and he went before the king, and told him how that a pupil of his would serve the king. Said the king, "Good, let him serve me." "Then do you know what fee to give?" says the Bodhisatta.

"A pupil of yours will not receive so much as you; if you receive an hundred he shall have fifty; if you receive two, to him shall one be given." So the Bodhisatta went home and told all this to his pupil.

"Master," said the youth, "all your knowledge do I know, piece for piece. If I shall have the like payment, I will serve the king; but if not, then I will not serve him." And this the Bodhisatta told to the king. Said the king,

"If the young man could do even as you—if he is able to show skill for skill with you, he shall receive the like." And the Bodhisatta told this to the pupil, and the pupil made answer, "Very good, I will." "Tomorrow," said the king, "do you make exhibition of your skill." "Good, I will; let proclamation be made by beat of drum." And the king caused it to be proclaimed, "Tomorrow the master and the pupil will make show together of their skill in managing the elephant. Tomorrow let all that wish to see gather together in the courtyard of the palace, and see it."

"My pupil," thought the teacher to himself, "does not know all my resources." So he chose an elephant, and in one night he taught him to do all things awry. He taught him to back when bidden go

¹ The Bible, Luke XIV, 28—32.

forward, and to go on when told to back ; to lie down when bidden rise, and to rise when bidden lie down ; to drop when told to pick up, and to pick up when told to drop.

Next day mounting his elephant he came to the palace yard. And his pupil also was there, mounted upon a beautiful elephant. There was a great concourse of people. They both showed all their skill. But the Bodhisatta made his elephant reverse orders ; "Go on !" said he, and it backed ; "Back !" and it ran forward ; "Stand up !" and it lay down ; "Lie !" and it stood up ; "Pick it up !" and the creature dropped it ; "Drop it !" and he picked it up. And the crowd cried, "Go to, you rascal ! do not raise your voice against your master ! You do not know your own measure, and you think you can match yourself against him !" and they assailed him with clods and staves, so that he gave up the ghost then and there. And the Bodhisatta came down from his elephant, and approaching the king, addressed him thus—

"O mighty king ! for their own good men get them taught ; but there was one to whom his learning brought misery with it, like an ill-made shoe " ; and he uttered these two stanzas :—

"As when a pair of shoes which one has bought,
For help and comfort cause but misery,
Chafing the feet till they grow burning hot
and making them to fester by and bye :

"Even so an underbred ignoble man,
Having learnt all that he can learn from you,
By your own teaching proves your very bane :
The lowbred churl is like the ill-made shoe."

The king was delighted, and heaped honours upon the Bodhisatta.

LXII.

In 1844 the Sanskrit College at Calcutta needed a teacher of grammar, and the post was offered to Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar. He was then earning fifty rupees a month, and in the new place could have ninety. But no ! He thought that his friend Tarkavachaspati was a better teacher of grammar than himself, and he said so ; and it was decided that his friend should take the post. Vidyasagar was very glad. He walked from Calcutta to Calna to find his friend, and tell him the news.

Tarkavachaspati was struck by the noble modesty of the man. He cried : "You are not a man, Vidyasagar, but a god in human form."¹

¹ S. C. Mitra's Life of Vidyasagar, Introduction.

LXIII.

THE following story was told by Buddha while staying in Veluvana Park, about keeping bad company :—

Once upon a time there was a king named Sāma, the Black, reigning in Benares. In those days the Bodhisatta was one of a courtier's family, and grew up to be the king's temporal and spiritual adviser. Now the king had a state horse named Pandava, and one Giridanta was his trainer, a lame man. The horse used to watch him as he tramped on and on in front, holding the halter; and knowing him to be his trainer, imitated him and limped too.

Somebody told the king how the horse was limping. The king sent surgeons. They examined the horse, but found him perfectly sound; and so accordingly made report. Then the king sent the Bodhisatta. "Go, friend," said he, "and find out all about it." He soon found out that the horse was lame because he went about with a lame trainer. So he told the king what it was. "It's a case of bad company," said he, and went on to repeat the first stanza :—

"Thanks to the groom, poor Pandava, is in a parlous state :
No more displays his former ways, but needs must imitate."

"Well, now, my friend," said the king, "what's to be done?" "Get a good groom," replied the Bodhisatta, "and the horse will be as good as ever." Then he repeated the second stanza :—

"Find but a fit and proper groom, on whom you can depend
To bridle him and exercise, the horse will quickly mend ;
His sorry plight will be set right ; he imitates his friend."

The king did so. The horse became as good as before. The king showed great honour to the Bodhisatta, being pleased that he knew even the ways of animals.

The Master, when this discourse was ended, identified the Birth :—"Devadatta was Giridanta in those days; the Brother who keeps bad company was the horse; and the wise counsellor was I myself.

LXIV.

Once upon a time, a king named Pañchāla reigned in the city of Uttara Pañchāla. The Great Being was born as the son of the king of the Parrots, in a grove of silk-cotton-trees which grew on a high table-land in the heart of a forest : there were two brothers. Up wind

from this hill was a robber village, where five hundred robbers dwelt : under its lee was a hermitage with five hundred sages.

About the time when the parrots were moulting came a whirlwind that carried off one of the parrots, and he fell in the robber village among the robbers' weapons : and because he fell there, they called him Sattigumba, or Bristling Spears. The other parrot fell in the hermitage, among the flowers which grew on a sandy spot, from which cause he was named Pupphaka, the Flower-bird. Sattigumba grew up amongst the robbers, Pupphaka with the sages.

One day the king was out hunting ; and seeing near the robber village a delightful glen, he alighted, bathed and drank, and lay down to rest. The people of the robber village, all the robbers even, had gone forth into the woods to attend the king ; thus in the village no one was left but Sattigumba and the cook, a man named Patikolamba. At that moment Sattigumba coming out of the village, and seeing the king, thought : " What if we kill yon fellow as he sleeps, and take his ornaments ! " So he returned to Patikolamba, and told him all about it.

Now the king awoke, and hearing talking Sattigumba and the cook together in the language of men, and perceiving the danger, rose quickly, and made his escape.

In the course of his fright the king came to the hermitage of the sages. At that time the sages were all away gathering fruits and roots, and only the Parrot Pupphaka was left in the hermitage. When he saw the king, he went to meet him, and addressed him courteously.

The king, pleased at this courteous address, answered with a couple of stanzas :—

" No better fowl was ever hatched ; a very righteous bird :
But the other parrot over there said many a cruel word.
' O let him not go hence alive, O come and slay or bind ! '
He cried. I sought this hermitage, and safety here I
find."

Thus addressed by the king, Pupphaka uttered two stanzas :—

" Brothers we are, O mighty King, of one self mother bred,
Reared both together in one tree, in different pastures fed.
For Sattigumba to the thieves, I to the sages came ;
Those bad, those good, and hence it comes our ways are not
the same."

Next he declared the Law to the king in the following stanzas :—

" To whomsoever, good or bad, a man shall honour pay,
Vicious and virtuous, that man holds him beneath his sway.
Like as the comrade one admires like as the chosen friend,
Such will become the man who keeps beside him in the end."

- “ Friendship makes like, and touch by touch infects you'll find it true :
Poison the arrow, and ere long the quiver's poisoned too.
- “ The wish eschews bad company, for fear of staining touch :
Wrap rotten fish in grass, you'll find the grass stinks just as much.
And they who keep fool's company themselves will soon be such.
- “ Sweet frankincense wrap in a leaf, the leaf may smell as sweet.
So they themselves will soon grow wise, that sit at wise men's feet.
- “ By this similitude the wise should his own profit know,
Let him eschew bad company and with the righteous go :
Heaven waits the righteous, but the bad are doomed to hell below.”

The king was pleased with this exposition. Then the sages returned also. The king greeted the sages, saying : “ Be gracious, sirs, come and take up your abode in my grounds,” and prevailed on them to accept the invitation. When he got home again, he proclaimed immunity for all parrots. The sages came thither too and visited him. And the king gave them his park to live in, and took care of them so long as he lived. When he went to swell the hosts of heaven, his son had the royal umbrella raised over him, and he also took care of the sages, and so it went on from father to son through seven generations of kings all bounteous in alms. And the Great Being dwelt in the woods. until he passed away according to his deeds.

THRIFT, AND MODERATION.

[See Vernacular text-books, III 28, IV 28, 29, V 16, 32, VII 42.]

LXV.

ANY class of men that lives from hand to mouth will ever be an inferior class. They will necessarily remain impotent and helpless, hanging on to the skirts of society, the sport of times and seasons. Having no respect for themselves, they will fail in securing the respect of others. In commercial crises, such men must inevitably go to the wall. Wanting that husbanded power which a store of savings, no matter how small, invariably gives them, they will be at every man's mercy, and, if possessed of right feelings, they cannot but regard with fear and trembling the future possible fate of their wives and children. "The world," once said Mr. Cobden to the working men of Huddersfield, "has always been divided into two classes—those who have saved and those who have spent—the thrifty and the extravagant. The building of all the houses, the mills, the bridges and the ships, and the accomplishment of all other great works which have rendered man civilized and happy, has been done by the savers, the thrifty; and those who have wasted their resources have always been their slaves. It has been the law of nature and of Providence that this should be so; and I were an impostor if I promised any class that they would advance themselves if they were improvident, thoughtless and idle."

LXVI.

Greed brings woe, while contentment is all happiness. A barber was once passing under a haunted tree when he heard a voice say: "Wilt thou accept of seven jars of gold?" The barber looked round, but could see no one. The mysterious voice again repeated the words, and the cupidity of the barber being greatly roused by the spontaneous offer of such vast wealth he spoke aloud: "When the merciful God is so good as to take pity even on a poor barber like me, is there anything to be said as to my accepting the kind offer so generously made?" At once the reply came: "Go home, I have already carried the jars thither." The barber ran in hot haste to his house, and was transported to see the promised jars there. He opened them one after another and saw them all filled, save one which was half filled. Now arose the desire of filling this last jar in the heart of the barber. So he sold all his gold and silver ornaments and converted them into coins and threw them into the jar. But the jar still remained empty. He now began to tarve himself and his family by living upon insufficient, coarse, and cheap food, throwing all his savings into the jar, but the jar remained as empty as ever. The barber then requested the king to increase his pay as it was not sufficient to maintain him and his family. As he was a favourite of the king, the latter granted his request. The barber now

began to save all his pay and emoluments, and throw them all into the jar, but the greedy jar showed no sign of being filled. He now began to live by begging, and became as wretched and miserable as ever. One day the king seeing his sad plight, inquired of him by saying: "Hallo! when thy pay was half of what thou gettest now, thou wast far happier and more cheerful, contented, and healthy, but with double that pay I see thee morose, careworn, and dejected. Now what is the matter with thee? Has thou accepted the seven jars of gold?" The barber was taken aback by this home-thrust, and with clasped hands asked the king as to who had informed his majesty about the matter. The king answered: "Whosoever accepts the riches of a Yaksha is sure to be reduced to such an abject and wretched plight. I have known thee through this invariable sign. Do away with the money at once. Thou canst not spend a farthing of it. That money is for hoarding and not for spending." The barber was brought to his senses by this advice and went to the haunted tree and said: "O Yaksha, take back thy gold," and he returned home to find the seven jars vanished, taking with them his life-long savings. Nevertheless he began to live happily after it.

LXVII.

The happy man will need external prosperity, so far forth as he is man; for human nature is not sufficient of itself for contemplation; but the body must be in health, and it must have food and all other care and attendance. We must not, however, imagine that the person who is to be happy will want many and great goods, because we say that without external good he can be blessed: for self-sufficiency does not consist in excess, nor does action. But it is possible to perform honourable things without being lord of earth and sea; for a man may be able to act according to virtue with moderate means. We may see this plainly: for private individuals are thought to perform good acts no less than men in power, but even more so. And it is sufficient to have a competence, for the life of that man will be happy, who energizes according to virtue. Solon also perhaps gave a good description of the happy man, when he said, that in his opinion it was he who was moderately supplied with external goods who had done the most honourable deeds, and lived temperately; for it is possible that men who have moderate possessions should do what they ought. Anaxagoras also seems to have conceived the happy man to be neither rich nor powerful, when he said, that he should not be surprised if he was thought absurd by the multitude; for they judge by externals, having a perception of such things only.

LXVIII.

IN society we need captains and we need followers. There can be no army without officers. And there can be no army of industry without officers. That is, the workers need leaders and teachers. But the leader and the teacher is also a servant. If he is wiser and stronger than his fellow-men, it is not right that he should act in pride and contempt. "He that is greatest among you," said the Lord Jesus Christ, "let him be your servant." Buddha served. The worker in field and workshop serves. Let each serve the common good.

We may not be able to do mighty deeds. But there is something we can do when the great deeds are done. We can take a joy in them, and give our hearts to the doers and cheer them by our good wishes.

When the noble Rama walked up to the stage, like the sun rising in his glory, where he was to bend the huge and terrible bow of Siva, the people—all the men and women—watched with beating hearts. They had seen proud kings try to bend the bow and fail. They longed to see Rāma bend the stout wood, and snap it, and then claim the lovely lady Sita as his bride. Not one of the people in the crowd could do the deed himself; but he could lend his sympathy. And so each person, trembling with eagerness, called to mind his or her own past and said: "If my good acts in bygone years are of any avail, O father Ganes, may Rāma break the bow as if it were the weak stem of a lotus."

Rāma the lord broke the bow, and there was a noise in all the wide world, and everything shook, from the high sun to the tortoise below that bore the great lead on his back. In the sky and in the earth was music heard. The bad folk were sad; the good folk were glad. Not one of them all could break the bow, but they could surround the hero with their love.¹

LXIX.

The *Bhagvadgīta* tells us that:—The fruit of meritorious action is said to be good, untainted; while the fruit of passion is misery; and the fruit of darkness, ignorance. From goodness is produced knowledge, from passion avarice, and from darkness, heedlessness and delusion and ignorance also. Those who adhere to (the ways of) goodness go up; the passionate remain in the middle; while those of the qualities of darkness, adhering to the ways of the lowest quality, go down. When a right-seeing person sees none but the qualities (to be) the doers (of all action),

¹ *Kānāyana* (Tulsi Das' version of); trans. by F. S. Crowse, pp. 157-163.

and knows what is above the qualities, he enters into my essence. The embodied (self), who transcends these three qualities, from which bodies are produced, attains immortality, being freed from birth and death and old age and misery.

LXX.

It is written in the *Mahābhārata* that :—A wise man should learn good behaviour, good words, and good acts from every side, like a leader of the *Citā* mode of life picking grains of corn from the field that have been abandoned by the reapers. Kine see through scent, Brāhmins through the *Vedas*, kings through spies, and other men through eyes. The cow that is difficult to milk is greatly tormented ; whereas that one which is easy to milk hath nothing to suffer. Anything that bendeth without being heated, is never heated ; the wood that bendeth of itself is never bent with force. A wise man following this example humbleth himself before one stronger than himself ; and he that bendeth before a stronger person boweth down, in fact, unto Indra. Living creatures depend upon the clouds ; kings upon ministers ; women have husbands for their protectors ; and the Brāhmins have the *Vedas* for their refuge. Virtue is preserved by truthfulness ; learning by application ; beauty by cleansing the body ; high lineage by good character. Corn is preserved by measure ; horses, by exercise ; kine, by constant care ; and women, by tattered clothes. Mere lineage, in the case of one whose behaviour is not good, should commend no respect. Even persons that are of low birth should be regarded as respectable if their conduct be so. He that is envious of another's wealth, beauty, might, high lineage, happiness, good fortune, and honours, suffereth a disease that is incurable. He who is afraid of committing improper acts, or of omitting to do what is proper, or of prematurely divulging his projects, should never take that which intoxicates. Pride of learning, of wealth, and of alliances,—these intoxicate men of little sense, while they that are wise always restrain them. Unrighteous persons who may by chance be requested by the righteous to do something for them, regard themselves, after doing very little, as righteous, even though they are widely known as unrighteous. The fact, however, is that the righteous alone are the refuge of the righteous, as, indeed, of those that have controlled their souls, and of those that are wicked. The wicked can never be the refuge of the righteous.

LXXI.

We read in the *Gita* that :—He who is possessed of devotion, abandoning the fruit of actions, attains the highest tranquillity. He who is without devotion, and attached to the fruit of action, is tied down by reason of his acting in consequence of some desire. The self-restrained, embodied self lies at ease within the city of nine portals, renouncing all actions by the mind, not doing nor causing anything to be done. The Lord is not the cause of actions, or of the capacity of performing actions

amongst men, or of the connection of action and fruit. But nature only works. The Lord receives no one's sin, nor merit either. Knowledge is enveloped by ignorance; hence all creatures are deluded. But to those who have destroyed that ignorance by knowledge of the self, such knowledge, like the sun, shows forth that supreme principle. And those whose mind is centred on it, whose very self it is, who are thoroughly devoted to it, and whose final goal it is, go never to return, having their sins destroyed by knowledge. The wise look upon a Brāhman possessed of learning and humility, 'on a cow, an elephant, a dog, and a Svapāka, as alike. Even here, those have conquered the material world, whose mind rests in equability; since Brāhman is free from defects and equable, therefore they rest in Brāhman. He who knows Brāhman, whose mind is steady, who is not deluded, and who rests in Brāhman, does not exult on finding anything agreeable, nor does he grieve on finding anything disagreeable. One whose self is not attached to external objects, obtains the happiness that is in one's self; and by means of concentration of mind, joining one's self with the Brāhman, one obtains indestructible happiness. For the enjoyments born of contact between senses and their objects are, indeed, sources of misery; they have a beginning as well as an end. O son of Kunti! a wise man feels no pleasure in them. He who even in this world, before his release from the body, is able to bear the agitations produced from desire and wrath is a devoted man, he is a happy man. The devotee whose happiness is within himself, whose recreation is within himself, and whose light of knowledge also is within himself, becoming one with the Brāhman, obtains the Brāhmic bliss. The sages whose sins have perished, whose misgivings are destroyed, who are self-restrained, and who are intent on the welfare of all beings, obtain the Brāhmic bliss. To the ascetics, who are free from desire and wrath, and whose minds are restrained, any who have knowledge of the self, the Brāhmic bliss is on both sides of death. The sage who excludes from his mind external objects, concentrates the visual power between the brows, and making the upward and downward life-breaths even, confines their movements within the nose, who restrains senses, mind, and understanding, whose highest goal is final emancipation, from whom desire, fear, and wrath have departed, is, indeed, for ever released from birth and death. He knowing me to be the enjoyer of all sacrifices and penances, the great Lord of all worlds, and the friend of all beings, attains tranquillity.

LXXII

Again:—(There are) two classes of created beings in this world, the godlike and the demoniac; the godlike class has been described at length; now hear from me, O son of Pritha! about the demoniac. Demoniac persons know not action, or inaction, neither purity nor yet correct conduct nor veracity are in them. They say the universe is devoid of truth, devoid of fixed principle, and devoid of a ruler. Holding this view, these enemies of the world, of ruined selfs, of little

knowledge, and of ferocious actions, are born for the destruction of the world. Entertaining insatiable desire, full of vanity, ostentatiousness, and frenzy, they adopt false notions through delusion, and engage in unholy observances. Indulging in boundless thoughts ending with death given up to the enjoyment of objects of desire, being resolved that that is all, bound down by nets of hopes in hundreds, given up to anger and desire, they wish to obtain heaps of wealth unfairly for enjoying objects of desire. "This have I obtained today; this wish I will obtain; this wealth is mine; and this also shall be mine; this foe I have killed; others too I will destroy; I am lord, I am the enjoyer, I am perfect, strong, happy; I have wealth; I am of noble birth; who else is like me? I will sacrifice; I will make gifts; I will rejoice." Thus deluded by ignorance, tossed about by numerous thoughts, surrounded by the net of delusion, and attached to the enjoyment of objects of desire, they fall down into impure hell. Honoured only by themselves, void of humility, and full of the pride and frenzy of wealth, these calumniators of the virtuous perform sacrifices, which are sacrifices only in name, with ostentatiousness and against prescribed rules; indulging their vanity, brute force, arrogance, lust, and anger; and hating me in their own bodies and in those of others. These enemies, ferocious, meanest of men, and unholy, I continually hurl down to these worlds, only into demoniac wombs. Coming into demoniac wombs, deluded in every birth, they go down to the vilest state, O son of Kunti! without ever coming to me. Threefold is this way to hell,—ruinous to the self,—lust, anger, and likewise avarice; therefore one should abandon this triad. Released from these three ways to darkness, O son of Kunti! a man works out his own salvation, and proceeds to the highest goal. He who abandoning scripture ordinances, acts under the impulse of desire, does not attain perfection, nor happiness, nor the highest goal. Therefore in discriminating between what should be done and what should not be done, your authority must be scripture. And knowing what is declared by the ordinances of scripture, you should perform action in this world.

LXXIII.

CONSCIENCE.

I. THE THIEF.

A MAN went to Solomon, the son of David, and complained: "O prophet, I have neighbours who steal my geese." Solomon called the people of that place together for prayer, and preached a sermon to them on honesty.

"There is one among you," he said, "who steals his neighbour's geese and then enters the mosque while the feathers are still on his head."

A man rubbed his head with his hand.

"That," said Solomon, "is the thief."¹

2. INNOCENCE

A king bade that an innocent man should be put to death.

"O king!" cried the victim, "do not hurt yourself."

"How am I hurting myself?"

"I shall feel the pain for but a brief moment, but you will always feel the pain in your guilty conscience."

The king set him free, and asked his pardon.²

LXXIV.

Whilst the Blessed one stayed there at Rājagaha on the Vulture's Peak he held that comprehensive religious talk with the brethren on the nature of upright conduct, and of earnest contemplation, and of intelligence. "Great is the fruit, great the advantage of earnest contemplation when set round with upright conduct. Great is the fruit, great the advantage of intellect when set round with earnest contemplation. The mind set round with intelligence is freed from the great evils, that is to say, from sensuality from individuality, from delusion, and from ignorance."

LXXV.

Athenian Stranger. Listen, all ye who have just now heard the laws about Gods, and about our dear forefathers:—Of all the things

¹Ad-damiri's *Hayat-al-Hawayan*, p. 218.

²Sadi's *Gulistan*, trans. by Eastwick, p. 64.

which a man has, next to the Gods, his soul is the most divine and most truly his own. Now in every man there are two parts: the better and superior, which rules, and the worse and inferior, which serves; and the ruling part of him is always to be preferred to the subject. Wherefore I am right in bidding everyone next to the Gods, who are our masters, and those who in order follow them (*i. e.*, the demons), to honour his own soul, which everyone seems to honour, but no one honours as he ought; for honour is a divine good, and no evil thing is honourable; and he who thinks that he can honour the soul by word or gift, or any sort of compliance, without making her in any better, seems to honour her, but honours her not at all. For example, every man, from his very boyhood, fancies that he is able to know everything, and thinks that he honours his soul by praising her and he is very ready to let her do whatever she may like. But I mean to say that in acting thus, he injures his soul, and is far from honouring her; whereas in our opinion, he ought to honour her as second only to the Gods. Again, when a man thinks that others are to be blamed, and not himself, for the errors which he has committed from time to time, and the many and great evils which befell him in consequence, and is always fancying himself to be exempt and innocent, he is under the idea that he is honouring his soul; whereas the very reverse is the fact, for he is really injuring her. And when, disregarding the word and approval of the legislator, he indulges in pleasure, then again he is far from honouring her; he only dishonours her, and fills her full of evil and remorse; or when he does not endure to the end the labours and fears and sorrows and pains which the legislator approves, but gives way before them, then, by yielding, he does not honour the soul, but by all such conduct he makes her to be dishonourable; nor when he thinks that life at any price is a good, does he honour her, but yet once more he dishonours her; for the soul having a notion that the world below is all evil, he yields to her, and does not resist and teach or convince her that, for aught she knows, the world of the Gods below, instead of being evil, may be the greatest of all goods. Again, when any one prefers beauty to virtue, what is this but the real and utter dishonour of the soul? For such a preference implies that the body is more honourable than the soul; and this is false, for there is nothing of earthly birth which is more honourable than the heavenly, and he who thinks otherwise of the soul has no idea how greatly he undervalues this wonderful possession; nor, again, when a person is willing or not unwilling, to acquire dishonest gains, does he then honour his soul with gifts far otherwise; he sells her glory and honour for a small piece of gold; but all the gold which is under or upon the earth is not enough to give in exchange for virtue. In a word, I may say that he who does not estimate the base and evil, the good and noble, according to the standard of the legislator, and abstain in every possible way from the one and practise the other to the utmost of his power, does not know that in all these respects he is most foully and disgracefully abusing his soul, which is the divinest part of man; for no one, as I may say, ever considers that which is declared to be the greatest

penalty of evil-doing, namely, to grow into the likeness of bad men, and growing like them to fly from the conversation of the good, and be cut off from them, and cleave to and follow after the company of the bad. And he who is joined to them must do and suffer what such men by nature do and say to one another,—a suffering which is not justice but retribution; for justice and the just are noble, whereas retribution is the suffering which waits upon injustice; and whether a man escape or endure this, he is miserable,—in the former case, because he is not cured; while in the latter, he perishes in order that the rest of mankind may be saved.

LXXVI.

1. Thus have I heard. The Blessed One was once staying at Benares, at the hermitage called Migadāya. And there the Blessed One addressed the company of the five Bhikkhus, and said:—

2. “There are two extremes, O Bhikkhus, which the man who has given up the world ought not to follow—the habitual practice, on the one hand, of those things whose attraction depends upon the passions, and especially of sensuality—a low and pagan way (of seeking satisfaction) unworthy, unprofitable, and fit only for the wordly-minded—and the habitual practice, on the other hand, of asceticism (or self-mortification), which is painful, unworthy, and unprofitable.

3. “There is a middle path, O Bhikkhus, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathāgata—a path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to *nirvāna*!

4. “What is that middle path, O Bhikkhus, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathāgata—that path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to *nirvāna*? Verily! it is this noble eight-fold path; that is to say:

“Right views;
 Right aspirations;
 Right speech;
 Right conduct;
 Right livelihood;
 Right effort;
 Right mindfulness; and
 Right contemplation.

“This, O Bhikkhus, is that middle path, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathāgata—that path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to *nirvāna*!”

LXXVII.

I will relate to you the story of the hero Vibhishan. He faced a danger, but it was more than a danger of death. He faced the wrath of a king, and he spoke brave advice to the king, which others dared not do.

The Demon King of Lañka (Ceylon) was Rāvan of the Ten Heads. Now Rāvan had taken the Lady Sita away from her husband and carried her in his chariot to his palace in Ceylon. Rich was the palace, and fair was the garden in which he placed the Princess Sita. Yet she was unhappy, and every day she shed tears, not knowing if she would see her Lord Rāma again.

Glorious Rāma heard from Hanumān, the monkey king, where his wife Sita was kept captive; and he set out with the noble Lakshman, his brother, and a great host of heroes to rescue the prisoner.

When Rāvan the Demon heard of the coming of Rāma, his heart trembled for fear.

And he received two kinds of advice. A crowd of courtiers gathered about his throne and said:—

“All is well. Be at ease. O Rāvan, you have conquered gods and demons. You will have no trouble in conquering Rāma and his comrades the monkey-folk of Hanumān.”

When these noisy advisers had gone from his presence there entered his brother Vibhishan. After Vibhishan had knelt and clasped the king's feet, he rose and sat on the right hand of the throne and said:—

“If, O brother, you desire to live happily, and to keep the throne of this fair isle of Lañka, give back the lovely Sita. For she is the wife of another. Go to Rāma and ask his forgiveness, and he will not turn his face away. Be not proud and foolhardy.”

A wise man, Malyavan, heard these words and he was glad, and cried to the King of the Demons:—

“Take your brother's speech to heart for he has told truth.”

“You are both evil-minded,” replied the king, “for you take the side of my foes.”

So angrily glared the eyes of his ten heads that Malyavan was in terror, and he fled from the chamber. But Vibhishan stayed in the bravery of his soul.

“Sire,” he said, “in the heart of every man is wisdom and unwisdom. If wisdom dwells in his breast, life goes well with him; if unwisdom, life goes ill. I fear that unwisdom has lodged in your breast,

O brother, for you give ear to men that give no good counsel. They are not your true friends."

He stopped and clasped the feet of the king.

"Wretch," cried the king. "You too, are one of my foes. Talk no more fool's words to me. Talk to hermits in the woods and not to a man who is victor over every enemy that he fights!"

So shouting, he kicked his brave brother Vibhishan.

Then, with a sad spirit, the brother rose and left the king's house. Knowing no fear, he had said plain words to the King Rāvan, and since the ten-headed one would not listen, Vibhishan must depart; and he went to the camp of the glorious Rāma.¹

LXXVIII.

In the *Mahābhārata* the sage Vidura says:—"Even if unasked, one should speak truly, whether his words be good or bad, hateful or pleasing, unto him whose defeat one doth not wish. I shall therefore say, O king, what is for the good of the Kurus. I shall say what is both beneficial and consistent with morality. Listen to me! Do not, O Bhārata, set thy heart upon means of success that are unjust and improper. A man of intelligence must not grieve if any purpose of his doth not succeed notwithstanding the application of fair and proper means. Before one engageth in an act, one should consider the competence of the agent, the nature of the act itself, and its purpose, for all acts are dependent on these. Considering these one should begin an act, and not take it upon a sudden impulse. He that is wise should either do an act or desist from it, fully considering his own ability, the nature of the act, and the consequences also of success. The king who knoweth not proportion or measure as regards territory, gain, loss, treasury, population, and punishment, cannot retain his kingdom long. He, on the other hand, who is acquainted with the measures of these as prescribed in treatises, being necessarily possessed of the knowledge of religion and profit, can retain his kingdom. A king should not act improperly, thinking that the kingdom has been already his, for tyranny destroyeth kingly prosperity as old age killeth beauty. A fish from temptation devoureth an iron hook concealed within fine meat, without considering the nature of the act or its consequences. He who seeketh prosperity taketh only that which can be taken and which when taken may be digested and may become finally beneficial. He who plucketh unripe fruits from a tree faileth to obtain their savoury juice and spoileth their seeds. He, on the other hand, who plucketh a ripe fruit in season, not only enjoyeth its juice but also other fruits to be reproduced from the seeds. * * * *"

¹ *Rāmāyana*, version of Tulsi Das, translated by F. S. Growse, Book IV, pp. 37-41.

LXXIX.

The sage Nāgasena, addressing the King Milinda, says:—"These ten, O king, are the virtues of a lay disciple. He suffers like pain and feels like joy as the Order does. He takes the Doctrine (Dhamma) as his master. He delights in giving so far as he is able to give. On seeing the religion (Dhamma) of the Conqueror decay, he does his best to revive it. He holds right views. Having no passion for excitement, he runs not after any other teacher his life-long. He keeps guard over himself in thought and deed. He delights in peace, is a lover of peace. He feels no jealousy, and walks not in religion in a quarrelsome spirit. He takes his refuge in the Buddha, he takes his refuge in the Doctrine, he takes his refuge in the Order. These, great king, are the ten good qualities of a lay disciple. They exist all of them in you. Hence is it fit, and right, and becoming in you that seeing the decay of the religion of the Conqueror, you desire its prosperity. I give you leave. Ask of me whatever you will."

LXXX.

Again:—"There are these twenty personal qualities, making up the Samanaship of a Samāṇa, and these two outward signs, by reason of which the Samāṇa is worthy of salutation, and of respect, and of reverence. And what are they? The best form of self-restraint, the highest kind of self-control, right conduct, calm manners, mastery over (his deeds and words), subjugation (of his senses), long-suffering, sympathy, the practice of solitude, love of solitude, meditation, modesty and fear of doing wrong, zeal, earnestness, the taking upon himself of the precepts, recitation (of the scriptures), asking questions (of those wise in the Dhamma and Vinaya), rejoicing in the Silas and other (rules of morality), freedom from attachment (to the things of the world), fulfilment of the precepts—and the wearing of the yellow robe, and the being shaven. In the practice of all these things does the member of the Order live. By being deficient in none of them, by being perfect in all, accomplished in all, endowed with all of them does he reach forward to the condition of Arahatship, to the condition of those who have nothing left to learn; he is marching towards the highest of all lands. Thus it is because he sees him to be in the company of the Worthy Ones (the Arahats) that the layman who has already entered on the Excellent Way thinks it worthy in him to reverence and to show respect to the Bhikkhu, though he may be, as yet, unconverted. It is because he sees him to be in the company of those in whom all evil has been destroyed, because he feels that he is not in such society, that the converted layman thinks it worthy of him to do reverence and to show respect to the unconverted Bhikkhu. It is because he knows that he has joined the noblest brotherhood, and that he himself has reached no such state, that the converted layman holds it right to do reverence and to show respect to the unconverted

Bhikkhu—because he knows that he listens to the recitation of the Pātimokkha, while he himself cannot—because he knows that he receives men into the Order and thus extends the teaching of the Conqueror, which he himself is incapable of doing—because he knows that he carries out innumerable precepts, which he himself cannot observe—because he knows that he wears the outward signs of Samāṇa-ship, and carries out the intention of the Buddha, while he himself is gone away far from that—because he knows that he, though he has given up his hair and beard and is unanointed and wears no ornaments yet is anointed with the perfume of righteousness, while he is himself addicted to jewellery and fine apparel that the converted layman thinks it right to do reverence and to show respect to the unconverted Bhikkhu.

And moreover, O king, it is because he knows that not only are all these twenty personal qualities which go to make a Samāna, and the two outward signs, found in the Bhikkhu, but that he carries them on, and trains others in them, that the converted layman, realising that he has no part in that tradition, in that maintenance of the faith, thinks it right to reverence and to show respect to the converted Bhikkhu. Just, O king, as a royal prince who learns his knowledge, and is taught the duties of a Khattiya, at the feet of the Brāhman who acts as family chaplain, when after a time he is anointed king, pays reverence and respect to this master in the thought of his being the teacher, and the carrier on of the traditions of the family, so is it right for the converted Bhikkhu to do reverence and to pay respect to the unconverted Bhikkhu.

And moreover, O king, you may know by this fact the greatness and the peerless glory of the condition of the Bhikkhus—that if a layman, a disciple of the faith, who has entered upon the Excellent Way, should attain to the realization of Arahatship, one of two results must happen to him, and there is no other—he must either die away on that very day, or take upon himself the condition of a Bhikkhu. For immovable, O king, is that state of renunciation, glorious, and most exalted—I mean the condition of being a member of the Order!

LXXXI.

In the *Mahābhārata* it is written:—“Sacrifice, study, gift, asceticism, truth, forgiveness, mercy, and contentment constitute the eight different paths of righteousness. The first four of these may be practised from motives of pride, but the last four can exist only in those that are truly great. That is no assembly where there are no old men, and they are not old who do not declare what morality is. That is not morality which is separated from truth, and that is no truth which is fraught with deceptions. Truth, beauty, acquaintance with the scriptures, knowledge, high birth, good behaviour, strength, wealth, bravery, and capacity for varied talk,—these ten are of heavenly origin.

A sinful person, by committing sin, is overtaken by evil consequences. A virtuous man, by practising virtue, reapeth great happiness. Therefore, a man should, rigidly resolved, abstain from sin. Sin, repeatedly perpetrated, destroyeth intelligence; and the man who hath lost intelligence repeatedly committeth sin. Virtue, repeatedly practised, enhanceth intelligence; and the man whose intelligence hath increased, repeatedly practiseth virtue. The virtuous man, by practising virtue, wendeth to regions of blessedness. Therefore, a man should, firmly resolved, practice virtue. He that is envious, he that injureth others deeply, he that is cruel, he that constantly quarreleth, he that is deceitful, soon meeteth with great misery for practising these sins. He that is not envious and is possessed of wisdom, by always doing what is good, never meeteth with great misery. On the other hand, he shineth everywhere. He that draweth wisdom from them that are wise, is really learned and wise. And he that is wise, by attending to both virtue and profit, succeedeth in attaining to happiness. Do that during the day which may enable thee to pass the night in happiness; and do that during eight months of the year which may enable thee to pass the season of rains happily. Do that during youth which may ensure a happy old age; and do that during the whole life here which may enable thee to live happily hereafter. The wise applaud that food which hath been digested, that wife whose youth hath passed away, that hero who hath gained a battle, and that ascetic who hath been crowned with success. The hole that is sought to be stopped by wealth acquired wrongfully, remaineth unstopped, while new ones appear in other places. The preceptor controlleth them whose souls are under their own control; the king controlleth persons that are wicked; while they that sin secretly have their controller in Yama the son of Vivaswat. The greatness of *Rishis*, of rivers, of river-banks, of high-souled men, and of women's wickedness cannot be conceived. O king, he that is devoted to the worship of the Brāhmins, he that giveth away, he that behaveth righteously towards his relatives, and the Kshatriya that behaveth nobly, rule the earth for ever. He that is possessed of bravery, he that is possessed of learning, and he that knows how to protect others,—these three are always able to pluck flowers of gold from the earth. Of acts, those accomplished by intelligence are first; those accomplished by the arms, second; those by thighs, bad; and those by bearing weights upon the head, the very worst. Reposing the cares of thy kingdom on Duryodhana, on Cakuni, on the foolish Dusāsana, and on Karna, how canst thou hope for prosperity? Possessed of every virtue, the Pāndavas, O bull of the Bhārata race, depend on thee as their father. O, repose thou on them as thy sons!"

LXXXII.

Again:—"True knowledge is that of Divinity. True tranquillity is that of the heart. Mercy consists in wishing happiness to all. And simplicity is equanimity of heart." The Yaksha asked:—"What enemy is invincible? What constitutes an incurable disease for man? What

sort of a man is called honest and what dishonest?' Yudhishtira answered,—'Anger is an invincible enemy. Covetousness constitutes an incurable disease. He is honest that desires the weal of all creatures, and he is dishonest who is unmerciful.' The Yaksha asked,—'What, O king, is ignorance? And what is pride? What also is to be understood by idleness? And what hath been spoken of as grief?' Yudhishtira answered,—'True ignorance consists in not knowing one's duties. Pride is a consciousness of one's being himself an actor or sufferer in life. Idleness consists in not discharging one's duties, and ignorance is grief.' The Yaksha asked,—'What hath steadiness been said by the *Rishis* to be? And what, patience? What also is a real ablution? And what is charity?' Yudhishtira answered,—'Steadiness consists in one's staying in one's own religion, and true patience consists in the subjugation of the senses. A true bath consists in washing the mind clean of all impurities, and charity consists in protecting all creatures.' The Yaksha asked,—'What man should be regarded as learned, and who should be called an atheist? Who also is to be called ignorant, what is called desire, and what are the sources of desire? And what is envy?' Yudhishtira answered,—'He is to be called learned who knoweth his duties. An atheist is he who is ignorant, and so also he is ignorant who is an atheist. Desire is due to objects of possession, and envy is nothing else than grief of heart.' The Yaksha asked,—'What is pride, and what hypocrisy? What is the grace of the gods, and what is wickedness?' Yudhishtira answered,—'Stolid ignorance is pride. The setting up of a religious standard is hypocrisy. The grace of the gods is the fruit of our gifts, and wickedness consists in speaking ill of others.' The Yaksha asked,—'Virtue, profit, and desire are opposed to one another. How could things thus antagonistic to one another exist together?' Yudhishtira answered,—'When a wife and virtue agree with each other, then all the three thou hast mentioned may exist together.' The Yaksha asked,—'O bull of the Bhārata race who is he that is condemned to everlasting hell? It behoveth thee to soon answer the question that I ask!' Yudhishtira answered,—'He that summoneth a poor Brāhman promising to make him a gift and then tells him that he hath nothing to give, goeth to everlasting hell. He also must go to everlasting hell who imputes falsehood to the *Vedas*, the scriptures, the Brāhman, the gods, and the ceremonies in honour of the *Pitris*. He also goeth to everlasting hell who though in possession of wealth, never giveth away nor enjoyeth himself from avarice, saying he hath none.' The Yaksha asked,—'By what, O king, birth, behaviour, study, or learning, doth a person become a Brāhman? Tell us with certitude!' Yudhishtira answered,—'Listen, O Yaksha! It is neither birth, nor study, nor learning, that is the cause of *Brāhmanhood*. Without doubt, it is behaviour that constitutes it. One's behaviour should always be well-guarded especially by a Brāhman. He who maintaineth his conduct unimpaired, is never impaired himself. He, however, whose conduct is lost, is lost himself. Professors and pupils, in fact, all who study the scriptures, if addicted to wicked habits, are to be regarded as illiterate wretches. He only is learned who performeth his religious duties. He even that

hath studied the four Vedas is to be regarded as a wicked wretch scarcely distinguishable from a Sudra (if his conduct be not correct). He only who performeth the *Agnihotra* and hath his senses under control, is called a Brähman! The Yaksha asked,—‘What doth one gain that speaketh agreeable words? What doth he gain that always acteth with judgment? What doth he gain that hath many friends? And what he, that is devoted to virtue?’ Yudhishtira answered,—‘He that speaketh agreeable words becometh agreeable to all. He that acteth with judgment obtaineth whatever he seeketh. He that hath many friends liveth happily. And he that is devoted to virtue obtaineth a happy state (in the next world).’

LXXXIII.

The Chinese religious teacher, Confucius, in describing the way of a good man, tells us that :—He will amass virtue and accumulate deeds of merit. He will feel kindly towards all creatures. He will be loyal, filial, loving to his younger brothers, and submissive to his elder. He will make himself correct and so transform others. He will pity orphans, and compassionate widows; he will respect the old and cherish the young. Even the insect tribes, grass, and trees he should not hurt.

He ought to pity the malignant tendencies of others; to rejoice over their excellences; to help them in their straits; to rescue them from their perils; to regard their gains as if they were his own, and their losses in the same way; not to publish their shortcomings; not to vaunt his own superiorities; to put a stop to what is evil, and exalt and display what is good; to yield much, and take little for himself; to receive insult without resenting it, and honour with an appearance of apprehension; to bestow favours without seeking for a return, and give to others without any subsequent regret :—this is what is called a good man. All other men respect him; Heaven in its course protects him; happiness and emolument follow him; all evil things keep far from him; the spiritual Intelligences defend him; what he does is sure to succeed; he may hope to become Immaterial and Immortal. He who would seek to become an Immortal of Heaven ought to give the proof of 1,300 good deeds; and he who would seek to become an Immortal of Earth should give the proof of three hundred.

TOLERATION, AND GENEROUS APPRECIATION
OF EVEN OPPONENTS.

[See Vernachlar text-books, III 3, 13, IV 33, V 52.]

LXXXIV.

THE great king Asoka published the following edict :—

His Sacred and Gracious Majesty the King does reverence to men of all sects, whether ascetics or householders, by gifts and various forms of reverence.

His Sacred Majesty, however, cares not so much for gifts or external reverence as that there should be a growth of the essence of the matter in all sects. The growth of the essence of the matter assumes various forms, but the root of it is restraint of speech, to wit, a man must not do reverence to his own sect or disparage that of another man without reason. Depreciation should be for specific reasons only, because the sects of other people all deserve reverence for one reason or another.

By thus acting, a man exalts his own sect, and at the same time does service to the sects of other people. By acting contrariwise, a man hurts his own sect, and does disservice to the sects of other people. For he who does reverence to his own sect while disparaging the sects of others wholly from attachment to his own, with intent to enhance the splendour of his own sect, in reality by such conduct inflicts the severest injury on his own sect.

Concord, therefore, is meritorious, to wit, hearkening and hearkening willingly to the Law of Piety as accepted by other people. For this is the desire of His Sacred Majesty that all sects should hear much teaching and bold sound doctrine. Wherefore the adherents of all sects, whatever they may be, must be informed that His Sacred Majesty cares not so much for gifts or external reverence as that there should be growth in the essence of the matter and respect for all sects.

For this very purpose are employed the Censors of the Law of Piety, the Censors of the Women, the (?) Inspectors, and other official bodies. And this is the fruit thereof—the growth of one's own sect, and the enhancement of the splendour of the Law of Piety.

LXXXV.

In days long past, when Moawiyah was caliph or chief in Arabia, and Ali led a rebellion against his power, a severe battle took place at Siffin, and Moawiyah was victor.

Some little time afterwards Moawiyah and his friends talked one night of the events of the battle.

"Yes," said one, "it was wonderful to see how that woman, Azzarga, the daughter of Adi, stood in the forefront of Ali's army, and how she spoke in burning words, and men who were cowards became brave, and those who had trembled rushed boldly into the fight."

"And what," asked Moawiyah the caliph, "ought to be done with this woman?"

"Put her to death," cried several voices.

"Your advice is hateful," rejoined the caliph. "It would be a disgrace to my name if, after gaining a great victory, I should put to death a woman who was faithful to her master."

Then the caliph wrote a letter to one of his people at Al Koufah, where the woman lived, and bade him send Azzarga, the daughter of Adi, with all honour, and in a comfortable carriage.

When Azzarga was shown the letter, she said:—

"I will obey the caliph's order."

So she was placed in a palanquin on the back of a camel, and guards went with her, and she arrived at the house of the caliph. After they had saluted each other, he said:—

"Are you not the woman who, riding on a red camel, incited my enemies to battle?"

"Yes."

"Why did you do it?"

"Ah, sir," she replied, "why asked me? The head is dead, and the tail cut off, and things are changed: let the past alone."

"Do you remember the words you used?"

"No."

"But I do," said the caliph. "You told your friends to be firm. You said they were the companions of truth, and were to make war against falsehood. You bade them charge against me with courage unshaken. You said it was the hour when women should dye their palms with henna, and men with blood."

"I remember," she answered, "that I said such words."

"So then," the caliph said, "you were partner with Ali in the shedding of blood."

"It is true."

"And my advisers have urged me to put you to death."

"It would be shame to the victors," she cried, "to do such a deed."

"I shall not do it. On the contrary, I pardon you, and desire to treat you well."

"O prince," she exclaimed, "your soul is generous. It is good when the powerful show mercy to those who have offended them."

Moawiyah ordered that rich garments should be given to the daughter of Adi, and land set aside for her portion, and she was sent home with every mark of respect.¹

LXXXVI.

"*All have seen,*" etc.—This story the Master told whilst staying at Jetavana, on the Chapter about the Judas tree.

Four Brothers, approaching the Tathāgata, asked him to explain the means by which ecstasy may be induced. This he explained. This done, they dispersed to the several places where they spent their nights and days. One of them, having learnt the Six Spheres of Touch, became a saint; another did so after learning the Five Elements of Being, the third after learning the Four Principal Elements, the fourth after learning the Eighteen Constituents of Being. Each of them recounted to the Master the particular excellence which he had attained. A thought came into the mind of one of them; and he asked the Master, "There is only one *nirvāna* for all these modes of meditation; how is it that all of them lead to sainthood?" Then the Master asked "Is not this like the people who saw the Judas tree?" As they requested him to tell them about it, he repeated a tale of bygone days.

Once on a time Brahmadata, the king of Benares, had four sons. One day they sent for the charioteer, and said to him,

"We want to see a Judas tree; show us one!"

"Very well, I will," the charioteer replied. But he did not show it to them all together. He took the eldest at once to the forest in the chariot, and showed him the tree at the time when the buds were just sprouting from the stem. To the second he showed it when the leaves were green, to the third at the time of blossoming, and to the fourth when it was bearing fruit.

After this it happened that the four brothers were sitting together, and some one asked, "What sort of a tree is the Judas tree?" Then the first brother answered,

"Like a burnt stump!"

And the second cried "Like a banyan tree!"

And the third "Like a piece of meat!"

And the fourth said, "Like the acacia!"

They were vexed at each other's answers, and ran to find their father.

"My lord," they asked, "what sort of a tree is the Judas tree?"

"What did you say to that?" he asked. They told him the manner of their answers. Said the king,

"All four of you have seen the tree. Only when the charioteer showed you the tree, you did not ask him 'What is the tree like at such a time?' or 'at such another time?' You made no distinctions, and that is the reason of your mistake."

and he repeated the first stanza:—

"All have seen the Judas tree—
What is your perplexity?
No one asked the charioteer
What its form the livelong year?"

The Master having explained the matter, then addressed the Brethren:—"Now as the four brothers, because they did not make a distinction and asked, fell in doubt about the tree, so you have fallen in doubt about the right" and in his perfect wisdom he uttered the second verse:—

"Who know the right with some deficiency
Feel doubt, like those four brothers with the tree."

When this discourse was ended, the Master indentified the Birth: "At that time I was the king of Benares."

LXXXVII.

THE GREAT MIND.

In a very beautiful book, much read by English folk, entitled *The Pilgrim's Progress*, we read of a brave man who acted as captain to a little group of pilgrims in a strange land. He led two women—Christiana and Mercy—and three children through wild places to the Place of Peace and Glory; and no peril by the way made him afraid. Therefore was he called Great-heart. He was a man who was very kind as well as very valiant.

Now, my subject in this present chapter is the Great Mind.

What is the Great Mind? Do I mean a mind filled with learning about arithmetic, and stars and comets, and light and electricity, and metals and gases, and plants and animals, and history and geography, and music and painting? Well, I might indeed mean such a thing. But the Great-mindedness that I am speaking of here may be pictured in one or two stories; and the first shall come from India's noble poem of the *Mahābhārata*.

In the famous battle of Kurukshetra two heroes fought each other with all their might—Arjuna against Bhishma. Roaring like a lion,

Bhishma shot showers of deadly arrows among the warriors, the chariots, the horses, the elephants on the opposite side.

Arjuna raised the heavenly bow which shot its shafts with a sound as of the tempest, and his arrows cleft the bow of Bhishma in twain.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, Bhishma seized another bow and stretched it. Even as he did so, Arjuna shot again, and broke the second bow, with his well-directed shaft.

And Bhishma admired his enemy's skill and cried: "Excellent, O Pārtha, O thou of mighty arms, excellent!"¹

Bhishma had a great mind. You see it had nothing to do with his knowledge of science and art. He admired the skill of Arjuna. But the greatness of his mind was shown by admiring the skill even of a foe.

Take another little story from the same old poem. The poem tells the tale of Bhishma's war against the five Pāndava brothers, and of how he made the foe fly as chaff before the wind, how he poured arrows from his bow as the clouds pour rain upon the tops of the hills, how he blazed in battle as the sun in the heaven, how he at last lay dying, pierced by many shafts. And as he lay the folk came round to view the hero, and to show their admiration—women, old men, children; and maidens let flowers fall upon him; and princes and workmen; and the Pāndava lords who had fought with him put off their coats of mail, and stood about his bed, and spoke with him in cheerful words as in the old, old days when they had been members of one royal family.

There was the same Great Mind on both sides of the war. Today, indeed, the good men of all lands feel it is time that wars came to an end; and that folk can be noble without wielding the weapons of battle. For all that, we must honour the Great-mindedness of these warriors of old. Hear now of another, named Chandraketu, son of Lakshman, who in an Indian stage-play, is seen fighting his enemies in the forest. Now, as he fought, he saw coming a brave youth, Lava, the son of Rāma, a more valiant man of war than the rest of the band.

"Lava!" shouted Chandraketu, "Hero, hear!" Fight no more with these lesser men. Attack me, even as I long to attack you!"

A companion of Lava admired the high-minded courage of Chandraketu.

"This man, O Prince," he said, "is like a young lion that follows a timid deer; but, seeing a thunderbolt falling, turns back to meet that terror and make war on the stronger."

LXXXVIII.

Mrs. Besant, writing of Hinduism, Islam, Zoroastrianism and Christianity, declares that "all these religions come from one source. Their children should live as brothers and not as enemies, and none

¹ *Mahābhārata* (P. C. Roy's edition), Vol. IV, p. 219.

should try to convert others ; all should be treated with respect. Hatred is of evil, in whatever religion it may be found. Let each man teach his own faith to those who desire to embrace it ; let every man be free to speak of his views of God to all who are willing to listen to him. We are but facets of the Eternal ; our poor intellects are narrow channels through which the life and love of God pour forth. Let us be channels in our persons, but let us not deny that others are channels as much as we are, and that the divine life and love flow through them as well as through us. Then shall come peace wherein division shall arise not ; then shall come unity, the harmony which is greater than identity. When His children live in love, then they may hope to know something of the love of God, for truly spake a Christian teacher : " He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen ? "

IDEALS.

[See Vernacular text-book, VII 12.]

LXXXIX.

LET us now see how the ideal should influence conduct. Every wise boy or man makes for himself an Ideal; he finds out what he wants to be, and sets that before him as an object to be gained. Having decided what he wants to be, he sets to work to see what qualities are demanded for excellence in this particular thing that he wants to be, and out of these qualities he shapes his Ideal, the perfect type of that which he desires to become. Then he tries hard to cultivate these qualities in himself; he thinks about them every day, and he tries continually to practise them in his ordinary daily life. This clearness of view saves him from much waste of effort and much loss of time. It is all the difference between a man who knows his road and walks steadily along it and a man who, not knowing it, runs down every by-way and side-path, and is constantly obliged to return on his steps and make a fresh start.

Suppose that one of you wants to be a soldier, and he sets before himself as his model the Ideal of the soldier as indicated above. Every morning, on finishing his Sandhyā, he should think over the qualities that make up his Ideal, and should resolve in his mind: "I will try to-day to show these qualities." He must be brave; in the school hours, if he makes a mistake, or commits a fault, he must say it out courageously, and not seek to evade discovery; he must be loyal and obedient, upholding his College and defending it if attacked, and he must obey his parents and teachers; he must be faithful to his word among his fellows, and must train himself in simple frugal living, avoiding luxury and sloth; when defeated in games or in class, he must be cheerful and resolute; when a victor he must be modest; and he must ever use his strength to guard those who are younger and more helpless than himself. In this way he will build into his character the qualities that make the Ideal Soldier, and will be ready in his manhood, to serve with honour and glory in the army of his country.

Success in the world depends upon forming an Ideal in youth and in striving to conform to it the character; the nature and quality of the success depend on the kind of Ideal that is chosen. The great men in history have been men who made up their minds in their youth as to their path in life, and who bent all their efforts to prepare for its treading.

XC.

The most important thing to learn in life, is how to live. There is nothing men are so anxious to keep as life, and nothing they take so little pains to keep well.

This is no simple matter. "Life," said Hippocrates, at the commencement of his medical Aphorisms, "Life is short, Art is long, Opportunity fleeting, Experiment uncertain, and Judgment difficult."

Happiness and success in life do not depend on our circumstances, but on ourselves. "More men have ruined themselves than have ever been destroyed by others; more houses and cities have perished at the hands of man, than storms or earthquakes have ever destroyed." There are two sorts of ruin; one is the work of time, the other of men.

Of all ruins, the ruin of Man is the saddest, and a Man's worst enemy, as Seneca said, is the one in the breast. "Many men," says La Bruyère, "spend much of their time in making the rest miserable". In too many cases "lusty blood in youth hath attempted those things which akyng bones repented in age,"¹ for "what is past and done Clotho cannot weave again, nor Atropos recall."² Men love themselves, not wisely but too well.

I am sometimes accused of being optimistic. But I have never ignored or denied the troubles and sorrows of life; I have never said that men are happy, only that they might be; but if they are not so, the fault is generally their own; that most of us throw away more happiness than we enjoy. This makes it all the more melancholy.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these; it might have been."³

In many cases what we call evil is good misapplied, or carried to excess. A wheel, or even a cog, out of place throws the whole machinery out of gear, and if we place ourselves out of harmony with the constitution of the universe we must expect to suffer accordingly. Courage in excess becomes foolhardiness, affection weakness, thrift avarice. It is proverbial that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. No one has ever been able to show that any change in the laws of Nature would be for the better. A man falls and breaks his leg, but no change in the law of gravity would be an improvement.

The Persian attributed happiness to Ormuzd, the Spirit of Good, and misfortune to Ahriman, the Demon of Evil. But in reality we bring the troubles of life on ourselves by our own errors – errors in both senses, by doing what we know all the time to be wrong; but also, and perhaps almost as much, by our mistakes. So far as the first class of errors are concerned, we have implanted in us an infallible guide. If we do wrong it is with our eyes open; for if they are not open, unless indeed we have wilfully shut them, we may act unwisely, but it is not sin.

As regards the second class of errors, we must trust to reason; to that of parents, of elders, of friends; to our education and to ourselves. Indeed our education is part of ourselves; we have all at any rate one pupil whom we must teach and educate.

¹ Lilly.

² Lucian.

Whittier.

What we teach ourselves, becomes much more a part of our being than what we learn from others. Education does not end when we leave school; it has indeed scarcely begun. It goes on through life. "How well it would be," said Seneca, "if men would but exercise their brains, as they do their bodies, and take as much pains for virtue as they do for pleasure."

Some races are indeed fatalists. Everything in their view is ordained, and what will happen must happen, whether they will or no. Man they regard as an automaton, the mere plaything of a superior power. The first point then to be considered is whether there is or is not a Science of Life. Can we steer our ship over the Ocean of Time, or are we condemned to drift? "Man is man, and master of his fate," or if he is not, the fault lies at his own door. "What you wish to be, that you are; for such is the force of our will, joined to the Supreme, that whatever we wish to be, seriously, and with a true intention, that we become."¹

If then we have this power over our destiny it becomes of the utmost importance to ask ourselves what we wish to be, and how we can make the most of the rich estate of Life. Some men have a purpose in life, and some have none. Our first object should be to make the most and best of ourselves. "The aim of every man," said Humboldt, "shall be to secure the highest and most harmonious development of his powers to a complete and consistent whole"; to quote Jean Paul Richter again, "to make as much out of oneself as could be made out of the stuff." We must not, however, attempt this merely with a selfish object, or we are foredoomed to failure. "No man's private fortune," as Bacon said, "can be an end any way worthy of his existence." The best and greatest minds—Plato and Aristotle, Buddha and St. Paul—would never have been content to perfect themselves merely for themselves.

I will assume then that we are to make the best of ourselves for the sake of others; and let me at once point out what an interesting task we have in that case set before us. The well-known Greek maxim *γνωθισεαυτον* points to the importance as well as the difficulty of knowing ourselves. Montaigne says in his quaint way, "J'en'ai vue monstre ou miracle au monde plus expres que moi mesme," and Sir T. Browne, whose life was as little eventful or exciting as a life could well be, assures us that to himself it seemed "a miracle of thirty-years which to relate were not history but a piece of poetry, and would sound like a fable."

To offer advice has proved a somewhat thankless task from the days of Rehoboam to those of Lord Chesterfield; nor do I forget the sad fate of the New Zealand Convert of whom his chief told the missionary that he gave us so much advice that at last we put him to death." Yet those who will not accept "counsel at first hand cheap, will buy repentance at second hand dear."² My object then is to make some suggestions, in

¹ Jean Paul Richter.

² Lilly.

their own interest, to those who wish to be, and to do, something ; to make the most of themselves and of their lives.

It is sad, indeed, to see how man wastes his opportunities. How many could be made happy, with the blessings which are recklessly wasted or thrown away ?

Take care that your pleasures are real and not imaginary. We do many things because they are called pleasure, which we should hate if they went by any other name. Many people think they are having pleasure, merely because they are doing nothing useful. Others seem to use the word as if it applied only to the senses while, on the contrary, the pleasures of the mind are both more exquisite and more lasting.

PATRIOTISM. DUTY AS CITIZENS. THE GOVERNMENT.

[See Vernacular text-book, III (B) 8, 9, 10; IV 2, 30; VII 9; VII Part II 10; also reference may be made to Lee Warner's *Citizen of India*, pp. 77-113; and the *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, Vol. IV.]

XCI.

IN the darkness of night, Śivajee, with a chosen band of Mawulees, descended the hill, passed the unsuspecting guards, and was on full march towards Rangna before his flight was suspected. When discovered, Fazil Mohummud Khan, and Seedee Uzeez, the son of Seedee Johur, pursued him with the cavalry, followed by infantry. They did not overtake him till the morning was far advanced, and he was entering a ghaut within six miles of Rangna. To cover his retreat, Śivajee stationed a party of Mawulees in the pass, and confided the command to his former enemy, Bajee Purvoe, Deshpandya of Hurdus Mawul, desiring him to maintain the post, until a signal of five guns announced the arrival of the main body at the fort. The Deshpandya was worthy of the honourable trust: the cavalry, in attempting to advance, were driven back; and on the arrival of the infantry, two successive assaults with fresh troops were gallantly repulsed. About noon a third party of infantry, headed by the son of Afzool Khan, advanced in a most determined manner. Their attack was desperate, and the brave defenders, after the loss of half their numbers, amongst whom was the gallant Deshpandya, were at last obliged to retreat. But not without effecting their object. Bajee Purvoe heard the signal guns before he fell, and died expressing his satisfaction. The Mawulees proved their regard for him, as well as their own steadiness, by bearing off his body in the face of their numerous pursuers.

XCII.

LOYALTY.

The noble Moslem, Husain, was surrounded by enemies. Soon would he meet the Angel of Death. Few were the companions in his little camp; but all were lion-hearted.

Umar, a bold warrior, challenged Husain to come out to single combat or send a comrade in his place.

Zainab, the sister of Husain, cried out against the foes who came in such numbers to crush the weak band of Husain.

Sukainah was Husain's daughter. Sorely did she thirst, and in pain she begged for a drop of water.

"Dear niece," said Zainab, "the River Euphrates is full of water, but there is no way of reaching it. I also thirst."

Then spake Abbas, uncle of the prophet Muhammad :—

“ Let me go, Husain, and fetch water from the river ; for I cannot bear to hear little Sukainah pray for drink.”

Shouts arose again from the camp of the enemy.

Among those that listened to the moans of little Sukainah was Abis, the son of Shib. He bound his armour on, even his shining cuirass and his helmet, and he said to his black slave Shanzab :—

“ I am going on a journey.”

“ O, my lord, tell me whither ; and let me go also.”

“ To Paradise,” replied Abis. “ I shall shed a little blood in order to get water for my friends.”

“ I will go with you,” said the slave.

So Abis and his faithful black slave Shanzab stood before Husain, and offered to go to the river.

“ Brave friends,” said Husain, “ do not go. I will send my eldest son.”

“ O master of men and jinns, let me go,” prayed Abis.

“ Permit me, black slave as I am, to go, O grandson of the prophet,” prayed Shanzab.

Then Husain sighed, and answered :—

“ Go ; but you will not return alive. We will get a shroud for you, and a shroud for Shanzab, and in these winding-sheets you shall die the death of God's martyrs.”

Then, clad in shrouds under their armour, the two heroes looked upon the foe, and went out to the field of doom, and shouted defiance ; and there was a clash of arms, and a terrible medley of war.

The foes gave back a while before the fierce onset of Abis and the black.

But Shanzab was wounded, and he lay dying ; and Abis knelt at his side.

“ Close my eyes,” whispered the black to Abis, “ and stretch my hands and feet towards Mecca, the centre of faith.”

Thus died the black child of Africa.

The drums of the enemy beat to the charge, and Abis sprang upon his steed again, and rode to face the foe.

“ Ah, champion !” sneered Ibn Sa'd, “ if you are so valiant, why need you wear armour at all ? Throw off your coat of mail, your helmet,

your cuirass, your arrow and quiver, and fight with a single naked sword."

Abis threw off all his armour, and wielded only his single naked sword; and the enemy saw his shroud.

"Drummer, beat the drum," shouted Ibn Sa'd.

The drum rolled; and the awful sound of blows was heard, and soon Abis lay faint and dying near the body of the loyal African.

"O God," said Abis, "be Thou my witness that I die happy, having given up my life and the world for the sake of Husain. Verily, there is no God but God, and Muhammad is His prophet."

The enemy flung stones upon him as he lay and died.

The drum beat in triumph.

Honour to heroes who die for the sake of others—whether the heroes be Moslem, or Hindu, or African, or of any other nation under heaven.¹

XCIII.

SERVING THE MOTHER-LAND.

On rocks men have built forts for war and bloodshed.

Men have set up great pillars in honour of warriors and battles, such as the tall Nelson Column in London, on the top of which is a statue of the noble sailor, Lord Nelson, or the Kutub Minar at Delhi.

In caves robbers have often hid from the light of justice, and wild beasts have made their dens and crunched the bones of the slain.

But I am glad to tell you of rocks, pillars, and caves that speak to us of better things than war and robbery. Let me tell you of the wonderful

Fourteen rocks.

Eight pillars.

Four caves.

Can rocks speak? Can pillars speak? Can caves speak?

Yes, they can speak.

They speak the words of the noble King Asoka, who was lord over India, and honoured by many kings beyond, in the third century B. C., that is, some 2,200 years ago.

¹ Adapted from Sir Lewis Pelly's edition of *Hasan and Husain*, scene 15.

He caused men who had skill in letters to cut words on the high pillars, on the sides of rocks, on the walls of caves where folk would take shelter. These words were for all people to read, and they made known his thoughts and his laws.

The noble would stay his horse, or his chariot, or his elephant on the road, and read the message of the good king.

The merchant would pull up his cart, and look up at the rock where the royal will was written.

The rocks, the pillars, and the caves inform us of King Aśoka's good government.

Listen :—

“ None might kill animals for feasts.

For men and for animals the king provides medicines everywhere ;
and along the public roads wells are dug for animals and
for men.

Teachers shall teach the way of right conduct to all the people.

None may hurt another man because of his manner of worship.

Judges shall punish doers of evil, and the king watches the
judges.

The practice of religion is in mercy and charity, truth and purity,
kindness and goodness.”

Thus the governor took thought for the welfare of men and animals ;
for teaching, for punishing, and for keeping the peace.

The folk served the noble Aśoka, and Aśoka served the folk.

He wrote on a rock :—

“ This is what I have done. At all moments, during meals, during
rest, in the inner rooms, in the inmost chamber, in my quietest corner, in
my garden, everywhere I receive messages from my officers about the
affairs of the people, and I send orders to all parts of the land. ”

Such was the toil of the good king.¹

About 300 years after the time of the noble Aśoka a king named
Nahapāna caused a writing to be made on the wall of a cave in
Western India, and in this writing he records things done for the comfort
of the people, namely :—

“ Flights of steps on the river Barnasaya.

Halting-places and rest-houses for travellers.

Gardens, tanks, and wells.

¹ R. C. Dutt's *Civilisation in Ancient India*, Vol. II, pp. 1-21.

Boats or ferries across streams free to all.

Places where the folk might have water without payment."

And let a bridge speak next! On a bridge near Girnār is the story of the bridge itself. The old bridge was swept away by a flood; a king made a new one, and another king repaired it later on, and yet another king re-built it, so that men and animals might cross the rolling stream, and thank the builders.¹

In this way King Aśoka and King Nahapāna, in olden days, served India, their mother-land. They sought the good of their people. No book ever written would be large enough to hold the names of all the good men and women who have done service to India. Let us pass to our own times.

What is it that we so admire in the loyal man? Let us think.

The sun rises every morning. Suppose that, on some days, it did not rise. Suppose it missed out a day now and then. The whole world would fall into confusion. We depend upon the sun rising in the same grand regular way that our fathers have known for ages past. The sun is, so to speak, loyal to his law of motion. He never deceives us. We know what to expect.

Water bears ships on its bosom. Iron sinks in water, unless (as in iron ships) it is so made that it contains chambers of air, and thus becomes lighter than water, and so is able to float. A man can swim in water, if he moves his limbs in the right way; and he will sink if he does not. Thus the water behaves as we expect. It obeys the laws of water. It does not act one way on a Monday, and another way on a Tuesday. It is loyal, so to speak, to the laws of water.

Just as we depend upon the sun, and the water, and the air, and the trees, and the metals, and rocks, etc., all to obey the laws of their being, and be loyal to those laws, so we look for loyalty in men, women, boys, and girls. We do not admire a person who is one sort of character on a Monday and quite different on a Tuesday. We want people who are true to their character. As the English poet Shakespeare, said:—

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

We can show loyalty to our family, and lead people to respect our parents. If by sad chance a member of our family does an evil thing, we shall grieve over it, and seek to amend it, but we shall not run to tell the world about it; we shall not join with those who reproach our relative; we shall, in love for the family, try to repair the wrong as quickly and as quietly as we can.

¹R. C. Dutt's *Civilisation in Ancient India*, Vol. II, pp. 45-46.

We can show loyalty to our city, and if there are bad things in it—evil streets and houses, evil people, evil ways and manners—we shall not be glad to find fault. We shall certainly be honest and admit that things are not as they should be; and we shall join with our fellow-citizens in improving the state of the town we love.

In every land, again, in East or West, the folk should be loyal to their country, their mother-land. Our country is our mother, our friend, our shield, our home. Each should do his best to make his country and his nation a land and a people of honour, and health, and industry, and beauty, and good-fellowship. Just as I who write these words love England, and am proud of Eng'and, and delight in the story of what England has done in the past, so you who read or hear the stories in this book will love India, and feel proud of India, and delight in the story of what India has done in the past.

Can England be made a finer and happier land? Most certainly.

Can India be made a finer and happier land? Most certainly.

Then let us each serve the country of our birth, by our daily labour, by learning and reading, by neighbourly conduct, by joining with all honest men and women in whatever renders our nation nobler. Let people see us striving for the good of our family, our village, our city, our mother-land. They will respect us because they can depend upon us. They will have faith in us.

XCIV.

In order to perform the part of a citizen wisely and well it is needful, in the words of Burke, "carefully to cultivate our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the Commonwealth, so to be patriots and not to forget we are gentlemen—Public life is a situation of power and energy; he trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy." Think rather of performing your duties than of claiming your rights.

Lord Bolingbroke in his essay "On the Spirit of Patriotism" quotes with approbation a remark of Socrates that "though no man undertakes a trade he has not learned, even the meanest, yet every one thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades, that of Government." He said this upon the experience he had in Greece. He would not change his opinion if he lived now in Britain.

XCV.

Describing the people who lived in the lost island of Atlantis the Greek philosopher Plato writes:—For many generations, as long as the divine nature lasted in them, they were obedient to the laws, and well-affectioned towards the god, whose seed they were; for they possessed

true and in every way great spirits, uniting gentleness with wisdom in the various chances of life and in their intercourse with one another. They despised everything but virtue, caring little for their present state of life, and thinking lightly of the possession of gold and other property, which seemed only a burden to them; neither were they intoxicated by luxury; nor did wealth deprive them of their self-control; but they were sober, and saw clearly that all these goods are increased by virtue and friendship with one another, whereas by too great regard and respect for them they are lost and friendship with them. By such reflections and by the continuance in them of a divine nature, the qualities which we have described grew and increased among them; but when the divine portion began to fade away, and became diluted too often and too much with the mortal admixture, and the human nature got the upper hand, they then, being unable to bear their fortune, behaved unseemly, and to him who had an eye to see, grew visibly debased, for they were losing the fairest of their precious gifts; but to those who had no eye to see the true happiness, they appeared glorious and blessed at the very time when they were full of avarice and unrighteous power. Zeus, the god of gods, who rules according to law, and is able to see into such things, perceiving that an honourable race was in a woeful plight, and wanting to inflict punishment on them, that they might be chastened and improved, collected all the gods into their most holy habitation, which, being placed in the centre of the world, beholds all created things.

XCVI.

Socrates.—Then I will go on to the next point, which may be put in the form of a question:—Ought a man to do what he admits to be right, or ought he to betray the right?

Crito.—He ought to do what he thinks right.

Socrates.—But if this is true, what is the application? In leaving the prison against the will of the Athenians, do I wrong any? or rather do I not wrong those whom I ought least to wrong? Do I not desert the principles which were acknowledged by us to be just—what do you say?

Crito.—I cannot tell, Socrates, for I do not know.

Socrates.—Then consider the matter in this way:—Imagine that I am about to play truant (you may call the proceeding by any name which you like), and the laws and the government come and interrogate me: 'Tell us, Socrates,' they say; 'what are you about? are you not going by an act of yours to overturn us—the laws, and the whole state, as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a state can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and trampled upon by individuals?' What will be our answer, Crito, to these and the like words? Anyone, and specially a rhetorician, will have a good deal to say on behalf of the law which requires a sentence to be carried out. He will argue that this law should not be set aside;

and shall we reply, 'Yes; but the state has injured us and given an unjust sentence.' Suppose I say that?

Crito.—Very good, Socrates.

Socrates.—'And was that our agreement with you?' the law would answer; 'or were you to abide by the sentence of the state?' And if I were to express my astonishment at their words, the law would probably add: 'Answer, Socrates, instead of opening your eyes—you are in the habit of asking and answering questions. Tell us,—What complaint have you to make against us which justifies you in attempting to destroy us and the state? In the first place did we not bring you into existence? Your father married your mother by our aid and begat you. Say whether you have any objection to urge against those of us who regulate marriage?' 'None,' I should reply. 'Or against those of us who after birth regulate the nurture and education of children, in which you also were trained? Were not the laws, which have the charge of education, right in commanding your father to train you in music and gymnastic?' 'Right,' I should reply. 'Well then, since you were brought into the world and nurtured and educated by us, can you deny in the first place that you are our child and slave, as your fathers were before you? And if this is true you are not on equal terms with us; nor can you think that you have a right to do to us what we are doing to you. Would you have any right to strike or revile or do any other evil to your father or your master, if you had one, because you have been struck or reviled by him or received some other evil at his hands?—you would not say this? And because we think right to destroy you, do you think that you have any right to destroy us in return, and your country as far as in you lies? Will you, O professor of true virtue, pretend that you are justified in this? Has a philosopher like you failed to discover that our country is more to be valued and higher and holier far than mother or father or any ancestor, and more to be regarded in the eyes of the gods and of men of understanding? also to be soothed, and gently and reverently entreated when angry, even more than a father, and either to be persuaded, or if not persuaded, to be obeyed? And when we are punished by her, whether with imprisonment or stripes, the punishment is to be endured in silence; and if she lead us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow as is right; neither may anyone yield or retreat or leave his rank, but whether in battle or in a court of law, or in any other place, he must do what his city and his country order him; or he must change their view of what is just, and if he may do no violence to his father or mother, much less may he do violence to his country.' What answer shall we make to this, Crito? Do the laws speak truly, or do they not?

Crito.—I think that they do.

Socrates.—Then the laws will say: 'Consider, Socrates, if we are speaking truly that in your present attempt you are going to do us an injury. For, having brought you into the world, and nurtured and educated you, and given you and every other citizen a share in every good

which we had to give, we further proclaim to any Athenian by the liberty which we allow him, that if he does not like us when he has become of age and has seen the ways of the city, and made our acquaintance, he may go where he pleases and take his goods with him. None of our laws will forbid him or interfere with him. Anyone who does not like us and the city, and who wants to emigrate to a colony or to any other city, may go where he likes, retaining his property. But he who has experience of the manner in which we order justice and administer the state, and still remains, has entered into an implied contract that he will do as we command him. And he who disobeys us is, as we maintain, thrice wrong; first, because in disobeying us he is disobeying his parents; secondly, because we are the authors of his education; thirdly, because he has made an agreement with us that he will duly obey our commands; and he neither obeys them nor convinces us that our commands are unjust; and we do not rudely impose them, but give him the alternative of obeying or convincing us;—that is what we offer, and he does neither.

XCVII.

THE VOICE OF INDIA.

Listen to me, my children, for I, your mother, speak to you. I am the old Rāni of your hearts, and I am the young Rāni; and you love me as the people of Ayodhya loved the lady Sita. I am India.

Grand and noble is the mansion in which I dwell, and in which I watch over you, my children. The Himālaya is a wall of my house, and the vast ocean kisses the east and the west all day and all night with kisses of the waves and the tides. My Himālayas rise towards Brāhman's heaven with snowy tops, and I clothe their sides with rich forests, where the rhododendron glows red, and the deoda lifts its head like a prince. I send the torrents leaping down the hills, and my birds—the eagle, the vulture, the pheasant—fly about the mountains.

I have spread for you the broad plains where roll the beloved "Ganga" and the Indus, which spring from the holy mount of Kailāsa, and the Brahmāputra, which lays the mud wherein my gifts of rice and jute may grow.

For you I built the vast Dekkan, and moulded its rocks and peaks, and dressed its valleys and tablelands with plentiful forests. In ancient days the monkeys and bears of the south lands were among my faithful children, and you and I will not forget the loyal service which Hanumān rendered to Rāma. And when I point across the water to the lovely isle of Ceylon, you will call to mind how nobly Hanumān and his comrades aided in the rescue of the fair Sita from the power of Rāvana.

My gifts of love are scattered for you over the land from the Himālayas to Adam's Peak and from the waters of the "Son of Brahma, the creator" to the cliffs of the Hindu Kush. To you I have given the

many millions of acres of rice fields: to you I bring the nourishing wheat and the millet. Who shall count the precious oil-seeds that yield you the liquid you need for your skins, your food, and your lamps? For your eating I provide the vegetables of the garden—the egg-plant, the cabbage, onion, yam,—and when European hands planted the potato first on the Khasi hills, I received the new-comer into my protection. Who shall number the fruits on my trees—mango, plantain, pine-apple, pomegranate, guava, tamarind, and orange? All the world knows my pleasant spices—curry, turmeric, chillies, ginger, coriander, aniseed, pepper, cardamoms, betel-nut. My palms yield you the cocoanut and the date, and I prepare the sweetness of the sugarcane. My cotton clothes you, and for you I provide the useful fibre of the jute, and the gay dye of the indigo, and the fragrant leaf of the tobacco. The coffee-berry enriches the gardens of the south. On the hills of Assam I sowed the tea, which the Chinese on one side and you, my children, on the other cultivate for the drinking-cups of the world. From America I took the seeds of the cinchona, and I foster them in order to give the healing quinine to my fever-stricken offspring. For ages I have reared the mulberry-tree and the silk-worm, and all nations admire my silken garments; and many take delight in the colours of my laces.

Have I said all? Well, do you know how much more you owe to me, both of the treasures above the earth and under the earth? Have I not hidden good things under the soil for you as one who guards his riches from the eye of the robber? Search, children, search, and you will for ever find stores of blessing. No mines on earth will give you better iron, and the dark coal is also here. Salt is in my water and in my rocks, and the white saltpetre covers the ground as with snow. Although I furnish you with no veins of silver, you may take from me my gold, copper, tin, and antimony.

My realm is full of life, and the living things are of ever so many beautiful—and ah, there are some of terrible—kinds. Children, I love you; and I would not have you maimed or torn, or slain by the deadly creatures that are enemies to both you and me. At times, indeed, even the tiger has helped us by destroying the animals that hurt our crops in the field. But he knows not how to live in peace with us, as the cheetah does, and therefore he must be removed from the face of the earth. The rifle or the snare will defend us from the tiger, the leopard, the wolf, the hyena, the black bear, the wild hog, the cobra. But we will take into our family the animals that have natures tame and friendly—the ox for the plough and the cart, the beautiful cow, the buffalo, the noble horse, the ass, the mule, the camel, the elephant, the sheep, and the goat, and the sprightly monkey. I look upon you all, my children—the Brāhman, the Kshatriya, the Vaisya, the Sudra, the folk of the towns, and the folk of the hill and the jungle; and the cattle and other dumb helpers in your daily work and play, and I love you. Even as the lotus loves the water so I love you.

Cherish my land, O my children, and do good to it and not evil. Plough and drain and manure, and sow and gather. Build tanks and

dams and aqueducts and enrich the thirsty soil with the life-giving water. Much water will I bring you if you will but carry it lovingly to the spot that needs it—water from my ice and snow, water from my great rocks and water from my lakes; and water that comes from the clouds brought by my proud monsoons that rush like mighty bulls from the ocean. And cover the naked places with trees, dear children. Do not hew down the noble teak, and the pūn, and the sandalwood, and leave the land bare. Plant again and again, and make my garden glorious; and all the peoples of the earth will come to see me and my house, and they will know that the children adore their mother, and the beauty of India will be made known to the East and to the West.

I know how you work for her and how your hands and feet labour by day and by night. For one the weaver weaves, the potter moulds, the blacksmith forges, the brazer solders, the oil presser presses. I rejoice to see you make the glistening silk, the light muslin, the gleaming gold lace, the brocades of Benares—the “ripples of silver,” “Mazchar,” and the splendours of the “peacock’s neck” (Murgala); the soft shawls of Kashmir, the velvet of the Dekkan, the handsome leather work of Gujarāt, the rugs and the carpets which the folks of the West gaze on with eyes of pleasure; the jewellers’ devices in armlets, necklets, brooches, and fine filagree; the designs in shining rubies, pearls, and turquoises; the beautiful calwar trades, and the delicate yet strong chain armour; the ear-rings in blackwood, sandalwood, and stone and ivory. You and I, my sons and daughters, can hold up our heads among the nations, and bid them behold the work of our hands, and we know that we shall not be ashamed.

I look with a mother’s pride at the handiwork of my children in places and temples; some that are made by the labour of pious Buddhists or devout Jains; some that are created by the worshipper of Brahma, Vishnu, and Śiva; and some that are built by the disciples of the prophet Muhammad. Not one more than another do I love. Guard their stones, and repair with watchful eye and hand their walls and gates; and if perchance, some have fallen to ruin under the heavy touches of strong Time, shield them from careless meddling so that for ages to come the nations may see their grandeur. Oh! how noble are my monuments and how lovely their adornments, the marks of the Tāj Mahāl and the sacred quiet of the Pearl Mosque of Agra; the vast hall of Shah Jahan’s palace of Delhi; the lofty tower of Jagannāth; the great piles of Śiva’s temple at Bhuvaneśvar; the Oilman’s temple at Gwalior; the giant pillars and figures in the Caves of Elephanta; the high pagoda of Tanjore; the halls of a thousand pillars at Madura; the golden temple of Amritsar; the white marble temple of the Jains at Ābu.

Mighty and valiant were my children of old. Have you not oft heard the story of their deeds at the battle of Kurukshetra? And you will be brave for me today. For my sake you will cherish the hymns of the fathers, and the wondrous tales of the *Mahābhārata* and the *Rāmā-*

yana. You will make new songs and new poems for me. You will make my name a name of honour among the nations. Your hearts shall beat in love, your life be ruled by order; your aim shall be progress and peace. You are citizens of a great land. Be worthy children of your mother.

XCVIII.

Part 1.

GOVERNMENT—EXECUTIVE.

The limit of administration in India is the district ruled by a Collector and numerous assistants. A district consists of sub-divisions under Assistant or Deputy Collectors, including two, three or four *tālūkās*, each of which is entrusted to the care of a *Māmlatdār*. A *tāluka* is a small tract of country from 20 to 30 miles broad and 30 to 40 miles long, containing about one hundred villages. The officer responsible for a village is the *Pātel*, who is assisted in his work by a *Kulkarni*, both appointed by the Collector.

Petty matters connected with the revenue and police administration are left to the discretion of the *Pātel* and *Kulkarni*, guided by a number of circular orders. In the case of towns, municipalities are entrusted with the more important affairs, such as education, sanitation, local taxation and so forth. These bodies have the assistance of the advice of the special officers appointed to each district for public works, education, forest control, sanitation and the like. They are composed of a varying number of members some of whom are elected by the rate-payers and the rest nominated by Government.

All matters of importance are dealt with by the Collector, through his assistants or deputies, and subject to the control of the Commissioner who is the chief authority for a division comprising six or seven collectorates. Large questions of principle must be made the subject of a reference to Government which has four main departments, *viz.*,

- (1) Revenue,
- (2) Judicial,
- (3) Educational,
- (4) Public Works.

In order to secure a certain measure of uniformity in the administration of India as well as the proper control of the same by the English Government the supreme authority known as the Government of India reserve the power of sanctioning all large measures of reform, as well as the initiation of works involving the expenditure of considerable sums of money. Matters involving the safety of the country, *e.g.* Naval and Military affairs, and such departments as the Post Office, Railways, Currency, and the relations of India with Foreign territories are wholly controlled by the Government of India.

The powers of Government are thus exercised by a series of authorities according to the relative importance of the interests involved. Matters of general importance to India as a whole are submitted to the consideration of the Government of India. Subject to these restrictions, the Local Government, that is, the Government of Bombay, consisting of a Governor appointed from England, two experienced members of the India Civil Service, and a selected Indian member, have complete control over the affairs of the Presidency.

Part 2.

GOVERNMENT—JUDICIAL.

We have seen now how the Executive Government of the country is provided. But there are certain matters which are outside the province of the Executive authorities, *i. e.*, the administration of the criminal and civil laws involving proceedings against persons guilty of offences, and suits concerning rights and property. For the administration of the laws regulating such matters a judicial department has been constituted. One or more talukas are entrusted to a sub-judge. At each district headquarters a judge performs on a larger scale the duties allotted to sub-judges, from whom he hears appeals.

The executive authorities of the district described above, *i. e.*, *māmlatdārs*, assistant collectors and collectors, are entrusted with certain powers for trying criminal offences on their respective charges. In this capacity they are like the sub-judges subject to the revisionary and appellate authority of the district judge.

The district judges again are subordinate to the High Court which sits in Bombay, [or in the case of Sind, to the Court of the Judicial Commissioner in Sind at Karachi]. In most matters the decision of the High Court is final. But an appeal, if permitted by the Court, can be made to the Privy Council in England in certain civil cases involving difficult points of law.

The Executive Government exercises the power of the King to commute or otherwise modify sentences passed by the High Court on offenders against the criminal law. High Court Judges are secured in their appointments by holding their position on the bench from the King. The administration of the laws is thus regulated by an authority independent of the Executive Government that deals with the general administration of the country.

Part 3.

GOVERNMENT—REPRESENTATIVE.

We have seen now how the general administration and the legal tribunals are provided for. There is a third important element in the Government of the country, *viz.*, the public bodies representative of the

people, to whom are entrusted the control of Municipal matters in towns, local affairs in tálukas and districts, and a share in the Councils of the Governor and Governor General.

In towns and táluka or district areas education, sanitation, public works and similar matters are largely controlled by such representative bodies, of which a certain number of members are elected by the rate payers of the locality concerned. Thus the people who pay rates are afforded an opportunity of expressing their views, regarding the way in which these rates should be expended. Elections are held every three years. Large landowners, payers of income tax, payers of land revenue, payers of local rates, who reside in the area concerned, are allowed a vote. The Municipality or Local Board also contains a few officials to advise the members on technical matters, and a certain proportion of members nominated by Government.

In the Council of the Governor of Bombay which deals with provincial legislation, the budget and matters of public interest brought up for discussion a number of representatives of the different sections of the community are included, partly by nomination, partly by election. Thus commerce, the mill industry, the university, the municipalities, the local boards, the great landowners, etc., etc., all return their representatives to the Council, a few seats are set apart to be filled by the representatives of the Musalmán population so that this important community, which is in a minority in many electoral divisions, may be adequately represented on the Council. Thus the Government of the Presidency, both by means of its officers who are in close touch with the people, and through the representatives who speak for them on the Council, is enabled to keep itself thoroughly informed of the condition and aspirations of the population entrusted to its charge.

XCIX.

PEACE AND WAR.

HERE is war pictured by the poet of old in his tale of the battle between the ten-headed demon-king and heroic Rāma and his army of monkeys and bears:—

Hanumān and Aṅgad thundered aloud on the field of battle, and at the sound of their warring the demons fled. But the bears and monkeys seizing them in their flight, dashed them to the ground, performing wonders of valour, or, catching them by the leg, hurled them into the sea, where alligators, serpents, and fish snapped them up and devoured them.

When the day broke, the monkeys again assailed the four gates and fiercely surrounded the tall fortress. There was a confused noise in every part of the town, as the demons had weapons of all kinds and hurried forward and began hurling down masses of rock from the ramparts. Thousands of them hurled down masses of rock; missiles of every kind were sent flying; the shock was as when a bolt is shot from heaven and the thunderous noise like that of the clouds on the last day. The monstrous monkeys join in close combat. Their bodies are hacked in pieces. Though mangled they faint not. They seize the rocks and hurl them against the fort wherever the demons are.

Mounting up into the air the demon Meghnād rained down a shower of firebrands, while floods of water broke out from the earth. Goblins and witches of many shapes danced and shouted, "Kill, tear in pieces." Now fell a shower of filth, blood, hair, bones; and then a shower of stones and ashes.

Lakshman, taking with him Aṅgad and the other monkeys, marched forth in fury, with bow and arrows in hand, with bloodshot eyes, and mighty chest and arms, his body of red hue like the Mount Himālaya.

On the other hand, Rāvan the demon sent out his champions, who took up their armour and their weapons and hastened forth. With mountains and huge trees for missiles, the monkeys rushed forth to meet them, shouting "Victory for Rāma". They all closed in the fray equally matched with one another, and both equally sure of success. After hurling the rocks and mountains at the foe, the monkeys next fell upon them with blows of the fist, and kicks, and rendings of the teeth. "Seize seize, seize, kill, kill, kill, tear off his arm." Such were the cries which filled the air and the nine continents of the world, while headless bodies, still full of fury, kept running to and fro. From heaven above the gods beheld the scene, now in dismay and now in joy.¹

Such is war.

¹ Quoted with slight alterations from Bk. VI of the *Rāmāyana* (version of Tulsi Das), trans. by F. S. Growse.

Who but men with hearts worse than the hearts of lions or tigers could feel pleasure in such scenes ?

And here is peace as the poet pictures it in the story of the blessed Rāma who, after his fourteen years of exile, came back to the city of Ayodhya, and reigned over a happy land :—

The people walked in the path of the Veddaseach, whether student, or householder, or mendicant, according to his caste or state of life, enjoying perfect happiness, without fear or sorrow or disease. In the whole land of Rāma there was none that suffered from trouble of any kind, whether of the body, or from the hand of heaven, or the attacks of foes. Every one was in charity with his neighbour, and dwelt content. The four pillars of religion—truth, purity, mercy, and charity—stood firm in all the world, and none dreamed of evil. None died too soon, none were sick, and all were handsome and healthy. None were poor, and none were unfortunate. A rod was never seen except as a staff for the Sage ; and the word “ro-beat” only meant to beat time for the dancer on the stage. The elephant and the lion lived in peace together, and no bird preyed upon its feathered comrades.

Such was the time of peace in Rāma's days.¹

C.

Upwards of a century ago, and at the time of the decadence of the Great Moghal Empire, the fertile Province of Jelandar was a dependency of the Province of Lahore, but was governed by a Deputy, resident within its boundaries, who, supreme, in all departments, paid a certain portion of the Revenue to his superior. The last and most famous of these deputies was Adina Beg Khān, whose name serves as the last land-mark of the Mahomedan rule anterior to the Sikh deluge. Of the internal administration of his province little is known : if more than an ordinary tyrant, at least the memory of his tyrannies has perished with his victories. In all probability he differed but little from other Mahomedan Proconsuls in considering Provinces but as preserves for re-filling exhausted treasuries, and enabling the fortunate administrators, endowed with more talent for exaction than principle, to amass proconsular fortunes. Whatever may have been the character of his internal administration, his talents and character in the political arena of the Empire are undoubted : and it was no easy game for him to play. During the period of his rule, Hindustan was several times invaded by the hardy races of Kābul under the guidance of Nadir Shah and his successor Ahmed Shah, and it was a hard task to keep on good terms with the invader without throwing off his allegiance to the invader. But another and more difficult element was in existence in the limits of his own Province : the turbulent Jāt agriculturists, long difficult to manage, had now become unmanageable, and under the exciting and

¹ *Rāmāyana* (version of Tulsi Dās), trans. by F. S. Growse, Bk. VI, pp. 174-6.

binding influence of the tenets of Gūrū Govind, which they had adopted, were sapping the foundation of Society, and rapidly introducing a new state of things on the ruins of the Mahomedan Monarchy. Though not yet arrived at that state of independence, which they gained in a few years, they were already sufficiently numerous and determined to form themselves into large parties for the purpose of depredation, and to avail themselves of the distracted state of the Government. It will generally be found that there is but one stage between that of a petty thief, against whom the arm of the law is raised ready to strike, and the feudal Chief or Baron; and this stage is that of the powerful freebooter and marauder, who has sufficient force to set himself up above law, but is not yet recognized as a component part of the State: and to this intermediate stage the Sikhs under Adina Beg Khān had arrived. These stages might ordinarily be passed through in as many generations: the father throws up his occupation, and becomes an outlaw. Success, an increase of the number of his followers, enable the son openly to defy the Government, from the emissaries of which his father had been continually flying: a few short years see the grandson a territorial Chieftain and a Baron of the Empire. To remedy the evil of this state of things, Adina Beg Khān adopted the same temporizing and fatal policy, by which the plains of Italy had many centuries before fallen into the hands of the Lombard, partly yielding to, and partly resisting his rebellious subjects, he at length took two hundred of the most notorious into his service for the preservation of his provinces, hoping thus to ward off the effects to himself of a calamity which he felt that it was beyond his power to cure. And his policy so far succeeded that by judicious management and timely concessions both to the contending powers above him, and the audacious outlaws nominally under his control, he managed to keep possession of his Province, and has left a name respectable for ability and success, as the last of the Imperial Proconsuls.

He died, and with him perished the genius to combine, and the strong arm to control, the discordant elements of which his power had been composed. His feeble widows, for he died childless, were unable to hold the reins, which his grasp could barely control, and the Province was lost to his family, and not only to his family, but to the Empire. The power of the Moghal was now shattered to its foundation, and the invasions of the Afghans bore more the character of incursions for plunder, than expeditions with a view of acquiring permanent Empire, and thus the field lay open to a new and more active invader. Nor were they long in taking advantage of the opportunity; which the utter extinction of all outward form of Government presented. It was the doom of the highly civilized Mahomedan, to give way to the brawny arm and savage resoluteness of the hardy cultivator of the soil. The same era had arrived to the Mahomedan Monarchy, of which the page of History presents us so many, and so mournful examples: the same tale must be told of institutions overturned, of cities sacked and levelled, of the entire disorganization of Society, and return to the primary elements of brute

life, where strength is Law, which marked the irruption of the hardy tribes of the North of Europe into the plains of Italy; a new race of Longobardi had sprung into existence to found dynasties and lord it over the conquered soil.

The Janissaries of Adina Beg Khān saw their opportunity, and began to take possession for themselves of the Province, which they had been engaged to protect. Their numbers were reinforced by their relations from the neighbouring districts, and no sooner was it found how profitable a trade was that of a marauder, how soon a single Chief of enterprise could collect round him a party of horsemen, and convert himself into an independent Prince, and his followers into landed proprietors, than the ploughshare was converted into the sword by every Jāt agriculturist, each village sent forth its detachment of hardy youths to carve out for themselves a respectable fortune, and to pay out old scores with their ancient oppressors. Thus it came to pass that in a few years the Delhi Monarchy became a shadowy and empty name, while the solid and substantial advantages of power and wealth passed into the hands of the lowest class in the scale of civilization, the hardy but ignorant cultivator of the soil.

These were fine times for those, who were gifted with the sterling gifts of a resolute spirit and a stalwart frame. No accomplishments of the mind, no cultivated talents, no boasted descent of an illustrious ancestry, were required to constitute this new and self-formed Aristocracy. Enterprise and success made the Chieftain. As large a tract of country as the walls of his fort could overawe, and his dependent horsemen could overrun, were the limits of his dominion: his code of policy embraced the ready gathering in of his harvest: his only allies were those, whom mutual advantage bound to him: his only law was his sword.

Such a state of things could neither long continue, nor was it within the bounds of human probability, that principalities so easily won would be so easily preserved. In the annals of the time we read of feuds and frays, of Chieftain swallowing up Chieftain, of the hardy Jāt but yesterday behind the plough, and today the lord of territory and castles, and tomorrow again a houseless outcast. Some few Hindu and Mahomedan Officials of the old régime had by the aid of strong walls to their towns and forts, and by the resoluteness of a small band of their own faith, managed to resist the desultory incursions of the new invaders. Some few purchase peace by the cession of half their possessions, or the tribute of half the Revenue, and the Rajput Raja of the hills availed himself of the confusion to take possession of districts in the plains; but there was no certain possession, no son could reckon upon succeeding without a struggle to the inheritance of his father: few even died in the possession of those lands, which they had themselves won. When the strong arm became paralysed, the old man saw himself ousted from the castle, which had been the trophy of his youth, and in which he had lorded it in manhood.

SOCIETY AND JUSTICE.

CI.

JAHANGIR, the Mogal emperor, had many faults, but he tried to deal justly with his people. From the top of the citadel in which he lived there hung a chain. It hung all the way—a long way—down to the ground outside. If any citizen was ill-used, and saw none to help, he or she could go to the chain and shake the end of it; and the chain at the top was carried right into the emperor's room, and ended in a bunch of golden bells.

When the bells tinkled the emperor said:—

“Some poor soul is asking for justice, I must help.”¹

CII.

Every judge who, placed in authority, gives a wrong judgment for the sake of a bribe is guilty of a lie indeed, and a lie of the basest kind. Every officer who, trusted by the state, uses his power for his own private ends, to gain something for himself or to hurt his neighbour, to favour the rich or oppress the poor, this man, though he says nothing at all, and though outwardly he *seems* to be doing his duty, is nevertheless a liar and traitor, a traitor who wittingly poisons the well which he is appointed to guard. Professing to be the minister of justice, he promotes injustice; professing to be the servant of God, he does what God most hates.

And why do I call a public officer the professed servant of God? Because every government and every power established in this world is established by God, and is responsible to God for the people over whom it is set. And this is why we all are bound to obey those rulers who are set over us: because they are set over us by God. This too is what Munoo means when he says that a king is a ‘particle of God’; there is something in a king which is more divine than in common men. He means that the king's power is to be respected, because it is given to him by God. In the same way, all officers under the king are appointed to do God's work among men, the work of order and justice and peace; and if, when appointed to do this work, they make themselves parties to injustice and wrong, do they not turn God's work into a lie, the highest and holiest duty into sin? Therefore those placed in high public trust who do not do the will of God—I speak of kings and all in authority—are traitors to God and their fellow-men: they are traitors, too, to their own nobility: and God will not long allow them to

¹ Hunter's *Indian Empire*, p. 360.

stand. Therefore it is that old Munoo also proclaims as the first qualification of a king that he 'must invariably speak the truth': 'and justice,' 'uproots a king who swerves from his duty, with all his race.' As the king must be honest, so must his ministers, and all who under him own his authority. For they all own authority under God, Who will hold them responsible. So you see, my friends, in public affairs an acted lie, a public dishonesty, is a sin of double blackness, both because every lie is a sin, and because this particular kind of sin degrades a man from the high place or God's minister to the shameful position of a traitor and foe. A lie is bad in any one; but what shall we say of the commander, who, having held a high rank in God's army, goes over to the enemy? We should call him a traitor of the darkest dye: we should say that as a traitor he deserves to be shot. Such a traitor is every king, and every officer in high authority, who in his conduct is not true to the commission which he holds from God.

CIII.

Once upon a time in the kingdom of Kampilla, in a city of the Northern Pañchālas, a king called Pañchāla, being established in evil courses and reckless, ruled his kingdom unrighteously. So all his ministers likewise became unrighteous. His subjects being oppressed by taxation took their wives and families and wandered in the forest like wild beasts. Where once stood villages, there now were none, and the people through the fear of the king's men by day did not venture to dwell in their houses, but fencing them about with thorn branches, as soon as the day broke, they disappeared into the forest. By day they were plundered by the king's men and by night by robbers. At that time the Bodhisatta came to life in the form of a divinity of a *tinduka* tree outside the city, and every year received from the king an offering worth a thousand pieces of money, and he thought: "This is a *roi fainéant*; his whole kingdom is going to ruin; besides me there is no one that can set the king in the right way, and he is a benefactor to me and every year honours me with an offering of a thousand pieces. I will admonish him." So in the night he entered into the royal chamber, and taking up his position at the bed's head he stood poised in the air, emitting a bright light. The king, when he saw him thus shining like the newly-risen sun, asked him who he was and wherefore he had come. On hearing his words he said: "Great king, I am the divinity of the *tinduka* tree, and I come to give you good advice." "What advice have you to give me?" said the king. "Sire," said the Great Being, "you are careless in your rule, and so all your kingdom is going to ruin, as if it were the prey of hirelings. Kings that are careless in their rule are not masters of all their realm, but in this world they meet with destruction and in the world to come they are re-born in hell, and when they are careless both those within their domain and those outside it are careless too, and therefore a king ought to be exceedingly careful," and so saying to inculcate a moral lesson, he repeated these stanzas:—

Zeal is the way to *nirvāna*, but sloth leads to death, it is said:

While vigilant souls never die, the careless are even as dead.

From pride as its root cometh sloth; from sloth cometh loss and decay:

Decay is the parent of sin. All sloth, O great king, put away.

Brave souls by their sloth many times of wealth and of realm have been shorn,

And so village lords may become like the waif, without home, all forlorn.

When a prince in his rule groweth slack, untrue to his name and his fame,

Should his wealth all at once disappear of that prince it is counted as shame.

Thou art slack out of season, O king, from the right thou hast wandered away,

Thy realm that so flourished of old to robbers doth now fall a prey.

No son shall inherit thy realm, with its treasures of gold and of corn,

Thy realm to the spoiler a prey and thou of thy wealth liest shorn.

The prince that is stript of his realm, with its stores and its wealth manifold,

His friends and his kith and his kin esteem him no more as of old.

His guards and his charioteers, his horse and his footmen so bold,

As they see him of all dispossess, regard him no more as of old.

The fool of disorderly life is by evil advise led astray,

Soon stript is the fool of his fame, as the snake its old skin casts away.

But the man who arising betimes unwearied and orderly is,

His oxen and kine thrive apace, and riches increasing are his.

Great king, ever open thine ears, and list to what people may say,

That seeing and hearing the truth, thou mayest win to good fortune thy way.

Thus did the Great Being admonish the king in eleven stanzas, and "Go," said he, "without delay and foster thy kingdom, and destroy it not," and so departed to his own abode. And the king hearkened to his words and, being much moved, on the morrow he handed over his kingdom to his ministers, and accompanied by his chaplain he left the city betimes by the eastern gate and went a furlong's distance. There an old man, a native of the village, carried branches of thorn from the forest and putting them all round his house closed the door, and with his wife and children betook himself to the forest. At eventide when the king's men had departed, he returned to his house, and by the door his foot was pierced with a thorn point, and sitting cross-legged and extracting the thorn he cursed the king in the following stanza :—

Struck by an arrow in the fray,
So may Pañchāla mourn,
As I have cause to grieve today,
Thus wounded by a thorn.

This imprecation on the king came about by the power of the Bodhisatta, and it was as one possessed by the Bodhisatta that he cursed him. In this light is his action to be regarded. Now at this juncture the king and his chaplain stood before him in disguise. So the chaplain, hearing his words, uttered another stanza :—

Thou art old, my good sir, and thy sight is too dim
To discern things aright, I'll be sworn ;
As for king Brahmādatta, what is it to him
That thy foot has been pierced by a thorn ?

On hearing this the old man repeated three stanzas :—

'Tis due to Brahmādatta, sure, that I am racked with pain,
Just as defenceless folk are oft by their oppressors slain.

By night to thieves a prey are we, to publicans by day,
Lewd folks abound within the realm, when evil kings bear sway.

Distress by such a fear as this, men to the forest flee,
And round their dwellings scatter thorns, for their security.

On hearing this the king addressing his chaplain said: "Master, the old man speaks truly: it is our fault. Come, let us return and rule the kingdom righteously." Then the Bodhisatta, taking possession of the body of the chaplain, stood before him and said: "Great king, let us investigate the matter." And passing from that village to another one they listened to the words spoken by an old woman. She was, it is said, a poor woman and had two grown up daughters under her care, whom she would not allow to enter the forest. But she herself brought firewood and leaves of trees and ministered to her daughters,

One day she climbed up a bush to gather leaves and falling rolled upon the ground, and she cursed the king, threatening him with death, and uttered this stanza :—

Oh ! when will Brahmadata die, for long as he shall reign,
Our daughters live unwedded and for husbands sigh in vain ?

Then the priest checking her spoke this stanza :—

Evil and profitless withal these words of thine, O jade,
Whence shall the king find in his realm a husband for each
maid ?

The old woman on hearing this repeated two stanzas :—

Not evil are these words of mine, nor spoken all in vain,
So long as thy defenceless folk are by oppressors slain.
By night to thieves a prey are we, to publicans by day,
Lewd folks abound within the realm, when evil kings bear
sway,
When times are bad, poor maids are sad, for husbands none
have they.

Hearing her words they thought : " She speaks to the point," and going farther on they listened to what a ploughman was saying. As he was ploughing, they say, his ox called Sāliya was laid low, being struck by the ploughshare, and its owner cursed the king and repeated this stanza :—

So may Pañchāla fall to earth by spear thrust of his foe,
As Sāliya by ploughshare hurt, poor wretch, here lieth low.

Then the priest, to check him, spoke this stanza :—

With Brahmadata thou art wroth, though no good cause is
shown,
And while thou dost revile the king, the guilt is all thine own.

Hearing this the ploughman replied in three stanzas :—

With Brahmadata I am wroth, and rightly I maintain ;
Defenceless folk are ever thus by their oppressors slain.

By night to thieves a prey are we, etc.

The slave had twice to cook the food and brought it late to
me ;

While all agape for her, my ox was wounded fatally.

Going on still further they stayed in a certain village. Next day early in the morning a vicious cow kicked a milkman and upset him, milk and all. The man cursed Brahmadata and repeated this stanza :—

By stroke of sword Pañchāla's lord shall fall amidst the fray,
As I'm laid low by kick of cow, milkpail and all, today.

The brāhmin in a stanza said :—

A cow, say, kicks against the pricks, or pail of milk upsets—
What's this to Brahmadata that all this abuse he gets ?

On hearing this the milkman repeated three stanzas :—

Pañchāla's king, O brāhmin, is to blame, for in his reign
Defenceless folk are seen to be by their oppressors slain.

By night, etc.

A wild and savage cow that we had never milked before
We milked today : demands for milk grow ever more and
more.

They said : " He speaks the truth," and going forth from that village they climbed into the highway and started towards the city. And in a certain village tax-collectors killed a young dappled calf and stripped off its skin to make a sword-sheath, and the mother of the calf was so grieved for the loss of her young one that she neither ate grass nor drank water but roamed to and fro, lamenting. On seeing her the village boys cursed the king and spoke this stanza :—

So let Pañchāla pine away and childless weep in vain,
As this poor cow distracted seeks the calf that men have slain.

Then the priest spoke another stanza :—

When from its herd some beast escapes, and roars to ease its
pain,
Herein what cause hast thou of Brahmadata to complain ?

Then the village boys repeated two stanzas :—

King Brahmadata's sin in this, brāhman, to me is plain,
Defenceless folk are ever thus by their oppressors slain.

By night to thieves a prey are we, to publicans by day,
Lewd folks abound within the realm, when evil kings bear sway.
Why should a tender calf be killed, just for a sheath, I pray ?

" You speak truth," they said and departed. Then, going on their way, in a certain dry tank crows were striking frogs with their beaks and devouring them. When they reached this spot, the Bodhisatta by the exercise of his power cursed the king by the mouth of a frog, saying :—

So may Pañchāla killed in fight be eaten, sons and all,
As woodland frog to village crows a prey this day I fall.

Hearing this the priest conversing with the frog repeated this stanza :—

Kings cannot, frog, as you must know,
Guard every creature here below,
In this no wicked king is he,
That crows eat living things like thee.

On hearing this the frog repeated two stanzas :—

The priest with words too flattering
Thus wickedly deceives the king ;
The king, though people are oppressed,
Deems the priest's policy the best.

If blest with all prosperity
This realm should glad and peaceful be ;
Crows richest offerings might enjoy,
Nor need aught living to destroy.

On hearing this the king and the priest thought : " All creatures, including the frogs that live in the forest, curse us," and going thence to the city they ruled their kingdom righteously, and abiding in the admonition of the Great Being they devoted themselves to charity and other good works.

CO-OPERATION.

[See Vernacular text-books, II 21, VII 35.]

CIV.

"SOCIETY is like a dish of food," said a servant-maid.

A learned man asked:—

"Whatever do you mean? How do you know what society is?"

"If," she said, "you will sit down to dinner, I will show you."

He sat down, and she placed on the table some salt.

"Eat," she said.

But he had no mind to dine on salt.

Taking the salt away, she placed pepper on the table.

"Eat," she said.

But he had no mind to dine on pepper.

Taking the pepper away, she placed something else in the same way; and so on; and each time he would not eat.

At length she placed on the table curried fish, and he ate with pleasure.

"Well," he said, "you have not yet proved to me that society is like a meal."

"Indeed, I have."

"How?"

"You have dined on fish, pepper, salt, and other things, all mingled in a savoury dish. Each of the things in the dish I placed before you separately, and it seemed worthless; but when combined, they were grateful to your taste. So it is with the people who make up society. Alone, they are valueless. Combined, they are of value."

"True," said he.¹

CV.

When Constantinople was about to be taken by the Turks, the Emperor, who foresaw the coming destruction, and his own resources being insufficient to ward it off, called the citizens together and explained to them the danger and the remedies required. They all laughed him to scorn. The siege took place. The very citizens who had jeered at his forebodings no sooner heard the cannon thundering against the walls and the shouts of the enemies' hosts than they ran weeping to the Emperor with heaps of gold; but he drove them all away, saying—'go, die with your gold since ye would not live without it.'²

¹ *Indian Fables*, by Ramaswami Rājā, pp. 101-2.

² Villari's life of Machiavelli, p. 317.

CVI.

The water of life? What is the water of life?

The poets of olden India called it Amrita.

They tell how once upon a time the Shining Gods prepared themselves by much pious exercise for the great task of making the water of life. After they had fulfilled their vows, they met on the golden peak of Meru, and talked of ways and means.

Amrita! Ah, where and how, in the wide world and in the waters under the earth and in the heavens of the million stars, was the water of life to be found. The gods conversed long and anxiously.

Then said Vishnu to Brahma:—

“We can get it from the ocean, the water of life and lovely gems and precious drugs for healing.”

“How, O Vishnu?”

“By churning. The animal-headed Asuras must help. The gods must help; and with practice, and with patience, O Vishnu, Amrita will be secured.”

First, then, the gods pulled up Mount Manadāra from its base, and set it in the deep sea; on the back of the tortoise—that magic tortoise that held up the world in the songs of the poets of old.

This was the churning-pole. It must be turned in the water—turned and whirled with a great motion that should stir the sea from east to west.

What could be better for a cord to wind round the pole than the serpent Vāsuki, that had the spreading hood? They seized Vasuki and twisted his coil about Mount Manadāra. The Asuras took him by the head, the gods grasped him by the tail. Each party pulled. The huge mount trembled and revolved, and the waters of the wide, wide sea shook with the labouring of the churning-pole. Hot grew the body of Vāsuki, and black smoke and red flames came forth from his giant mouth. Upwards curled the smoke in clouds, and then—ah, joyful event the clouds fell in sweet rain upon the toiling Asuras and the gods. After the rain, flowers and blossoms of many charming odours sprang up all round the sides of Manadāra.

Faster went the churning. Forests on the slopes of the mount caught fire as the trees were brushed one against the other. Indra put out the flames. From the broken trees oozed out many fragrant gums and balsams, and dropped into the sea.

And still the gods and Asuras worked; and Amrita did not yet appear.

Persevere, brethren, persevere, brothers of the noble quest! Shoulder to shoulder, side by side, heart with heart—and at some happy hour, the water of life shall be yours!

But they felt weary.

"O Vishnu," they prayed, "the burden is too great to be borne. Amrita will not come. Help."

"Churn, churn, churn," answered Vishnu. "Your labours, O gods, O Asuras, will not be in vain."

What sight is this? What is this that rises from the waters?

It is the moon, in a circle of glory, throwing light over the sea, the earth, and gods, and Asuras, and even men, and women, and children.

Who comes next from the depths of the churned ocean? It is the goddess of Fortune, the white-robed Lakshmi. And after her emerges the grape-vine, which yields wine, and the white horse, swift to run, and stainless to look on; and then the gleaming jewel Kaustuva, which shall hang from the neck of Vishnu.

Next came up a glorious figure. It was the spirit Dhanvantari, and in his hand he held a grail—a cup—and in the holy grail was Amrita, the Water of Life. And thereupon the Asuras raised a loud shout.

The churning continued.

An enormous and beautiful elephant, Airāvata by name, next appeared, and Indra took it for his steed.

But oh, what horror is this?

A dull and crawling flame springs from the air and spreads about, and gives out a sickly smell, and heaven and earth are in peril of death by the poisonous fumes.

"Mahadeva," cries Brahma, "swallow it for the sake of our salvation."

Mahadeva gathered up the dreadful fire-wreathes into his hands, and rolled them into an awful mass, and forced it into his mouth, and so bitter and so horrid was the poison that it turned his throat and neck blue; and for ever afterwards Mahadeva was known as the Blue-throated. Noble soul! The dark mark in his throat was a token of his willingness to suffer for the good of the world.

"Let us drink now," said the Asuras, and they seized the vessel of nectar.

But Vishnu took on himself the shape of the lovely Queen Māyā, and stood before them, and the Asuras, amazed at the fair figure, paused and did not drink, and let Māyā take the cup from their hands.

They awoke from their dream and found the cup gone. They pursued Vishnu. But Vishnu and all the other gods had drunk from the holy grail, and the water of life had given them its precious gift.

The demon Kahu thought to drink also. He crept near the group of the Shining Ones. He picked up the cup which a god had set down. He was lifting it to his lips. Some drops of the nectar had glided into his throat, when Vishnu saw what was happening, and raising his glittering discus he sliced the demon's head from his body.

But the head had been made ever-living by the power of Amrita. It flew up into the sky, and there (so the ancient story-makers said) still lived and still carried on its evil work. For at times it approached the sun or the moon, and swallowed or half swallowed one or the other in his tremendous mouth, and the darkness that happened then was called an eclipse.

The Asuras and the gods fought for the possession of the water of life. The gods were victors. They took the cup to heaven, and they pulled up Manadāra from the ocean and rested him on his proper place.

Such is the tale the fathers of India told. And if that were all the tale that could be told, then we must suppose that the water of life is always out of reach of man—hidden in the far off palace of the Shining Ones.

But the churning of the ocean, the churning of the ocean what is this, children?

Is not the ocean the daily world we live in? Is not the churning the work that you and I do, hour by hour, day by day, year by year? Have we not each a work to do? Do we not need each other's help? Can the ruler do without the people? Can the wife do without the husband? The little ones without the mother? Are we not all needed, the hunter shepherd, the ploughman, the reaper, the diver, the builder, the furniture-maker, the tool-maker, the machine-maker, the dressmaker, the cook, the nurse, the teacher, the policeman, the writer, the painter, the musician, the sculptor, the poet?

Churn the ocean, all you workers of the world.

And remember (as the pictures of the artists tells us), the Asuras have hands like unto animals. The animals, good dumb creatures, also help in the daily labours of humanity.

What gems, what treasures rise from the ocean of labour!

See the houses, the villages, the cities, the temples, the tanks, the railways, the canals, the roads, the ships, the air-ships, motors, machines of all sorts, books—who small number all the useful articles created by the hands of man? Even the moon, one might say, is made by him; for are not the white electric lamps that give us light in the gloomy night like unto silver moons?

And is the water of life so far away? Has the cup floated beyond the clouds?

Amrita is here. Wherever men and women work together in peace and industry, there is Amrita. For friendship of man to man; reverence for the good teachers; and love towards human beings and towards our animal helpers, that is the water of life.

Co-operation is the water.

Fellowship in the daily work of the world is the water.¹

¹ For details of the legend of the Churning, see J. C. Oman's *Great Indian Epics*, pp. 198—203.

CVII.

ONE way in which self-culture may be degraded is by regarding it too exclusively as a means of "getting on." Viewed in this light, it is unquestionable that education is one of the best investments of time and labour. In any line of life, intelligence will enable a man to adapt himself more readily to circumstances, suggest improved methods of working, and render him more apt, skilled and effective in all respects. He who works with his head as well as his hands, will come to look at his business with a clearer eye; and he will become conscious of increasing power—perhaps the most cheering consciousness the human mind can cherish. The power of self-help will gradually grow; and in proportion to a man's self-respect, will he be armed against the temptation of low indulgences. Society and its action will be regarded with quite a new interest, his sympathies will widen and enlarge, and he will thus be attracted to work for others as well as for himself.

Self-culture may not, however end in eminence, as in the numerous instances above cited. The great majority of men, in all times, however enlightened, must necessarily be engaged in the ordinary avocations of industry; and no degree of culture which can be conferred upon the community at large will ever enable them, even were it desirable, which it is not to get rid of the daily work of society, which must be done. But this, we think, may also be accomplished. We can elevate the condition of labour by allying it to noble thoughts, which confer a grace upon the lowliest as well as the highest rank. For no matter how poor or humble a man may be, the great thinker of this and other days may come in and sit down with him, and be his companion for the time, though his dwelling be the meanest hut. It is thus that the habit of well-directed reading may become a source of the greatest pleasure and self-improvement, and exercise a gentle coercion, with the most beneficial results, over the whole tenour of a man's character and conduct. And even though self-culture may not bring wealth, it will at all events give one the companionship of elevated thoughts. A nobleman once contemptuously asked of a sage, "What have you got by all your philosophy?" "At least I have got society in myself," was the wise man's reply.

CVIII.

Education and admonition commence in the first years of childhood, and last to the very end of life. Mother and nurse and father and tutor are vying with one another about the improvement of the child as soon as ever he is able to understand what is being said to him: he cannot say or do anything without their setting forth to him that this is just and that is unjust; this is honourable, that is dishonourable; this is holy, that is unholy; do this and abstain from that. And if he obeys, well

and good ; if not, he is straightened by threats and blows, like a piece of bent or warped wood. At a later stage they send him to teachers, and enjoin them to see to his manners even more than to his reading and music ; and the teachers do as they are desired. And when the boy has learned his letters and is beginning to understand what is written, as before he understood only what was spoken, they put into his hands the works of great poets, which he reads sitting on a bench at school ; in these are contained many admonitions, and many tales and praises, and encomia of ancient famous men, which he is required to learn by heart, in order that he may imitate or emulate them and desire to become like them. Then, again, the teachers of the lyre take similar care that their young disciple is temperate and gets into no mischief ; and when they have taught him the use of the lyre, they introduce him to the poems of other excellent poets, who are the lyric poets ; and these they set to music, and make their harmonies and rhythms quite familiar to the children's souls, in order that they may learn to be more gentle, and harmonious, and rhythmical, and so more fitted for speech and action ; for the life of man in every part has need of harmony and rhythm. Then they send them to the master of gymnastic, in order that their bodies may better minister to the virtuous mind, and that they may not be compelled through bodily weakness to play the coward in war or on any other occasion. This is what is done by those who have the means, and those who have the means are the rich ; their children begin to go to school soonest and leave off latest. When they have done with masters, the stage again compels them to learn the laws, and live after the pattern which they furnish, and not after their own fancies ; and just as in learning to write, the writing-master first draws lines with a style for the use of the young beginner, and gives him the tablet and makes him follow the lines so the city draws the laws, which were the invention of good lawgivers living in the olden time ; these are given to the young man, in order to guide him in his conduct whether he is commanding or obeying ; and he who transgresses them is to be corrected, or, in other words, called to account, which is a term used not only in your country, but also in many others, seeing that justice calls men to account. Now when there is all this care about virtue, private and public, why, Socrates, do you still wonder and doubt whether virtue can be taught ? Cease to wonder, for the opposite would be far more surprising.

CIX.

A boy may begin to learn at the age of ten or twelve. For about four years he is taught freehand drawing by the head-carver, or perhaps by his own father, so that he may get used to all the little points in the figures of dogs, camels, flowers, etc. The next step is to give the lad a file and a rough lump of coarse ivory, so that he may learn to rub it smooth. He is kept at this work for about two years. The third step

is to teach him to draw on ivory with a lead pencil. Later on, he will cut such pictures with his tools. He will carve men and animals, or pierce a thin piece of ivory with holes so as to produce the beautiful work known as perforated. And most likely he will not be a really skilled artist until he has been trained for twenty or twenty-five years. Then at length he makes things that give joy to the eyes of Indians, and are admired by the people of Europe and America.¹

So it is with the carving of thoughts and ideas and feelings in the mind of man. It is the finest art in the world to teach a child's soul, and make good marks, or characters, on its heart. The marks, well made in childhood, last through the whole of life.

When I speak of teaching the child's soul, I mean the souls and characters of girls as well as boys. In olden times girls were thought to be of less value than boys. To-day our ideas rise higher, and we are beginning to give as much respect to girls as to their brothers, and this respect is shown in their education. In Europe, in America, in South Africa, in Japan, in Australia, good schools are built for girls, and noble women teach in them. India too has made a beginning. For instance, in 1894, a lady - Mataji Maharani Tapaswini—opened a school for thirty girls in Calcutta. In 1910 the school—the Central Mahakali Pathshala—taught to 500 girls the duties of the household, the rich learning of Indian books and history, and the precious examples of Sītā and Sāvitrī. The gracious Mataji was descended from an ancient family in Southern India. She learned Sanskrit, and practised the simple life, living chiefly on milk and tea. The Mataji could paint well, ride well on horseback, do housework well, and talk well on the wisdom of the fathers (the Vedantic philosophy). She lived for others, and spent her wealth in works of mercy, in printing good books, and in founding the girls' school. Other noble natures and kind teachers will arise and give the blessing of education to the maidens of India, so that this great land may have daughters as well-trained and as thoughtful as their sisters in all the other countries of the world.

In the fairy tale of the *Evil Eye of Sani* we hear of the man Sribatsa who suffered many hardships in his wanderings. While on his travels he was overtaken by darkness and he climbed up into a tree as a shelter for the night. Next morning he came down and saw a Kapila-cow, which never has calves, and gives milk at all hours of the day. Having partaken of a good milk meal, he noticed that the cow-dung was of gold!

Sribatsa wrote his name in the cow-dung. It hardened into a brick—a golden brick—and his name was still preserved.

For many days he stayed in that spot, and the bricks grew in number, and made quite a pile. On every brick his name was written. The plastic, soft material—once marked with the name *Sribatsa*—retained the word even when it hardened. The impression was lasting.²

¹ Ellis's *Ivory Carving in the Punjab*, pp. 7-8.

² *Folk-Tales of Bengal*, by the Rev. Lal Behari Day.

The school tries to make lasting impressions. The school tries to do four things :—

1. To teach the young citizen to act temperately, kindly, justly ; to live for others.
 2. To teach the young citizen to love what is beautiful in the world about him, in forest, field, building, carving, picture, etc.
 3. To teach the young citizen to think, to reason, to use his wit and commonsense.
 4. To teach the young citizen to do useful service in his trade or profession, whether he works with his hands or his head.
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