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## SHANTINATH CHARITRA

### 1. FIVE PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS

Om! Homage to holy Santinatha, all of whose impurity has been extinguished, the sixteenth Arhat and the fifth cakrin.

I shall celebrate his life, which was extremely pure, the only sun for the destruction of the intense darkness of *delusion*.

#### *Incarnation as Srisena*

In this very Jambudvipa, which is a circle in shape, there is this zone Bharata which is like the seventh part of the moon. In its southern half there is a city, named Ratnapura, which resembles the city of the gods, the ornament of the middle section (of southern Bharata). In this city there was a king, named Srisena, lotus-eyed, like a blooming lotus for the dwelling of the goddess sri. Continually, he showed great respect for *dharmā*\* like an elder brother; and he guarded wealth and love uninjured like younger brothers. He fulfilled constantly the requests of petitioners; but, on the contrary, not those of other men's love-sick wives, as he was well-versed in proper conduct. His beauty was so apart from all comparison that he was beyond the range of even a picture by painters. While preserving his *sovereignty* first in tribute, he worshipped *compassion* like a wish-granting deity.

His wife, named Abhinandita, was *irreproachable* in conduct, delighting the heart by her speech, moonlight to the lotus of the eye. She did not deviate from good conduct at all, even in thought, but adorned herself with it. For outer adornment is of little importance. Even ornaments were ornamented by her when she put them on her body, but they were really a burden to her naturally fair. There was a counterpart in mirrors, and nowhere else, of her form whose limbs were overflowing loveliness and virtue. Ornamented with good *qualities*, she ornamented three families her father's, mother's, and husband's simultaneously, as if she had several forms, though only one.

The king had also a second wife, named Sikhinandita, delighting the peacock of the heart like a bank of clouds.

In the course of time, Queen Abhinandita, experiencing unbroken sensuous pleasure with her husband, conceived an embryo. She saw in a dream a sun and moon placed in her lap; and her husband said, "You will have a distinguished pair of sons." When the time was completed, Queen Abhinandita bore twin sons, not inferior to the sun and moon in brilliance. King Srisena named his two sons Indusena and Bindusena at a big festival. Cherished by nurses with great care like flowers, they grew up gradually like extra arms for the king. Then the king had them taught the sciences, grammar, et cetera, by a teacher, like their own names. They became expert in military science and also the other arts, and skilled in the entrance and exit of an army. They both attained youth which purifies the form, the dawn for the blooming of the lotus of the emotion\* of love.

### *Story of Kapila*

Now there is a very wealthy village, named Acala-grama, a head-village in the Magadhas in this Bharata. In it there was the crest-jewel of Brahmans, named Dharanijata, famous throughout the earth, knowing the four Vedas and their supplements. He had a wife, Yasobhadra, devoted to welfare, well-born, beautiful as a household Laksmi. In course of time she bore two sons, lights of the house; the elder, Nandibhuti and the younger, Sribhuti. The Brahman also had a slave-girl, Kapila, and he enjoyed pleasure with her also for a long time. Verily, the senses are difficult to subdue. To him enjoying her at will in turn, Kapila bore a son, Kapila.

The Brahman, himself, modest, taught the Vedas and their supplements with their *esoteric* meanings to his sons borne by Yasobhadra. Kapila, who was extremely intelligent, listened in silence and became thoroughly conversant with the ocean of Vedas. What does not belong to the sphere of intelligence? With the appearance of a

learned man, he left his father's house, put the double sacred cord around his neck and, saying, "I am the best of Brahmans," in a voice like beating a drum, wandered in foreign countries. What country is foreign to the learned? As he wandered gradually, he arrived at the town Ratnapura and made a display of learning, thundering like a cloud of the rainy season.

In this town there lived a teacher of all the townsmen, a depository of arts, named Satyaki, adorned with pupils who were receptacles of intelligence. Kapila went every day to Satyaki's school and solved the doubts of the students who asked questions. In astonishment Satyaki, knowing the collection of Vedic texts, questioned him from curiosity about the *esoteric* meanings, difficult to know, of the sacred books. Kapila recited them in detail to him, observed by the trusting students with the idea that he was a teacher. Satyaki made him head of his work in the school, like a king appointing an heir-apparent. where are brilliant *qualities* not valuable? Daily, Kapila gave explanations to all the pupils and Satyaki, free from anxiety, treated him like his own son. Kapila showed extreme *devotion* to Satyaki like a father and Satyaki, elighted, thought, "What can I do for him?"

Then Satyaki's wife, named Jambuka, said : "Even if you are giving it your attention, still I remind you: You have a daughter, Satyabhama, borne by me, endowed with infinite beauty and grace like a daughter of the gods, well-bred, modest, endowed with forbearance, *humility*, sincerity. Why do you not search for a husband who attained adolescence for her? How can a man sleep whose daughter, debt, enmity, or disease is increasing in size? Yet you sleep heedlessly."

Satyaki replied: "That is very true, my dear. All this time I have not found a suitable husband for Satyabhama. This Brahman, Kapila, good-looking, foremost among the gifted, young, well-bred, is a suitable husband for Satyabhama." Jambuka agreed; and at an auspicious\* moment Satyaki married Satyabhama and Kapila with suitable ceremonies. Honored by the citizens in all the city as much as Satyaki, daily he (Kapila) enjoyed pleasures with good-tempered Satyabhama. The people gave him special money, rice, et cetera, on all the festival-days, thinking, "He is more to be honored even than Satyaki." Living in this way, best of living Brahtnans, Kapila became well-endowed with money as well as good qualities.

One day during the rains he left his home at night to see a show and stayed there for a long time. When he was half-way home, it rained very hard, causing a darkness that could be pierced by a

needle. Then he stripped himself, as there was no one about, put his clothes under his arm, and dressed at the door of his house. Satyabhama thought to herself, "My husband's clothes will be wet from the rain," got other clothes, and approached him. Kapila said to his wife, "Foolish woman, my clothes are not wet from the power of a vidya. There is no need of other clothes." Satyabhama perceived that his clothes were dry and his body wet all over and thought to herself, "If he protected his clothes from the rain by the power of a vidya, why did he not protect his body? He certainly came nude. From that conduct I think my husband is low-born. Because he is very intelligent, he learned the sacred texts just by hearing with the ear' She reflected thus, and from that time she became indifferent, like a miserable woman who has been taken captive.

It happened at that time that Dharanijata became poor and, as he had heard that Kapila was rich, he came to get money from him. Kapila welcomed him by washing his feet, et cetera. An ordinary guest must be honored, how much more a guest who is a father. Then after his father had bathed and the customary rites had been performed, when it was meal-time, Kapila said to his wife, "He is my father. So, wife, prepare the best place for food\* apart<sup>128</sup> for my father." When she had seen the different conduct of the father and son, *Satya* was very terrified, for she herself was well-born. Knowing by his *irreproachable* conduct that her father-in-law was well-born, she honored him like a father, like a teacher, like a god.

One day she gave him in secret the Brahman-murder-oath<sup>129</sup> and asked her father-in-law with great respect: "Is this son of yours of pure origin on both sides, or of a secret origin? Please tell me the truth." Then Dharanijata, noble by nature and afraid of breaking his oath, related the facts. Then dismissed by Kapila, the Brahman Dharanijata went again to his village, Acalagrama.

Satyabhama went and informed Sri Srisena as follows: "By chance this low-born man became my husband. So, now free me from him, like a *cow* from a tiger, like the moon from Rahu, like a sparrow from a hawk. I, a very virtuous wife, released by him, will perform good deeds. I have been deceived for so long a time because of bad conduct in former births."

Srisena summoned Kapila himself and said to him: "Let Satyabhama go for the sake of good conduct. What kind of pleasure will you have with her averse to you, as if she were another man's wife taken by force?" Kapila replied: "I cannot endure life for a moment without her. She alone is a life-giving herb to me. I will never abandon her, my own wife. Abandoning and causing *abandonment* are suitable for courtesans." Satyabhama, angry, said, "If he does

not let me go, I shall surely enter either fire or water.” The king said: “Do not make her abandon life. Let your wife remain several days in my house.” Kapila agreed to this; and she, given in charge to the queen by the king, continued to practice penance of many kinds.

At that time the King of Kausambi, *Bala*<sup>s</sup> by name, very powerful, sent his daughter, Srikanta, daughter of Queen Srimati, a beautiful young woman, in great style at her choosing of Indusena, son of Srisena. Indusena and Bindusena noticed an extremely beautiful courtesan, Anantamatika, who had come in attendance on her. Saying, “She is mine,” “She is mine,” angered, they both went to the garden Devaramana. There the two, armed, powerful, fought like untamed bulls, because of the *desire* to enjoy the peerless beauty.

The king was not able to prevent their fight. For he had always held conciliation dear, whereas the *arrogant* must be subdued by assault. The king could not prevent their conduct being seen and, after deliberating with Abhinandita and Sikhinandita, saying, “The time has come,” he smelled a lotus permeated with the poison talaputa<sup>130</sup> and died immediately. Then both the queens smelled the same lotus and died. High-born women do not live at all without the husband. Satyabhama, *deprived* of protection, considering only evil could come from Kapila, also smelled the lotus and went the way of death.\*

### ***Second incarnation as a twin***

As these four had died from excessive *humility*, they were born as twins in the Uttarakuru-country in Jambudvipa. Srisena and Abhinandita were man and woman respectively; and Sikhinandita and Satyabhama the same. They had life-terms of three palyas\*, were three gavyutis tall, and led a very pleasant life, experiencing peerless pleasure.

### ***Former births of Indusena and Bindusena***

While Indusena and Bindusena were fighting, a king of the Vidyadharas came in his aerial car. He stood between them, his arm upraised, like the doorkeeper of a friendly deity, restraining them, and said; “Why, princes, do you fight, wanting her for a wife, ignorant of the fact that she is your sister? Hear my story in detail.

In Mahavideha of this same Jambudvipa, on the north bank of the river *Sita* there is a very extensive province Puskalavati. In it there is a lofty mountain, named Vaitadhya, the *abode* of Vidyadharas, like a silver *diadem* of the earth. In the northern row on the

mountain in the city Adityabha there is a king, named Sukundalin, like Kundalendra (Sesanaga) in *splendor*. He has a virtuous wife, Ajitasena. I am their son, named Manikundalin.

One day I went from that place through the air, like Garuda, to the city Pundarikini to worship the lord of Jinas. After I had worshipped the blessed Amitayasas, the Jinesvra, with hands placed together, I heard a sermon. At the end of the sermon, I asked the Blessed One, 'By what action did I become a Vidyadhara?' He said:

'In the very magnificent western half of Puskaravaradvipa, on the broad southern bank of the great river Sitoda, in the province Salilavati, there is a city Vitasoka, with people free from sorrow, like a svastika of the earth. Once upon a time a cakravartin lived there, named Ratnadhvaja, a Minadhvaja (Kama<sup>s</sup>) in beauty, a Kulisadhvaja (Indra) in strength. He had two chief-wives, ornamented with good conduct. One of them was Kanakasri and the other was Hemamalini. Kanakasi bore two daughters, like intelligence and beauty, indicated by a dream of two shoots of a kalpa-tree in her lap. At a festival equal to a birth-festival the father and mother gave them the names Kanakalata and Padmalata. Hemamalini bore a daughter, delighting the family, named Padma, indicated by the sight of a lotus-tendril in a dream. They attained the collection of arts and pure youth, like the manifold sris of the three worlds brought together in one place.

Padma became disgusted with existence because of the presence of the *sadhvi* Ajitasena and adopted *mendicancy* fittingly at her feet. One time, with permission of the *sadhvi*, she performed a penance consisting of one day fasts. In this there are sixty one day fasts and two three-day fasts.<sup>131</sup> One day when she had duly finished that severe penance, she was going outside on the highway for care of the body. She saw two powerful princes, eager for love, fighting over the courtesan Madanamanjari. When she had seen them, Padma reflected: "Oh, there is some beauty of the girl, since they are fighting on her account, see! By the power of this penance may I have such beauty in another birth." She made a *nidana*\* to this effect. She observed a fast at the end, died without confessing her *nidana*, and became a very powerful goddess in Saudharmakalpa.

Kanakasri wandered through existence, became you a Vidyadhara-king, named Manikundalin, because she had made gifts, et cetera, in the last birth. Kanakalata and Padmalata, after wandering through existence, because they had practiced the *dharmā*\* of gifts, et cetera, many times in former births, became Indusena and Bindusena, sons of Srisena, in the city Ratnapura in Bharata in Jambudvipa. The *soul* of Padma fell from Saudharmakalpa and became a

courtesan, Anantamatika, in Kausambi the same Bharata. Now Indusena and Bindusena are fighting in the grove Devaramana over Anantamatika.’

After hearing about the former births, I came here from affection to prevent you from fighting by describing the former births. I was your mother in a former birth; this courtesan was your sister. You should know that everything in worldly existence is blossoming with *delusion* in this way. Neither father, mother, sister, brother, nor even an enemy, is recognized by people covered by the curtain of a former birth, alas! alas! Throughout life the *soul* is wound in love, hate, et cetera, originating in the body, like a spider in spider-webs. Therefore, abandoning love, hate, and delusion at a distance, resort quickly to *mendicancy*, the gate to the city of *emancipation*.”

They said: “Shame! Shame! What have we, like wild animals because of delusion, undertaken for the sake of enjoying our sister? You were our mother in a former birth, but our guru in this one, since we have been kept from the wrong path by your enlightening us.”

With these words, they laid aside their arms and took the vow together with four thousand kings under the guru Bharmaruci. Then they went to the fortress, Lokagra,<sup>132</sup> by a very straight road, the thorns on the road in the form of their karma being burned by the fire of meditation\*

### ***Third incarnation as a god***

The four twins, Srisena and the others, died and became gods in the first heaven.

### ***Fourth incarnation as Amitatejas***

Now in this same Bharata on the best of mountains, Vaitadhya, there is a city named Rathanupuracakravala.

In it lived a lord of the Vidyadharas, Jvalanajatin, like a younger brother of Purandara<sup>s</sup>, endowed with many magic powers. His son, Arkakirti, like a full sun in brilliance, was the heir-apparent, self-chosen by the laksmi of enemies’ kingdoms. He (the king) had a daughter, Svayamprabha, younger than Arkakirti, delighting the eyes of all, like the light of the moon. The first of the Vasudevas, the son of Prajapati, the younger brother of Acala, Triprstha, lord of Potanapura, married her. Then the first Hari<sup>s</sup>, delighted, gave Vahnijatin unbroken lordship over the two rows of Vidyadhara-cities. Arkakirti’s wife was named Jyotirmala, the daughter of the Vidyadhara-king, Meghavana<sup>s</sup>.

The *soul* of Srisena fell from Saudharmakalpa at that time and descended into Jyotirmala's womb, like a *hansa* to a lotus. Then in a dream she saw a sun of infinite brilliance, lighting up the sky, enter her mouth. At the proper time she bore a son, marked with auspicious\* marks, like a very strong pillar for supporting the house of *sovereignty*. To him, possessing infinite brilliance in his form in accordance with the dream that had been seen, his parents gave the name Amitatejas.

Vahnijatin settled his kingdom on Arkakirti and became a *mendicant* under the flying rishis, Jagannandana and Abhinandana.

The soul of Satyabhama fell from Saudharma and became a daughter of Jyotirmala and Suryakirti. Because her mother saw a dream of beautiful stars while she was an embryo, her parents gave her the name Sutara.

The soul of Abhinandita fell from Saudharmakalpa and became a son of Triprstha and Svayamprabha. Because his mother saw a dream of Sri being sprinkled, while he was still in the womb, his father named him Srivijaya.

A second son of Svayamprabha was born, named Vijayabhadra, the *abode* of victory and good fortune.

The soul of Sikhinandita fell from the first heaven and became the daughter, Jyotihprabha, of Triprstha and Svayamprabha.

Kapila, who was formerly the husband of Satyabhama, after he had wandered for a long time in worldly existence in animal-birth-nuclei, et cetera, was born a famous Vidyadhara-king, named Asanighosa, in the city Camara-canca.

Arkakirti married his star-eyed daughter, Sutara, to Srivijaya, Triprstha's son. Triprstha married his fair daughter, Jyotihprabha, to Amitatejas, Arkakirti's son. Srivijaya enjoyed pleasures of the senses with Sutara and long-armed Amitatejas with Jyotihprabha.

One day, in an extensive garden, which resembled Saumanasa in beauty, outside the city Rathanupura-cakravala, the three men, Abhinandana, Jagannandana, and Agnijatin, like the three jewels knowledge, et cetera embodied, made a stop. When Arkakirti knew that his father had come, and also the two gurus of his father, he came and paid homage. Eagerness admits no delay whatever.

Then *Muni* Abhinandana delivered a sermon which resembled the sun for melting the mass of snow of strong *delusion*. From that sermon Arkakirti felt disgust with existence and, his hands placed together, said to Abhinandana, "Wait here until I come to take the vow after installing Amitatejas on my throne." "There must be no negligence." So instructed by the great sage, Arkakirti went to his home, his mind already resolved. Again and again requesting

Amitatejas persistently, he made him take the kingdom. For this is the custom of father and son. Then his ceremony of departure was held by King inherited and he adopted *mendicancy* under *Muni Abhinandana*. The royal muni, Arkakirti, governing the kingdom of *tranquility*, wandered over the earth with his gurus, Amitatejas, *resplendent*, the stool of his lotus-feet rubbed by the diadems of Vidyadhara-kings, directed the administration of the kingdom inherited from his father.

### *Srivijaya's story*

Now, the *Bala*<sup>s</sup> *Acala*, feeling disgust with existence from grief at *Triprstha's* death\*, established *Srivijaya* in the kingdom and became a *mendicant*. Worshipped by kings, chosen as a husband by the *Sri* of victory, *Srivijaya* directed his ancestral kingdom.

One day, *Amitatejas* went to the city *Potanapura*, eager to see *Sutara* and *Srivijaya*. He saw the town with banners, platforms, and arches, with an empire of joy created, like a palace in *Anuttara*. Astonished, seeing the royal family especially delighted, he descended there from the sky, like the sun to the ocean. Seeing him at a distance, King *Srivijaya* rose. Honor is suitable for any guest; how much more for such a guest. The brothers-in-law embraced each other; and the king and his sister embraced each other closely, pools of nectar of strong delight. The two sat on costly lion-thrones, like the sun and moon on the eastern and western mountains.

Then *Amitatejas*, clear-minded, asked him: "It is not the *kau-mudi-festival*;<sup>133</sup> it is not the full moon-day of the month *Agrahayana*; it is not summer; it is not spring; it is not the birth of a son to you, king. Because of what festival is the city seen to have joy springing forth?"

Then *Srivijaya* related: "On the eighth day before this, a certain astrologer, acquainted with the future, came here. I questioned him respectfully, 'Have you come here to ask for something or to tell something?' and he replied clearly: 'Even if we live only by alms, king, nevertheless it is not fitting to ask anything from you now. I have come here to tell what cannot be told. When it has been told, the remedy would be by *dharma*\* , et cetera. On the seventh day from today at noon a resounding thunderbolt will fall on the lord of *Potanapura*,' The chief minister, very disgusted at that speech bitter as poison, said, 'What will fall on you?' The astrologer replied: 'Do not be angry at me, minister. I tell this which has been seen in the *sastras*, sir. I have no enemy here. On the contrary, on that day a rain

of clothes, ornaments, jewels, and gold, like a stream of treasure, will fall on me.'

I said to the minister: 'Do not be angry with him, noble sir. He is a benefactor, like a spy, because he tells the truth. But, astrologer, tell where you learned the *omen*. There is no confidence in the speech of one without authentic knowledge without proof.'

The astrologer replied: 'Hear, O king. My father, Sandilya, became a *mendicant* with Prince Baladeva<sup>8</sup> when he adopted mendicancy. After that I became a mendicant, confused by love for my father. Then I learned the whole collection of omens. Undeviating knowledge may be only from the teaching of the Jinās, not elsewhere. Profit and loss; pleasure and pain; life and death<sup>\*</sup>; victory and defeat: I know these eightfold omens.

After I had grown up, one day in wandering I came to an excellent town Padminikhanda. My father's sister, Hiranyalomika, lives there, and her grown daughter, Candrayasas. Formerly she had given her (in betrothal), when she was a small girl, to me still a boy. The marriage had not taken place because of the obstacle of my initiation. When I saw her, I, infatuated, abandoned the vow like a burden and married her. For how long do those *afflicted* by love have discrimination? Knowing my own good fortune and your great misfortune by omens, I came here. Do that which you know, O king.'

After saying this, he ceased speaking. The family-ministers, though intelligent, were bewildered at once in regard to the king's protection. One of the ministers said, 'There are no bolts of lightning on the ocean, surely. The master should embark on a boat and stay there seven days.' A second minister said, 'This does not seem to me a good idea. Who, pray, will ward off lightning falling there? Since there are no bolts of lightning in *avasarpini* on Vaitadhya, our lord should go to a cave on top of it and live for seven days,' A third minister said, 'I do not approve of that. For whatever event must take place necessarily will not be changed by any place whatever.

### ***Story of Brahman boy***

In this very Bharata in the city *Vijaya* there lived a good Brahman, named Rudrasoma. He had been childless but, because of great offerings with prayers, a son, Sikhin, was borne by his wife, Jvalanasikha. Once upon a time, a very cruel Raksasa came there, installed by a cruel fate, fond of human flesh. Daily he kills many humans, but eats only a little and leaves the rest like refuse. The king said to him conciliatingly: "Why do you kill many men uselessly? Even tigers, et cetera, ignorant, kill one creature, a cure for

hunger. Every day you too must take one man for food\* He himself will come there in turn determined by myself.” This arrangement was endorsed by the Raksasa.

The king made name-balls of the people living in his city to determine their turn. The one to whose lot the ball fell when it was drawn by hand, went forth, turned into food for the Raksasa, to protect the city. One day the ball of the Brahman’s son appeared. His name inside was read like a letter from *Yama*. When his mother heard that, she made even the cattle weep, crying pathetically, “Oh, son, you are dead! You are dead!” Near her house was a large haunted house and her wailing, painful to the ears to hear, was heard by the demons. Their sympathy was aroused and they said to the Brahman’s wife: “Do not cry. Be at ease. Let your son go to the Raksas. We will bring him back to your presence in front of the Raksasa. He will not transgress the law and neither will he die.” Just as she said, “Good, O gods! good!” the guards seized her son and led him away like a goat. When the Raksasa receives the Brahman’s son delivered by the guards, the bhuts take him away and lead him to his mother. Terrified, foreseeing dreadful events, the Brahman’s wife put her son at once into a mountain-cave for protection. He was *devoured* by a vigilant python living there. Likewise, other future events would not be changed in any place.

Therefore, this is not the proper expedient. Everyone should perform penance, since karma, even though very firm,<sup>134</sup> is destroyed by penance.’

The fourth minister said: ‘This man foretold that a bolt of lightning would fall on the lord of Potana, not on Srivijaya. Therefore someone else should be made king in the city for seven days. The thunderbolt will fall on him. Let your danger pass through him.

Then the astrologer, delighted, said to the minister: ‘Your sense-knowledge is better than my knowledge of omens. Make him (king) quickly to ward off misfortune. The king should remain in a shrine, engaged in worship of the Jinas.’ I said, ‘How can I consider the destruction of the innocent man who would be crowned king today? It is very painful to all creatures from Sakra to a worm to abandon life. How shall a miserable man *perish* while I look on? Our chief duty as a human being is to protect the life of other creatures. How can we kill another to save our own life?’

The ministers said: ‘Your Majesty, we have indeed a twofold purpose. Calamity will pass away from the master and no man will perish. O king, install a statue of Vaisravana (Kubera) as king. All the people will Attend it, like you, for seven days. If there should be

no calamity, because of the god's power, it would be a good thing; if there should be, there will not be the evil of the destruction of life I agreed, 'That is a suitable idea,' and went to the Jina's temple and remained there on a bed of darbha, observing pausadha. They conducted themselves toward Vaisravana's statue as if it were the king. For wise men go to another master even for their master's benefit. When the seventh day came, a cloud arose in the sky at noon, thundering very violently, terrible like the clouds at the end of the world. From that dreadful cloud, as if splitting the universe, a thunderbolt fell on this Yaksha who had been made king. When the bolt of lightning fell on that Yaksha, there was a rain of jewels, et cetera on the astrologer, made by the women of the household, et cetera. The best of astrologers endowed the town of Padmini-khanda with unbroken wealth and was dismissed by me. I had a new statue of Vaisravana made at once of divine jewels, since he was my brother in misfortune. So these citizens, ministers, et cetera are holding a great festival, the crest-jewel of all festivals, from joy at the allaying of my trouble."

When he had heard this story, Amitatejas joyfully honored his sister, Sutara, with gifts of clothes and ornaments. After he had passed some time with Sutara and Srivijaya, Amitatejas went to his own city.

### *Kapila's incarnation as Asanighosa*

Then King Srivijaya went with Queen Sutara to the garden Jyotirvana with a *desire* for amusement. At that time Asanighosa, Kapila's *soul*, was flying through the air, after subduing the vidya Viprataranika, and saw Queen Sutara, his wife in a former birth, a beautiful married woman, pleasuring with her husband. Though he did not remember the relation from the former birth, from infatuation he felt a longing for her like his own wife. By the power of a vidya, he created a golden deer, captivating the eye, running before them like a divine ball. When Queen Sutara saw it adorned with hooves and horns made of sapphire, with eyes shining like blue lotuses, throwing off gold, as it were, from the extremely yellow color of its body, adorning the sky with its leaps and the ground with its footprints, she said to her husband, "O master, bring the deer here. It might be a playmate for me." The king, so told by his wife, ran after the deer that was like a loose horse\*, equal to the wind in speed. The deer, sometimes crooked, sometimes straight, like a river-stream, never stumbling, led the king far away. Sometimes visible, sometimes invisible, sometimes on the earth, sometimes in the air, it could not be caught, like an illusory divinity.

When Srivijaya had gone far away, Asanighosa gradually approached and seized the queen like a solitary goddess of the forest. Then the vidya, Pratarani, commanded by the villain, assumed the form of Sutara and cried out, "I have been bitten by a kurkutahi."<sup>135</sup> When he heard that, the king abandoned the deer and returned. On the part of the wise there is exertion for acquisition when there is security (of what they already have).<sup>136</sup> When he saw her fallen on the ground, her body powerless, the king treated her with the best amulets, charms, and herbs. All the medicine, et cetera, though seen to be reliable before, were useless for her, like benefits to a base person. Her lotus-eyes closed, the color of her face pallid, her thighs trembling, her breasts quivering, the ligaments, bones, and joints of her body and limbs relaxed, she soon died, while the king looked on.

When he saw her lifeless, the best of kings fell to the ground in a *swoon*, unconscious as if dead. Sprinkled with sandal-paste, his consciousness restored, the chief of kings cried out aloud:

"Oh! Oh! I have been robbed by fate leading you away, beautiful one. My life existed from breath having your form alone. Without you I here will fall from the weight of the burden of sorrow, like an old house *deprived* of the support of its pillars, wife. Oh! Oh! I, a fool, occupied with my wife's command, was deceived by the golden deer which attracted my wife. In my presence not even Taksaka could bite my wife, to say nothing of a kurkutahi. But fate is strong. Abandoning my life to follow my wife into the fire, I shall make up the deficit today of an evil approaching fate."

Resolute, the king adorned with her the funeral-pyre, which had been made at once, as if it were a couch in a pleasure-house. When the fire began to burn, immediately two Vidyadharas came there. One of them sprinkled the pyre with water and recited a mantra, and then Pratarani fled with a burst of laughter. "Where is the blazing fire and where is my dead wife? Who gave that loud laugh? And what is this play of fate?" With these reflections, the king, uninjured, asked the two men of a pleasing appearance before him, "What happened?"

They bowed to the king and replied with suitable respect, "We are soldiers of the Vidyadhara-king, Amita-tejas, father and son, Sambhinnasrotas and Dipasikha. We set out of our own accord to worship the sacred places and images of the Jinas. As we were flying here, we heard this pathetic speech, painful to the ears to hear, which made even the animals prick up their ears: 'Oh! Srivijaya, lord of my life, served by kings! Oh! brother Amitatejas, the equal of the sun in *splendor*! Oh! friend Vijayabhadra, equal in strength to

Balabhadra! Oh! family-deities of Triprstha always near! Save, oh, save Sutara without delay from this wicked Vidyadhara, like a *doe* from a wolf.’ Learning that our master’s sister was being carried off by a villain, we followed that voice, like arrows striking an object from its sound. Soon we saw Sutara, tremulous-eyed, seized by Asanighosa, like a lotus by an elephant.\* Unable to overlook the master’s sister being kidnapped, frowning, we said to the enemy:

Look here, Vidyadhara, wretched Asanighosa, where are you going after seizing Sutara, like an outcaste seizing a statue of a god? Villain, you die. We are going to kill you. Draw your weapon. We are soldiers of the Vidyadhara-king, Amitatejas.’ Insulting him with these words, we approached with drawn swords with the intention of killing the *basest* of men, like cobras a *partridge*. Then Queen Sutara said: ‘stop your fighting. Go to the grove Jyotirvana. My lord Srivijaya is there. Stop Srivijaya who has been induced to abandon his life by Pratarani who deceived him. I live only while he lives.’ At her command we came here to you quickly and extinguished the fire of the funeral pyre with charmed water. The vidya Pratarani in the form of Sutara, excited, fled with loud laughter like a vampire.”

Knowing that Sutara had been kidnapped, the king was depressed, the fire of separation burning more than the fire of the funeral-pyre. They said to him: “Master, do not grieve. He is not clever. He has not gone far from you like fate. Where will he go?” They bowed to the king, with knees touching the ground and, after begging him urgently, took him with themselves to Vaitadhya. Then Amitatejas, like victory embodied, at once arose with all his army to honor Srivijaya. After seating him on a suitable seat with great respect, Amitatejas eagerly asked reason for his coming. The two excellent Vidyauged by Srivijaya, told in detail the story of Sutara’s kidnapping.

Arkakirti’s son, his brow wrinkled with a frown, his cheeks and eyes red with *anger*, said to the king: “How long shall Asanighosa, basest of men, live, after kidnapped Sutara, your wife and my sister, like scratching the mouth of the serpent Taksaka, like lifting up a handful of the mane of a sleeping lion?” Then Arkakirti’s son himself gave Srivijaya the vidya obstructing weapons\*, capturing, and also releasing. He, causing death\* to enemies, sent five hundred of his sons Rasmivega, Amitavega, Ravivega, Arkakirti, Bhanuvega, Adityayasas, Bhanu<sup>s</sup>, Citraratha, Arkaprabha, Arkaratha, Ravitejas, Prabhakara<sup>s</sup>, Kiranavega, Sahasrakirana and others accompanied by an army with the best of heroes, Triprstha’s son, to the city Camaracanca to take Sutara from Asanighosa at once. Then Triprstha’s son went to Camaracanca instantly, the whole sky being covered with

the Vidyadhara-army; making hundreds of comets appear, as it were, in the sky from the soldiers' weapons; making the horses of the sun neigh by the neighings of many horses; spreading another bank of clouds, as it were, in the sky by the elephants; showing portentous suns, as it were, by shining aerial cars.

Knowing that Asanighosa was versed in vidyas, Arkakirti's son went with his son, Sahasrarasmi, not inferior in power, to Mt. Himavat to subdue for himself the vidya named Mahajvala, which destroys the vidyas of enemies. There he engaged in pratima for seven days with a month's fast<sup>136</sup> at the very purifying feet of Rsi's Jayanta engaged in pratima and also of Dharanendra and he began the work of subduing the vidya. Sahasrarasmi guarded his father thus occupied and a little less than a month passed while they were thus engaged.

Now King Srivijaya halted at a point outside Camara and sent a messenger to Asanighosa. The messenger spoke fearlessly to Asanighosa: "Shame on this shameless deed that you, like a crow, have done. Verily, manhood is only a pretense on the part of people lacking in courage and strength. Of such people you are the foremost, kidnapped the queen in this way. Shame on the behavior, sever witnessed before, of you wearing a beard,<sup>137</sup> making the vidya Pratarani appear to Srivijaya then. Do you not know at all Srivijaya, a sun in *splendor*? The tricks off such people as you are effective with a person lacking in splendor. Just as he has come here, after making the vidya powerless, so he will take away Sutara by force. So surrender her yourself, wise sir. If you surrender the queen yourself and make submission, your life will prosper. Otherwise, Kmasa (*Yama*) is ready."

Asanighosa said in a voice terrible as thunder: "Oh! it is a good thing I have seen you, messenger. I have nowhere seen such a person. If Srivijaya comes here, then what about the poor wretch? Birds go to Sumeru. Is there manliness in them? By a single atom of effort on my part he will go away, his power destroyed. The current of a river does not tolerate a temple of sand. Let him depart to his own home by the road by which he has come; but if he asks for Sutara, he will go to the home of Yama. Let him go or let him stay now, after considering the two possibilities. You go now and report to him what I say."

The messenger, thus instructed by him, quickly left his city and reported the base creature's message to Triprstha's son. When he had heard his message that was like a wind to the fire of *anger*, King Srivijaya made ready his army, though (already) ready. Knowing

that Srivijaya's soldiers were eager for battle, Asanighosa instructed his sons for hospitality to battle. Asvaghosa, Sataghosa, Sahasraghosa, Mahaghosa, Bhimaghosa, *Ghana*-ghosa, and others; and their sons, Meghaghosa and the rest all with a complete army left by the gate of Camara-canca for battle.

Battle-drums of both armies sounded with a very deep noise like an autumn-cloud. The two armies began a great battle which made the sky have a hundred moons from the bobbing umbrellas that had been cut by arrows; which had many Rahun, as it were, congealed from the cut-off heads flying up; which had falling meteors, as it were, from the falling bright arrows; which had mountains striking together from the rutting elephants striking each other; which seemed to have a twilight-cloud resting on the ground from the bloody mud; which had a throng of demons intoxicated from drinking blood like wine; which seemed to have weapons\* (hurled) with muttered charms by roaring soldiers; which had a sky starred with pearls rising from the elephants' protuberances struck by arrows; which seemed to have night produced by the dust of the soldiers on all sides.

Some, completely dazed by terrible blows in attacks by clubs, were fanned by relatives who used the ends of their garments as fans. Some who were thirsty were given to drink again and again by their wives carrying jars of water, following them. Some, even while their wives looked on, were chosen by goddesses, saying eagerly, "He shall be my lord." "He shall be mine." One man, long-armed, after taking an enemy's head, dances and the enemy's corpse danced as if in rivalry with him. Another leaped from his first chariot which was broken and went to another chariot, like a monkey from one tree to another. Another strong soldier, who had fought for a long time, whose weapons had fallen from his hand, struck an enemy with his helmet and killed him. Some, all of whose weapons had been lost, fought with their arms, like elephants with their tusks. A little less than a month passed while the two armies fought with missiles, weapons, and 'craft. The sons of Asanighosa, injured by beatings, were broken by Srivijaya's soldiers like trees by winds.

Then Asanighosa, who had strength of arm and preeminent vidyas, raising a huge club like a thunderbolt, scolding the broken princes, intending to break the enemy, plunged into the enemy's army, like a boar into a pool, like the churning-stick into the ocean. The sons of Amitatejas were quickly defeated by him. Wise men requite an action at once. Seeing Sutara's nephews defeated, King Srivijaya himself rushed into battle, saying to the enemy, "Halt! Halt!" Then the two, thundering and threatening each other, showing

the power of weapons\* and the power of vidyas to be such, avoiding each other's blows with great dexterity, watched by gods and asuras, long-armed, fought.

Then Srivijaya, angry, powerful, struck with a sword and divided Asanighosa as easily as a plantain-stalk. The two parts became two Asanighosas terrifying the soldiers by noise, like two banyan trees from a banyan root. When he made the two Asanighosas twofold, they! became four Asanighosas raised up. When the king divided the four, eight Asanighosas appeared on the battle-bed. So by the Asanighosas cut up by him again and again, became thousands of Asanighosas like stalks of rice. King of Potana was seen surrounded by many Asani at the same time, like Mt. Vindhya by clouds. When Srivijaya was exhausted from dividing them repeatedly, then Amitatejas came with Mahajvala who been subdued. Asanighosa's soldiers fled from the approaching Amitatejas, who was like the sun in brilliance, deer from a lion. Arkakirti's son instructed the Mahajvala, "These evil-souled enemies must not permitted to escape." The enemy, confused at once the great vidya, sought protection with Amitatejas offering protection. Like an elephant\* that has scented a rutting elephant, Asanighosa fled unimpeded, when he saw Amitatejas. The great vidya, Mahajvala, was told by Amitatejas, "You must bring back this wretch, even from a distance." Then the vidya, destructive of all vidyas, followed Asanighosa like an angry fate. Fleeing from her, he did not find shelter anywhere and entered the southern half of Bharata, seeking protection.

An elephant-banner<sup>138</sup> had been set up then on Mt. Siman in the shrine of Lord Sri Rsabha at the place of the *samavasarana*. There the Baladeva<sup>s</sup> Acala, fully conversant with the ocean of purvas,<sup>139\*</sup> absorbed in pure meditation\*, undertook pratima for one night. Then from the destruction of ghatikarmas, the great *muni*'s omniscience arose, a mirror for the reflection of the universe. Gods and asuras came together quickly like servants, wishing to make his *omniscience*-festival. Abhinandana and Jagannandana, Vahnijatin, Trijatin, Arkakirti, and Puspa-ketu; and flying rsis, Vimalamati and others, circumambulated *Bala*<sup>s</sup>, bowed, and sat down.

Asanighosa, terrified by Mahajvala's appearance, immediately took refuge\* with Acala, the sole pool of the nectar of *tranquility*. Mahajvala abandoned Asanighosa and returned. Even of Indra's thunderbolt there is no manifestation in a kevalin's assembly. The vidya went to Amitatejas and told him the whole story, ashamed of her own failure. When he had heard the story, Amitatejas and King

Srivijaya, also, rejoiced like a peacock at thunder. After giving instructions to Marici, "Take Sutara from that city and bring her quickly," his mind filled with eagerness, Amitatejas went with his soldiers and King Srivijaya to Mt. Siman by aerial car, swift as the wind. There, after worshipping Rsabhanatha's image first, they worshipped Baladeva<sup>s</sup> and sat down before him.

Now, Marici entered the city Camaracanca and went to Asanighosa's mother in his house. There he saw Sutara, like a lotus injured by cold, like a *cow* mired in mud, like a creeper reached by fire, like a *doe* caught in snare, like a digit of the moon standing in the sky, like a fish lying on a bank, like a cow-elephant captured in an elephant-trap, like a hansi that has reached a desert, fasting, grieved, repeating her husband's name alone a charm. Then he explained fully to Asanighosa's mother, "I am ordered by Amitatejas to take away Sutara." Asanighosa's mother took Sutara with her and went to Acala Swamin's assembly where Sutara's husband was. She delivered at that time Sutara to Srivijaya and Amitatejas, uninjured, just as if she had been deposited in trust. She worshipped Baladeva, a blessed omniscient, and sat down in the proper place, being in favor.

Then Asanighosa asked forgiveness of the kings of men and Vidyadharas, Srivijaya and Amitatejas, in a conciliatory speech. Then all remained in the assembly, their hostility allayed, and Acala Swamin delivered a sermon which conferred purification. At the end of the Asanighosa, his hands placed together touching forehead, declared to the great *muni*, Balabhadra:

"Sutara was not kidnapped by me, while she was her own home, like a lotus by an elephant, with evil intention. But, formerly I had gone from the city Camaracanca to the temple of the Blessed Muni Jayanta there I, reciting something like a bee, and fasting for days, had subdued the vidya Bhramari. When I on the way home, I saw Sutara here with Srivijaya in the grove Jyotirvana. For some reason love that is outside the sphere of words arose in me at the mere sight of her. I thought, 'I cannot go without her.' My mind is eager, as if it were completely joined (to hers). While she cannot be taken the side of powerful King Srivijaya, she cannot be taken, like the crest-jewel of Sesa. After *deluding* the king by the vidya Pratarani, I seized her, like a kite a string of pearls. I released her, *irreproachable*, into the hands of my own mother. There is not the least spot on her, not even a moon-spot. I did not even mention anything improper to her. But tell me, Blessed One, the cause of my love for her."

*Kapila's births*

Then the Blessed One related the story of Satyabhama and Kapila, and of Srisena, Sikhinandita, and Abhinandita. The *muni* further related: "Srisena, Abhinandita, Sikhinandita, and *Satya* became twins after death.\* After their death then the four became gods in Saudharma. After falling, Srisena became Amitatejas here; Sikhinandita's *soul* became his wife, Jyotihprabha; Abhinandita's soul became Srivijaya. Satyabhama's soul became Sutara.

Because Kapila died in painful meditation\*, he wandered through many birth-nuclei. He destroyed the karma arising from painful meditation by involuntary destruction of karma, being reborn again and again in animal-and hellish-births. On the bank of the Airavati in the forest Bhutaratna, Kapila became the son, Dharmila, of the *ascetic*, Jatilakausika, who was devoted to penance, and of his wife, Pavanavega, like the union of the yoke-pin and the yoke. Cherished by the women-ascetics like a tree in the court of the hermitage, the boy Dharmila gradually grew up.

After taking initiation at the side of his father as a (Saiva) ascetic, he began foolish penance,<sup>140</sup> for that was his father's and mother's kind. In winter on nights terrible from cold he endured a stream of water from a jar with a hole in the bottom, like a mountain rock enduring a stream from a cascade. The sun over his head and blazing fires at his sides so he endures the five fires at mid-day in summer. In pools dug by himself and filled with rain-water he stood in water up to his neck and recited mantras, et cetera to Siva<sup>s</sup>. He dug and had dug flanks, wells, and ponds, undeterred by the injury to water-bodied and earth-bodied souls. He took a sickle and axe like a ploughman, he himself cut darbha as fuel, having little wit like a child. He made charity-fires and lights for the road, unafraid of the sin of burning in the wood and of the fall (into the fire) of flying insects, et cetera. At the beginning of a meal he always made a gift of food\* to evil-souled crows, et cetera, as if they were guests. He worshipped and honored cows like gods he, like a bull; and also trees, the banyan, the pippal<sup>B</sup>, neem<sup>B</sup>, et cetera. He sprinkled plants with water containing small creatures and he maintained water-centers here and there. Doing such things as these with the idea that they were *dharma*\*, foolish, he spent much time, living by the fruit of labor.

One day, he saw a Vidyadhara going through the air to his aerial car, like a rich man without a superior. He made a *nidana*\*, 'May I be like him in another birth as a result of this penance.' In course

of time he died. And then he was born as you, son of the Vidyadhara-king, Indrasani, by his wife, Asuri, in the city Camaracanca. This love of yours for Sutara was from the connection in a former birth. Memory of a former birth lasts for a hundred births.”

Sutara, Amitatejas, Srivijaya, and Asani experienced with existence and astonishment from hearing about former births.

“Am I capable of *emancipation* or not?” questioned Amitatejas, Blessed Balabhadra *Muni* replied: “In the ninth birth from this birth in this country Bharata, served by thirty-two thousand crowned kings, lord of the fourteen great jewels, master of the nine treasures, king of the country that has a girdle of the ocean and Ksudrahimavat, served by the gods of the tirthas, Magadha, et cetera, you will be the fifth cakravartin, O long-armed one. In that birth you will become the sixteenth Arhat, named Santinatha, your feet honored by sixty-four Indras. This King Srivijaya will be your first son and also your first ganabhrt in that same birth,”

Then the kings, Srivijaya and Amitatejas, bowed to the king and adopted the twelfefold vows of the layman.

Then Asanighosa bowed to the great muni Balabhadra and, well-pleased, bent from *devotion*, spoke as follows: “O omniscient, since I have heard from your lips my own pain arising in a former birth, my mind trembles even now from intentness on that. O Blessed One, by repeated births in birth-nuclei terrible from various and numerous killings, cuttings, and piercings I have experienced many times the consequences of the painful meditation\* which I made in the Kapila-birth, already described by you, as a result of separation from my wife. Then, my evil karma destroyed by involuntary destruction, finally I attained a human state in a former birth. In that birth also by bad fortune I, an *ascetic* who had not come in contact with the religion of the Jina<sup>s</sup>, practiced foolish penance which produced much trouble and little result, alas! alas! Because I had made a wish for a reward for that penance, I became a Vidyadhara-king in the city Camaracanca in this birth, lord. For me the course of penance with a *nidana*\* and of kidnapped another’s wife and of the fear\* caused by the great vidya Mahajvala had an auspicious\* end, since you, who give release from all pain, have been found as a refuge\*, Teacher of the World. I have wandered through so many births without knowing the religion of the Jinas, like a blind man who does not see an object before him. Now save me! save me! Henceforth, let not a moment pass while I am *deprived* of *yatidharma*.\* O lord, give me initiation now as a pupil.” He was accepted by Acala with the words, “That is suitable.”

Approaching Amitatejas, he said respectfully: “Even though I am proud, I am not ashamed to make humble submission to you whose grandfather is this worshipful Jvalanajatin, like a flame to the fuel of karma, like *dharma*\* victorious before one’s eyes; whose father is this Arkakirti, blessed, fortunate, who abandoned power like straw, a sun with brilliance in the form ‘of penance, you who are a future cakrin and a future Arhat. This kingdom of mine in Camaracanca, these sons, Asvaghosa, et cetera, and everything else are yours. Do not think otherwise.”

After this speech, he set his eldest son, Asvaghosa, on Amitatejas’s lap, like a child. Then Indrasani’s son in company with many kings took *mendicancy* under Acala Swamin. Srivijaya’s mother, Svayamprabha, came there and also adopted mendicancy at the feet of Acala Swamin. Amitatejas, King Srivijaya, Asvaghosa, et cetera, bowed to *Bala*<sup>s</sup> and went to their respective homes.

Srivijaya and Amitatejas spent their time holding distinguished eight-day festivals in the temples of the *Arhats*, always very magnificent like Sakra and Isana; making their wealth accomplish its purpose by giving sadhus presents which were always free from faults, acceptable, free from life; taking away pain from the *afflicted* whose minds were burned by the summer heat of a succession of anxieties, like the east wind and a cloud; meditating day and night in their conversation on the *esoteric* Chapters of the scriptures heard in the guru’s presence they, the chief of the intelligent; abandoning the society of evil teachers like the shade of the vibhitaka; renouncing all sins<sup>141</sup> like a wrong road; experiencing pleasures of the senses at a suitable moment, constantly giving faultless thought to the kingdom; each one remaining in his own city, but in one place in thought.

One day Amitatejas was keeping pausadha in the pausadha-house near the temple and described the religion of the Arhats to the Vidyadharas. At that time two flying munis, like two arms of dharma, came there with the intention of worshipping the Jina’s statue in the temple. When he saw them come flying, King Amitatejas rose to show them honor and worshipped them, delighted at the wished-for sight. The excellent munis circumambulated the Jina three times, worshipped, and said to Amitatejas: “Like water in a desert a human birth is hard to attain. When it has been attained, it certainly must not be passed in vain from lack of discernment. Negligence toward the religion of the Jina must not be shown at all. There is no other grantor of desires, one after the other, except the religion of the Jina.”

After saying this, the two returned through the air, the sight of them desired by all, like rainy-season clouds that have rained.

Every year Srivijaya and Amitatejas held three special festivals in the temples of the holy *Arhats*. Of these, the gods held two eight-day festivals in Nandisvara and other persons in their respective shrines in Caitra and Asvina. Then Triprstha's son and Amitatejas held a superior eight-day festival in their own shrines in Caitra and Asvina. But they held a third festival a continual one in the shrine of Nabheya (Rsabha) and on the spot of *Bala's omniscience* on Mt. Siman.

One day Amitatejas was in his own palace, like the sun on Sumeru, attended by his ministers. He, to whom the matchless Jaina religion was dear, saw a *muni*, who had fasted for a month, come for alms; his entire store of flesh and blood dried up by penance, like a choice pool with its mud and water dried up by the summer season; with a network of veins visible like an ocean with high waves; his joints creaking like an old mat of bamboo<sup>B</sup>; not horrifying, though his ribs were apparent and his belly emaciated, shining with a blameless wealth of the light of penance; a mirror of *dharma*.\* Amitatejas rose to receive him, circumambulated him three times, paid homage to the muni and presented him with pure food\*, et cetera. From the power of the gift of food, et cetera to the right person the five divine things took place then and there. With righteous actions of this kind many thousands of years passed for Srivijaya and Amitatejas absorbed in happiness.

Once upon a time King Amitatejas and King Srivijaya went together to the garden Nandana to worship the eternal Arhats. After they had finished the worship of the eternal Arhats, while they wandered around from curiosity to see the grounds of the garden Nandana, they saw two excellent flying munis, great sages, named Vipulamati and Mahamati, standing on a slab of gold. After they had circumambulated and worshipped the two munis, the two excellent kings, who were laymen, listened to a sermon in their presence.

“Death\* is always very close at hand. So how long can life continue for people in the world like cattle in butchers' shops? Since people, even though knowing that life is “Transitory like lightning, do not make any effort in *dharma*\*, there is, alas! widespread *delusion*. Delusion, truly the chief enemy from birth till death, cuts down *dharma*, which is beneficial to men, at the root. Abandoning delusion altogether, *dharma* must be practiced with a *desire* for the fruit of a human birth. For another human birth might be difficult.”

After hearing this, they asked how much of their lives was left and the munis replied that twenty-six days were left. Knowing that

their words were infallible, the king of men and the king of Vidyadharas said with great *repentance* and indifference to worldly objects: “We, careless, as if we had been asleep always, as if we had drunk wine all the time, as if we had been children forever, as if we had been in a perpetual *swoon*, as if we had always been epileptics, alas! alas! have wasted this birth which is fruitless like a jasmine<sup>B</sup> in a forest.”

The two flying munis enlightened them: “Enough of despondency. Surely *mendicancy* is suitable for you. Mendicancy taken even at the end is the cause of a multitude of good things. Verily, moon-light is a cause of joy to the night-blooming lotus even at the end of the night.”

Enlightened by them in this way, Srivijaya and Amitatejas went to their own homes, eager for pious duties. In the temples they made a final eight-day festival and gave to the poor people, the people without a protector, et cetera, whatever they wanted. The kings installed their sons in their kingdoms and then took the vow under Abhinandana and Jaganandana. They observed the fast called 'pada-popagama' and at that time Srivijaya recalled his father.<sup>142</sup> Thinking about his extreme good fortune and his own inferior fortune, he made a *nidana*\*: “May I be like him.”

### ***Fifth incarnation as a god***

Srivijaya and Amitatejas, one having made a *nidana* and one not, died and became gods in the heaven Pranata. Named Manicula and Divyacula, they remained happily in the palaces Susthitavarta and Nanditavartaka. As gods immersed in an ocean of pleasure, they passed lives of twenty *sagaropamas*, absorbed in happiness, accomplishing the attainment of desires by (mere) thought.

## 2. SIXTH INCARNATION AS APARAJITA

Now, in this Jambudvīpa in the province Rāmanīya, the ornament of East Videha, on the south bank of the *Sita*, there is a city, named *Subha*, the fair *abode* of Lakṣmi, presenting a manifestation of the beauty of the earth, splendid with the greatest magnificence. Its king was Stimitasagara, who surpassed Meru in firmness, the ocean in depth. He had two wives, Vasundhara and Anuddhara, who wore the *yoke* of good conduct, by whom the wealth of beauty of an *Apsaras* was surpassed.

### *Birth of Aparajita*

The *soul* of Amitatejas fell from Nanditavarta and descended into the womb of Queen Srimat Vasundhara. Comfortably asleep, Vasundhara saw the four great dreams, indicate the birth of a *Bala*<sup>s</sup>, enter her mouth. As had gone far away as if from humiliation caused by great joy, the queen told the king at the same time:

“I saw a four-tusked elephant\*, resembling a crystal mountain enter my mouth, like the moon entering a cloud; a bull, a spotless color as if made by weaving an autumn-cloud, high-humped, straight-tailed, bellowing; a moon, making an arrangement of ear-ornaments for the quarters, it were, by its rays streaming forth very, very far; and than a pool filled with blooming lotuses, singing, as it were, having become hundred-mouthed, with bees buzzing “Sweetly, O master, what is the fruit of these dreams? Tell me. Ordinary people are not suitable to ask about an important dream.”

The king replied, “O queen, your son will be a Balabhadra, like a god in beauty, possessing extraordinary strength,”

Then Queen Vasundhara carried the embryo, like the earth a deposit, like a bamboo-shoot<sup>143</sup> a pearl. At the proper time Queen Vasundhara bore a son, marked with a *śrivatsa*\*, white in color, with all the lucky body-marks. King Stimitasagara rejoiced at the birth of his son, like the ocean at the rising of the full moon. When the twelfth day had come, the father gave the name Aparajita to his son who had the brilliance of the twelve Adityas.<sup>144</sup> Looking at his son, kissing him, embracing him, setting him on his lap, the king never stopped, like a poor man in the case of money that has been obtained,

### *Birth of Anantavirya*

Now, the *soul* of Srivijaya fell from Susthitavarta and descended into the womb of Queen Anuddhara. During the last part of the night Queen Anuddhara saw seven dreams entering her mouth as she slept. The first of these was a young lion with a saffron colored mane, his nails like digits of the moon, his tail like a chauri; Padma, seated on a lotus, being sprinkled with water from the Ocean of Milk by two elephants holding *pitchers* in their trunks; a sun, destroying dense darkness, causing day even at night, with a stream of intense brilliance; next, a pitcher filled with clear, sweet water, its mouth adorned with white lotuses, with golden bells and a *wreath* of flowers; then an ocean, crowded with various aquatic animals, shining with its burden of jewels, with waves reaching to the sky; then a heap of jewels, which had the beauty of a rainbow spread in the sky with the streams of light of five-colored jewels; and the seventh, a smokeless fire, which made the sky have shoots of flame, its appearance giving pleasure to the eyes these were the seven.

The queen arose from sleep and related the dreams to her husband. He told the fruit of the dreams, "Your son will be a Visnu<sup>s</sup>."

At the proper time the queen bore her son, a festival for the eye, dark as the petal of a blue lotus, like the sky bearing a rain-cloud. The king gave the name Anantavirya to Anuddhara's son, who had great power, at a great festival.

### *Their childhood*

He grew up slowly, slowly, going from lap to lap of the nurses, like a *hansa* from lotus to lotus, day and night. Growing up gradually, he played with his elder brother like a contemporary, having a charming appearance, watched by women. The two brothers, with their fair and dark bodies\* looked like autumn and rainy season-clouds that had met in one place. They learned all the sciences with ease; for knowledge comes of its own accord to such persons from former births. They did study the sciences in the teacher's presence, so that their acquisition of knowledge provided a living for the teacher. Resembling an *abode* of Sri, they reached youth, which is magic for attracting women, devoid of charms, spells, et cetera.

One day *Muni* Svayamprabha, endowed with various supernatural powers, came there and stopped in a certain garden. Now, King Stimitasagara went outside the city to ride horses in equestrian sports, being expert in the sport. After he had ridden broken and unbroken horses, a Revanta in equestrian sport, tired, he went to the

grove. King Stimitasagara, his eyes motionless from delight, entered the garden which was like Nandana brought to earth; which had a cloud reposing there, as it were, from the numerous young trees; which resembled a mountain-plateau pouring forth a cascade with its water-channels; carrying fans for travelers, as it were, with plantain-leaves; paved with emeralds, as it were, with grassy ground everywhere; with a maid's duties performed by tie winds carrying perfume from the cardamon<sup>b</sup>, the clove, the kakkola, and the laveli, creating delight.

While he rested a moment, he saw in front of him the *muni* at the foot of an asoka, engaged in meditation\*, standing in pratima. *Horripilation* appeared at once from *devotion* as if from extreme cold, and the king circumambulated and paid homage to the muni. When the muni had finished his meditation, he gave the blessing "Dharmalabha." For the noble abandon their own work, even though commenced, for the benefit of others. Then Muni Svayamprabha delivered a sermon that was like visible knowledge acquired by observation of the hearer because of its various proofs.

When he had heard the sermon, the king was enlightened at once; and went home and installed Anantavirya in his kingdom. The departure-festival was held by Anantavirya and *Bala*<sup>s</sup>; and the king went to Svayamprabha and adopted *mendicancy*. Enduring trials very hard to endure, he preserved the *mula* and *uttara*-gunas perfectly for a long time. Because he had mentally violated asceticism at the end, he became the Indra, Camara, lord of the Asuras, after death.\*

### *The life of Aparajita and Anantavirya as kings*

With Aparajita Anantavirya ruled the earth, possessing boundless wealth of courage, *invincible* even to the gods. One day a pure friendship arose between them and a certain Vidyadhara. For there is association of the noble only with the noble. The best of Vidyadharas gave them a powerful magic art and after instructing them, "May you be successful," went to Vaitadhya.

They had two slave-girls, Barbari and Kirati, adorned with skill in singing, dancing, et cetera. Singing and dancing more beautifully than Rambha, et cetera, they delighted the minds of Bala and Anantavirya. One day, Talanka (Aparajita) and Garudadhvaj (Anantavirya), presiding over the assembly, began to have a fine play acted by them. Just then Narada, his top-knot waving, carrying an *ascetic*'s mat, bearing the triple staff, with a rosary and sacred thread, wearing a loin-cloth, fat-bellied-going through the air, white like a rajahansa, his feet in golden slippers, carrying a water-jar,

roaming about eager to see *strife* among all the people, quicksilver in instability, came to the assembly.

Rama and Visnu<sup>8</sup>, their minds absorbed in watching the dancing of Barbarika and Kirati did not welcome the sage. Angered, Narada thought to himself: “These two did not rise to greet me, when I came, from arrogance. They considered the dance of these mere slave-girls important, indeed I but did not even look at me when I came, as if I were a low person. Now I will quickly show them, to whom slave-girls are dear, like leaders of slaves, the fruit of arrogance.”

With these reflections, Narada went suddenly like the Wind to Mt. Vaitadhya to King Damitari. The Vidyadhara-king, Damitari, like Indra in his *splendor*, surrounded by hundreds of Vidyadhara-kings, at once hastily abandoned his lion-throne and slippers and rose to greet Narada When he came, while he was still far away. Damitari gave him the Hon-throne. So great is the welcome of such sages. He abandoned the lion-throne and sat down on his own mat. For such people *desire devotion* only, not material objects. Narada said to him:

“O Lord of the province with three parts, overlord of the Vidyadharas, success to you, powerful. May your empire, country, city, clan, relatives, retinue, and everything else in your house prosper always.”

Damitari said: “Always I have prospered, but henceforth I shall prosper especially from your favor, *muni*. However, I ask you, have you seen anything marvelous, never seen before, as you have gone through the air at will?” Narada reflected, “Now my desire is accomplished” and, his eyes and cheeks blooming with joy, said to Damitari:

“Today I saw a marvelous thing, which does not exist even in heaven, as the result of wandering over the earth. I went to the city *Subha* today for amusement and saw King Anantavirya in his assembly. I saw a wonderful play acted before him by Barbarika and Kirati. I wander over both worlds, heaven and earth, from curiosity, and I have never seen such a marvelous play. Just as Sakra is the recipient of marvelous objects in Saudharma, so are you in this half-province. What is the use of your magic arts, of your power, of your splendor, of your command, of your kingdom, if you do not have that play brought here?”

After *Muni* Narada had accomplished his purpose by this speech, like sowing seed in the ground, he departed quickly through the air.

*Arrogant* from his lordship over the three-part province, King Damitari sent a messenger to Aparajita's brother. He went to the city *Subha*, bowed to Anantavirya and his elder brother and, eminent in discourse, spoke:

"Whatever remarkable object exists in this half-province, all that belongs to the overlord Damitari, without doubt. Send your two slave-girls, Barbari and Kirati, celebrated actresses, to Damitari. Slaves, et cetera, belong to him who is lord of the entire kingdom. When a house is given, is a mere horse\* separated from it?"

Anantavirya said, "Go now, messenger. I shall send the slave-girls soon, after a little consideration."

The messenger, delighted at this speech of Visnu's, went quickly and reported to Damitari, "Your command is as good as done."

Now Aparajita and Sarngin both took counsel, their *anger* concealed, like fire-pits with hidden fire. "He commands us in this way because of his aerial car and his strength from the acquisition of magic arts, but he is not superior to us. The magic arts, which were given to us formerly by our Vidyadhara-friend, now we shall summon them. Then what is that miserable creature to us?"

While the two brothers were reflecting thus secretly, the magic arts, Prajnapti, et cetera, came, as if they had had an appointment. With a *splendor* equal to the brilliancy of lightning, adorned with various ornaments, wearing bright divine garments, their hands folded submissively, they said:

"We are those magic arts which you have summoned. Gained in a former birth, now we are present. We shall enter your bodies\*, like divinities entering a charmed weapons.\* Now command us, illustrious ones." They said, "So be it," and the magic arts shared the nature of their bodies, like rivers that of the east and west oceans. Naturally strong, they became exceedingly so from the acquisition of the magic arts, like lions with armor. They made a puja to the vidyas with charming perfumes and wreaths. People of discernment do not neglect puja to those entitled to it.

Just then the messenger, instructed by Damitari, returned in haste and said to them reproachfully:

"Sirs! Sirs! What is this revolt against the master that you, like young rhinoceroses, have undertaken from ignorance? After saying, 'We will send the slave girls they were not sent. Do you, fools, wish to die? Is he, angry, not known? Indeed, two evil spirits are present to you in the guise of slave-girls. I think, they will not go away without destroying you, root and branch. Do not give much. Give

the slave-girls now. Otherwise, the master will seize them and the *sovereignty* from you.'

Concealing his *anger*, Visnu<sup>s</sup>, though powerful, wise, his lips blooming with the moonlight of a smile, said to him calmly:

"King Damitari must be satisfied by making gifts of valuable jewels, money, trained elephants, and horses. If Damitari is satisfied by these slave-girls, take them now and go in the evening."

The messenger, so instructed by Visnu, went to the house assigned, thinking that the messenger's art, as well as himself, had its purpose accomplished. They (the two brothers) put the weight of the kingdom on good ministers, like the weight of a house on pillars, like the weight of a cart on oxen. Saying, "What kind of a person Damitari is must be seen," from curiosity they became Barbarika and Kirati by means of a magic art. The two men-slave-girls went to the messenger and said, "We are sent now to Damitari by Aparajita and Anantavirya." The messenger, delighted, went with the slave-girls to Mt. Vaitadhya and announced to Damitari:

"Just as the Asuras do not transgress the command of Camara, the gods that of Sakra, the serpents that of *Dharana* and birds that of Garuda, so kings in this half of the province Ramaniya do not transgress your command, O you with cruel commands. In particular, Aparajita and Anantavirya, *submissive* to you, always take your command, like a *diadem*, on their heads. These slave-girls, Barbarika and Kirati, jewels of actresses, have been delivered at once by them to you as presents,"

Damitari looked at the slave-girls with a gentle glance. Merit that has been heard of, even through popular report, causes *devotion* on the part of the connoisseurs. Damitari instructed them to perform a play. Verily, the *desire* to see something new cannot endure delay. Then they, in the roles of actresses, went on the stage immediately and delivered the preliminaries with their parts, beating of the drum, et cetera. The stage-director made the stage-puja with handfuls of flowers and the troop of female singers, et cetera sat down in the proper directions. An actor recited the invocation (nandi) with a musical accompaniment suited to the invocation. At the end of the invocation he portrayed the prologue with its parts. The singers, wearing various costumes, behind the scenes sang the introductory verse with jatiragas, et cetera, introducing the characters. Then they began to act a drama, an ocean of the sentiments, charming from the combination of the elements of plot, situations, component parts of the divisions (of the play), and the divisions (sandhi).

At times there took place the representation of peace and war in Smara's<sup>s</sup> kingdom with lovers' meetings, rivers of nectar of pure bliss, and with separations (of lovers), sources of various painful situations, with various devices for the union of lovers by atonement for improper acts.

Sometimes even the sophisticated townsmen were made to laugh, like the villagers, by fat men, men with projecting teeth, lame men, hunchbacks, flat-nosed men, men with disheveled hair, bald men, one-eyed men, and other deformed men; by ash-colored men; by men with buttock-bells, by musicians of the arm-pit and the nose, by dancers of the ear and brow, by imitators of the speech of other people; by people deceitful and at the same time simple-minded, such as the buffoons and boon-companions.

Even wicked men, softened by speeches off-stage, by reproaches to fate, by shedding tears, by unsuitable requests, by rolling on the ground, by lamentations, by leaps from precipices, by hanging from trees, by entering into fire and water, by swallowing poison, et cetera, by blows with weapons\*, by beatings on the heart, frequently caused by the destruction of wealth and murder of the beloved, shed tears at times.

Sometimes men, though very self-possessed, were made to tremble (with *anger*) by biting the lips with the teeth, by redness of the eyes, by frowns, by palpitations of the cheeks, by rubbing together the fingers, by tearing up the ground, by drawing weapons, by drawing blood, by quick attacks, by fights, by blows, by trembling of the limbs, by shedding tears, caused by the kidnapped of women, the abuse of slave-girls, et cetera.

Men, timid by nature, had courage produced at once by dignity, resoluteness, courage, skill and by various other very excellent virtues, liberality, et cetera, originating in valor toward the enemy and in exertion in good conduct, et cetera.

The people in the audience were sometimes reduced instantly to a state of terror by dryness of the palate, throat, and lips, by glances from rolling eyes, by trembling hands, hoarseness, change in color, and shedding tears, caused by seeing manifestations of ghosts, et cetera, and by hearing sounds from them, et cetera.

Sometimes the audience was exceedingly disgusted instantly by contractions of the body, palpitations of the heart, screwing up of the nose and mouth, spitting, crushing of the lips and fingers, et cetera, caused by seeing, hearing, et cetera of bad smells, vomiting, and worms from wounds.

Sometimes the audience was astonished suddenly by the wide-opening of the eyes, by glances without winking, by the appearance

of perspiration, tears, *horripilation*, by exclamations of “Well done,” et cetera, caused by the sight of the supernatural, attainment of desires, exhibitions of magic, et cetera.

Sometimes the people, greedy for the enjoyment of sense-objects, were made tranquil by meditation\* on the mula- and uttara-gunas\*, by thinking of texts concerning the Supreme Spirit, by attendance on good gurus, by pujas to the gods, and other such things, arising from disgust with existence, fear\* of worldly existence, knowledge of the Principles, et cetera.

Just as all the sentiments were portrayed by the actors, so all the spectators became composed of them. The actors looked like characters (themselves) who had come, because of dramatic actions, conveyed by expressions, et cetera, properly portrayed.

### *Story of Kanakasri*

When the king, chief of the prudent, had seen this dramatic art, he considered the two slave-girls to be jewels in the ocean of existence. Then the king entrusted his ‘daughter, named Kanakasri, to the fictitious slave-girls for instruction in acting. When they had seen the maiden, who had reached youth, whose face was like a full moon, eyes like a frightened *doe*’s, lips like ripe bimbos, neck like a conch, arms like lotus-tendrils, breasts like golden *pitchers*, waist slender as the middle of a thunderbolt, navel deep as a tank, hips resembling a sandy beach, thighs like a young elephant’s, shanks like a doe’s, hands and feet like lotuses, whose body was immersed in the water of loveliness, endowed with sweet speech, whose body was soft as a sirisa<sup>B</sup>, the fictitious slave-girls showed her again and again with gentle words and taught her thoroughly the dramatic art with modes of expression all of it, including the catastrophe.<sup>145</sup>

In the midst of the drama the slave-girls sang at length praises of long-armed Anantavirya, because of beauty, courage, et cetera. Kanakasri asked, “Who is this superior man about whom you sing constantly, girls?” The fictitious slave-girl, Aparajita, smiled and said: “Fair lady, in this province there is a large city, *Subha*. Its king was Stimitasagara, an ocean of virtues, a sun in *splendor*. He, noble-minded, had an elder son, the sole *abode* of good breeding, Aparajita, unconquered by his enemies. Anantavirya was the younger son, but not inferior in spotless virtues, who surpasses Kandarpa in beauty, who splits the knot of insolence of his enemies. He, liberal, keeping his promises, considerate of those who have come for protection, his arms long as the king of serpents, his chest broad as a rock, like an *abode* of Sri, like the supporting ground of the earth,

the sun to the lotuses of followers, an Ocean of Milk of courtesy how can he, noble, be described by us of little wit? There is no one among gods, asuras, and men who is his equal.”

When Kanakasri heard that, she was filled with waves of longing like a pond with waves blown up by the wind, just as if she saw him before her. She remained in thought, like one pierced in reality by the arrows of Smara<sup>s</sup> in the guise of *horripilation*, motionless like a puppet.

“That kingdom is blessed, that city is blessed, those subjects are blessed, those women are blessed, of whom Anantavirya is the leader. The moon, though far away, rejoices the night-blooming lotus with its rays; the cloud, though in the sky, makes the pea-hens dance. This has happened to them, indeed, from favorableness of fate. What fate will there be for Anantavirya and me? How is he to be seen, to say nothing of becoming my husband? Even a friend is hard to find to accomplish this *desire*.”

Aparajita, expert in interpretation of feelings by gestures and facial expressions, observed that she had such thoughts and said to Kanakasri: “Why are you depressed? Why do you seem wounded, as it were, young maiden, when you have heard about Aparajita’s younger brother from my lips?”

Kanakasri, her face tearful, like a lotus with a mass of snow, very miserable, replied with words broken by hoarseness:

“The desire to seize the moon with the hand, to reach the sky with the feet, to cross the ocean with the arms, such, indeed, is my desire to see him. How can the lord of *Subha*, fortunate, be made to come within my range of vision by me, unfortunate? Alas! what a desire of mine!”

The elder man-actress said: “Fair lady, if you wish to see him, then enough of depression, maiden. I shall show him to you. By the power of a magic art, I shall bring Anantavirya and Aparajita here, like spring and the wind from *Malaya* to a forest.”

Kanakasri said: “Everything is possible for you, since you are an attendant of these two oceans of virtue. I think fate is favorable to me, since you so speak. Some family-divinity of mine surely descended into your mouth. Carry out your speech right now, you who know the arts. For even an attendant of such people surely does not lie.”

Then Aparajita and Anantavirya, Beauty and love, immediately assumed their own forms, delighted like gods. Aparajita said: “Fair lady, does my brother Anantavirya agree with the description I gave just now, or not? His superiority in beauty, et cetera, has been

described by me only to a small extent. He is not within the range of speech. Make him within the range of your vision.”

At the sight of him the daughter of Damitari was penetrated simultaneously by agitation, astonishment, shame, delight, rapture and unsteadiness. Considering herself at once the sister-in-law of Aparajita, the maiden made a veil from her upper garment. Anantavirya's body was rough from its hair on end, like a kadamba<sup>b</sup> in flower, at the rising of a cloud in the form of love. Then the gazelle-eyed maiden abandoned her inherent pride and bashfulness, took upon herself the role of go-between, and Said to Anantavirya:

Mt. Vaitadhya on the one hand, and the city *Subha* on the other; the report on the acting of the slave-girls to my father by Narada, the demand of the slave-girls, who were yours, by my father; the coming here of you two after assuming the form of the slave-girls, the entrusting of me to you for instruction in acting; the description of your virtues, husband, by your elder brother, the sudden revelation of yourselves by you two all that which was inconceivable took place by the increase in my good fortune. Just as you were my teacher in drama, so you are my husband. Henceforth, if you do not protect from love, my death\* will be on your heart has already been taken by you just by hearing about you. Now take my hand. Be gracious. Favor me. Surely even in existence, there was really no existence on my part because of the non-existence of a bridegroom like you among the young princes of the Vidyadhra-kings of the north and south rows of Mt. Vaitadhya. By good fortune you have been attained, a life-saving remedy, the only moon for the world of the living.”

Anantavirya replied: “Fair-browed lady, if you so wish, rise. Certainly we shall go to the city, *Subha*, beautiful maiden.”

Kanakasri replied: “You are my husband. But my father, wicked, *arrogant* from his power over magic arts, will cause great evil. For he is an *abode* of evil. You two are alone, unarmed, though strong.”

Anantavirya smiled and said: “Do not be afraid, timid girl. What is your father in battle with my noble brother, even with all his forces? Anyone else who, wishing to fight, follows, we will send to death.\* Be unafraid, my dear.”

Thus addressed by Anantavirya, possessing strength of arm himself, Kanakasri set out like Sri in person choosing her husband. Anantavirya, with arms raised like a palace with flags, said in a very loud voice, deep as thunder:

“Sir captains of fortresses! Sir generals, ministers, princes, *vas-sals*, and soldiers, all of you! And all other adherents of Damitari, be attentive! Hear my speech. I here, Anantavirya, accompanied by Aparajita, am taking the daughter of Damitari to my house. No censure is to be made, such as, ‘she has been taken secretly.’ Do not disregard this. Consider your own strength, carrying weapons.\*”

After he had made this proclamation, Anantavirya with his wife and Aparajita set out through the air in an aerial car made by magic.

When Damitari heard of that, saying, “Who is this miserable creature, belonging to earth, wishing to die?” he instructed his soldiers: “Quickly kill or capture this low person and his brother. Then bring back my daughter. Let evil conduct bear fruit in him.” So instructed by him, the soldiers, clearly of violent disposition, ran forward with weapons raised, like elephants with raised tusks. The divine jewels, the plough, bow, et cetera, then appeared to Aparajita and Anantavirya. Many Damitaris, the soldiers of Damitari, first attacked simultaneously with weapons, like clouds with streams of water. They trembled like deer at the effortless fighting of the two man-tigers undisturbed by *anger*. But when Damitari heard that they were in flight, angered, he set out, making the sky look like a grove with high trees with his weapons.

“Villain, fight! fight!” “Stop! stop!” “Come! come!” “Hurl your weapon! hurl it!” “You shall die! You shall die!” “I will spare your life. Give up the master’s daughter.”

When Kanakasri heard these remarks, and similar ones, of the soldiers, which were terrifying from their great *conceit* and bitter to the ear, she became distressed, whispering, “Husband, husband.” Anantavirya said to her: “Why are you needlessly terrified by your father’s noise in the air, which is like the croaking of a frog, foolish girl? Do you see Damitari and his army being terrified or killed by me, like Mainaka by Vajrin.”

After comforting Kanakasri in this way, Sarangadhara, like a lion that has been threatened, turned with Aparajita to battle. Damitari’s soldiers, destroyers of enemies, surrounded Sarngin by the crores, like moths a light. Then Anantavirya, a Meru in firmness, angry, created at once an army twice as large as his army by magic art. Damitari’s soldiers began then to fight with it, their bodies\* wet with the mud of blood, like mountains with red colored minerals.

“May he be my husband whose headless trunk dances.” “I am eager for him as a husband who advances threaded on a lance.” “When will he sport with me, who dyes (in blood) the one fighting with him?” “He is my husband who takes the lance which is entering his mouth in his teeth.” “He is my lord who mounts the ele-

phant's boss." "I am the servant of him who rights with his helmet when his weapon is broken." "He shall be my lover who is armed with an elephant's tusk which has been pulled out." Such passionate remarks were made by goddesses in the air.

Damitari's soldiers, *arrogant* from power over magic arts also, were not broken at all in battle, like bhadra-elephants. Then Hari<sup>s</sup> blew Pancajanya<sup>s</sup> like an actor in the representation of a battle-play, which filled the space between heaven and earth with noise. Dazed by the sound of the conch of Visnu<sup>s</sup>, conqueror of the world, the enemy fell, foaming at the mouth like epileptics. Then King Damitari himself mounted his chariot and fought with Anantavirya with divine weapons\* and missiles. When he realized that Sarngin was hard to conquer, Kanakasri's father recalled the cakra which was like a firm friend in time of need. Filled with hundreds of flames, it fell into Damitari's hand quickly, like a submarine fire in the ocean.

Damitari said: "Villain, if you stay, you will die. Go at once. When you have released my daughter, you are released, scoundrel! "

Anantavirya replied, "I shall go when I have taken your cakra and your life, as well as your daughter. Not before."

Answered in this way, Damitari, blazing with *anger* like a fire, whirled the cakra and hurled it at Aparajita's brother. Hari fell, dazed by the blow from the hub of the cakra. Fanned by Aparajita, he soon got up, as if he had been asleep. That very cakra, remaining near, was taken by Sarngapani. Though it had a hundred spokes, it seemed to have a thousand in his hand. The Ardhacakradhara smiled and said to the Pratyardhacakrin, "You are free, because you are Kanakasri's father. Go now, sir! "

Damitari said to him: "Why are you armed with my weapon, villain, like a rich debtor with the money of the creditor? Hurl the cakra! Hurl it! And hurl now your valor into the ocean of my strength, Anantavirya, or turn into a clod."

Anantavirya, so addressed, resembling Antaka (*Yama*) angered, hurled the cakra, and cut Damitari's head, like a lotus. The gods, delighted at his strength, rained five-colored flowers above Anantavirya, and said:

"All you Vidyadhara-kings, listen attentively. Anantavirya is Visnu; and Aparajita is *Bala*<sup>s</sup>. Approach his feet; turn from the field of battle with one whose rising is to be worshipped, like the moon, and like the sun."

Then all the Vidyadhara-kings went with bowed heads to Baladeva<sup>s</sup> and Vasudeva<sup>s</sup> for asylum giving protection. Hari<sup>s</sup> set out in a chariot for the capital, *Subha*, with the Vidyadhara-kings, his

elder brother, and his wife. As Hari went near Mt. Kanaka, the Vidyadharas said to him: “Do not show disrespect to the holy *Arhats* here. There are many shrines of the Jinas on Mt. Kanaka. After Your Honor has worshipped them properly, go from here.”

Sarngabhrt and his retinue got out of their chariots and worshipped the shrines which make the eyes cool. Looking at the mountain with curiosity, he saw *Muni Kirtidhara* at one side engaged in pratima with a fast extending over a year. Hari rejoiced because he saw him, whose *omniscience* arose just at that time from the destruction of the ghatikarmas and for whom a festival was held by the gods. After they had circumambulated three times, had paid homage to him, and had sat down with folded hands, Hari and his retinue listened to a sermon by him. At the end Kanakasri asked the muni, “Why did the killing of my father and separation from my relatives take place?” The muni related:

### ***Previous incarnation of Kanakasri***

“There is a flourishing village, Sankhapura, in east Bharata in the continent Dhatakikhanda. A woman lived there, named Sridatta, *afflicted* with poverty, who earned a living by working in other people’s houses. She spent the whole day in threshing, grinding, carrying water, sweeping the house, smearing the house (with cow-dung), et cetera. She took her food\* after the whole day had passed. Verily, her lot was a miserable one, like the sight of an owl.

One day in her wandering she came to a mountain, Sripurvata by name, which resembled the mountain of the gods (Meru) in beauty. There she saw a great muni, named Satyayasas, seated on a clean rock, purified by the three controls, undefeated by trials hard to resist like ghouls, with the five kinds of carefulness unbroken, with an immeasurable wealth of penance, free from worldly interest, free from affection, tranquil, who regarded gold and a clod as the same, engaged in pure meditation\*, motionless as a mountain-peak. When she saw him like a kalpa-tree, delighted, she bowed to him. He gave her the blessing ‘Dharmalabha a pregnancy-whim of the tree of *emancipation*.

Sridatta said to him: ‘Judging from such a miserable condition (as mine), I did not practice *dharma*\* at all in a former birth. To me constantly consumed by painful work like a mountain burned by summer heat, your speech “Dharmalabha” was like rain. Even if I, unfortunate, am not suitable for it, nevertheless this speech of yours is unerring. Give me some instruction for good fortune. Do something so that I shall not be so (ill-fated) again in another birth. With

a protector like you, why should not the thing desired take place, protector?’

After hearing this speech of hers and considering the inability, he instructed her to perform the penance called dharmcakravala.<sup>146</sup> ‘You, absorbed in worship of gurus and *Arhats*, must perform two three-day (fasts) and thirty-seven caturthas. From the power of that penance another birth like this will not happen to you again, like offspring a hen-crow.’<sup>147</sup>

She gave attention to his speech, bowed to the best munis, went to her own village, and performed the penance. From its power she obtained sweet food\* when she broke her fast, such as she had never obtained before even in a dream, a prelude to the play of good fortune. From that time she received two and three times as much pay for her work in the houses of the rich and also good clothes. So Sridatta got to have a little money and made it to the gods and gurus according to her ability.

One day an old place in the wall of her house, struck et cetera, fell down and she found gold, et cetera. At the completion of her penance she made a great finishing ceremony with pujas in the shrines, gifts to monks and nuns, et cetera. On the fast-breaking day at the end of penance, when she looked around the country, she saw Rsi<sup>s</sup> Suvrata who had fasted for a month. Considering fortunate, she gave him herself pure food, et cetera, bowed to him, and asked about the religion of the *Arhats*. The *muni* replied to her: ‘It is not our rule for a sermon to be delivered anywhere by the ones who have gone for alms, lady. If you wish to hear religious instruction, come at the right time to my place when I have gone there, lady.’ With these words he went away.

People of the city and Sridatta went to pay homage to the muni who had broken his fast and was studying. After they had paid homage to him and had seated themselves in proper places, he delivered a sermon in a gracious voice.

### *Sermon*

‘A being, wandering through the eighty-four lacs types of species of birth-nuclei in worldly existence, attains a human birth by chance, like a blind man reaching a desired place. The religion taught by the Omniscient, very difficult to obtain, is the foremost among all religions in it (*samsara*), like the moon among heavenly bodies.\* So, efforts together with right-belief must be made for it alone by means of which a *soul* in worldly existence crosses the ocean of existence easily.’

Sridatta bowed at Suvrata's feet and accepted the religion taught by the Omniscient together with right-belief. After they had paid homage to *Muni* Suvrata all the people of the city and Sridatta, delighted, went to their own houses. For some time she practiced that religion; then a doubt arose in her mind from the development of her karma. 'I do not know whether or not I shall obtain the fruit which is said to be the highest fruit of the religion of the Jinas.' Because Sridatta felt such a doubt even with the instruction of such a guru, then the inevitable consequences were hard to prevent.

One day when she had started out to pay homage to Satyayasas, she saw a pair of Vidyadharas in an aerial car in the sky. Confused by their beauty she went to her own house and died without confessing or repenting the doubt.

Now there is a mountain, Vaitadhya, in the province Ramaniya which is the ornament of East Videha in this very Jambudvipa. On it there is a city, Sivamandira, the *abode* of happiness, which is like a twin of Sakra's city. Its king was named Kanakapujya, whose feet were worshipped by powerful Vidyadhara-kings. I was the son, Kirtidhara, of his wife Vayuvega. My wife was named Anilavega, the head of my *harem*. Once upon a time she saw three dreams while she was asleep in the night. An elephant\* as white as Kailasa, a fine bull roaring like a cloud, a pitcher which resembled a treasure-pitcher these were the three dreams in succession. At the end of the night the chief-queen, whose face was blooming then like a lotus, related these dreams to me. I said, 'You will have a son who will be master of a three-part territory, with half the power of a cakravartin,' At the proper time the queen bore a son, who resembled a god, complete with all favorable marks, like a mine bearing a jewel. Because I had been especially victorious over my enemies while he was in the womb, I named him Damitari. Gradually he grew up he absorbed the arts, and attained youth purified by beauty.

One day the Lord, the Jina<sup>s</sup>, causing *tranquility*, the noble-minded Santi,<sup>148</sup> wandering to another place in the province, victorious, stopped in a *samavasarana*. After I had paid homage to him, I sat down and listened to a sermon. I became disgusted with existence at once and established Damitari in the kingdom. Then I adopted *mendicancy* at sri Santi's feet and at that time undertook two kinds of discipline, *grahana* and *asevana*.<sup>149</sup> I performed pratima for a year on the mountain here and just now *omniscience* arose from the destruction of the ghati-karmas. Damitari became a king, a powerful Prativisnu, to whom the cakra had appeared, who had conquered the three-part territory. The *soul* of Sridatta became you, his daughter Kanakasri, by Damitari's wife Madira. Because she

died without confessing and repenting her doubt, you have experienced this separation from relatives and the killing of your father because of that sin. Verily, a stain on religion, even though small, causes endless pain. Even a little poison, which has been swallowed, is sufficient to destroy life. You must not act so again that such a thing will happen again, but right-belief free of the five faults must be adopted.”

Then Kanakasri, at once feeling quick disgust with existence, declared to Cakradharin and Langaladharin:

“If such misfortune is experienced because of even a little sin, enough for me of the pleasures of love, mines for the production of sin. Just as a boat sinks in water from even a small crack, so a person sinks in misfortunes from even a small sin. At that time when I was timid from poverty and was practicing such penance, for some reason there was doubt. Alas for my wretched fate! Now that I have obtained power and am enjoying pleasures, of what importance is a mere doubt since there may be other faults? So be gracious and consent to my taking the vow. I am afraid of this Raksasa of existence devoted to such trickery.”

With eyes wide-open in astonishment, they said: “From the guru’s favor this may take place without hindrance. However, let us go now to the city *Subha*, very intelligent lady, that we may make your departure-festival with great magnificence. You should take the vow, which resembles a boat for crossing the ocean of existence, there before the Jina Svayamprabha, sinless lady.”

She agreed and after bowing with *devotion* to the sage they took her and went to the city *Subha*. In front of it they saw the son *Anantasena* fighting with men sent for battle by *Damitari*. When *Sirin* saw *Anantavirya*’s son surrounded by them like a boar by dogs, whirling his plow, he ran forward angrily. *Damitari*’s soldiers ran away in all directions, unable to withstand *Bala*<sup>s</sup>, like balls of cotton unable to withstand a wind. *Janardana*<sup>s</sup> and his retinue entered his city; and was installed by kings as *ardhacakrin* on an auspicious\* day.

The Jina<sup>s</sup> *Svayamprabha* came there one day, as he wandered over the earth, and stopped in a *samavasarana*. Then the door-keepers said to *Anantavirya*, “Today you are very fortunate because of the coming of *Svayamprabhanatha*.” He gave them twelve and a half crores of silver and with his elder brother and *Kanakasri* went to pay homage to the Master. The Blessed *Svayamprabha*, from a *desire* to benefit persons capable of *emancipation*, delivered a sermon in speech conforming to all dialects.

Kanakasri said, "After taking leave of Sarngin at home, I shall come for initiation. Be compassionate, Teacher of the World." The Tirthakrt said, "Negligence must not be shown"; and Kanakasri, Hari<sup>s</sup>, and Sirin went to their house. She took leave of Hari and, after he had held the departure-ceremony with great magnificence, she went there and adopted *mendicancy* under the lord. She performed penance the ekavali, muktavali, kanakavali, bhadra, sarvatobhadra, et cetera. One day when the fuel of the ghatikarmas had been consumed by the fire of pure meditation\*, her spotless *omniscience* arose. After she had gradually destroyed the karmas prolonging life (bhavopagrahin), Kanakasri reached the place which has no rebirth.

### *Story of Sumati*

Enjoying manifold pleasures, Sarngadhara and Siridhara passed the time, immersed in bliss like gods. Baladeva<sup>s</sup> had a wife, Virata, and a daughter, Sumati, originated in her womb. Even from childhood, she followed the religion taught by the Omniscient, knowing the Principles, *jiva*, *ajiva*, et cetera, rich in the performance of penance. Observing the twelve lay-vows unbroken, she was always occupied with pujas to the *Arhats* and service to gurus.

One day at the end of a day's fast, she was seated for her fast-breaking meal. Just as she looked at the door, a sage came. She gave him food\* put in a dish, as if the religion with three controls and five kinds of carefulness had come in person. Then the five divine things, the rain of treasure, et cetera, took place. Verily, a gift to the noble should be multiplied by a crores of crores. Then the sage went elsewhere, wandering from that place. For there is no stopping in one place for sadhus free from worldly attachment, like the wind.

When they heard of the rain of treasure, *Bala* and Sarngin came and both pricked up their ears in astonishment when they saw it. Saying, "Her behavior has produced miracles," they considered, "Who is a suitable husband for her?" After they had taken counsel with the minister Ihananda, they held the festival of her svayamvara.\* At Vasudeva's command the lords of the Vidyadharas and the kings also, who lived in the half of the province, came to the svayamvara. Upendra's servants erected a pavilion with a thousand pillars of jewels, an ornament of the earth, which resembled the council-hall of Indra. In it they made jeweled lion-thrones which presented the appearance of a row of jewels in the serpent-king's hood. At Vasudeva's command the kings and the Vidyadhara-princes, the equals of Mara<sup>s</sup> in beauty, seated themselves on the thrones. Dressed in divine garments, wearing jeweled ornaments, with various artificial decorations and much fragrant ointment,

adorned with a white umbrella resembling the moon over her head, attended by friends of her own age, the path being shown by a woman door-keeper with a golden staff, carrying the bridegroom's wreath, Balabhadra's daughter, Sumati, adorned the pavilion, like Sri the ocean, the Vidyadharas and kings being present, like gods.

The gazelle-eyed maiden looked at the svayamvara-pavilion with a charming glance, throwing a wreath of blue lotuses, as it were. Just then an aerial car, made of jewels, adorned with pillars of gems, suspended in the sky like the disc of the sun, occupied by a deity seated on a jeweled lion-throne, appeared suddenly above the pavilion. The girl, the kings, and the lords of the Vidyadharas looked at it with eyes wide-open from great astonishment. While they were looking, the goddess got out of the aerial car and sat down on the lion-throne in the pavilion. Raising her right hand, she said to the maiden Sumati:

“Young lady, Dhanasri, wake up! Wake up! Remember your former birth. In the half of Puskaravaradvipa, in the middle section of East Bharata, there is an extensive rich city, Srinandanapura. In it there was a king, named Mahendra, like Mahendra (Indra), always zealous day and night in protecting people seeking protection. The king's chief-queen, dearer than life, was named Anantamati, the receptacle of infinite virtues.

One day when she was sleeping comfortably, she saw in a dream in the last part of the night two fragrant, shining garlands on her own lap. When she told the dream, the king explained: ‘You will certainly have two faultless daughters.’ At the right time two daughters were born; I, the elder, named Kanakasri, and you, named Dhanasri. The two grew up with mutual affection and attained youth with the collection of arts. Playing here and there as they liked, they went one day to Mt. Giriparvata, a place for recreation on holidays. Gathering sweet fruit and fragrant flowers, they wandered there like divinities of forest and mountain. They observed *Muni Nandanagiri*, wholly tranquil, in a secluded place. After they had seen him, the two innocent girls circumambulated the muni three times and paid homage with *devotion*. Muni Nandana gave the blessing ‘Dharmalabha’ and delivered a sermon rejoicing their hearts. After hearing the sermon, their hands folded submissively, both said, ‘If we are at all suitable persons, give us instruction in dharma.\*’ After considering their suitability, the blessed muni gave them instruction in the twelvefold dharma and they accepted it. They paid homage to the great muni and went to their own house; and always observed dharma carefully.

One day they went out of curiosity to an asoka-grove filled with pleasure-peaks, streams, tanks, and numerous kinds of trees. While they were playing there different games on a river-bank, a young Khecara, Viranga, the lord of Tripura, kidnapped them. His noble-hearted wife, *Vajra-syamalika*, made him release them, like a lion a pair of does. The girls fell instantly from the sky, like goddesses banished to earth by a curse, on a patch of bamboo<sup>B</sup> on a river-bank in a terrible forest. Knowing that the accident was fatal, they observed a fast, with pure meditation\*, engaged in the namaskara. I, Kanakasri, became the chief-queen, Navamika, of the lord of Saudharma, after death\*, sister. You, Dhanasri, became the chief-queen of Dhanada, after death. Then when you fell, you became the daughter, Sumati, of Sirin. There was an agreement between us at that time that the second one must come and enlighten the one, who fell first, about the *Arhats' dharma*. I have come, your sister, to enlighten you. learn the Jain dharma, a boat for crossing the ocean of existence. Remember the eight-day festivals to the eternal Arhats in the continent Nandisvara and the festivals at the birth-bath, et cetera, of the living Arhats, each in its proper place, and the words of their teaching experienced by yourself in a former birth. Why do you forget them because of this sleep of another birth? So take *mendicancy*, which is like a dear friend of *emancipation*, the fruit of the tree of a human birth, not easy to win even by gods.”

After saying this, Sakra's chief-queen got into her aerial car and went away, lighting up the sky above, like lightning.

Then Sumati, whose memory of former births was aroused by that speech at once fell to the ground in a *swoon*, as if from fear\* of existence. Sprinkled with sandal-water, fanned by the breezes of fans, she regained consciousness and got up, as if at the end of the night. Her hands folded submissively, she said, “Oh! you high-born kings, I, remembering my former births, make a request. Pardon me that you have been summoned here on my account. I want to adopt mendicancy, the herb for the disease of wandering through births.”

The kings replied, “Very well, blameless girl. You are pardoned by us. May your wish be unhindered.” Sirin and Sarngin, delighted, held her departure-festival, the crest-jewel of all festivals, with great magnificence. The chief-queens of Sakra and Kubera came and worshipped her. For such persons must be honored by Vasava<sup>s</sup> even. Together with seven hundred maidens she adopted *mendicancy*, a stream for the tree of *emancipation*, at the lotus-feet of *Arya Su-vrata*. She accepted twofold discipline and practiced many kinds of penance. Pervaded by *desire* for emancipation, she was the bee in meditation\* on the lotus of the *soul*. After some time, when she had

mounted the ladder of destruction (of karma), *omniscience* arose, like a messenger of the Sri of emancipation. After she had enlightened souls capable of emancipation and had destroyed the karmas prolonging existence, Sumati reached an imperishable *abode*.

### *Death of Anantavirya*

Aparajita and Anantavirya, possessing right belief, guarded the kingdom, united like the Asvins. At the end of a life of eighty-four lacs of purvas\* Janardana<sup>s</sup> went to the first hell because of nikacita karma. As a hell-inhabitant there, for forty-two thousand years he experienced many kinds of pain. There is no escape from karma that has been earned. Camara, Visnu's father in a former birth came there and quieted the pain. Verily, affection for offspring is powerful. Anantavirya's soul, desiring emancipation completely, endured the pain, recalling his acts by means of clairvoyant knowledge.

### *Death of Aparajita*

Because of grief for his brother, Balabhadra bestowed the earth on his son and took the vow at the feet of Ganadhara Jayandhara. Sixteen thousand kings became mendicants, following him. For great fruit is obtained by persons attached to the great.

### *Seventh incarnation as a god*

He practiced penance for a long time, enduring trials, fasted at the end, died, and became Indra in Acyuta.

### *Later births of Anantavirya*

When Anantavirya's soul had consumed the fruit of its evil acts, it came out of hell, enlightened, like gold ore out of a fire. In the city Gaganavallabha in the north row on Vaitadhya in Bharataketra in this same Jambudvipa he became the son, Meghanada, of the noble Vidyadhara-king, Meghavahana, by his wife Meghamalini. Meghavahana established him in the kingdom, when he had gradually attained youth, and performed his own duties for the next world. lord of the two rows on Vaitadhya, he became gradually the sole *resplendent* one, like the sun and heaven to earth.

One day he divided a hundred and ten territories among his sons and gave them to them, and went to Mt. Mandara by means of the magic art Prajnapti. There he worshipped in the shrine of the eternal Arhats<sup>150</sup> in the garden Nandana and just then the gods living in the heavens descended to earth there. When the Indra of Acyuta saw him, he enlightened him like a guru from affection for his brother in

a former birth, saying, “Abandon worldly existence.” Then the great *muni*, Amaraguru by name, approached, like the accomplishment of the Vidyadhara-lord’s desires embodied. Meghanada took the vow at his feet, and observed penance with self-restraint, free from negligence.

One day he climbed the mountain Nandanaparvata and stood in meditation\*, having undertaken pratima for a night. His enemy in a former birth, the son of Asvagriva, who had reached a demon-birth after wandering through many births for a long time, saw him standing in this way. Angered, because of ancient enmity he made attacks on the great muni naturally resolute, like a buffalo attacking a great tree. He was not able to move him at all from his meditation. Is a mountain shaken at all by the blow of an elephant’s tusk? Astonished, the Asura went away, gloomy-faced; and Muni Meghanada completed his meditation. Unshaken by attacks and trials, he practiced severe penance for a long time, fasted at the end, died, and attained the rank of a Samanika in Acyuta.

### 3. EIGHTH INCARNATION AS VAJRAYUDHA

In this very Jambudvipa in the East Videhas the province Mangalavati is located on the south bank of the *Sita*. In it is the broad city Ratnasancaya, like a bride of the ocean (ratnakara), because of its resemblance to heaps of jewels. Its king was Ksemankara, causing the acquisition and security of wealth, powerful as the wind. His wife was Ratnamala, spotless as a *wreath* of jewels, delicate as a wreath of flowers.

Aparajita's *soul*, the Indra of Acyuta, fell from Acyuta and developed in her womb, like a pearl in a pearl-oyster. The queen, comfortably asleep, saw during the last part of the night fourteen great dreams and also a fifteenth, a thunderbolt. When she awakened she related the dreams to her husband and he explained, "You will have a hero-son, a cakrin, like Vajrin (Indra)."

At the right time she bore a son, pure, with a pleasing form, with superior strength like a sixth Lokapala. Because the queen had seen a thunderbolt in a dream, while he was in embryo, his father gave him the name Vajrayudha. He, having an extraordinary body, grew up gradually, protected every day from people's evil-eye by a blooming garland. He, a traveler across the ocean of all the arts, attained youth alone confusing the heart of gods, asuras, men, and women. With the ribbon placed around his wrist, he married a princess, Laksmivati, like Laksmi embodied.

Anantavirya's soul fell from the heaven Acyuta and entered Laksmivati's womb like rain from the sky entering the earth. At the right time she bore a son indicated by favorable dreams, complete with all the favorable marks, like a sun in *splendor*. On an auspicious\* day the parents named him Sahasrayudha with a festival superior to the birth-festival. He grew up gradually filled with the collection of arts, like the moon with digits, and attained youth. He, Makaradhvaja in beauty of form, married Princess Kanakasri, who surpassed sri in beauty. A son, Satabali, like the wind in strength, with all the male lucky marks, was borne by her to him.

One time King Ksemankara presided over the council with sons, grandsons, great-grandsons, friends, ministers, and *vassals*. At that time there was a conversation of the gods in Aisanakalpa to this effect, "(All) the people with firm right-belief on earth are inferior to Vajrayudha." A god, Citracula, who did not believe that speech,

went to Ksemankara's assembly, wearing a crown of various jewels and dangling earrings, his mind confused by wrong-belief, having become an unbeliever, evil-minded, wishing to make a test.

While various conversations were taking place there, the god, rejecting the light of belief, said resolutely: "There is no virtue, no vice, no *soul*, no other world. People suffer in vain from the idea that these exist."

Vajrayudha, possessing sincere belief, said: "Oh! an *inconsistency* on your part is apparent. What speech is this, *eloquent* sir? While you employ clairvoyant knowledge, consider carefully. For that power of yours is the fruit of the practice of *dharma*\* in a former birth of your own. In a former birth you were a mortal; now you are an immortal. If there is no soul, then explain how this happens. In this world you attained a mortal state; in the other world a divine state. So the other world is apparent, like this world, O wise man."

Enlightened in this way by Ksemankara's son, Citracula said: "That was well-done, very well-done by you. I, falling into the ocean of existence, was lifted by you, compassionate. And yet, what is to be said of one whose father is a Tirthankara<sup>s</sup> before our eyes? For a long time I have had wrong belief. I saw you by good fortune, even through malice. Give me the jewel of right-belief. The sight of the noble is not barren."

Vajrayudha, the best of the intelligent, knowing his character, taught him right-belief. For he was the son of the Omniscient.<sup>151</sup> Citracula said again: "Prince, from today I obey your orders. Ask something now." The prince replied, "I ask this from you: Henceforth have firm right-belief." The god said: "This request of yours is for my benefit. So tell me some service that I may be free from debt to you. This is my service." With these words he gave divine ornaments to his teacher Vajrayudha who was free from *desire* like a god.

Citracula went to the council of the Indra of Isana and said, "Vajrayudha was fittingly praised by you as having right-belief." Saying, "He, noble, will be a blessed Arhat," the lord of Isana, weaponless, praised Vajrayudha. So Vajrayudha remained immersed in pleasure, magnificent as a god, with various discourses and charming amusements.

### *Spring festival*

One day at spring-time a courtesan, Sudarsana<sup>s</sup>, carrying a bouquet of spring-flowers, announced to Vajrayudha:

"Spring, the friend of the sports of young people, the best friend of the victories of Minaketu (Kama<sup>s</sup>), blooms today with sole

dominion, master. Young wives who have recently attained youth, engaged in swinging in swings, are asked their husbands' names by their women-friends holding switches.<sup>152</sup> Even high-spirited women gather flowers themselves now, tie them together themselves, worship Puspastra (Kama<sup>s</sup>) themselves, abandon pride themselves, become messengers themselves in this matter. Hail to this power of Spring! Noise like that of *bards* to awaken King Smara<sup>s</sup> asleep is made by cries of cuckoos and humming of bees. Young men here wear ear-ornaments of flowers, necklaces of flowers, amulets and bracelets of flowers, like a heresy devoted to Puspesu. Queen Laksmivati informs you, Your Majesty, through me that Spring (Vasanta), resembling Vasantasakha (Kama), is present. Today we wish to see the fresh beauty of Spring by going to the garden Suranipata which is like Nandana."

The prince said, "Very well," to her speech and went immediately with his retinue to the garden, the *abode* of Ananga<sup>s</sup>. Seven hundred queens, laksmivati, et cetera, follow the prince, like stars the moon. With the women of his household the prince, sometimes straightening up, sometimes bending, like a yogi<sup>s</sup> entering a fissure, wandered over the garden which had only one umbrella, as it were, from the spreading shade-trees, which was like an empire of pure fragrance from its blossoming trees, with its water-basins muddy from the particles of falling pollen, the surface of its ground touched by the branches bending with the weight of fruit. Tired by this wandering over the garden and his wives being tired, he went to the tank Priyadarsana for water-sports. The prince and his wives entered the beautiful tank, which was like a tank in Nandisvaradvipa, to destroy fatigue. Then Vajrayudha began water-sports with his wives there, like an elephant\* in a mountain-stream. No difference could be seen between drops of mist and the pearls of necklaces which were lifted up by slaps in the water-sports. The meeting of the faces of the women of the *harem* with the golden lotuses was like that of friends after a long time. Puspayudha then had a weapon of water, I think, from the handfuls of water, the syringes, the mouthfuls of water of the women. The dangling braids of hair of the fair women looked like fish prepared for a banner by Minadhvaja (Kama). Tired out by the games in the water, the fair-bodied women, resting on the bank, looked like water-goddesses. The eyes of the fair-browed ones became red from blows by masses of water as if in competition with lotuses that had become rivals. The water became fragrant with the musk-ointment of the gazelle-eyed women, like the water of a forest-stream from the *ichor* of rutting elephants. So Prince Vajra-

yudha, his mind completely intent on water-sports, was not a fit subject for fear\* on the part of his enemies.

The *soul* of Damitari, his enemy in a former birth, attained the rank of a god, after wandering through births for a long time, and came there at that time, named Vidyuddanstra. When Vidyuddanstra saw Vajrayudha, grinding his teeth, reflecting angrily, "Oh! where will he go alive?" he lifted up a mountain and threw it over the tank to crush the prince and his retinue like a handful of chick-peas. The rogue of an Asura bound Vajrayudha below by his feet, like an elephant-keeper an elephant\*, with magic nooses resembling the noose of Varuna.<sup>153</sup> Vajrayudha shattered the mountain with his fist, like Vajrin with a thunderbolt, and broke the nooses like a web of lotus-stalks. Then the prince and his ladies left the tank, his body uninjured, long-armed, like Sesahi leaving Patala.

Then Sakra, going on a pilgrimage to Nandisvara, after bowing to the Jinas arising in Videha, saw him leaving the tank. Thinking, "In this birth he is a cakrin; in a future birth he will be an Arhat," Purandara<sup>s</sup> worshipped him. For reverence is due a future (Arhat) as well as a past one. "You are fortunate. You will be the sixteenth Tirthakrt, Santi, in Bharataksetra in Jambudvipa," Hari<sup>s</sup> said and went away. After Vajrayudha had engaged in numerous sports as he liked, he went to his city with the women of his household and his attendants.

### ***Ksemankara's omniscience***

Then Ksemankara, enlightened by the Lokantika-gods, wishing to become a *mendicant*, established Vajrayudha in his kingdom. After he had given gifts for a year, the Lord adopted *mendicancy* and practiced severe penance, observing manifold resolutions. The Lord's *omniscience* arose from the destruction of the destructive karmas and the Indras celebrated the omniscience-festival. Occupying a *samavasarana*, the Omniscient delivered a sermon to Vajrin, Vajrayudha, and others seated in the proper places. After hearing the sermon many people became mendicants. Vajradhara, Vajrayudha, and the others went to their respective abodes.

### ***Conquest as Cakravartin***

Just then the superintendent of the *armory* joyfully announced to Vajrayudha in a loud voice, "The cakra-jewel has appeared in the armory." Then Vajrayudha made a very great puja to the cakra and his thirteen<sup>154</sup> other jewels appeared. Following the cakra-jewel, he conquered Mt. Vaitadhya and the six-part province Mangalavati. He

made Prince Sahasrayudha heir-apparent, supporting the earth, like a second form of himself.

### Story of Santimati

One day he was presiding over the council-hall, surrounded by kings, *vassals*, ministers, and generals like Hari<sup>s</sup> by Samanikas. Just then a young Vidyadhara fell from the sky to the ground, his whole body trembling like a tree struck by an elephant\*, and went for protection to King Vajrayudha affording protection, like Mainaka to the ocean. Behind him came a Vidyadhara-woman carrying sword and shield, having favorable lines (on hands and feet), with a beautiful body, like a vidyadevi embodied. She said to the cakrin, “Your Majesty, send away this rogue, so I can show him soon the fruit of wickedness.” Behind her came in *anger* a Vidyadhara, carrying a thick club in his hand, frowning terribly, like a messenger of *Yama*. He said to Vajrayudha:

“Hear his wicked behavior, on account of which I have come with the intention of killing him. There is a mountain Vaitadhya in the province Sukaccha, the ornament of Videhaksetra in this same Jambudvipa. On top of the mountain is situated a city as crest-jewel of the row of cities, Suklapura, like a tax on the wealth of the heavens. There lived a Vidyadhara-king Sukladanta, and his wife, Yasodhara, maintaining the glory of two families. I am their son, Pavanavega, and I attained youth and acquired the collection of arts gradually.

On the same Vaitadhya lived King Diptacula in the city Kinna-ragita, the ornament of the north row. His wife Candrakirti bore a daughter, Sukanta, with all the auspicious\* marks, whom I married. We had a daughter, Santimati, shining with beauty and good conduct, who is before you. She was subduing the great magic art, the blessed Prajnaptika, properly on Mt. Manisagara. Busy in subduing the magic art, she was carried up in the air by that Vidyadhara and just at that time the magic art became *submissive* to her. Put to flight by her at once and not finding a refuge\* any place, the wretch, the *basest* of Khecaras, has reached your feet. After taking an offering for a puja to the vidya Prajnapti, I came and did not see my daughter on the mountain. Then I learned (what had happened) from Abhogini<sup>155</sup> and came here, master. Surrender this man, a mine of vices, O punisher of the wicked. I will split him with this club like a coconut and make him reach the *abode* of Yama.”

Cakrin Vajrayudha knew (the facts) from clairvoyant knowledge and said: "Listen! Hear the connection of these people in a former birth.

### *Previous births of Santimati and Ajitasena*

Vindhyadatta was king in the city Vindhyapura in Airavata in this same Jambudvipa. He had a son, Nalinaketu, with all the male auspicious\* marks, by his wife, Sulaksana. In that same city there was the crest-jewel of traders, Dharmamitra, like the sun to the lotuses of friends. His wife, Sridatta, bore a son, Datta; and Datta had a wife, Prabhankara, of divine form.

One day in spring he went to play in a garden with his wife, like Makaradhvaja with *Rati*. The king's son, Nalinaketu, came at that time, saw Prabhankara, and was Struck by Smara's<sup>s</sup> arrows. 'Oh! her beauty is to be praised and he who sports with her is to be praised, also,' thinking to himself, *afflicted* with love, he kidnapped her. Nalinaketu, like Minaketu, sported with her at will constantly in pleasure-gardens, rivers, tanks, et cetera. Datta, tormented by the fire of separation from her, wandered like a crazy man in every direction in the garden, thinking of Prabhankara. As he was wandering there, he saw the best of munis, Sumanas, the sight of whom is a *collyrium*\* of nectar for the eye. At that time the *omniscience* of *Muni* Sumanas appeared, day for the destruction of the darkness of ignorance, from the destruction of the ghati-karmas. The gods celebrated the omniscience-festival and Datta worshipped the muni's lotus-feet. After he had drunk nectar in the form of the muni's sermon, Datta abandoned at once the misery of his former pain. His passions suppressed, devoted to liberality-*dharma*\* constantly, engaged in pure meditation\*, he passed the maximum human life\* and was born in the best city, Svarnatilaka, on Mt. Vaitadhya in the best province Sukaccha in East Videha in Jambudvipa as the son of the Vidyadhara-king, named Mahendravikrama, by his wife Anilavega. His father gave him the name Ajitasena and duly gave him magic arts. For they are their principal wealth. When he was grown, he married Vidyadhara-girls and sported with them, wandering through the air, on mountains, in forests, et cetera.

Vindhyadatta died in the city Vindhyapura and Nalinaketu became king, eminent like Tarksyaketu (Visnu<sup>s</sup>). He enjoyed sense-pleasures with Prabhankara, the kidnapped wife of Datta, like a lustful god. One day he went to the top of the palace with Prabhankara, like a *vaimanika* to a shining heavenly palace with a goddess. Suddenly he saw lofty clouds with the shape of peaks of high mountains, thieves of the luster of antimony like the elephants

of the quarters wandering around, with the circuit of the quarters terrified by thunder, in the sky lighted up by lightning and having a rainbow, and he rejoiced. He saw them being blown by a strong wind here and there in the sky, like boats, as if they had been produced by magic. When Nalinaketu had seen the originating and dispersal of the clouds in this way in half a minute, from disgust with existence he reflected: 'Just as these clouds arose in the sky in a moment and also perished in a moment, such is happiness in worldly existence. A man is young, old, rich, poor, master, footman, healthy, sick, even in one birth. Alas! everything in existence is transitory.'

After these reflections, he established his son in his kingdom immediately and adopted *mendicancy* under Tirthankara<sup>s</sup> Ksemankara. In the course of time his *omniscience* arose from the destruction of ghatikarmas by severe penance and meditation.\* Destroying instantly the four karmas prolonging existence also, the sage Nalinaketu went to the eternal *abode*.

Queen Prabhankara, upright and fair by nature, practiced the moon-penance<sup>156</sup> at the side of the *sadhvi* Suvrata. As the fruit of that penance, even without right-belief, et cetera, after death\* she became your daughter Santimati. Datta's *soul* became the Vidyadhara, Ajita-sena, and he kidnapped her because of his former love. Do not be angry. Abandon *persistence* (in *anger*) and forgive him completely like a brother. For passions of infinite duration lead to hell, nowhere else."

The three were freed from hostility by Vajrayudha's speech and pardoned each other, sharing haste in the *desire* for emancipation.

The *Cakrabhart* spoke again: "You three will soon adopt mendicancy under Ksemankara. Santimati, however, will practice the ratnavali-penance and, after death\*, will become the Indra Isana. At that very time, Pavanavega and Ajitasena, your omniscience will take place from destruction of the ghatikarmas. Isana will come and will hold your omniscience-festival with great magnificence and make a puja to his own body.<sup>157</sup> In the course of time, the Indra Isana will fall, become a mortal, become omniscient, and attain *emancipation*."

When they had heard the Cakrin's speech showing knowledge of the three periods of time, all the councilors were wide-eyed with astonishment. King Pavanavega, his daughter, Santimati, and the Vidyadhara, Ajitasena, bowed to him and said:

"You are our father, master, teacher, god, lord of the World. Who else would protect us intent on killing each other? After killing

each other just now, we would have gone to hell, if your speech had not been a bar to its door for us. So, master, consent now that we, afraid of existence, should go to lord Jina<sup>s</sup> Ksemankara for protection.”

After making this announcement, they received permission from the Cakravartin; and went and became mendicants under Tirthankara<sup>s</sup> Ksemankara. They, gentlest -minded, practiced severe penance for a long time, as if from fear\* of *abandonment* by their *emaciated* bodies.<sup>158\*</sup> Santimati died and became lord of Isana and just then the *omniscience* of the other two took place. The Indra Isana came, held their omniscience-festival, and worshipped his own body. Then Isana fell and reached *emancipation* in another birth. The other two went to eternal bliss at the end of their life in this birth.

### *Story of Kanakasakti*

Cakrin Vajrayudha with Sahasrayudha directed the earth like Sahasraksa with Jayanta<sup>159</sup> the sky. One time Sahasrayudha's wife, Jayana, saw in a dream at night a golden spear with projecting rays. She related this to her husband at daybreak and he said, “You will surely have a son of great power, O queen.” At that very time she carried an embryo very difficult to carry; and at the right time she bore a jewel of a son, like the soil bearing grain.\* As a result of the dream seen by Queen Jayana the father gave the boy the name Kanakasakti. When he had gradually passed through childhood and was in his first youth, he married properly in the city Sumandira Merumalin's daughter, borne by Queen Malla, endowed with beauty and grace, Kanakamala.

Now in the excellent city Masakyasara, preeminent in wealth, there was a king, Ajitasena. He had a daughter, Vasantasena, by Queen Priyasena, and she was the best friend of Kanakamala. Vasantasena's father, not finding a suitable husband, sent his daughter, choosing her husband herself, to Kanakasakti. Then Kanakasakti married her properly and her cousin, the son of her father's sister, was angry with her because of the marriage.

One time Kanakasakti was wandering in a garden and saw a man flying up and falling like a cock. Kanakasakti said to him, “Why do you fly up and fall like a bird, sir? If it is not a secret, tell me.” The man said: “Even a secret must be told to noble men like you. The telling is a virtue. I am a Vidyadhara. I came in the first place from Mt. Vaitadhya on some business. On the way back, I alighted in this garden. I remained here a moment, looking at its beauty. When, wishing to fly, I recalled the vidya for going through

the air, I forgot one line of the vidya, just at that time. So I fly up and fall down like a bird whose wing is tied.”

The prince said, “If it is proper to recite the vidya before another, recite it, noble sir.”

He said, “A vidya is not recited before ordinary men. It is to be given to noble persons like you, to say nothing of being recited.” The Vidyadhara recited the vidya lacking one line; and the prince, having an understanding in accordance with the line, recited the line. The Vidyadhara, whose power from the vidya was restored, gave the prince vidyas. The *discerning* acknowledge favors. Then the Vidyadhara went away and the prince subdued the vidyas properly and became a super-Vidyadhara. The cousin who was angry at Vasantasena was not able to injure Kanakasakti at all. After he (the cousin) had rejected food\*, drink, et cetera and had died from shame, he became a god, Himacula.

Kanakasakti, accompanied by Vasantasena and Kanakamala, wandered over the earth like a wind from the power of the vidya. One day, going wherever he liked, he went to Mt. Himavat and there he saw a flying *muni*, Vipulamati. He honored him with *devotion*, him who was the color of heated gold, like the brilliance of penance embodied, *emaciated*, by whom Love had been conquered. After he had received the blessing “Dharmalabha,” he and the queens listened to a sermon that was rain for the forest-fire of existence. Enlightened, Kanakasakti then left both the queens also, as well as the Sri of *sovereignty*, at home and became a *mendicant*, noble-minded.

The queens also, desiring *emancipation*, discerning, pure-hearted, took the vow under Arya Vimalamati. In his wandering Kanakasakti went to Mt. Siddhipada and stood in pratima on a rock for a night, resolute. When the god Himacula, evil-hearted, had seen him motionless as a pillar, he began to make attacks on him. The Vidyadharas angrily frightened away the wretch of a god who was making attacks on him. People are on the side of the good. When he had completed the pratima, he, a mountain of heaps of penance, went in his wandering to the city Ratnasancaya. In a grove there, named Suranipata, the muni observed a one-night pratima, like an unshakable mountain. As soon as he had ascended the ksapakasreni, brilliant *omniscience* arose from the destruction of ghatikarmas. The gods came and held the omniscience-festival and, when Himacula saw that, terrified, he went to him (Kanakasakti) for protection. Vajrayudha celebrated the sage’s festival properly and, after hearing a sermon from him, went to his own city.

## *Initiation of Vajrayudha*

One day Lord Ksemankara, attended by gods, asuras, and kings by the crores, stopped there in a *samavasarana*. Servants came and announced to Vajrayudha that the Master, Lord Jina<sup>s</sup> Ksemankara, had stopped in a *samavasarana*. He gave them twelve and a half crores of gold and went with his retinue to Tirthankara<sup>s</sup> Ksemankara. After he had circumambulated him three times and had bowed to him with *devotion*, he seated himself behind Sakra and listened to the sermon.

At the end of the sermon Cakrin Vajrayudha bowed to the Lord and said: “Master, I am afraid of the ocean of existence difficult to be crossed. Wait here to give me initiation, Lord, until I come, after establishing Sahasrayudha in his *sovereignty*.” The king, told by the Master, “Negligence must not be shown,” went to the city and installed Sahasrayudha in his kingdom. When his departure-festival had been held by Sahasrayudha, he got into the *palanquin* and went to Jina Ksemankara. Accompanied by four thousand queens and crowned kings and seven hundred sons, he took the vow. Devoted to manifold resolutions, enduring trials, Rsi<sup>s</sup> Vajrayudha went in his wandering to Mt. Siddhi<sup>s</sup>. With the idea, “I will endure attacks,” he, pure-minded, observed pratima for a year on the pillar, Virocana.

Now Asvagriva’s sons, Manikumbha and Maniketu, after they had wandered through the forest of existence for a long time, performed foolish penance once upon a time, were born as asuras, came there just then in the independent wandering they had begun and saw the great sage. Then they began to attack the *muni*, like buffaloes a tree, because of hostility in his birth as Amitatejas. Becoming lions, they scratched his body on both sides with nails sharp as blades of adamant. Then, having become elephants, they beat him like an antarvedi, with blows with their trunks, with blows with their tusks, with blows with their feet hard to endure. Again, becoming serpents, they hung on the sage’s sides, firmly bound, like the traces of a cart. Taking a sharp knife resembling their own teeth, becoming Raksasas, they attacked the muni. While they were attacking the muni in these various ways, the wives of Bidaujas went to worship the Arhat. The goddesses Rambha, Tilottama, et cetera, saw the gods making attacks on the muni.

“Oh, wretches! What are you doing to the best of munis!” saying, they descended quickly from the sky. When they saw them descending, the alarmed gods trembled. How long do owls remain in sunlight? The goddesses, Rambha, et cetera, performed with *devotion* a play before the best of munis like Indra. Considering themselves purified, after they had paid homage to the great *muni*, the

goddesses with their retinues returned to their separate places. After he had completed his pratima lasting a year the great sage wandered over the earth with unequalled vows and restrictions.

King Sahasrayudha, adorned with rows of kings, enjoyed the Sri of *sovereignty* like a princess whom he had married.

One day the ganadhara Pihitasrava, surrounded by various groups of munis, stopped in his city. Sahasrayudha, filled with devotion, came and paid homage to the great muni and listened to his sermon that was like nectar to the ear. Knowing instantly that *samsara* was worthless like magic, the king at once placed his son Satabali on his throne. He himself became a *mendicant* under Pihitasrava and wandered over the earth, after taking twofold discipline.

One day in his wandering Muni Sahasrayudha joined the royal sage Vajrayudha, like *Budha* (Mercury) the Moon. Father and son, united, always devoted to penance and meditation\*, enduring trials, indifferent to their own bodies\*, rich in forbearance, wandering through cities, villages, forests, et cetera, not stopping, passed a long time happily like a day. Then the munis ascended the mountain Isatpragbhara and observed the fast padapopagama.

### ***Ninth incarnation as a god***

Abandoning their bodies\* at the end of life the great munis attained at once the wonderful rank of Ahamindra in the third Graiveyaka, a place of extreme magnificence, and remained for the maximum duration of twenty-five sagaras.

#### 4. TENTH INCARNATION AS MEGHARATHA

In the center of the middle division of the broad province, Puskalavati, in the East Videhas of this Jambudvipa near the river *Sita* there is a city Pundarikini, like a lotus in a pool, a unique depository of wealth. Its king was Ghanaratha, whose enemies' wishes were broken, chief of great warriors, like Vasava<sup>s</sup> on earth. Of him there were two wives, Priyamati and Manorama, like Ganga<sup>s</sup> and Sindhu of the ocean. Vajrayudha's *soul* fell from Graiveyaka and descended into the womb of Queen Priyamati. Then in the last part of the night she saw in a dream a cloud, raining, thundering, wreathed with lightning, enter her mouth. At dawn she told the king about the dream and he explained it, "You will have a son like a cloud for taking pain away from the earth."

Sahasrayudha's soul fell from Graiveyaka and descended into Queen Manorama's womb. She saw in a dream a chariot, wreathed with golden bells, with a banner, with iron fellies, enter her mouth. When this dream was told to him, the king explained it, "You will have a son, chief of warriors, queen."

At the right time both sons were born in succession, like the sun and moon that had attained other forms. On an auspicious\* day the king named Priyamati's son Megharatha in accordance with her dream. He gave the second son the name Drdharatha in accordance with the queen's dream. Megharatha and Drdharatha, possessing firm brotherly feeling, gradually grew up, like Sirin and Sarngadhara. They gradually attained youth, the royal *abode* of Love, a charm for young women, the source of maximum beauty.

Then the minister of King Nihatrasatru, the king of Sumandirapura, came, bowed to Ghanaratha and declared:

"Your fame, endowed with different virtues, brilliant as a jasmine<sup>B</sup>, whom does it not rejoice, like the moon's rays, lord? Nihatrasatru, a friend to you, though remote, wishes special affection, having come nearer through an alliance. King Nihatrasatru has three daughters, placed as mistresses of the women of each of the three worlds, as it were. Nihatrasatru wishes to give two to Megharatha and one to Drdharatha. May you be friends."

King Ghanaratha said in a voice deep as thunder: "Now let our friendship be strengthened by that alliance. Friendships of the noble increase by alliances like mountain-rivers by streams always joining."

The minister said: "Majesty, summon the best astrologer and tell me the auspicious\* moment for auspicious rites. Send forth the princes equal to Mara<sup>s</sup> in beauty. Let my master be favored in the guise of marriage with his daughters, master."

After he had determined on an auspicious time through the astrologer and had agreed to the coming of the princes, the king dismissed the minister. The minister, delighted, went quickly to Sumandirapura and delighted King Nihatasa<sup>t</sup>ru by his report on this.

Ghanaratha sent Megharatha, accompanied by Drdharatha, like love accompanied by Spring, to Sumandirapura. Surrounded by vassal-kings, ministers, generals, and armies, the princes set out unhindered like the streams of rivers. After they had advanced by safe marches, they camped on the border of King Surendradatta's territory, oceans for maintaining the boundary. A messenger, who had been instructed by King Surendradatta, approached and said to Megharatha arrogantly:

"Our master, Surendradatta, powerful as Surendra, says: 'Do not go into my territory. Leave my border and go by another road. Travel on a road occupied by lions is not for the welfare of deer.'"

Megharatha, best of speakers, smiled and said: "This road is the direct one for us. Why should it be abandoned? For rivers fill caves, root up trees, and dig up high dry places, but do not abandon the road. We shall go by the same straight road. Let your master, not straight, show his power, indeed!"

The messenger went at once and reported all that Megharatha had said to King Surendradatta. When Surendradatta had heard it, he had the war-drum beaten, his face red as heated copper, like an elephant\* that had heard the elephant-call. His many armies elephant-drivers, cavalry, foot-soldiers, and charioteers came seeking battle. King Surendradatta, instantly deafening the world by the vehement slaps of the soldiers, the loud noise of twanging bows, neighings, creakings, and trumpeting of the horses, chariots, and elephants, by the grunts of the camels, the harsh cries of the mules, the brays of the donkeys, and the sounds of battle-drums, approached Megharatha at once with the *desire* to make him a guest in battle by an attack with a complete army. Megharatha, and also Drdharatha, mounted the chariot Jaitra for battle, like the sun for the destruction of darkness. The soldiers of the two armies, like missile-clouds, lifted up and rained darts, spears, discs, javelins, staves, clubs, and arrows (of reed and iron), mouse-tail arrows, iron arrows, et cetera, balls of stone and balls of iron with their hands and machines. Then a continuous fight with swords on the part of

the two armies took place, hindering the Khecara-women from seeing the fight. Missiles were broken by missiles, chariots were divided by chariots in that battle, like sea-monsters by sea-monsters in the ocean. The princes' army was broken instantly by the enemy with unstumbling advances, like a forest by winds.

Then the princes, angered, having unique strength of arm, plunged into the enemy's army, like elephants into a pool. The soldiers of the enemy stood in the front for contact with them who were like agitated oceans dark with waves of missiles. His army being disturbed by them like a cane-patch by elephants, Surendradatta ran forward for battle, together with the yuvaraj. Surendradatta fought with Sri Megharatha and his son, the yuvaraj, with Drdharatha. They cut each other's weapons\* and restrained each other's missiles, and looked like four Lokapalas on the battle-field.

Giving slaps (in challenge), threatening each other, they wrestled, expert in wrestling-holds, like serpents in coils. The four, very powerful, instantly had the appearance in this battle of the Gajadanta Mountains with peaks in the form of their arms raised horizontally. Both were bound like forest-elephants by the princes Megharatha and Drdharatha who had exhausted them in a moment. After they had proclaimed their command in this territory like their own country, the princes, delighted, went to Sumandirapura.

Nihatasastru came to meet the princes. Respectful greeting of other guests must be made; how much more of such as these. The king embraced them and kissed them on the top of the head, experiencing unique bliss like an Ahamindra. At an auspicious\* time the king married properly his elder daughters, Priyamitra and Manorama, to Megharatha. Drdharatha, whose lotus-feet were cleansed by the king, married the third daughter, the youngest, Sumati. When the weddings had been properly celebrated with great magnificence, dismissed respectfully by the king, they went toward their own city. After they had restored in the same way Surendradatta and his yuvaraj to their own kingdom, they went to their own city.

They, long-armed, enjoyed pleasures with their wives like Indra and Upendra who had met in one place because of affection. Megharatha's wives bore two sons in turn, Priyamitra Nandisena and Manorama Meghasena.

Drdharatha's wife, Sumati, bore a son, Rathasena, the sole Rohana of the jewels of agreeable *qualities*.

### ***Story of the cocks***

One day while King Ghanaratha, surrounded by his wives, sons, and grandsons like the leader of an elephant-herd, was occupied

with various amusements comfortably in the women's apartments, a courtesan, Susena, holding a cock, asserted:

"Your Majesty, this cock of mine is a crest-jewel among his own kind. He has never been beaten by any one's cock. If this cock is beaten by any one's cock, I will pay a lac of dinars on a wager. If anyone else has a cock, let him take up my challenge, lord."

Queen Manorama said, "Let my cock fight here with that cock on that wager, Your Majesty." The king agreed and Queen Manorama at once had a servant-girl bring her cock, named Vajratunda. The two were set down on the ground and attacked each other, dancing with various steps like foot-soldiers in an exhibition. They flew up and fell down, they advanced and retreated, they gave and took blows mutually. The crests, though red, of these two fine cocks became red from blood produced by cruel blows with bills and feet. Like armed men in the form of birds, the cocks dug sharp claws in each other's body frequently. Every moment, someone with the idea of victory said, "The queen's wins!" "Susena's wins!" Neither one won. While they were fighting so, Ghanaratha said, "Neither one of these two will conquer the other." Megharatha said, "Why do you think that there will not be defeat of one and victory of one of these two fighting so?"

King Ghanaratha, possessing three kinds of knowledge, said: "Hear the complete story of their former births.

### *Former births of the cocks*

There is a city Ratnapura, a heap of various jewels, in the province Airavata in this same Jambudvipa. Two merchants lived there, great friends of each other, Dhanavasudhana the one, and Datta the other. Their *desire* for wealth not being allayed, desirous as thirsty catalkas,<sup>160</sup> they filled carts, wagons, et cetera, with various kinds of merchandise. Always together, they wandered through villages, mines, cities, capital villages, et cetera, for trade, like fathers of poverty. They, like Paramadharmikas,<sup>161</sup> drove their oxen when they were thirsty, hungry, tired, weak, crippled, lean, suffering from cold, heat, and thirst, with excessive loads, by means of ox-goads, blows with clubs, and twisting their tails. They cut the oxen's swollen backs with knives, and they pierced again the nose-skin when the former hole was split. They did not turn loose the oxen at the right time because of their wish for haste and they themselves ate as they went along, intolerant of delay. They deceived the people with false weights, false measures, false coins, and false descriptions of articles. They deceived everyone, like crafty jackals, and fought

each other from *desire* for one object. The two men, their minds always deluded by false belief, pitiless, overcome by greed, did not even make mention of *dharma*.<sup>\*</sup> So, painful meditation<sup>\*</sup> being experienced, they acquired an elephant-birth. For an animal-birth is the result of painful meditation. One day at the tirtha Srinadi, subject to love and hate, they quarreled together, fought, and died.

They were born as elephants on the bank of Svarnakula in the same Airavata, named Tamrakalasa and Kancanakalasa. They gradually grew up and with *ichor* dripping seven-fold, they wandered on the bank of the river, tearing down trees. One day as they, lords of herds, wandered, each with his own herd, they saw each other like reflections of their own images. They both ran at each other quickly to kill each other, with blazing *anger* from the *anger* of the former birth, like mountains with blazing forest-fires. For a long time the two elephants made tusk against tusk, trunk against trunk, and died at the same time, as if for a fight in another birth.

Nandimitra, rich in many buffaloes, lived in Ayodhya in Bharataksetra in Jambudvipa. They became two fine buffaloes in his herd, very dear to him. They grew up large-bodied like young elephants. Dhanasena and Nandisena, sons of King Satrunjaya and Devananda, saw the buffaloes. The two buffaloes, *arrogant* as buffaloes of Krtanta, were made to fight by the sons of the king of Ayodhya out of curiosity.

After they had fought a long time, they died, and became strong-bodied rams, Kala and Mahakala. Meeting by chance in the same place they fought because of former hostility, died, and were born as these cocks with equal strength. One was not conquered by the other. Now as before one will not be conquered by the other.”

Megharatha said: “These cocks fought, arranged by Vidyadharas, not only because they were imbued with former hostility.” Incited by King Ghanaratha by a raised brow, Megharatha, his hands folded submissively, explained at length.

### *Story of the Vidyadharas*

“In the city Svarnanaman in the north row on Vaitadhya in Bharataksetra in this very Jambudvipa there was a king, Garudavega, with the strength of Garuda; and he had a blameless wife, Dhrtisena. She bore two sons Candratilaka and Suryatilaka, *heralded* by the sight in a dream of a sun and moon placed on her lap. One day, when they had grown up, they went to the peak of Meru and payed homage to the statues of the holy eternal *Arhats*. Wandering about from curiosity they saw the flying *ascetic*, Sagaracandra, standing on a gold slab in Nandana. They bowed to the *muni*,

circumambulated him, and listened before him to a sermon, their hands folded submissively.

At the end of the sermon, after they had bowed to the muni, they said: 'By good fortune you were met like a torch by us *afflicted* by the darkness of ignorance. Tell us all our former births, Blessed One. The knowledge of persons like you is for the benefit of others, like the sunrise.'

### *Story of Abhayaghosa*

The muni related: 'In the continent named Dhatakikhanda in East Airavata there is a city named Vajrapura. Here there was a king, Abhayaghosa, a proclamation of fearlessness to the distressed. His wife was named Svarnatilaka. Two sons were born to them, *Vijaya* and *Vaijayanta*, and they gradually acquired the collection of arts and attained youth.

Now, in this Airavata in the city Svarnadruma there was a king, Sankha, with virtues shining as a conch. He had a daughter by Queen Prthvi, named Prthvisena, *heralded* by the sight of a *wreath* of flowers placed on (the queen's) lap in a dream. She gradually attained youth and acquired the collection of arts which nourish a high degree of beauty and distinguished cleverness. Thinking, "He is a suitable bridegroom for her," King Sankha gave the maiden to Abhayaghosa. The best of kings dallied with his bride Prthvisena, like Ramapati with Rama.

One day in spring a slave-girl, carrying spring flowers, came near King Abhayaghosa. Queen Svarnatilaka saw her and said to the king, "The garden Sadrtuka has been adorned by Spring. Now let us go with a suitable retinue to embrace the newly arrived Laksmi of spring, husband." Just then Prthvisena approached the king and handed him a bouquet worth a crores. The king, open-eyed, looked at it and accepted it quickly; went to the garden with a suitable retinue, and played there.

Prthvisena, having received permission, wandered there apart, saw the Muni Dantamathana of distinguished learning. Delighted, she honored the muni, feeling intense *devotion*, and listened to a sermon producing disgust with existence. Immediately taking leave of the king, afraid of birth, she adopted *mendicancy* before Dantamathana. King Abhayaghosa went to his own house, praising the remarkable conduct of Queen Prthvisena.

One day Abhayaghosa, seated on his lion-throne on the roof of his palace, like a sun at rest, saw the best of Jinas, Ananta, with the sign of a Tirthakrt,<sup>162</sup> wandering as an ordinary *ascetic*, enter the

gate. Rising hastily and taking suitable food\*, he approached the Blessed One with a bow. The Blessed One broke his fast with the alms he gave and the gods rained the five things, a stream of treasure, et cetera. After he had broken his fast, the Blessed One went elsewhere. For the Jinas, like other munis, do not stay anywhere, while they are ordinary ascetics.

One day after his *omniscience* had appeared, Tirthakrt Ananta came in his wandering to the town Vajrapura and stopped there. Abhayaghosa came and circumambulated him three times with devotion, praised him, and listened to a sermon destroying birth. At the end of the sermon the king bowed to the Blessed One and said:

“You have come here, like a kalpa-tree, because of people’s merit. Your actions are only for the benefit of others. O master, so you are requested: Wait a moment, you who are respected by everyone, an ocean of *compassion*, until I return for initiation at your lotus-feet, after I have imposed the entire burden of the kingdom on my son.”

The king, told by the Master, “You must not be negligent,” went to his house and spoke to his sons respectively: “Son *Vijaya*, take the kingdom you have inherited. *Vaijayanta*, do you act as his yuvaraj. I shall become a *mendicant*. I shall go to the Jina<sup>s</sup>, that I may not come again into this abyss of existence.” They said: “Father, just as you are terrified of existence, so are we terrified of existence. Surely we are your sons. We also shall become mendicants. For these are two results of mendicancy: service to you in this world and attainment of *emancipation* in the next.”

Saying, “Very well, sons,” the bountiful king gave his kingdom, though very great, to someone else. Abhayaghosa went with his sons and adopted mendicancy before Jina Ananta, while the holy *congregation*\* looked on. The three practiced severe penance, and the king acquired the family and body-making karma of an Arhat by means of the twenty *sthanakas*. The three died in the course of time and went to Acyuta and became gods with the maximum life of twenty-two sagaras.

Now there is a city Pundarikini in the province Puskalavati, the ornament of East Videha in this Jambudvipa. Its king was Heman-gada and his wife was Vajramalini, like Saci of Vajrin. Then Abhayaghosa fell and descended into her womb, his rank of Arhat indicated by fourteen great dreams. When the time was completed, Vajramalini bore a son; and Vajrin, et cetera, made his birth-bath. Right now he, Ghanaratha by name, protects the earth, a Tirthakrt. *Vijaya* and *Vaijayanta* became you two *Vidyadharas*.’

After they had heard this account of their former births, delighted, they bowed to the *muni* and came here with *devotion* to see you, their father in a former birth. They arranged the meeting of the cocks, which was a means of seeing you, from curiosity, Master. Now, after they have gone to the guru Bhogavardhana and have become mendicants, their karma destroyed, they will attain an imperishable *abode*.”

When they had heard this, the Vidyadharas appeared, considering themselves sons as before, bowed to Ghanaratha, and went home.

When the two cocks had heard this, they reflected, “Alas! this worldly existence, being such, is worthless, the cause of pain. What did we as merchants acquire in a human birth, by which it would happen again, to say nothing of anything else? For human birth is hard to acquire. At that time people were deceived daily by us by various means like hunters greedy for a mouthful, alas! alas! After we had deceived people for a long time by false measures, weights, et cetera, not satisfied, we quarreled with each other. Reaching painful meditation\*, we died fighting each other; and we got the result of that in many animal-births.”

After these reflections, they bowed to the king and said in their own language, “Majesty, tell us. What now shall we do for the benefit of our *souls*?”

Knowing by clairvoyant knowledge, King Ghanaratha said, “Let Arhat, god, teacher, *sadhu*, religion, *compassion* for living things be yours.” The cocks agreed to what Ghanaratha said, fasted, and both died. After death\* they became powerful chiefs of the Bhutas, named Tamracula and Svarnacula, in the forest Bhutaratna. Knowing their former birth from clairvoyant knowledge, they created an aerial car and went to Megharatha, their benefactor in a former birth. They bowed to Megharatha with *devotion* and said:

“We have become lords of the Vyantaras now by your favor. We became mortals, elephants, buffaloes, rams, and after that cocks, with a maximum life in these, by our own acts. In our life as cocks, we ate countless worms daily. What fate would we have attained, if you had not been a refuge\*, lord? Be gracious. Favor us. Get into the aerial car and look at the whole world, even though you already know it by (clairvoyant) knowledge.”

So urged by them, an ocean of the milk of courtesy, Megharatha got into the aerial car with his attendants. The car flew up and advanced according to wish; and they pointed out the things to be seen and instructed him.

“This is the crest of Mt. Meru, forty yojanas high, made of cat’s-eye, making the sky have shoots of durva from its rays. These rocks, the shape of a half-moon, in each one of the directions, marked with a lion-throne, are pure from the water of the *Arhats’* birth-baths. These are the lofty temples of the eternal Arhats and this is Pandaka with trees and flowers attaining their object in their worship. Those are the six mountain-ranges bounding the zones, their surface marked by the fourteen great rivers, and those are the six lakes on them. Those peaks are the Vaitadhyas, rich with the wealth of the Vidyadharas, resembling walls of stone as boundaries for the halves of their respective zones. Those are the eternal shrines on their peaks provided with statues of the holy eternal Arhats. This is the wall around Jambudvipa, circular in shape, the pleasure-ground of the Vidyadharas with its lofty lattice-windows.

This ocean is Lavanoda, the *abode* of a multitude of sea-monsters; and this is Dhatakikhandadvipa surrounded by Kaloda. These are two small Mt. Merus marked with the stones for the Arhat’s bath; and these are the two Isvakara Mountains purified by the eternal Arhats. That is the half of Puskaradvipa which resembles Dhatakikhanda. This is the mountain *Manusottara*. Beyond that there is no land for mortals.”

After they had pointed out the world with such explanations, they led Megharatha back to the city Pundarikini. After they had left the prince in the palace, bowed respectfully, and made a rain of jewels, they went to their own dwelling.

Then one day Ghanaratha, though self-enlightened, was enlightened by the Lokantika-gods who came and said, “Found a *congregation*.” After he had installed Megharatha as King and Drdharatha as yuvaraj, and had given gifts for a year, Ghanaratha took initiation. When his *omniscience* had arisen, enlightening *souls* capable of *emancipation*, Tirthankara<sup>s</sup> Ghanaratha wandered over the earth.

### *Story of Sinharatha*

The footstool of his lotus-feet rubbed by the crowns of throngs of kings, King Megharatha ruled over the earth, with Drdharatha. One day King Megharatha himself went to the garden Devaramana at the people’s request with the intention of amusing himself. Under an asoka there he and his wife Priyamitra began to have a harmonious concert performed. Just then Bhutas by the thousand appeared before the king with the wish to perform an unprecedented concert. Some with very large bellies resembled Lambodara;<sup>163</sup> some with very lean ones looked as if they supported the lower regions;<sup>164</sup>

others with rough feet hanging down looked as if they were mounted on palm<sup>B</sup>-trees; others with long arms looked like trees with pythons; some were ornamented with snakes and some with ichneumons; some were dressed in leopard-skins and some in tiger-skins; some were smeared with ashes and some with red ointment; some had wreaths of owls and some of vultures; some were garlanded with moles and some with lizards; some wore garlands of skulls and some carried skeletons. Some gave bursts of laughter and some raised a tumult; some neighed and others trumpeted; some gave slaps with their hands and some clapped their hands; some made musical instruments\* from their faces and others of their arm-pits. Splitting the earth, as it were, bursting the heavens, as it were, they began an acrobatic dance extraordinary in its use of dance-steps.

While they were dancing an acrobatic dance for the king's pleasure an aerial car appeared in the air. A man of noble appearance was seen in it, accompanied by a young woman, like Manobhava by *Rati*. Then Queen Priyamitra spoke to the king, "Who is he? And who is she? And whence and why have they come here, lord?"

Then Megharatha related: "In this Jambudvipa in Bharata in the northern row on Vaitadhya there is a fine city Alaka. A Vidhyadhara-king, Vidyudratha, and his agreeable wife, Manasavega, lived there. He had a son by her, the tree of whose arm was blooming with power, named Sinharatha, because of a dream of a chariot with lions for steeds. He married a maiden, Vegavati, belonging to an eminent family, suitable to himself, like the Moon marrying Rohini. King Vidyudratha made him yuvaraj. For that is a suitable thing for kings to do when the son has reached military age. Sinharatha, devoted to pleasures, happily amused himself as he liked in pleasure-spots, gardens, tanks, et cetera, like a lion in a forest.

One day Vidyudratha, knowing that everything in *samsara* has the inherent uncertainty of lightning, felt extreme disgust with existence. After he had installed Sinharatha on the throne, King Vidyudratha at once undertook restraint of everything *censurable* in the presence of a guru. Having attained supreme *desire* for *emancipation* by self-control and vows, having destroyed eight karmas by meditation\*, he became emancipated.

King Sinharatha, resembling the Sun in rising *splendor*, acquired the cakrinship of the Vidyadharas hard to acquire. One time at night, sleepless like a yogi<sup>S</sup>, he meditated, 'My birth is in vain like that of a jasmine<sup>B</sup> in a forest. I have not seen and have not worshipped the *Arhats* in a *samavasarana*, omniscient lords, boats for crossing the ocean of *samsara*. Therefore I shall purify myself by

seeing the Lord Jina<sup>s</sup> in person. For the sight of him even one time is like a *cow* of plenty in a lucky dream.’

With these reflections, he went with his wife to the city Khadgapura in the province Sutra on the north on the north bank of Sitoda in the West Videhas in the continent Dhatakikhanda and saw the Arhat Amitavahana. After bowing to the Blessed One, the king listened to an important sermon resembling a boat on the ocean of existence. When he had heard the sermon, a mass of water for the fire of pain, and had bowed to the Arhat, he went to his own city. As he was going above here there was a stumbling in his gait, like that of a boat in ocean filled with beds of strong reeds.

‘My gait has been hindered by someone.’ To find out he cast down his eyes and saw me standing here. In a fit of *anger* he approached to lift me up and this wretch was seized by me with the left hand. He gave a harsh cry like an elephant\* seized by a lion and his wife and attendants came to me for protection. Then I released him and, after he had been released, he created various figures before me and gave this concert.”

Again Priyamitra said, “My dear, what did he do in a former birth because of which this every great magnificence is his?”

Megharatha said: “In the East Bharata of the half of there is a great city, Sanghapura by name. There a son of a noble family, Rajyagupta, very poor, who always made his living by working for other people. He had a wife, Sankhika, devoted to him and devoted religiously, and both of them worked in other people’s houses.

One day for the sake of fruit they went together to the big mountain Sanghagiri covered with various trees. Wandering over this for the wild fruit, they saw a *muni*, Sarvagupta, delivering a sermon. Approaching him seated in an assembly of Vidyadharas, they bowed to him with *devotion* and sat down before him. The great muni explained *dharma*\* to them especially. For the great are especially tender to the poor.

At the end of the sermon they bowed to him and said: ‘That you have been seen, Lord, is merit for us, though sinful. You are beneficent to everyone of your own accord; nevertheless, we, miserable, ask you: command some penance for us, O you worthy of worship by the world.’ In accordance with what was suitable for them, Muni Sarvagupta ordered for them the penance named ‘dvatrinsatkalyanaka.’ They agreed, went home, and performed the penance consisting of two three-day and thirty-two one-day fasts.<sup>165</sup> At the time for breaking their fasts, they looked at the door and searched for some muni as a guest. They saw the *sadhu* Dhrtidhara entering and they both gave him devotedly food\*, water, et cetera.

One day Muni Sarvagupta came there again in his wandering and they listened to dharma at his side. They, devoted to discernment, adopted *mendicancy*, the fruit of the wish-granting tree of human birth, before Muni Sarvagupta. The Rsi<sup>s</sup> Rajyagupta observed the severe penance, *acamamlavardhamana*<sup>166</sup> at the order of his guru. At the end he fasted, after resorting to the fourfold refuge\*, died, and was born in Brahmaloaka with a life-term of ten sagaras.

Falling from Brahmaloaka he became the Vidyadhara-lord Sinharatha, the son of King Vidyudratha. His wife, Sankhika, practiced manifold penances and became a god in Brahmaloaka. After she had fallen, she became his wife. Now, after going to his own city and establishing his son in his kingdom, he, wise, will take initiation from my father. After he has destroyed the eight karmas by penance, meditation\*, et cetera, with *omniscience* arisen, he will attain *emancipation*.”

After he had heard this narrative and had bowed to Megharatha with devotion, Sinharatha went to his own city and established his son on the throne. His mind subdued, he adopted mendicancy at the feet of holy Ghanaratha Swamin, practiced penance, and attained emancipation.

### *Story of the dove and hawk*

King Megharatha then entered the city Pundarikini with his retinue from the garden Devaramana. One day Megharatha, observing pausadha in the pausadha-house, began to explain the dharma taught by the Jinas to the wise. Just then a dove, trembling from fear\*, sad-eyed as if about to die, fell on his lap. The king said, “Do not fear; do not fear,” to the bird asking for safety in human speech. Thus addressed, the dove remained comfortably on the lap of the king, an ocean of *compassion*, like a child on his father’s lap. Saying, “This is my food.\* Turn him loose quickly, king,” a hawk came following him, like a garuda a snake. The king said to the hawk: “I will not hand him over to you. For it is not the ethics of warriors that one seeking protection should be given up. Furthermore, this is not fitting for you, intelligent: the preservation of your own life by the destruction of another’s. Just as you suffer pain if even a tail-feather is pulled out, just so does someone else, to say nothing of being killed. Your satisfaction from eating him will be only momentary; but the bird’s whole life will be destroyed. Creatures go to hell and endure unbearable pain from the killing of creatures with five senses and eating their flesh. How could a *discriminating* creature, even if hungry, kill a living creature to

produce extreme pain on the one hand and pleasure for a moment on the other hand? Your hunger can be appeased by other food surely. The fire of bile which can be extinguished by sugar, can it not also be extinguished by milk?<sup>167</sup> Pains arising in hell arrived at because of the murder of living creatures cannot be extinguished by any means except endurance. Then give up the killing of living creatures and practice one system of ethics by which you will undoubtedly attain happiness in birth after birth.”

The hawk replied to the king in human speech: “This dove came to you for protection from fear\* of me. I am suffering from hunger. To whom shall I go for protection? Tell me. For the great, rich in compassion, are favorable to all. Protect me also, O king, just as you protect him. The breath of me, suffering from hunger, is leaving. Consideration of right and wrong is for persons in comfort. Does not even a righteous person commit a crime when he is hungry? enough of talk about ethics. This one that has become my food should be surrendered. What kind of ethics is it when one is protected and another killed? I would not be satisfied by other food, O king. I am an eater of quivering flesh of creatures recently killed by myself.”

The king said to him, “I will give you my own flesh, weighing it with the dove. Be satisfied. Do not die.”

The hawk said, “Very well,” and the king put the dove in the scales on one side and his own flesh on the other side, cutting it off again and again. As the king threw in his own flesh, as he continued to cut it off, so the dove kept increasing in weight. When the king saw that the dove kept increasing in weight, he himself got on the scales with unequalled courage. Seeing the king on the scales, all his retinue, crying, “Ha! Ha!” got on the scales of doubt. The *vassals*, ministers, et cetera, said to the king: “What have you, unfavorable to us, undertaken, lord? The whole world must be protected by that body. How can you abandon it for the protection of one mere bird? Moreover, he is some god or demon practicing sorcery. There is no such weight of a mere bird.”

While they were saying this, a god with crown, earrings, and *wreath*, like a heap of *splendor*, appeared. The god said to the king: “You are unique among men; you are not to be shaken from humanity, like a house from its own site. The Indra of Isana described you in the council and I, not tolerating that, came to test you. I saw these two birds ready to fight because of enmity in a former birth and I superintended and arranged this. Pardon this.”

After telling this and restoring the king, the god went to heaven. The vassal-kings and others asked the king in astonishment: “What

were the hawk and dove in a former birth and what is the cause of their enmity, and who was this god in a former birth?"

The king related: "There is a city Padminikhanda, like a multitude of lotuses of Sri, the ornament of Airavataksetra in Jambudvipa. Sagaradatta lived there, resembling the ocean in wealth, and he had an *irreproachable* wife, Vijayasena. They had two sons, Dhana and Nandana, and they reached youth, gradually growing up. The two of them passed the time, wandering about in various sports, *arrogant* from their father's wealth.

One day they bowed to Sagaradatta and said, 'Father, Command us to go to a foreign country to trade.' Their father, pleased, gave them his permission immediately. For manliness on the part of the son is a delight of first rank to the father. Taking merchandise of many kinds, they set out with a caravan; and came in course of time to a large city, Nagapura. Doing business there they obtained a certain choice jewel of great value, like two dogs one piece of food.\* They fought each other on the bank of the river Sankha on account of the jewel, angered, like untamed bulls. While they were fighting, they fell into a deep pool of the river and died at once. Whose *greed* does not lead to death\*? After death the two brothers were born as these two birds and became enemies in this birth because of enmity in the former birth.

Furthermore, Stimitasagara was king in the city *Subha* on the south bank of the *Sita* in the province Ramaniyaka, the ornament of East Videha in this Jambudvipa and I was his son, Aparajita, in the fifth birth before this. Then I was Baladeva<sup>s</sup> and my younger brother, Anantavirya, was Vasudeva<sup>s</sup>. He is Drdharatha now. At that time long-armed Damitari was Prativisnu and was killed by me in a fight about his daughter Kanakasri. After he had wandered in the forest of existence, he became the son of the *ascetic* Somaprabha on the bank of the river Nikrti at the foot of Mt. Astapada in Bharata in Jambudvipa. He practiced foolish penance and became a god, Surupa. This god, intolerant of the praise bestowed on me by the Indra of Isana came and made this test of me."

After they had heard this speech of the king, the hawk and dove, recalling their former births, at once fell to the ground in a *swoon*. They regained consciousness again, like persons rousing from sleep, from fanning and sprinkling made by the king's servants. They said to the king in their own speech: "It is well that you have made us know that the crime of a former birth is the cause of such a birth,<sup>168</sup> O master. Not only was a human-birth lost when we fought then over the jewel because we had become exceedingly

greedy. Now a birth in hell was at hand, but we were headed off from that by you, like a blind man from a well, O master. Henceforth, protect, protect us from the wrong road, O master. Teach us the right road by which we may obtain an auspicious\* rank.”

The king, an ocean with waves of clairvoyant knowledge, knew their suitability and ordered a fast at the proper time. They observed the fast, died with pure thoughts, and were born as chief-gods among the Bhavanavasins.

After he had completed pausadha, King Megharatha continued to protect the earth properly, like embodied law. One day as the king recalled the story of the dove and hawk, he attained extreme disgust with existence, the seed of the tree of *tranquility*. He fasted for three days and remained in pratima to endure attacks and trials, his body motionless as a mountain-peak. At that time the Indra of Isana, seated in the women’s apartments, said, “Reverence to you, Blessed One,” and bowed. His queens asked, “To whom, lord, was this reverence with extreme *devotion* shown by you who are entitled to reverence from the world?”

The Indra of Isana replied: “The son of Arhat Ghanaratha, King Megharatha by name, who has fasted for three days and is engaged in pure meditation\*, is standing in meditation in the city Pundarikini, like a white lotus in a pool. He is a future Tirthankara<sup>s</sup>, an ornament of Bharataksetra. When I, being here, saw him, I bowed to him. Troops of gods and demons, even with their Indras, cannot shake him, resolute, from that meditation, to say nothing of mortals, et cetera.”

Two queens of the Indra of Isana, Surupa and Atirupika, could not endure the praise of the king and went to disturb him. They created young women, waves of the water of loveliness, like a living *citadel* or victorious weapon of Minalaksman (Kama<sup>s</sup>). They undertook agreeable attacks (on him) by various manifestations, life-giving medicines of Smara<sup>s</sup>. One displayed her shoulder, the *abode* of the root of love, under the pretext of binding her braid of hair falsely disarranged; another showed her hips, her garment half-fallen, that were like a mirror with its cover removed. One lifted her eyebrow repeatedly, like raising a weapon of Smara, pretending to talk with her women friends. One, impassioned, sang a composition of erotic episodes, charming with the gandharagrama, rich with transformations of mouth and eye. A beautiful girl talked about the stories of the kamasutra again and again, devoted to the topic of erotic sport experienced by herself. Another drew postures\* invented by passion, conforming with the humor of temperaments, the bilious humor,<sup>169</sup> et cetera. One asked for talk; another for a touch of the

hand; another for a favor of a glance; another for an embrace. So these fictitious goddesses practiced thus many kinds of the arts until dawn. Then the two queens dispersed these fictitious forms that had been useless against the king like blows of a chisel on adamant. Remorseful, the queens of Isana begged forgiveness of Megharatha, bowed to him, and went to their own abode.

The king, delighted, completed his pratima and fast and, recalling again and again the events of the night, reached extreme *desire* for *emancipation*. When the chief-queen, Priyamitra, saw her husband in such a condition, she also attained desire for emancipation. For good wives follow the path of the husband. Then one day Arhat Ghanaratha came there in his wandering and stopped (in a *samavasarana*) in the north-east. Agents reported to the king the Master's arrival. He gave them a gratuity and went with his younger brother to the Lord. The Lord delivered a sermon in a speech penetrating for a *yojana*, conforming to every dialect, with gramara-gas. At the end of the sermon the king bowed to the Jina<sup>8</sup> and said: "You are zealous in protecting everyone. Lord, protect me. You know everything. You are the benefactor of everyone, Lord of the World. Nevertheless, I make a request. Who is not eager for his own benefit, Master? Wait for me, Lord, until I have established the heir on the throne and come here to take initiation."

"There must be no negligence." So instructed by the Arhat himself, Megharatha went home and said to his younger brother, "Take the burden of the earth, son, that I may become a *mendicant*. I am wearied from this wandering in existence, like a traveler." Then Drdharatha said, his hands folded submissively: "Truly this *samsara*, which is painful, must be abandoned by the *discerning*. But why do you desert me, lord, in this *samsara* being such, hard to cross like a boundless ocean, by imposing the burden of the earth on me? Until today you have considered me like yourself. Why do you make a distinction now? Be gracious, lord. Save me also, as well as yourself. Today I shall become a mendicant with you at our father's feet. Give the earth to someone else, master."

Then Megharatha gave the kingdom to his own son, Meghasena, and the rank of heir-apparent to Rathasena, Drdharatha's son. When the departure-festival had been held by Meghasena, King Megharatha went to the Blessed One with Drdharatha, seven hundred of his sons, and four thousand kings, and undertook abstinence from all *cenurable* activities. Enduring trials and attacks very hard to endure, having the three controls, the five kinds of carefulness, free from *desire* even in the body, engaged in manifold vows

and penance, accompanied by Drdharatha, knowing eleven Angas, he wandered over the earth.

By means of the twenty pure *sthanakas*, *devotion* to the Arhat, et cetera, he acquired the name- and family-karma of an Arhat, hard to acquire.

After he had practiced the severe penance called *sinhanikhridita* and had preserved his asceticism unbroken for a lac of purvas\*, the noble *muni* Megharatha, firm as a mountain, ascended Mt. Amaratilaka and observed a fast according to rules.

### ***Eleventh incarnation as a god***

His life completed, Megharatha went to the palace *Sarvarthasiddhi*; and his brother also, after some time had elapsed, observed a fast and, pure in heart, reached that same *abode* (*Sarvarthasiddhi*), which is next to *emancipation*.<sup>170</sup>

## 5. TWELFTH INCARNATION AS SANTI

There is a magnificent city, Hastinapura, in the country of the Kurus in the zone Bharata in Jambudvipa. The golden *finials* on the tops of its palaces have the appearance of a garden of mallows that are always up.

Around it gleams a circular *moat* with pure, pellucid water, like a mirror of the wall. Glossy trees on the banks of the canals in its gardens look like clouds that have descended to take water. At night the moon reflected in the jeweled roofs of its houses is licked by cats with the idea that it is a ball of curds. The long spirals of smoke from aloes burning in its shrines become petticoats, produced without effort, for the Khecaris. Jeweled garlands are observed there, suspended on the row of shops, that are like the wealth of jewels brought from all the oceans. The shadows of banners on the floors of its shrines, moving to and fro, look like serpents guarding the treasury of religion. Its dwellings with floors of sapphire show a resemblance to pleasure-pools filled with water.

### *His parents*

The king in this city was Visvasena, moon to the ocean of the Ikshvaku-family, a festival for the eyes, by the moonlight of whose glory the earth was brightened. He was a house of adamant for those seeking protection, a wishing-tree for beggars, a friendly meeting-place of the goddesses *sri* and *Vac*. His boundless accumulation of glory, like another ocean, absorbed the fame of enemies, like the ocean long rivers. When all the enemies had been subdued by the power of him, the only king, weapons\* were unused, like goods that had been stored away. He put his foot on the throats of those fighting and his hand on the backs of those seeking protection, as if impartial to both. His sword, drawn from its scabbard on the battlefield, became itself a treasury for the *Sri* of victory who had come. Law was his brother; fame his sweetheart; pure virtues his friends; majesty his footman. So there was a retinue originating in his body. He, enjoying an exalted rank, bestowing delight on the world, had a wife, named *Acira*, like the lightning of a cloud. Just as the queen was the crest-jewel of women, so good conduct was chief among her virtues, courtesy, et cetera. The first among good wives, day and night she put her husband inside her heart as an ornament, like a

pearl-necklace on the outside. At the sight of her beauty, even goddesses seemed created, as it were, from particles left over from her creation. She, honored by the world, purified the earth by her footsteps as she walked, like the Jahnavi by its stream. Her neck bent from modesty, she always looked at the ground alone, as if from affection at the thought, "It must be protected by my husband." All the virtues of women shone in a high degree in her, like species of flowers in the row of gardens in Saumanasa. Some time passed for King Visvasena and Queen Acira absorbed in the pleasure of *sovereignty*, rejoicing, like Indra and Indrani.

### ***Birth***

Now Megharatha's *soul*, immersed in pleasure, completed its life in Sarvarthasiddha, the best palace in Anuttara. On the seventh day of the dark half of Nabhasya, the moon being in Bharani, he fell and descended into the womb of Queen Acira. During the last part of the night, while the queen was comfortably asleep, the fourteen great dreams were seen entering her mouth in succession. An elephant\*, asking permission to enter her mouth, as it were, by the sound of the bees intoxicated by the fragrance of flowing *ichor*; a bull spotless as a crag of Kailasa that had become alive, stealing the beauty of an erect white lotus by the color of its body; a lion, *resplendent* with its tail held aloft, a brother to a red lotus in bud on an erect stalk; Mahalaksmi, being sprinkled by elephants at her sides, with a divine form, like another form of herself (Acira); a large *wreath* entwined from divine five-colored flowers, resembling a rainbow, an ornament for the Sri of the sky; a full moon with an unbroken circle of light, with a spotless ground like a silver mirror of the heavens; a sun, showing the *splendor* of day even when it was night, the sole bulb for the sprouting of shoots in the form of rays; a tall flagstaff, like the sole house of the dance with its dancing pennants, the *abode* of rest for the eyes; a wide full pitcher, the mouth covered with blooming lotuses filled with fragrance, like a seat of the goddess Sri; a fine pool filled with water, like another Lake Padma, fair with fragrant blooming lotuses; an ocean, boundless, raising its hands in the form of waves, as if wishing to embrace the bank of clouds in the sky; a palace, without a duplicate, resembling a heavenly palace with *finials* of various jewels and a row of pennants; a heap of jewels, like a heap of the materials for creation of the heavenly bodies\*, the sun, et cetera, covering the surface of the sky with its broad rays of light; a smokeless fire, devouring the mass of darkness with lofty flames like many tongues.

The queen arose from sleep and related the dreams to King Visvasena, and he interpreted them as follows, "You will have a son, chief-queen, of superior *qualities*, distinguished, able to protect the three worlds, according to these dreams."

The astrologers, questioned at daylight, said, "Your son will be either a cakrin or dharmacakrin, according to these dreams." The king rewarded the interpreters of the dreams and dismissed them; and the queen, like the earth, carried a jewel of a son.

At that time there were many unfavorable conditions, which had originated earlier, in the country of the Kurus, causing distress, disease, *pestilence*, et cetera. The people, knowing means, employed various means to allay them; but they did not subside at all, like submarine fire from water. But merely from the Blessed One becoming an embryo in Queen Acira, these unfavorable conditions subsided. For the power of the Arhat has no limit.

Then in nine months, seven and a half days, on the thirteenth day of the dark half of Jyestha, the moon being in Bharani, the planets\* being in *exaltation*, Acira bore a son, marked with a deer, gold color, like the east bearing the (deer-marked) moon. Then for a moment there was a light in the three worlds and comfort, never experienced before, to the hell-inhabitants.

### *Birth-rites*

Then the seats of the Dikkumaris shook. They knew of the Arhat's birth by clairvoyant knowledge and rejoiced. Then the eight Dikkumaris from the Lower World came to the Arhat's house, bowed to the Jinendra and the Jinendra's mother according to rule. After introducing themselves to the queen and saying, "Do not be afraid," they cleared away the dust for a *yojana* with a whirlwind. Not too near and not too far from the Jinendra and his mother, they stood singing their virtues, like professional singers. The eight Dikdevis came from the Upper World, after the same ceremonies, created water, sprinkled the ground and stood singing in the same way. The eight goddesses came from east Rucaka, holding mirrors, bowed to the Jina<sup>s</sup> and the Jina's mother, and stood in the east, singing. Eight goddesses came from south Rucaka, carrying golden vases, bowed to the Arhat and his mother, and stood in the south, singing. Eight goddesses came from west Rucaka, bowed to the Jina and Acira and stood in the west, singing their virtues, holding fans. Eight goddesses came from north Rucaka, bowed to them, and stood in the north, singing their virtues, holding *chauris*. Four Dikkumari-kas came from the intermediate points, bowed as before and stood,

singing, in the intermediate points, holding lamps.\* The four living in the center of Rucakadvipa came, bowed to them, and cut the Jinendra's navel-cord, except for four fingers' length. After they had dug a hole, they deposited it there, like depositing money, filled the hole with jewels and diamonds, and paved a seat (over it) with durva. They created plantain-houses of four rooms in the east, north, and south of the birth-house. They conducted the Arhat and Queen Acira to the southern plantain-house and seated them on the jeweled lion-throne in the midst of the four rooms. They anointed them both with divine fragrant oils and rubbed them with fragrant substances. The goddesses led them to the eastern plantain-house, seated them on the lion-throne, and bathed them with perfumed water, flower-juices, and pure water. They put divine garments and ornaments on the two, led them to the northern plantain-house and seated them on the lion-throne. They had gosirsa-sandal brought by the Abhiyogikas from Mt. Ksudrahima, burned it, and fastened amulets on both of them. Saying aloud, "May you have a life as long as that of a mountain," they struck together jeweled stone balls near the Jina's ears. They conducted the Jina and his mother to the birth-house, placed them on the bed, and stood singing the Blessed One's virtues.

### ***Birth-bath***

Then Vajrabhr̥t knew of the Jina's birth by the shaking of his throne and came there with his retinue by his aerial car Palaka. "Reverence to you, bearer of a jewel in the womb," saying, Sakra gave a sleeping-charm to the queen and laid down another figure of the Arhat. Then he became fivefold, as if by means of four mirrors, and with one of these he took the Lord in his hands. Carrying chauris with two forms and a shining umbrella with one, twirling the thunderbolt beautifully with one in front, he proceeded. In a moment Sakra reached the rock Atipandukambala on Meru's peak and sat down on the lion-throne with the Lord on his lap. Then the sixty-three Indras, Acyuta and others, came to that mountain, as if they had an appointment, because of the shaking of their thrones. Acyuta bathed the Lord with *pitchers* filled with water brought from the oceans, rivers, ponds, et cetera. Then the sixty-two other Indras, holding pitchers, bathed the sixteenth Tirthankara<sup>s</sup> and his mother. Then Isana became five forms and with one form took the Lord, and with three the *chauris*, et cetera, and with the other stood in front, holding a trident. At the four sides of the Lord Sakra created instantly four crystal bulls like spotless light of the heavens. Hari<sup>s</sup> bathed the Master with the water that had come from the tips of their horns as clear as if it had come from a fountain. Hari dried the Lord

with devadusya, anointed him with gosirsa-sandal, and adorned him with divine ornaments and garlands. After he had waved the light in front of the Master properly, he began a purifying hymn of praise in a voice choking with joy.

### Stuti

“Blessed One, reverence to you, benefactor of all the world, wonderfully magnificent, the only shade-tree on the road of the desert of *samsara*. The sight of you, dawn for the night of accumulated sins, has been attained by me by good fortune, Supreme Lord. The eyes are blessed by which you have been seen, Lord of the World. The hands of those people are blessed by whom contact with you has been experienced. One time you were a magnificent cakravartin of the Vidyadharas; once a god of high rank; once a Baladeva<sup>s</sup>.

Once you were the Indra of Acyuta; once a knowledgeable<sup>171</sup> *cakrabhrt*; and once an Ahamindra, the ornament of Graiveyaka. One time you were a noble king with clairvoyant knowledge; and once an Ahamindra, the ornament of Sarvarthasiddha, In what birth were you not superior, Supreme Lord? Now the songs of praise are completed by your birth as Tirthakrt; I am not capable of telling your virtues. However, I shall tell my own purpose. May my *devotion* to your lotus-feet exist in every birth.”

After this hymn of praise, Vajrabhrt took again the Lord from Isana, went quickly, and deposited him at Queen Acira’s side, according to custom. Hari<sup>s</sup> fastened up high a sridamagandaka to amuse the Master’s eyes, and deposited two garments of devadusya and a pair of earrings on the pillow. Then Maghavan, whose words are not in vain, had proclaimed by the gods: “Whoever, evil-minded, of gods, demons, or mortals, shall think anything unfavorable to the Arhat and the Arhat’s mother, his head shall burst into seven pieces, like the clusters of blossoms<sup>B</sup> of the arjaka<sup>B</sup>.”

Vaisravana, at Pakasasana’s command; made a great shower of jewels and gold in the city Hastinapura; Hari took the sleeping-charm away from the queen, like the sun from the day-blooming lotus, and the Arhat’s image at once. Hari appointed five Apsarases as nurses for the Arhat; and then the other Vasavas went to Nandisvara. All, delighted, held an eight-day festival to the images of the eternal *Arhats* properly and went to their respective places.

Then the queen, when sleep had gone away, saw her son with divine ornaments and garments, divine unguents, and a flood of light. The queen’s attendants, excited by joy and eagerness, went

and told the king about the birth of a son and the actions of the Dikkumaris, et cetera. Then, delighted, the king gave them a gratuity and held his son's birth-festival with great magnificence. Because unfavorable conditions had subsided while he was in the womb, the king, delighted, gave the name Santi to his son. Sucking his own thumb which had nectar injected by Sakra, when hungry, the Lord gradually grew up, tended by nurses.

Although mature in knowledge from birth, he engaged in various childish amusements. Everything suitable to the time is proper. Gods, very much afraid of disrespect, made the Lord play, wishing to make themselves important by means of mudpies with the Master. The Lord did not defeat them too easily in games, foot-races, et cetera. For the noble are followers of *compassion*, even when another emotion\* is strong. So the Lord, playing in various games, the playhouse of Sri, forty bows tall, attained youth.

The king married princesses to Santi. For the very powerful are not satiated with wedding-festivals of their sons. At the end of twenty-five thousand years the king installed Santi on the throne, but he himself attended to religious duties. The son of Visvasena protected the earth properly. For the incarnation of the great is for the sake of the protection of all. The son of Acira enjoyed himself with his wives. For the to-be-enjoyed-karma, even of Arhats, which has pleasure as its fruit must be experienced. Queen Yasomati was at the head of all his female household. She saw in a dream a cakra entering her mouth, like a sun entering a cloud.

### ***Birth of Cakrayudha***

Then, after it had completed its life, Rsi's Drdharatha's *soul* descended into the womb from the palace Sarvartha. At that very time Queen Yasomati arose from sleep and related her dream to Lord Santinatha. Possessing the three kinds of knowledge, Santinatha explained: "In another birth I had a younger brother, Drdharatha. Now he has fallen from the palace Sarvartha and descended into your womb. At the right time you will give birth to a son," The queen, delighted at hearing that correct speech of her husband, like the thunder of a cloud at dawn, conceived the embryo at the same time. At the right time Queen Yasomati bore a son, pure, with all the favorable marks, like a wonderful image of her husband. Because Yasomati saw a cakra in a dream while he was in the womb, his father gave him the name Cakrayudha. Cherished by nurses, the best tilaka of the world of men, Cakrayudha gradually grew up, like a young elephant.\* Cakrayudha in time attained young manhood bewitching the eyes of throngs of young women, the play-ground of

*Ananga*<sup>s</sup>. His father married him to many princesses with beautiful forms like Sris who had held *svayamvaras*.\*

Twenty-five thousand years passed while *srinat Santinatha* directed the kingdom. Then the *cakra*, brilliant with a great light, was in *Santi's armory*, like a god on the spontaneous birth-couch. The Master had an eight-day festival celebrated for the *cakra*. For even people entitled to honor make a *puja* to the one entitled to honor by custom. The *cakra* left the armory, like the sun leaving the ocean, facing the east, the face of the *Sri* of an expedition of conquest. The king, by whose soldiers the earth was covered, followed it presided over by a thousand *Yaksas* like its spokes. Every day the *cakra* stopped after it had gone a *yojana*; and the Lord stopped also, making a camp twelve *yojanas* in extent. Thus advancing daily without interruptions, the son of *Visvasena* arrived at the *tirtha Magadha*, the ornament of the Eastern Ocean.

Strong-shouldered *Santi* established at once on its bank a camp whose center could not be reached, like the ocean. Wishing to conquer without any injury being inflicted, the Lord sat on an excellent lion-throne, facing *Magadhatirtha*. Then the lion-throne of the Lord of *Magadha*, who was at a distance of twelve *yojanas*, shook at once, as if it had a broken leg. Then the Lord of *Magadha* thought to himself:

“What unprecedented occurrence is this, indeed, that my throne shook! Is the time of my falling now at hand? Or has someone, unable to endure my *splendor*, shaken my throne?” With such doubts springing up, by employing *clairvoyant* knowledge, he knew that *Santi*, the *cakrin* and *dharmacakrin*, had come. The Lord of *Magadhatirtha* thought again: “Like a child I thought that from ignorance, alas! The Lord, the sixteenth *Tirthakara* and the fifth *cakrin*, seated thus, permeated with *compassion*, is a match for me. Who am I, compared with the Lord of the World whose arm is able to protect or destroy the three worlds, like a moth compared with the sun? What sort of *devotion* shall I, being such, show him whom the *Indras*, *Acyuta*, et cetera, approach like footmen? Nevertheless, I shall honor the Lord of the World who has come here himself, with my own wealth, like honoring the moon with the fringed end of a garment.”<sup>172</sup>

With these reflections the Lord of *Magadhatirtha* took large gifts and approached *Santinatha*. Standing in the air, he bowed to the Lord and said: “By good fortune. Lord of the Three Worlds, you have received me, a mere footman. I am bearing your commands as

your guardian of the east quarter, to be commanded by you day and night like the governor of a fort, Master.”

With these words, bowing, he delivered divine ornaments and garments with *devotion*, like the Lord’s chamberlain. Sri Santi honored and dismissed the god. Then the cakra-jewel set out toward the south. The Lord, whose advance was unchecked, following the path of the cakra, with unfathomable power of the arm, came to the bank of the Southern Ocean. The Lord of the World sat on a jeweled lion-throne on the bank of the ocean, concentrating on Varadaman without harshness. The Lord of Varadaman knew by clairvoyance that the Lord had come, and he came, having adopted the means of gifts to protect against destruction. After bowing to the Lord and accepting service to him, he handed over the gifts, divine ornaments, et cetera. The Lord of the World talked to him graciously and dismissed him. The cakra-jewel set out for the western quarter.

The Lord made his camp on the shore of the Western Ocean covered with areca trees bound with an abundant growth of betel vines. The Lord of Prabhasa, whose throne had shaken, came and honored Sri Santi seated on a lion-throne, and accepted his command. The cakra set out by a north-western path in the direction of Sindhu Devi and Lord Santi also, following its path. The Master placed his camp, which resembled a moving city, on the southern bank of the Sindhu near the house of Sindhu. Seated on a lion-throne and concentrating on Sindhu, the Master remained facing her, like a yogi<sup>s</sup> engaged in attracting someone. Sindhu Devi knew by clairvoyance that the Master had come and approached him devotedly at once with gifts that had been collected. She bowed to Santi Swamin and said, her hands folded in submission, “In this place I am the executor of your commands, like your army.” With these words, bowed in devotion, she delivered to the Lord of the World gold, jewels, a bathing-stool, *pitchers*, ornaments, et cetera.

Then the cakra set out and Cakrin Santi also with his army in the north-east direction and reached the ground at the foot of Vaitadhya. The god of Mt. Vaitadhya delivered presents to Sri Santi Swamin and made submission.

Following the path of the cakra the Master went near the cave Tamisra and quickly reduced to submission the god Krtamala. At Sri Santi’s command the general crossed the river Sindhu by the skin-jewel and conquered the southern division of the Sindhu. Then the general opened Tamisra, striking the double doors with the staff-jewel which had unerring power. Mounted on the elephant-jewel, his great power full-grown, the Master entered the cave with his army, like a lion. The son of Visvasena set the gem-jewel on the elephant’s

right boss to destroy darkness, like the sun on the eastern mountain. Taking the *cowrie* in his hand the Lord advanced, drawing forty-nine circles on both sides (of the cave) in turn. Then the Master had the carpenter-jewel make a bridge across the rivers Unmagna and Nimagna which were on the road inside the cave. Santinatha and his army crossed the rivers, though hard to cross, by the bridge. Everything is simple for the powerful. The north door of the cave opened immediately of its own accord by the Master's power, like a lotus-calyx at dawn from the sun. He left the cave by the door with his army. Everywhere the path of the powerful, like that of streams, is unstumbling.

When the Mlecchas had seen the Cakrin and his army issue from the cave, collected together, they said with laughter: "Ho! Who is this who has come now, seeker of the unsought, into our country, like an elephant\* into a forest controlled by prides of lions? Foot-soldiers, jumping up as they like, thinking themselves real soldiers, their bodies\* gray with dust like donkeys, who are they? Who are these mounted on elephants like monkeys in trees? And who are these on horses like water-birds on waves? And why are these men mounted in chariots, as if they were lame? And what is this piece of iron<sup>173</sup> that is like a portable fire-place on wheels? Alas for the unconsidered action of these stupid men, which was undertaken by them together, like a quarrel by jackals!<sup>174</sup> However, enough of looking at them. For an enemy must be regarded as poison. We shall kill them, like ravens destroying grasshoppers."

After speaking so to each other, they advanced, carrying many kinds of weapons\*, to fight with the *vanguard* of Cakrin Santi. They struck down the elephants, like ant-hills, with iron clubs; they crushed the chariots, like earthen jars arid dishes, with dubs. Some pierced the horses with arrows and spears and made them like porcupines; some staked down the foot-soldiers with spikes, like ghosts with charms. So the ill-behaved Kiratas, jumping up like monkeys, killing in various ways, spreading a great tumult, giving slaps and shouting in turn, broke down the cakravartin's *vanguard* like a forest.

Because of the destruction of the soldiers that had taken place, Sri Santi's general, terrifying, blazing like a fire from an *oblation*, armed like Krtanta, taking the sword-jewel in his hand, mounted the horse-jewel and dashed forward against the Kiratas. These three jewels, the general, the horse, and the sword combined, looked like three fires in one place. The king of horses, moving like Garuda, splitting open the earth, as it were, ran forward equal (in speed) to

the general's thought. The Kiratas, cavalry and infantry, were not able to stand before (the attack), like trees in the current of a river. Some jumped into chasms; some hid in thickets; some went to the mountains; some fled into water. Some abandoned their weapons\*; others left their clothes; some remained motionless as if dead, rolled on the ground. Of some the arms fell, like branches of trees; heads fell like fruit and hands like petals. Of some the teeth dropped, of others the feet, and of some the skulls cracked like empty dishes. When the general traversed the ocean of battle with the horse-jewel, what did not take place for the destruction of enemies like sea-monsters?

So the Kiratas, thus perceived by him, all fled in every direction immediately, like cotton blown up by the wind. After they had gone many yojanas, they met in one place and took counsel, pained by *anger* and shame.

“Alas! What is this unexpected thing that has happened to us, that someone has crossed Vaitadhya and come here? He, like no one else, covered our land with his excessive army, like the high-waved ocean. A mere foot-soldier of his, someone alone, this extraordinary soldier defeated us long considering ourselves excellent soldiers. We are ashamed of each other, whose arms were formerly swollen with courage. Henceforth, we are not able to show our faces. Now shall we enter a blazing fire, or shall we jump from a high *precipice* to die? Shall we swallow a large amount of poison? Or shall we hang like swings, tying ourselves to the tops of trees? Shall we split our bellies with knives, like old pieces of cloth, or cut our tongues to pieces with our teeth, like pieces of cucumber? By some method or other death\* is our refuge.\* What self-respecting, person is able to live crushed by defeat? If there is any means for us to defeat our enemies, let us summon our family-deities, the Meghamukhas. Family-deities are the refuge of persons, all of whose resources are lost, whose wealth of manliness is lost, crushed by enemies.”

Deciding on this, all went to the bank of the Sindhu, as if eager to immerse themselves in the water, because they were burned by, the *splendor* of the cakrin. Wretched, nude, all lying supine, they remained like gamblers whose money has been taken. Together, thus situated, they fasted three days for the favor of the Payomucs. For gods are won over by *devotion*. Then the gods, the Abdamukhas, appeared at the end of the fast, standing in the air, and said, “Do not be afraid, children. Tell us your trouble” The Mlecchas said, “Some cakrin is killing us. From fear\* of him we have fled here, like a flight of crows. Protect us, blessed Abdas. You alone are our protection.

When one is bewildered and miserable, generally a friend is a refuge.\*”

The gods, the Meghasyas, said to the Mlecchas, “Now we shall destroy your enemies by a very cold death\* by inundating them.”

Then the Abdas began to make the earth have one ocean, as it were, with streams of water like iron pestles on Santi’s army. Seeing his own camp inundated with water, the fifth *Cakrabhrt* touched the skin-jewel with his hand. At once the skin-jewel grew to twelve yojanas in size and floated just like a ball of sea-foam on a mass of duck-weed. At Sri Santi’s command the whole army got on the skin-jewel like a boat as steady as if nailed down. After he had touched the umbrella-jewel, like the skin, and had made it twelve yojanas in size, Santi stretched it over his army. On the umbrella’s handle, like a lamp in a window, the crest-jewel of mortals set the gem-jewel to destroy darkness. Grain\*, sowed there at dawn, ready at noon, was eaten by the soldiers. This power belonged to the steward-jewel. *Cakrabhrt* Santi remained so with his army for seven days, like a sea-trader, in this ocean with one expanse of water.

Then his servant-gods, angered, carrying swords, said to the gods, the Meghamukhakumaras: “See here! What is this that has been undertaken? Acting without reflection, do you not know your own power and another’s power, your minds destroyed? On the one hand is *Suvarna-sikharin*, its peak touching the sky; on the other hand, ant-hills, knee-high, made of earth and sand. Here a sun giving light to the world; there, young fire-flies. Here a *garuda*, the *abode* of power; there, worthless grasshoppers. On the one hand, the king of *Nagas*, supporting the earth; on the other hand, the miserable venomless water-snakes. Here, *Svayambhuramana*, an ocean; there, house-streams. Here the *Cakradhara* and *Tirthakrt* praised by the three worlds; there, you miserable creatures to be conquered by such as us. Therefore, go! Go quickly! Henceforth, we, Sri Santi’s servants, will not tolerate your transgression\*, look you!”

The Meghamukhas, addressed angrily by them in these words, went to the Mlecchas and enlightened them, “Santi alone is your protection.” Instructed by the Meghamukhas, the Mlecchas, sighing somewhat, became quiet like elephants whose *ichor* is gone. The *Kiratas* came, making the Lord presents of various vehicles and manifold ornaments, valuable garments, and heaps of gold and silver, seeking protection, wiping the ground by rolling on it with their bodies.\* Handing over the presents to Santi, bowing, they said:

“We have always been unsubdued, Master, like forest-bulls. Pardon that we, ignorant, impetuously committed an offense against

you, Master, when you came here. Be gracious to us. Henceforth, you are our master by whom the earth has been conquered. Command us. We shall remain subject to you. What more can we say?"

The Lord accepted (their presents) and favored the Mlecchas, who continued talking in this way; and had the north district of the Sindhu conquered by the general. Covering the ground between the Ganga<sup>s</sup> and the Sindhu with unbroken ranks of soldiers, he went then with his large army to Mt. Ksudrahima. The god of Himavat honored Cakrin Santi with gosirsa-sandal, with water from Lake Padma and other water, and with jewels. The Lord went to Mt. Rusabhakuta, took the *cowrie*, and wrote the words, "Santi, the Cakrin," according to custom. Then mounting his chariot, Santi, whose enemies' courage had been subdued, turned, and gradually came to the ground at the foot of Mt. Vaitadhya.

There the cakravartin was entertained by the Vidyadhara-kings belonging to the two rows for happiness in this world and the next. Then he went to the bank of the Ganga and subdued Ganga (the goddess) himself, and had the north district of the Ganga conquered by the general. Then the Lord hastened to the cave named Khan-daprapata and reduced the god Natyamala to submission. The general opened the cave with the staff-jewel and Cakrabhrtsanti entered, following the cakra-jewel. As before, Santi dispelled darkness in the cave with the gem-jewel and circles made by the cowrie, like lamps\* in a house. With his army he crossed the rivers Unmagna and Nimagna easily by the bridge. Nothing is difficult for the powerful. Accompanied by his army, the Lord left the cave, like a lion, by the south door which opened itself.

The Lord established his camp on the Ganga's broad sandy beach crowded with horses moving to and fro like waves of the Ganga. The nine treasures Naisarpa, et cetera, living at the mouth of the Ganga came there and made submission to Santi. The Lord had the general conquer the Ganga's southern district, which was filled with Mlecchas, like a mere village, at will. Then the Lord returned, having conquered six-part Bharata like six groups of enemies, in eight hundred years.

Reducing the distance day by day by unbroken marches, the man-elephant\* went to Hastinapura, the *abode* of Sri. Watched by townsmen and villagers eager like unwinking gods, Santinatha went to his own house. Cakrin Santi's *coronation* as cakravartin was made by gods, crowned kings, and others. The coronation-festival lasted for twelve years in Hastinapura, accompanied by remission of fines, custom-duties, and entrance of soldiers. Then he was adorned separately by the thousand attendant Yaksas, the fourteen jewels,

and the nine treasures. He was surrounded by the sixty-four thousand women of his household; and ornamented with eighty four lacs of elephants, chariots, and horses. He was lord of ninety six crores of villages and foot-soldiers, of thirty-two thousand kings as well as realms. He was served by three hundred and sixty-three cooks and had the earth adorned by the eighteen guilds\* and sub-guilds. He was protector of seventy-two thousand large cities and ruler of ninety-nine thousand towns accessible both by land and sea. He was supreme lord of forty-eight thousand towns approached by land only or water only, and of twenty-four thousand poor towns as well as isolated towns. He was lord of twenty thousand mines of jewels, et cetera, and ruler of sixteen thousand towns with earthen walls. The lord was protector of fourteen thousand granaries and fifty-six island settlements. He was chief of forty-nine poor kingdoms and he enjoyed the rest of six-part Bharata also. Amusing himself with singing, dances by girls, dances by men, dramatic modes of conveying pleasures, gathering flowers, water-sports, et cetera, he spent twenty-five thousand years less eight hundred years from the time he became cakravartin.

### *Founding the congregation*

At that time the thrones of the Lokantika-gods in Brahmaloaka shook, as if swung by someone. The gods, Sarasvatas, et cetera, bewildered, thinking "What is this?" employed clairvoyant knowledge and, understanding completely, said to each other: "Listen! The time has come for the initiation of Arhat Santi in the southern half of Bharata in Jambudvipa. The thrones, with consciousness produced, as it were, by his power, announce to us the action suitable at the time of initiation. Even if the Blessed One himself knows by the three kinds of knowledge, nevertheless it is customary that we remind him that it is time for the vow."

After talking with each other to this effect and getting in their aerial cars, the Sarasvatas, et cetera, approached Santinatha, After circumambulating Santinatha three times and bowing to him, their hands folded submissively, they said, "Master, found a *congregation*.\*" After saying this and paying homage to him, the Laukantikas went to heaven,

### *Initiation*

The Master gave gifts for a year, the money being supplied by the Jrmbhakas. The Lord of the World settled the kingdom on his son Cakrayudha, who resembled himself, wishing to acquire the

*sovereignty* of self-control, himself. The ceremony of the Lord's initiation, as for his *coronation* as cakrin, was held by the gods, the Indras, et cetera, and by kings, Cakrayudha, et cetera. The Lord of the World got into the *palanquin*, named Sarvartha, provided with a lion-throne. Men carried it first. Then gods carried it on the east side, asuras on the south, Sauparneyas on the west, and Nagas on the north.

The Lord, the son of Acira, went to Sahasramravana, which dyed red the sky with trumpet-flowers<sup>175</sup> like twilight-clouds; adorned with sirisas<sup>176</sup> horripilated, as it were, from union with the Sri of the hot season; filled with jasmines<sup>B</sup> like drops of perspiration; marked with the golden pods of the screw-pine, like bows of Smara<sup>s</sup>; distinguished by dhatakis<sup>177</sup> with rows of buzzing bees excited by fresh buds, like singers of the Laksmi of the hot season; laughing, as it were, at the infirm Sri of Madhu<sup>178</sup> with date-palms with a wealth of blossoms<sup>B</sup> resembling the breasts of the Sri of the forest; made twofold by the unbroken rows of the tails of parrots excited by the fruit of the bean; charming with a wealth of petals of the swallowwort; with townspeople engaged in the pleasure of water-sports in the tank.

Then the Lord of the World descended from the palanquin and discarded his jewels, ornaments, wreaths, et cetera, as well as the kingdom. In the afternoon of the fourteenth day of the dark half of Jyestha, (the moon) being in Bharani, after fasting for two days and making the namaskara to the Siddhas, the Lord and a thousand kings adopted *mendicancy*. Just then he attained mind-reading knowledge. On the next day the Lord broke his fast with rice-pudding in King Sumitra's house in Mandirapura. The gods made the five things, rain of treasure, et cetera, on him; and Sumitra in turn made a jeweled platform over the Master's footprints. Never sitting, never lying, disinterested, free from worldly connections, the receptacle of the mula- and uttaragunas\*, the Lord wandered over the earth.

### *Omniscience*

At the end of a year the Supreme Lord went in his wandering to Sahasramravana in the city Hastinapura. The Lord's ghatikarmas broke as he was engaged in pure meditation\* under a toon tree, observing a two-day fast. On the ninth day of the bright half of Pausa, the moon being in Bharani, Santinatha's brilliant *omniscience* arose.

### *The samavasarana*

Knowing the Lord's omniscience by the shaking of their thrones, the Indras and the other gods came to the place purified by

the Master. The gods, like sweepers, took away dust, sticks, grass, et cetera, for a *yojana* by means of whirlwinds. They rained fragrant water to settle the dust and divine five-colored flowers knee-deep. They paved the ground with gold slabs beautifully joined and made charming arches in the east and other directions. They made a jeweled platform in the center, fair with four ornamental gates, and erected three walls of silver, gold, and jewels, respectively. They created the caitya-tree, one hundred and eighty bows high, in the interior within the highest wall, the wall of jewels. Beneath it the gods made a dais not to be duplicated and on it they made a lion-throne in the east. Radiant with the thirty-four *attributes*,<sup>179</sup> the Blessed One entered the *samavasarana* by the east door. The Teacher of the World circumambulated the caitya-tree and said, "Reverence to the *congregation*.\*" For that is the custom of the Jinendras. The Lord sat down on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east, and the gods created three images of him in the other directions. The throng of gods, asuras, and men entered by the proper doors and stood in the proper places, looking at the Lord's face. The animals stood within the middle wall, free from hostility, and all the (animal) vehicles were within the lowest wall.

Then the gardeners of Sahasramravana, their eyes opened wide from joy, came and announced to King Cakrayudha, "Today you prosper with good fortune, Your Majesty, since now Santi Swamin's omniscience has arisen while he was occupying Sahasramravana." Delighted at hearing this, King Cakrayudha at once gave them a gratuity and went to the Master. After circumambulating Santinatha and bowing to him, King Cakrayudha sat down respectfully behind Sakra. After bowing again to the Master, Sakra and Cakrayudha began a hymn of praise in a voice choking with joy:

### *Stuti*

"Lord of the World, today the world has entered a state of happiness through you, a sun of knowledge, causing a festival of happiness (bright weather). Your kalyana-festivals, wishing-gems of happiness, become visible to such as us because of accumulated merit, Teacher of the World. The waves of water of the sight of you wash clean the minds smeared with the impurities of the passions, et cetera, of all creatures, Lord of the World. Because you acquired Tirthakrtkarna formerly when you were striving to destroy karma, so your indifference to your own interests is a kindness to others. This *samavasarana* of yours is a refuge\*, like a great fortress, to men in the world terrified by terrible *samsara*, Lord. You know the entire

mind of all and are a benefactor to all. Nothing at all needs to be asked; nevertheless, I do ask you: May you not desert my mind, as you desert villages, mines, cities et cetera, every moment, as you wander over the earth. O Blessed One, by your favor may time pass for me whose mind has become a bee for meditation\* on your lotus-feet,”

After this hymn of praise, Sakra and Cakrayudha became silent and Blessed Sri Santinatha began a sermon,

### *Sermon on the senses*

‘This samsara, consisting of four conditions of existence, is surely always the cause of a series of many painful things, alas! The passions: *anger, conceit, deceit*, and greed, are its special supports, like four pillars of a great house. When the passions are destroyed, samsara itself is destroyed. A tree is dried up when its roots are dried up. No one is able to conquer the passions without conquering the senses. The Scum on metal of gold is not destroyed without a blazing flame. A creature is led instantly into the forest of hell by unsubdued senses that have dragged him, like unbroken horses running wild on the wrong road. A creature who has been conquered by the senses is defeated by the passions. Who cannot tear down a wall whose bricks have already been taken away by heroes? People’s unsubdued senses are productive of destruction of the family, downfall, capture, and death.\* Who is not oppressed by the senses unrestrained by their own good? Even those who know the meaning of the sastras behave like fools. What displays more clearly the contemptibility of the senses than the fact that Bharata hurled a weapon at his brother Bahubalin? The victory of Bahubalin and the defeat of Bharata all that was the consequence of the senses conquered and unconquered.

That they fought, weapon against weapon, even in the last birth by that the power of the miserable senses is grasped.

Let men who are like animals be punished by their cruelly behaved senses; it is amazing that men who know the past, whose *deluding* karmas are suppressed, are punished (by their senses).<sup>180</sup> Gods, demons, and men, completely conquered by their senses, wretched, commit disgusting acts, alas! They eat what should not be eaten, they drink what should not be drunk; they go where they should not go people, subject to their senses. Devoid of conduct suitable for a family, beaten by the senses devoid of *compassion*, they commit the low acts of courtesans and slaves. Whatever the course of conduct is of men whose minds are blind from *delusion* toward others’ property and others’ wives, that is the consequence

of wide-awake senses. Loss of a hand, foot, or sense-organ, and death\* are attained by persons because of subjection to the senses. What more is to be said? Persons who require respect from others, when they themselves have been conquered by the senses, are laughed at by the *discriminating* with their hands over their mouths. All creatures whatever in this world, from an Indra to a worm, are conquered by the senses, with the sole exception of the man free from passion.

The elephant\*, his trunk extended for the enjoyment of touching the female, immediately reaches a state of misery from being tied to an elephant-post. The miserable fish, wandering in deep water, swallowing the prey that enters its throat, surely falls into the fisherman's hand. The bee, longing for fragrance, lighting on the cheek of a rutting elephant, dies from a slap of the flap of the ear. The moth, confused by the sight of the flame resembling a piece of gold, falling in the fire from eagerness, receives death.\* The deer, wild to listen to a beautiful song, becomes the target of the hunter, whose bow is drawn back to his ear. If one sense-object alone serves to cause death\*, how can five at the same time not serve to cause death\*? The noble person should conquer the senses by purity of mind without which men's bodily *austerities* with vows and lesser vows are useless.

Since the group of senses if unconquered is *afflicted* with pains, one should conquer the senses to obtain freedom from all pain. Refraining from action always is not a victory over the senses. Action of those free from love and hate, that is victory. It is not possible for the senses to avoid contact with a sense-object that has come near them, but the wise person would avoid love and hate for it. The senses of those always practicing self-control are repressed or not repressed. They are not repressed in regard to beneficial objects. They are repressed in regard to unbeneficial objects. Subdued sense-organs lead to *emancipation*; but unsubdued ones lead to worldly existence. Therefore, knowing this distinction, one should do what is fitting.

Disregarding pleasure and lack of pleasures in the soft touch of cotton, et cetera, and the harsh touch of a stone, et cetera, one would be a victor over the sense of touch. Omitting completely like and dislike in the sweet taste of food\*, et cetera, or its opposite, one would be victorious over the sense of taste. If a pleasant odor, or the contrary, has reached the vicinity of the nose, the sense of smell must be conquered by one knowing the modifications of objects. If one has seen a beautiful form, or the opposite, one would conquer

the sense of sight by abandoning delight and disgust. By overcoming pleasure and disgust in the sound pleasant to hear of the lute, et cetera, and unpleasant to hear of the donkey, camel, et cetera, one would be victorious over the sense of hearing. There is no sense-object here that is (inherently) beautiful or the opposite. That which is not enjoyed by the senses, does it not serve for comfort? Attractive sense-objects become unattractive; unattractive ones become attractive. So why should one be excited or disgusted by the senses? If the sense-object itself should be fundamentally pleasing or hateful, then surely there would be no desirability nor undesirability of inclinations, in reality. A person, whose senses have been subdued by purity of mind and then whose passions have been destroyed, soon reaches emancipation which has imperishable delight.”

### *Initiation of Cakrayudha*

After listening to this sermon that was like a rain of nectar for the ears, Cakrayudha, with the *desire* for emancipation, announced to the Blessed One: “Master, I am terrified of this worldly existence, the sole *abode* of trouble. There is no pride in being a human being in it on the part of the *discerning*, even though powerful. Just as in the case of a burning house or a cracking boat, its owner would take some valuables and go elsewhere, so in existence terrible with birth, old age, death\*, et cetera, taking the *soul* alone, I have resorted to you as a refuge.\* Master, do not disregard me falling into the ocean of existence. Today give me initiation, a boat for its crossing.”

The Master said, “This is fitting for you *discerning*,” and Cakrayudha settled the kingdom on his son who was of military age. Accompanied by thirty-five kings the Master’s son took *mendicancy* in the presence of the *congregation*\* under the Master. The Lord instructed the thirty-six ganabhrts, Cakrayudha, et cetera, about the ‘three-phrases\*,’ origination, perishing, and permanence. They composed the twelve angas in accordance with the ‘three-phrases\*’ and the Master gave them permission for exposition and for the ganas.

Many men and women adopted mendicancy under the Master at that time and some laymanship accompanied by right belief. At the end of the first watch the Supreme Lord arose and rested on the dais, the ornament of the middle wall. Seated on the Master’s foot-stool while the congregation\* remained there, Cakrayudha, the head of the *ganadharas*, delivered a sermon. He stopped preaching at the end of the second watch; and the gods, et cetera, went to their respective places after they had bowed to the Master.

*Sasanadevatas*

Originating in that congregation\*, the Yaksha Garuda, black, whose vehicle was an elephant\*, boar-faced, whose two right hands held a citron<sup>B</sup> and a lotus<sup>B</sup>, whose two left hands held an *ichneumon* and a rosary, became Sri Santi Swamin's messenger-deity. Originating in that congregation\*, Nirvani, fair-bodied, with a lotus-seat, her two right hands holding a book and a blue lotus, her two left ones a water-jar and lotus, also became the messenger-deity of the Lord of the World.

The Blessed One, with them always nearby, devoted to others, wandered over the earth to enlighten the *souls* capable of *emancipation*. One day he came to the city Hastinapura as he wandered, and the Blessed One, the depository of *compassion*, stopped in a *samavasarana*. The lord of the city, Kurucandra, accompanied by people of the city and country, approached the Master, like the moon approaching the sun on the night of the new moon.<sup>181</sup> While the fourfold congregation\* remained in their proper places, the Lord delivered a sermon causing disgust with worldly existence.

*Story of Kurucandra*

At the end of the sermon Kurucandra bowed to the Lord and said: "By what act in a former birth, Master, did I acquire this kingdom? By what act in a former birth, Master, are the five wonderful things, fruit, et cetera,<sup>182</sup> offered to me daily as a present? Thinking 'I shall give these to my friends,' I do not enjoy them myself and I do not give them to anyone else. Because of what act is that, Blessed One?"

The Lord explained: "This *sovereignty* and this gift of five things daily are yours because of a gift to a *sadhu*. The not-giving and the not-enjoying of these are because of the universality of merit. Wealth belongs to many. It is certainly not to be enjoyed by one. Then you have the thought 'I shall give to my friends.' For people's thoughts are in accordance with their former acts.

In this very Jambudvipa in this same zone Bharata in the country Kosala in the city Sripura there were four merchants' sons of the same age, like full brothers, Sudhana, Dhanapati, Dhanada, Dhanesvara. Once upon a time the four together set out for Ratnadvipa to seek a fortune. Their provisions were carried by Dronaka. They entered a large forest and had almost crossed it, when their provisions, though abundant, were almost consumed. Then they saw a *muni* standing in pratima and they reflected a moment, 'We should

give him something.’ They said to Dronaka, the bearer of their supplies, ‘Good sir, give something to the sage, Drona.’ With faith superior to theirs, he gave food\* to the muni; and then karma with great pleasure as its fruit was produced by that act.

They went to Ratnavipa, engaged in business, accumulated wealth, and returned to their native city. They always prospered from that very seed of merit. For grain\* stays alive from the rain of Svati that has been once received. However, Dhanesvara and Dhanapati were a little deceitful; and Dronaka, of them all, had especially pure conduct. Dronaka died first at the end of his life and became you, the son of the Lord of Hastinapura, from the power of the gift. Because a moon was seen entering your mother’s mouth, in a dream, your parents gave you the name Kurucandra. Sudhana and Dhanada both died and became merchants’ sons, the former in Kampilya and the latter in Krttikapura. Vasantadeva was the name of the first and Kamapala of the second. In course of time Dhanapati and Dhanesvara died. Both of them became merchants’ daughters, Madira and Kesara, one in Sankhapura and the other in Jayanti. The four gradually grew up, passing childhood, and reached fresh youth.

One day Vasantadeva went from Kampilya to Jayanti on business and made money. Once on the festival of the moon of the eighth night he went by chance to the garden Ratinandana and saw there Kesara. She looked at Vasantadeva with a friendly glance. Affection toward each other, which originated in a former birth, became apparent. Vasantadeva asked a merchant’s son, Priyankara, who lived in Jayanti, ‘Who is she? And whose daughter is she?’ He explained, ‘she is a maiden, the daughter of Sheth Pancanandin, sister of Jayantideva, named Kesara.’

Vasantadeva began a friendship with Jayantideva, a reason for coming and going between the houses of both of them. One day Vasantadeva was invited by Jayantideva to his house. For the pregnancy-whim of the tree of friendship is of that kind. There Vasantadeva saw Kesara, moonlight to the lotus of the eye, worshipping Kusumayudha with flowers. Vasantadeva, accepting a *wreath* of flowers from the lotus-hand of Jayantideva, was looked at by her with affection. With the thought, ‘That is a favorable *omen*,’ there was great joy of both. Their pleasing behavior toward each other had pleasing results for both. An actress, Priyankara, observed the inclination of the two. For another’s heart is easily observed by those who understand the interpretation of sentiment by outward signs and by the expression of the face.

Kesara’s brother then made a puja to Vasantadeva like Vasanta (Spring) to Vasantasakha (friend of Spring, Kamadeva). Priyankara

said to her,' Kesara, your brother is honoring him. You do what is suitable Kesara, experiencing shame, fear\*, and joy simultaneously, said, 'You alone know. Do what is fitting for him Priyankara took a cluster of flowers from the priyangu tree<sup>B</sup> in the courtyard, kakkola, et cetera, and said to Vasanta, 'My mistress gives you these flowers and fruits, suitable for a gift to a lover, gathered by her own fingers.' Delighted at the thought, 'I am beloved by her,' Vasantadeva took the flowers and fruit in his hand. He gave her a signet-ring and said, 'say to her, "This was a good thing that you did. What is suitable for lovers must always be done."

Priyankara went and told Kesara his speech which was like a sprinkle for making the bulb of strong affection shoot up. Asleep in the last watch of the night, Kesara saw herself in a dream being married to Vasantadeva. At that time Vasantadeva married her in a dream. The seeing of these dreams by both of them was better than a wedding. Kesara related her dream to Priyankara at once, her hair standing up from joy, having confidence in it alone. The family-priest, who was nearby to see to his own business, said, 'It will happen just so.' 'Vasantadeva will be your husband according to the dream and the omen. Let the knot of the omen be tied,' Priyankara said to her. Priyankara went and told Vasantadeva the dream. Because of its agreement with his own dream he considered the matter settled. Priyankara said, 'The *soul* of my mistress is suitable for you. You should arrange everything pertaining to the wedding without hesitation.'

Vasantadeva said: 'That must be arranged entirely according to custom. Generally action that is wrought by man falls down some place.' Vasantadeva, knowing what should be done, after talking to her like fate embodied and rewarding her, dismissed her.

So some time passed, which seemed like a hundred years to them, drinking the nectar of talking to each other daily. One day while Vasantadeva was resting in his own house, he heard an auspicious\* drum in Pancanandin's house. He received the news from his servants whom he sent, 'Kesara has been given in marriage by Pancanandin to Varadatta, the son of the Sheth Sudatta, living in Kanyakubja. The drum has been beaten for the festival.'

When he heard this, he swooned as if struck with a hammer. Then Priyankara consoled him quickly:' Kesara sends you a message: "Do not be disturbed. After hearing the plan of the elder members of the family, I intend to marry my sweetheart. Without knowing my wishes, the elders wish to do such a thing. They may wish to do it, but I shall not do such a thing. You alone shall be my

husband or my death\* will surely be. This must be recognized, lord, nothing else. For the word of well-born women is not false.” ’

Vasanta, delighted, said, ‘The sight of the dream was like this. And certainly the promise of well-born women is not in vain. I promise this: I shall marry Kesara or I shall go by some means to the house of *Yama*.’

Thus assured and dismissed, she went to Kesara and Kesara rejoiced at her lover’s speech when it was told to her. Some time passed unpleasantly for them, like the night for cakravakas, while they thought about some means of union with each other. While their purpose had not yet been accomplished but they were devising plans, the procession of the bridegroom’s friends came for Kesara’s wedding the next day.

When Vasantadeva heard that, he left the city and went to a garden, hastening like the wind. Vasantadeva thought, ‘she, married to another, will surely *perish*, like a gourd<sup>183</sup> at the sight of a finger. Troubled for a long time by her parents who are ignorant of a suitable union, without hope of marrying me, yet unmarried, she will die. Therefore, by dying before she does I shall have my grief allayed. Who will hear of the death\* of his sweetheart like a blister on a burned man?’

After these reflections, after putting a noose around his neck, Vasanta tied himself like a quiver to the top of an asoka. When the noose had just been tied, a man ran up from an *arbor*, saying, ‘Do not do anything rash, sir! Do not!’ Climbing the asoka, he cut the knot of the noose and said, ‘Why has a distressing thing of this kind taken place?’ Vasanta said, ‘Why are you disturbed by this appearance of me, *afflicted* by fate, resembling an indravaruna, sir? Why did you, by cutting the noose, put an obstacle in my way when I wished to die, which would have ended grief at separation from my sweetheart?’

Then Vasanta told him, when he enquired, the story of his sweetheart. For grief generally subsides from being told. The man said: ‘Even if this is the case, nevertheless it is not fitting for a *discerning* man to give up life. Stratagems, rather, to obtain the desired objectives are fitting. In this affair of yours, they exist. So do not die like an animal. Even in an affair in which there is no stratagem (available), it is not suitable to die. A dead man does not obtain it; he goes to the state of existence suitable to his karma. I live wandering about, because the desired object could not be attained because of the lack of a stratagem. For a living man sees fair things.

I am a resident of Krttikapura, named Kamapala. I went away with a *desire* to see foreign countries, intoxicated by youth. In my

wandering I came to a large city, Sankhapura, and went to see a festival to the Yaksha Sankhapala. There I saw a girl in a mango-*arbor*, whose appearance was entirely beautiful, like a girl in Smara's<sup>s</sup> *harem*. I, in love, stood there a long time, as if bound by such snares and she looked at me lovingly. She, above reproach, gave me betel through a friend, which was the cause of love as well as redness of lips. As I was thinking, "As I have accepted the betel and wish to do something in return, what is suitable for me?" a very powerful rogue-elephant\* pulled up his tying-post, broke his leg-chains to pieces, and ran off. Abandoned by the elephant-keepers unable to remedy things at a distance, watched by the mahouts exceedingly bewildered as he ran, thrusting aside the helpless elephant-drivers carrying goads, the elephant reached the mango-*arbor* in a moment. All the attendants of the maiden fled. Generally when fear\* is present, one's self is more important than everything else. As the elephant charged, she was not able to run, but stood on the spot, trembling, like a *doe* before a lion. When the elephant had almost seized the girl with its trunk, I hit him at the base of the tail with a club. Leaving the girl, he turned like a serpent touched on the tail. I escaped the elephant, took the girl, and went elsewhere. I put her down in a place free from danger, but she, by whom *deceit* was barred, did not put me out of her heart. Her attendants came there again and, when they knew that Madira had been saved, they praised me, like *bards*.

She was led back to this mango-*arbor* by her friends and by chance elephant-spray fell, carried by the wind. Again they all ran here and there, terrified. She went somewhere; and I do not know where. I wander about in the hope of seeing her. Without seeing her for a long time I came here, desolate. Even though I have no plan, I do not die, but live. Look at me. But there are, indeed, means of reaching Kesara. I am talking to you as a friend with equal grief. Do not die from ignorance. You say the wedding is tomorrow. Today, because it is the custom, Kesara alone will worship Smara<sup>s</sup> with *Rati*. Then, let us, entering Smara's temple secretly, remain quietly, like worshippers, friend. When she has entered it, I shall seize her clothing and go, disguised like her, to her house, deceiving her attendants. When I have gone, take her and go wherever you like. So your wish will be accomplished unbroken.'

Delighted by this speech, Vasanta said, 'In this plan there are acquisition and enjoyment for me, but I see trouble for you.' Just then an old Brahman woman sneezed, like a tutelary deity, and Kamapala said: 'There will be no trouble for me. On the contrary,

prosperity will come to me devoted to this business of yours. For destiny becomes favorable to the noble.’ Just then an old Brahman, delighted, said with reference to his own affairs, ‘so it is. There is no doubt.’ After tying the *omen-knot*<sup>184</sup> and agreeing to his plan, Vasantadeva entered the city with his friend. After they had eaten, et cetera, they left the house in the evening, went to Smara’s temple and stood behind Smara. As they stood there, they heard the auspicious\* sound of a drum with delight at the thought, ‘Kesara is coming now.’ She came there, reciting again and again the charm called ‘meeting with the lover,’ a charm which is effective merely from recitation. She descended from the *palanquin*, like a goddess from an aerial car, and took a puja of gold from Priyankara’s hand. Then she entered Smara’s temple alone and shut the door with her own hands, because that is the custom.

After throwing flowers, leaves, and money on the floor for the sake of Manmatha<sup>s</sup>, her hands folded submissively, she spoke with her heart subdued by love:

‘You are in the heart of all. You dwell there always. Therefore you know their inclinations, blessed Makaradhvaja. Is this fitting for you, lord, knowing the inclination of everyone, that you unite me by force with an unloved husband? My mind does not delight in any one except Vasantadeva. Another husband is for my death\*, like a poison-maiden for that of a husband. May Vasantadeva be my husband in another birth. You have been worshipped for a long time. This is the last worship.’

After saying this, she hung herself to the arched doorway and, at the same time, Vasanta ran and unfastened the noose. The lotus-eyed girl said with astonishment, shame, and fear, ‘Where did this man come from?’ and was told by Vasantadeva: ‘dear, I am the very Vasantadeva, your husband for whom you were asking Manobhava in another life. I have entered here secretly, planning to seize you, at the plan of this disinterested noble friend, slender maiden. Give him your costume so that he can go to your house, wearing your clothes, like you, and deceive your attendants. When he has managed with your attendants, we shall go to a foreign place that suits us, dark-haired maiden.’

So instructed, she handed her own costume to Kamapala and Vasanta stood behind Kamadeva. Kamapala worshipped Kamadeva with flowers, et cetera, and put on Kesara’s clothes, his face covered with a veil. He opened the door and, leaning on Priyankara, got into the *palanquin* which was carried by bearers. Undetected by the servants, he went to Pancanandin’s house. Even Brahma does not penetrate a well-planned trick. He was assisted from the conveyance

by Priyankara, led to the bridal house, and seated on a gold and cane seat. Priyankara, a benefactor, went away, after instructing him, 'Kesara, continue to recite the charm meeting with a lover'. He, intelligent, appreciated the real meaning of that speech and recalled again and again the charm called 'union of Kama<sup>s</sup> and Rati.'

Kesara's maternal uncle's daughter, Madira, a resident of Sankhapura, came there, invited to the wedding-procession. Seating herself before him,<sup>185</sup> sighing a little, she said, 'Kesara, why are you troubled about the success of matters subject to fate? I, living in Sankhapura, heard about your wished-for meeting with Vasantadeva, fair lady. I know from my own experience the pain of separation from a sweetheart. Therefore, I shall tell you to console you, friend. Just as an unfavorable fate does something undesired, so a favorable fate does something desired from force of circumstances. Moreover, friend, you are fortunate who had the sight of and conversation with your sweetheart, et cetera, many times. Hear my miserable story difficult to hear, friend. I went with attendants to the festival of Sankhapala. There beneath an asoka I saw a young man, a thief of the wealth of the mind, like Manmatha<sup>s</sup> before my eyes. I sent him betel by the hand of a friend. I was saved by him from a rogue-elephant\* like death.\* Again my attendants and I have been terrified by fear\* of the elephant. Again running away, I did not see him who had gone away somewhere. From that time I have scarcely lived, miserable, a receptacle of unhappiness all the time, like a monkey stung by a bee. Up to today I have seen him, charming, only in a dream. If he will be visible in person by the favor of fate! I have told my secret to diminish your pain. For one in pain is consoled, seeing someone else in pain. Enough of that pain, friend. For destiny itself being favorable, there will be a meeting with your sweetheart. Be of good courage, faint-hearted girl.'

Then Kamapala took off the veil and said: 'I am the one, your sweetheart, whom you saw earlier at the Yaksa's festival. From the kindness of fate just now a meeting of Vasantadeva and Kesara has taken place, like ours. Enough of wasting time in talking. Put aside submission to fear. Show me a door to leave by, maiden with *irreproachable* understanding.'

After saying this, he went with Madira herself through a back door shown by Madira into the garden of the house. Then Kamapala with his sweetheart joined Vasantadeva and Kesara who had come earlier to this city. Because of their former affection they make constantly the wonderful gift of five things, king. Know that these people are they. You are able to enjoy it (the gift) with them, your

friends, king. For so long a time, you did not enjoy it, since you did not know they were your friends.”

After hearing the Lord’s words, the memory of former births, a brilliant torch of former affection, arose immediately in the king and in them. Then King Kurucandra bowed to the Blessed One and led them affectionately, like brothers, to his own house. The gods bowed to the Lord and went to their respective abodes. The Blessed One went elsewhere, favoring the earth.

### *Congregation*

Sixty-two thousand ascetics, observing perpetual chastity, sixty-one thousand and six hundred nuns, eight hundred noble persons who knew the fourteen purvas\*, and also three thousand having clairvoyant knowledge, four thousand having mind-reading knowledge, and forty-three hundred with *omniscience*, six thousand with the art of transformation, and twenty-four hundred disputants, two hundred and ninety thousand laymen, three hundred and ninety-three thousand laywomen constituted the retinue of the Lord wandering for twenty-five thousand years less one year from the time of *omniscience*.

### *His emancipation*

Knowing that it was time for his emancipation, the Lord went to Mt. Sammeta and began a fast with nine hundred munis. At the end of the month, on the thirteenth of the dark half of Jyestha, the moon being in Bharani, the Master attained *emancipation* with the munis. The Lord’s age was a lac of years, as he was prince, governor, *cakrabhrt*, and in the vow for a quarter of a lac each. The emancipation of Sri Santi Swamin was three sagaras, less a palya\* less a fourth, after the emancipation of Sri Dharmanatha. The emancipation-festival of Jina<sup>s</sup> Santi was held there by the gods, the Indras, et cetera. In time Cakrayudha, the ganadhara, acquired omniscience. After wandering over the earth to enlighten the *souls* capable of emancipation for a long time, he made final renunciation and at the end of his life attained emancipation together with many monks at the tirtha Kotisila.

Glory to the life, courageous and illustrious, with firm *tranquility*, of Santi, who showed facility even in the business of conquering the six-part earth, who took the vow after abandoning *sovereignty* like straw, whose glory was spread by his being a cakrin and especially by his being a Tirthankara<sup>s</sup>.

## FOOTNOTE

128. His father, as a pure Brahman, of course could not eat with Kapila.
129. If he did not tell the truth, his sin would be as great as the killing of a Brahman.
130. In such a case a princess who wishes to marry a prince of her own choice may be sent without preliminaries to the prince's town and the marriage takes place there.
131. I.e., there was a three-day fast at the beginning and end of the fast and 60 one-day fasts with fast-breaking-days after each fast-day, making a total of 128 days. This fast is also called Karma-caturtha.
132. The *abode* of the Siddhas.
133. A festival held on the full moon-day of the month Karttika in honor of Karttikeya.
134. Nikacita.
135. A legendary serpent with the tail of a serpent and the head of a cock. The vehicle of the sasanadevi of Parsvanatha is usually portrayed as a kurkutahi.
136. Abandoned following the deer to save the queen.
137. Though bearded, his conduct was not manly.
138. A gajadhvaja is one of the 4 banners regularly set up in a *samavasarana*.
139. The 14 purvas, part of the original canon.
140. Balatapas. Penance with wrong insertion.
141. Vyasana. Addiction for 'Gambling, others' wives, etc.
142. His father was Triprstha, the first Vasudeva.
143. One of the sources of pearls.
144. A class of gods representing the sun in the twelve months.
145. The fifth sandhi (division) of the drama.
146. The penance starts with a three-day fast, then a fasting day, then 37 fasts of one-day alternating with fast-breaking , then a

- three-day fast and a fast-breaking day, making a total of 82 days for the series.
147. 'A woman that bears only one child.' have found nothing to support the belief that a hen-crow lays eggs once.
  148. Of course, not our Santinatha, but one in Videha in a past period.
  149. **Grahanasiksha and Asevanasika:** Grahanasiksha is the study of the sutras, the acquisition of knowledge of religious practices; Asevanasiksha is the practice of them
  150. A siddhacaitya or °*ayatana* is a temple to the 'eternal *Arhats*.' There are 4 of these: Rsabha, *Vardhamana*, Candranana, Varisena. They are so-called because there are always *Arhats* by these names in existence somewhere in the universe.
  151. Ksemankara became a Jina in Videha.
  152. TO make them speak their husbands' names.
  153. The noose with which he seizes transgressors.
  154. For the 14 jewels of a cakravartin.
  155. A vidya.
  156. Food diminished by one mouthful in dark fortnight and increased in the light fortnight.
  157. That is, to the body of Santimati which his *soul* has just left.
  158. I.e., they were afraid their *emaciated* bodies would leave them in death and they practiced penance before this could happen.
  159. A son of Indra.
  160. Which live on rain drops.
  161. Demons in hell.
  162. **Tirthakrllinga:** This is the devadusya that Sakra gives a future Tirthakrt at the time of his initiation. That is the only garment that he uses thereafter. He can always be recognized by this cloth.
  163. Ganesa.
  164. Their bellies were so *emaciated* that they were sunken like the hells.
  165. I.e., there would be fasting for 3 days, followed by fast-breaking, then 32 fast-days alternated with 32 fast-breaking days, then a three-day fast, followed by a fast-breaking day. Thus the entire penance consisted of 72 days.
  166. **Acamamla:** One acamamla meal is eaten, then a day's fast, then two meals (one a day), then a fast. The meals are increased by one each time: 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. up to 100. There are 5,050 days on which an acamamla meal is eaten and 100 fast days, making a total of 14 years, 3 months, and 20 days.

167. Bile is appeased by the bitter, astringent and sweet tastes. Milk and sugar both belong to the madhura (sweet) group.
168. An animal-birth.
169. Its quality is heat.
170. I.e., a life in *Sarvarthasiddhi* would be followed by the last incarnation.
171. The *cakrabhart* had clairvoyant knowledge.
172. The fringed end of the garment is gathered up and waved at the moon with a circular motion.
173. I. e. the Cakrin's cakra, which is rimmed with flames.
174. It is obvious that 'lion' for jagara would not do at in this case.
175. Patala, the *Bignonia suaveolens*, whose flowers are red.
176. The *Mimosa sirissa*. It flowers in April and May.
177. The *Grislea tomentosa*.
178. Spring. It is now summer.
179. One of the 19 divine *atisayas*, the caitya tree, is omitted.
180. I.e., they permit themselves to be subject to the senses.
181. When they meet.
182. fruit, garments, flowers, perfumes, and ornaments.
183. The kusmanda is a symbol of extreme delicacy.
184. The words of the Brahman were a favorable *omen*.
185. Kamapala.