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ARANATHA CHARITRA

May the Lord Jina^s Ara, the tilaka of the Iksvaku family, who is the beautiful color of gorocana,^{191B} the *hansa* in the pool of the fourth division of time, grant protection. I shall relate the brilliant life of the holy Lord Jina Ara, a moon for the delight of the night-blooming lotus of the worlds, supreme lord.

Previous incarnations

In city Susuna in the broad province Vatsa on the north bank of the river *Sita* in the East Videhas of this very Jambudvipa, there was a king Dhanapati, unlimited in wealth of heroism, rich in glory and *dharma*.^{*} Binding, beating, breaking of limbs, punishment, et cetera of no one took place, while he, the essence of command, ruled the earth. Because the people were free from quarrels with each other and were friendly with each other, the whole earth was like a monastic retreat. The dharma taught by the Jina played ardently, like a *hansa*, in the choice pool of his mind filled with the water of *compassion*. Then disgusted with valueless worldly existence, knowing the (comparative) value of everything, he became a *mendicant* in the presence of *Muni* Samvara, having undertaken the blocking of karma (samvara). Guarding his vows strictly, practicing severe penance, wise, he wandered over the earth, observing many restrictions. A merchant's son, Jinadasa, fed the great muni with faith when he broke a four-month fast. Though an enemy of karma, Muni Dhanapati acquired the *body-making-karma* of a Tirthakrt by the sthanas, *devotion* to the *Arhats*, et cetera.

In the course of time he died, his mind concentrated in meditation^{*}, and became a powerful god in the ninth Graiveyaka.

His parents

Now, there is a very magnificent city, Hastinapura, in Bharataksetra in this Jambudvipa. Kings who have come there for the sake of service act like subjects; but subjects, having divine vehicles and finery, act like kings. The circular *moat* around it looks like a line given at his order by the Creator, in order to make beauty permanent. Numerous gold, crystal, and sapphire shrines there resemble peaks of Mts. Meru, Kailasa, and Anjana. There Sudarsana^s, whose appearance was fair like the moon, was chief of kings, like Vrtrahan of the gods. *Dharma*^{*}, attendance on whom was never abandoned neither on the throne nor on the couch, neither in the city nor

outside, was like a friend of his. Since his prestige, resembling an *efficacious* charm, spread, his fourfold collection of soldiers was merely for effect. Daily, elephants that were presents from kings laid the dust in his courtyard with heavy streams of *ichor*.

His wife was named Devi, the chief-queen, like some goddess who had come, the crest-jewel of the *harem*. Of course, she did not show anger, even affectionately, toward her husband and, noble by nature, she did not feel jealous of her co-wives. Her husband's favor, her beauty, et cetera did not cause her to be proud; nevertheless she was the crest-jewel among women.¹⁹² A likeness of her, whose body was *irreproachable*, a stream of loveliness, was seen in mirrors, nowhere else. Enjoying pleasures, the chief of kings, Powerful and Sudarsana passed some time like a god.

His birth

Now Dhanapati's *soul* in Graiveyaka, immersed in pure bliss, completed its life. It fell on the second day of the bright half of Phalguna, the moon being in Revati, Had descended into the womb of the chief-queen Devi comfortably asleep, in the last part of the night the fourteen great dreams indicating the birth of a tirthankar. The embryo, possessing three kinds of knowledge, grew secretly, not causing her any pain, increasing the beauty of her body. On the tenth day of the bright of Marga in Revati, she bore a son, the color of gold, with a nandyavarta, with all the marks. The Dikkumaris performed the birth-rites and the Vasavas gave the bath on Meru. After he him, made a puja, waved the light, et cetera, Sudharma began to praise the Master.

Stuti

“Reverence to you, the eighteenth Arhat of whom the eighteen faults¹⁹³ are destroyed, to be meditated upon by those the eighteen kinds of chastity, Lord. Just like three kinds of knowledge were at home in you from womb, so were all of these three worlds, Tirthanatha. The world has been overpowered for a long time by the robbers love, hate, et cetera, who gave a sleeping-charm of *delusion*. Now rescue it, Master. Like a chariot on the road by the weary, like a river by sufferers from thirst, like the shade of a tree by persons burned by the sun, like a raft by drowning persons, like a cure by the sick, like a light by those blind from darkness, like the sun by sufferers from cold, like a guide by persons lost on the road, like a by persons afraid of tigers, you have been found now as a lord by us bereaved of a lord for a long time, Tirthanatha. Obtaining you as a

lord, gods, asuras, and men come from their respective places joyfully as at the new moon. Lord, I do not ask anything else from you, but I ask this: May you always be my lord in birth after birth.”

Life before initiation

After this hymn of praise, the Vasava^s of Saudharma took the Lord, went to Ibhapura (Hastinapura), and put him at Queen Devi’s side. King Sudarsana^s celebrated his son’s birth-festival and named him Ara because Devi had seen a spoke of a wheel (ara) in a dream. Allowed to play with playthings by goddesses who were in the form of nurses and gods who had become friends, the Lord gradually grew up. At the proper time, Aranatha, thirty bows tall, married princesses, because of respect for his father’s command. When twenty-one thousand years had passed since his birth, the Supreme Lord took the burden of the kingdom at his father’s command.

When the same amount of time had passed with the Lord as king, the cakra-jewel which moves in the air appeared in the *armory*. Following the cakra with the thirteen other jewels, Lord Ara conquered Bharata in four hundred years.

Initiation

When the same amount of time had passed with the Master as cakrin, he was told by the Lokantikas, “Found a *congregation*.” After giving gifts for a year, he gave the kingdom to his son Aravinda and went to Sahasramravana in the *palanquin* Vaijayanti. The Jina^s, whose mark is a nandyavarta, entered the garden whose trees were occupied by cuckoos as silent as monks vowed to silence; whose! travelers were halted by the songs of milk-maids in the purple cane-plantation; made into a refuge^s by peacocks whose tails had been shed, as if ashamed at the sight of the wealth of hair of the sporting women from the city; with bees excited by the fragrance of the blossoms^B of the punnaga; the sky made tawny by the fruit of the jujube¹⁹⁴ and orange; adorned on all sides with the opening buds on the tips of the laveli, phalini, jasmine^B, macukunda, like smiles of the winter season, with the face of the sky darkened by the pollen of the lodh flowers. After descending from Vaijayanti, on the eleventh day in the bright half of Marga, the moon being in Pausna, in the last division of the day, the Lord became a *mendicant* together with a thousand kings, observing a two-day fast; and at that same time mind-reading knowledge arose. On the next day the Master broke his fast with rice-pudding at the house of King Aparajita in the city Rajapura. The five things, the stream of treasure, et cetera, were

made by the gods and a jeweled platform was made by the king over the Master's footprints.

Omniscience

The Lord wandered over the earth for three years as an ordinary *ascetic*, never seated, never lying down, observing many restrictions. One day, as he wandered, the Lord came again to Sahasramavana and stood in pratima under a mango tree. The Lord's *omniscience* arose from the destruction of the destructive karmas on the twelfth day of the bright half of Karttika, the moon being in Revati. At once the gods made a *samavasarana* and the Teacher of the World entered by the east door. The Lord circumambulated the caitya-tree, which was three hundred and sixty bows tall, and said, "Reverence to the *congregation*.*" The Lord sat down on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east, and the Vyantaras created images in the other directions. The *venerable* congregation occupied the proper places. When he knew that the Lord was in the *samavasarana*, the scion of the Kurus came there. After bowing to the Blessed One, he sat down behind sakras and then Sakra and the scion of the Kurus began a hymn of praise.

Stuti

"Hail! Lord of the Three Worlds. Hail! Sole friend to everyone. Hail! Ocean of *Compassion*. Hail! Thou adorned with supernatural powers! Always there is illumination of the universe by the unfailling rays of the sun; there is removal of heat from the universe by the moonlight of the moon; there is enlivening of the world by the waters of the rainy season-cloud, refreshing of the world by the blowing of the wind. Just as there is no ulterior motive in this, so hail to your practices for the benefit of the three worlds, Supreme Lord. The world was dark or blind; but now it has been made light or to have eyes by you. Henceforth, the road will be free from hells, Lord, and existence in animal-births will be very slight. The heavens will be near people, like the interior of border-villages, and *emancipation* will be not too far away. While you are wandering over this earth for the benefit of all, what happiness will not be, even though inconceivable?"

After this hymn of praise, the Indra of Saudharma and the King of the Kurus paused and the Blessed Aranatha delivered a sermon.

Sermon on raga and dvesa

“Moksa is the chief of the four objects of existence, the ocean of pure bliss. Meditation* is the best way to accomplish that and it is subject to the mind. The mind of yogis here, who make it subject to the *soul*, is made subject to other things by love, et cetera that have conquered it. After love, et cetera, have gained possession of a mind, though guarded, even a little, they disturb it again and again, like Pisacas. People who are led by a mind whose knowledge has been destroyed by the darkness of love, et cetera, fall into hell like a blind man, led by a blind man, into a well. Passion (*rati*) for and joy (*priti*) in objects, et cetera, are called love (*raga*); the wise call dislike (*arati*) and discontent (*apriti*) with these same objects hate (*dvesa*). These two, very powerful, a bond for all people, are known as the root and bulb of the tree of all pains. Who would be open-eyed with astonishment in happiness, who would be pitiable in sorrow, who would fail to reach *emancipation*, if there were no love and hate here? There would be no hate without love and no love without hate. In the avoidance of one of these, both would be abandoned. The faults, sexual love, et cetera, are servants of love; false belief, arrogance, et cetera are attendants of hate. *Delusion* (*moha*) is their father, their seed, their leader, their supreme lord, not to be separated from them, the grandfather of all faults.¹⁹⁵ It must therefore be guarded against. So these three are faults. Henceforth there is no other fault. Because of these all creatures wander in the ocean of existence. The soul, pure as crystal by its own nature, shares the same nature with these (faults) that have become *attributes*. Alas! the universe is without a king since people’s wealth of knowledge, though in its own form, is stolen by these (faults), robbers before their eyes. Whatever creatures among the *nigodas*,¹⁹⁶ or whoever have *emancipation* near, their army, untouched by *compassion*, falls on them all. Why is their hostility for emancipation, or rather for those wishing it, because of which the union of the two is prevented from taking place? Just as a *muni* is not afraid of tigers, rogue-elephants, water, and fire, so he fears very much love, et cetera, which injure the two worlds. Alas! the road which is used by yogis is very narrow, at the side of which love and hate, a lion and tiger, lurk. Victory over the enemies, love and hate, must, be won through *tranquility* by men free from slackness, eager for emancipation.”

Many people became mendicants from the Lord’s sermon and there were thirty-three *ganabhrts*, *Kumbha*, et cetera. At the end of

the first watch the Lord ceased to preach; and the ganabhrt Kumbha, occupying his footstool, delivered a sermon. He also ceased preaching at the end of the second watch. Sakra^s and the others bowed to the Lord and went to their respective homes.

Sasanadevatas

Yaksendra, six-faced, three-eyed, dark, with a conch for a vehicle, his six right arms holding a citron^B, an arrow, a sword, a hammer, a noose, and bestowing fearlessness, his six left arms holding an *ichneumon*, a bow, and shield, a trident, a goad, and a rosary; a goddess Dharini, blue-bodied, with a lotus-seat, with two right arms holding a citron and a blue lotus, with two left arms holding a red lotus and a rosary, became the Lord's messenger-deities, always near at hand

With them always in close attendance the Blessed One wandered over the earth and one day stopped in a *samavasarana* in the town Padminikhanda. When Lord Ara had stopped after delivering a sermon, Kumbha, like the Master, preached a sermon destroying all doubt.

Story of Virabhadra

A certain dwarf who had come to hear *dharmā*^{*} sat down, and then Sheth¹⁹⁷ Sagaradatta bowed to Kumbha and said:

“Blessed One, by the nature of existence all creatures are *afflicted* by pain. I am especially afflicted since there is not an atom of comfort. By my wife Jinamati I had a daughter, Priyadarsana, who excelled goddesses in beauty. She attained an unusual skill in the arts and reached adolescence distinguished by a wealth of beauty and cleverness. I was troubled because I did not see a suitable husband for her and Jinamati asked me, ‘Why are you anxious, husband?’ ‘I am worried, fair lady, because I do not find anywhere a suitable husband for your daughter, though I am searching for him.’ Jinamati said, ‘sheth, you must find the best husband, someone for whom we will feel no regret, husband’ I said, ‘Fate is in control in this case. For everyone desires his own good. No one desires little for himself.’

After this conversation I went to the bazaar and saw Rsabhadatta, a wealthy trader who had come from Tamralipti. Because of the same religion, we had friendly conversation about business-news, like old friends. One day he came to my house for some reason and looked at my daughter Priyadarsana for a long time. He asked me, ‘Whose daughter is she?’ and I replied, ‘She is my daughter. Why

do you look at her for a long time?’ Rsabhadatta said: ‘sheth, I have a son, named Virabhadra, grown-up, well-behaved. He surpasses Kandarpa in beauty, *Kavi* (Sukra) in skill in poetry, Vacaspati in eloquence, Vardhaki in skill in crafts, Huhu in song, Tumburu on the lute, Bharata in drama, Narada in sports. He changes his form like a god by the use of pills, et cetera. What is the use of saying more? There is no art which he does not know as well as the Creator. I have not seen anywhere a girl suitable for him, but this girl whom I have seen after a long time is suitable for him.’

I said: ‘This daughter of mine is very expert in the arts. For a long time I have been worried about a suitable husband. By a favorable fate this meeting of ours was a good thing. At last let our children be united as bride and groom.’

Delighted at finding a suitable daughter-in-law he went to his own city and sent Virabhadra with a large procession of friends. When I saw Virabhadra, I felt great satisfaction because I saw that his beauty and virtues agreed with his father’s description. On an auspicious* day Virabhadra married my daughter Priyadarsana accompanied by blessings and auspicious songs of high-born women. He stayed for a few days and then went to his own city with his wife. For wise persons do not stay long in the house of their parents-in-law.

One day I heard that Virabhadra had deserted my daughter in the last watch of the night, while she was asleep, and had gone somewhere alone. A certain dwarf brought me the news just now, but he did not explain clearly. Explain it to me clearly, Lord.”

Thus informed by Sagaradatta, the blessed Kumbha, the chief ganadhara, an ocean of *compassion*, said:

“Your son-in-law thought during the night: ‘I am versed in the arts and many charms have been acquired. The uses of divine pills are known, the source of astonishment, and much skill in all the crafts has been gained. All this is without result from lack of any demonstration at all, since I am restrained here by *embarrassment* in the presence of my elders. Alas! I am a contemptible man, like a frog in a well, if I remain. I will go to other places and show my own merits.’ With these reflections he got up, but again he thought, ‘If my wife is pretending sleep, that would be an obstacle to my going.’ Then he aroused his wife for sport, and she said, ‘I have a headache. Why do you disturb me, husband?’ He asked, ‘Whose fault is it that you have a headache?’ She said, ‘Your fault.’ ‘Why?’ he asked, and she replied, ‘Because of this clever talk of yours at

this time.’ He said, ‘Do not be angry with me, dear. I will not do such a thing again.’

Talking to her this way with a purpose, he made love to her ardently and she went to sleep, *fatigued* by love, not knowing his deceitful speech. Thinking, ‘she is really asleep,’ he left her and, his garments *girded* firmly, Virabhadra left his own house, like a hero. By means of a pill he made himself dark-complexioned. For the form becomes different from a change in color, like poetry from a change in letters. He wandered at will in villages, cities, et cetera, like a Vidyadhara, showing his superiority in all the arts and crafts. Priyadarsana took leave of her parents-in-law and went to her father’s house. For living elsewhere is not suitable for high-born women without husbands.

One day Virabhadra went in his wandering to the city Ratnapura, ruled over by King Ratnakara, in Sinhaladvipa. He sat down in the shop of Sheth Sankha, who had a wealth of virtues fair as a conch, and was asked, ‘Where are you from, sir?’ Virabhadra replied, ‘I left my own home in Tamralipti in anger and came here in the course of wandering, father.’ Sheth Sankha said: ‘Going to a foreign country like that was not well done by you, a delicate youth, son-That crooked act of yours was made straight by fate, since you have come uninjured here into my presence, son.’

With these words Sheth Sankha took him to his house like his own son, had him bathed and fed and said to him affectionately: ‘You alone are a son to me to whom no son was born. Having become master, enjoy and give my wealth. Amusing yourself, magnificent as a god, give satisfaction to my eyes. For wealth is easy to acquire, son, but a son to enjoy it is difficult to acquire.’ Virabhadra, said politely: ‘Though I left my father’s house, I came to a father’s house. I submit to your command I am your disciple always. For one’s own son is the son of evil,¹⁹⁸ but I am a son in religion.’

Then he dwelt pleasantly in the house of Sheth Sankha, making the townsmen show open astonishment at his skill in arts and crafts.

King Ratnakara had a daughter, the only fair one of the universe, Anangasundari by name, who hated men. Vinayavati, the sole *abode* of good-breeding, the daughter of Sheth Sankha, went to visit her daily. One day Virabhadra asked her with brotherly affection, ‘Where are you going, sister?’ and Vinayavati told him how it was. ‘With what amusements does your friend pass the time, sister?’ Virabhadra asked and she replied, ‘With the lute, et cetera.’ He said, ‘I am going with you,’ and she said, ‘Admittance is not allowed to

any man, not even a boy. How will you get it?' 'I shall assume a woman's appearance completely.' She agreed and he immediately put on women's clothes, like an actor. He went with her and when asked by Anangasundari, 'Who is this girl with you, friend?' she said, 'It is my sister.'

Then Anangasundari began to paint a swan grieved at separation (from her mate) on a tablet with lovely new paints. Virabhadra said to her, 'You began to paint her grieved by separation, but her eye, et cetera are not right.' Anangasundari said, 'You paint it,' and gave the tablet and paints to Virabhadra. Virabhadra painted such a swan immediately and handed it to her. After examining it, she said, 'Indeed, skill in painting shows the inner' emotions. Just so, her eye is shedding tear-drops. The face is sickly looking; the bill is holding a lotus-stalk feebly; the neck is languid; the wings are unable to rise. This desolate appearance clearly describes her condition grieved by the separation, even though it is not described itself. Why, friend, did you not bring her, so skilled in the arts, for so long? Why did you put her in a house and keep her like a secret?'

Virabhadra said, 'My sister did not bring me from fear* of our elders. There is no other reason.' Anangasundari said, 'In future you must come every day with your sister. What is her name, fair lady?' Virabhadra said quickly, 'My name is Viramati.' The princess said again, 'Do you know other arts also?' Vinayavati said, 'You will soon know, yourself. There is no confidence in wonderful accomplishments described by others.' Anangasundari, delighted, said, 'Very well,' and, after entertaining Vinayavati, dismissed her together with him (Virabhadra).

Virabhadra laid aside his women's clothing at the house and went back to the shop to join the merchant, restrained by *devotion* to his father. Then the sheth said to him affectionately, 'son, where have you been all this time? I have been embarrassed to reply to men asking for you here.' Virabhadra said, 'Father, I have gone to the garden.' The sheth replied, 'If that is so, you did a good thing.'

On the next day he, a depository of arts, went there in the same way, and saw Anangasundari playing the lute, Virabhadra said to her, 'This string does not have the proper tone, because there is a human hair fastened to it fair lady.' 'How do you know that?' He replied, 'I know from observation of the performance of the melody you began.' Then she handed the lute to Virabhadra and he, knowing the truth, unfastened the string immediately. He drew out a human hair from its center, like an arrow from the heart, and showed it to her, astonishing her. Then he replaced the string and fastened it

again on the neck, and played the lute, surpassing Tumburu in skill. He produced notes with very clear intervals in a stream and tanas and kutanas and distinct vyanjanadhatukas. Employing a kind of playing, he developed on the lute a melody with soft sounds and loud sounds, nectar to the ears. Anangasundari and her retinue, experiencing great joy, stood as if painted in a picture. Does, too, are to be caught by song. When she had heard the song of the lute, the princess reflected, 'such an accomplished person is hard for even the gods to find. Moreover, my birth is useless without her. A statue, though complete, is beautiful only with a *wreath* of flowers.'

He showed her his skill in other arts, seizing a proper occasion, a thief of the wealth of her mind. Virabhadra perceived that Anangasundari was in love with him and one day said to Sheth Sankha secretly: 'Following Vinayavati, I have gone every day to Anangasundari, disguised as a woman. Do not fear* that I shall do anything that will be a discredit to you; rather, there will be honor. If the king wishes to give you his daughter for me, you must not consent at first. There is honor, when there is great insistence. The sheth said, 'You will know best, superior in intelligence, but one thing we will say: 'Your own welfare must be observed.' Virabhadra replied, 'Do not worry, father. Soon you will see your son's creditable conduct with successful results.' 'son, you know best,' and the sheth was silent.

Then there was a rumor in King Ratnakara's council: 'A young man from Tamralipti has come to the house of Sheth Sankha. He distinguishes himself daily in the city by various arts. Because he comes from a foreign country, his family is not known, but his appearance indicates that he comes from a well-born family.' Then the king thought: 'This young man is like Manmatha* in beauty, of good habits, of good appearance, an ocean of arts, intelligent. If he, suitable, pleases my daughter as a husband, there is no fault on the part of the Creator arranging a suitable alliance.'

Virabhadra said to Anangasundari privately, 'Why are you averse to pleasure in such entirety, friend?' Anangasundari replied: 'Who does not like pleasure? However, a husband suitable for myself, well-born, is hard to find. Better a gem by itself than set in a glass ring; better a river without water than one filled with sea-monsters; better a house entirely empty than one filled with thieves; better a garden without trees than one with poisonous trees; better a woman unmarried, though young and beautiful, than one mortified by an ignorant, low-born husband For so long a time I have not seen

a suitable husband, friend. Why should I be an object of ridicule by choosing a husband with few attainments?’

Virabhadra said: ‘Do not say, “There is no husband, superior, suitable for me.” This earth is full of jewels. Shall I find a suitable husband for you this very day? Otherwise pleasure will not please you, you with *fastidious* taste.’ Anangasundari said: ‘Do you tear out my tongue by giving hope or are you lying? If you are speaking the truth, show me a suitable husband that my arts, youth, beauty, et cetera may be satisfied.’

After this speech of hers, Virabhadra disclosed his own form and she said: ‘I am, indeed, *submissive* to you. You are my husband’ He said: ‘Very well. There must be no gossip. In future I shall not come here. You must inform the king, so he will say urgently to Sheth Sankha, “Anangasundari should be given to Virabhadra.” She agreed and Virabhadra went to his own house. She summoned her mother at once and said: ‘For so long I have been only a source of worry to my parents, like an arrow in the breast, from lack of a suitable husband, mother. I have discovered a husband, suitable because of his own arts, beauty, et cetera Virabhadra, the son of Sheth Sankha. Give me to him this very day. Then inform my father that he may ask Sheth Sankha for him for me.’ Delighted at this speech, the queen went and said to the king: ‘Fortunately you are to be congratulated today on finding a suitable husband for your daughter. The son of Sheth Sankha, a young man named Virabhadra, has been discovered by Anangasundari herself as a husband suitable for her.’ The king said: ‘To me considering this matter, you have come with this news like a wishing-gem or like a *cow* of plenty. Indeed, our daughter showed perseverance and cleverness in discovering a husband, since such a husband was chosen after she had waited so long.’

Summoned at once by the king, Sheth Sankha, accompanied by many merchant-princes, came there and bowed to the king. Then the king said to Sheth Sankha: ‘A certain young man has come to your house from Tamralipti. He is reported to be proficient in the ocean of all the arts, possessing unique beauty and grace, and eligible from the number of good *qualities*.’ Sankha said, ‘Your Majesty, the people know his merits.’ The king asked, ‘Is he subject to your command or not?’ Sheth Sankha said, ‘Master, why do you say this? To him alone all the people are subject, won by his merits.’ The king replied, ‘Take Anangasundari for him this very day, sheth. At last, let the union of these two suited to each other take place.’ The sheth said, ‘You are our master. We are your subjects to be pro-

tected. Alliance and friendship are desirable between equals only.’ The king commanded, ‘Do you refuse me indirectly? Obey my command without hesitation. Go and prepare at once.’

Respecting the king’s command, Sankha went home and told Virabhadra all the king’s command. Then Anangasundari’s and Virabhadra’s wedding was celebrated with great magnificence at an auspicious* moment on an auspicious day. Their delight in each other increased from day to day. It should be very great on the part of husband and wife who are chosen by themselves. Teaching her the Jain doctrine, Virabhadra made her a laywoman. May the union of the good in this world result in joy in the next world also. He himself painted an image of the Arhat and the fourfold *congregation** on canvas, gave it to her, and enlightened her.

One day, Virabhadra thought, ‘she appears devoted to me. But there is no certainty of the stability of women fickle by nature. Very well. I shall find out her true disposition. ‘After these reflections, agreeable from cunning, he said to Anangasundari: ‘Dearest, nothing is dearer to me than you. Nevertheless, I am going to leave you to go to my own country. Since my parents, pained by the long separation from me, are very unhappy, I shall go and comfort them. You stay here, fair lady. I shall return quickly. I cannot endure to stay any place else without you.’

Turning pale, she said: ‘That is well-said by you, at the mere hearing of which my life wishes to depart. It is evident that you are hard-hearted, since you are able to say that. I were like you, I would be able to hear it.’

At this reply Virabhadra said, ‘Do not be angry, dear. I have thought of this means of taking you along.’

Then Virabhadra asked the king persistently for permission to go to his own country with Anangasundari. Reluctantly the king allowed Virabhadra to leave with his wife. For whom is separation from a daughter and son-in-law generally not hard to bear? Then they set out by water, embarked on a ship. Travel by land- or sea-routes is the same for the bold. The boat started, propelled by a favorable wind, like an arrow shot from the bow, like a bird started from the nest. When the ship had covered a certain distance, a great wind blew, like the wind at the end of the world. The sea rose as if at the end of the world, very terrifying, and lifted the boat, like an elephant* lifting a bundle of straw. After being lifted up repeatedly and tossing about for three days, it split on a rock, like a crushed bird’s-egg. At the time the ship split, Anangasundari reached one of its planks. There is no death* of one whose life-period is unbroken.

Tossed up and down by the waves like a hansî, after five nights Anangasundari reached a shore covered with woods. Because of separation from her relatives and going to a foreign country, because of separation from her husband, the destruction of the ship, the loss of money, the pounding by waves, miserable from hunger and thirst, like a water-animal out of water, she had fallen as if unconscious and was seen by a young *ascetic* compassionate by nature with a sympathetic eye.

He lifted her up and led her like a sister to the hermitage. 'stay here without fear*, daughter,' the abbot said to her. Cared for by the ascetics for several days she recovered and remained as if in her father's house. The abbot reflected, 'If she remains here, she will certainly destroy the concentration of the ascetics because of her extraordinary beauty.' Then the old ascetic said to her: 'Child, there is a town Padminikhanda not far from here. People, for the most part good and wealthy, live there. If you stay there, you will have the greatest degree of comfort. Certainly you will meet your husband there. So go there, child, with some old ascetics.'

At this command of the abbot, she went to Padminikhanda, like a hansî to a lotus-bed, escorted by elderly ascetics. Saying, 'It is not permitted us to enter the city,' the ascetics left her outside the city and returned home-Making the sky bloom with lotuses, as it were, by her glances; looking in all directions like a *doe* lost from the herd, she saw a head-*sadhvi*, Suvrata, like her own mother, surrounded by nuns, coming for care of the body. She remembered, 'These have been shown to me by my husband, painted on a canvas with his own hand, above reproach, worshipped by the world.' Remembering this, she approached quickly and paid homage to Suvrata and the nuns in accordance with the rule learned before. 'Praise the shrines of Sinhaladvipa by my voice, mother,' she said to the *sadhvi* Suvrata, her hands folded together. Suvrata said to her, 'Have you come from Sinhaladvipa? And why are you alone? For there is not a good appearance without attendants.' 'I shall tell everything when I am safe,' she said; and the head-*sadhvi* Suvrata went with her to her rest-house quickly. Paying homage to the nuns with extraordinary *devotion*, she was seen there by your daughter Priyadarsana. Questioned by Suvrata and Priyadarsana, she told her story up to the sight of Suvrata. Priyadarsana said to her, 'Everything, the arts, et cetera, fits Virabhadra, fair lady. What complexion was he?' 'Dark.' Priyadarsana said, 'The complexion alone does not fit my husband Virabhadra, high-born lady.' The head-*sadhvi* said, 'Priyadarsana here is your sister in religion. Devoted to the practice

of religion, stay with her, child.’ So advised by Suvrata, Anangasundari stayed there, with great affection shown her by Priyadasana.

Now, Virabhadra also clung to a plank when the ship was broken and was pounded by the waves. On the seventh day he was seen by a Vidyadhara-chief, named Rativallabha, and was taken to the top of Vaitadhya. Childless himself, he presented him to his wife, Madana-manjuka, as a son, with great joy. Questioned by them, he told the story of his own and his wife’s fall into the ocean from the beginning, and said, ‘Father, I was snatched from the ocean, like the mouth of *Yama*, by you; but I do not know how Anangasundari fares.’ Rativallabha found out by means of the vidya Abhogini and told him, ‘Your two wives, Anangasundari and Priyadasana, are in the rest-house of Suvrata in the city Padminikhanda, practicing *dharma** like sisters.’

At the good news about both his wives, he breathes as if sprinkled with nectar on his body. At the very time that he was taken out of the ocean, he removed the pill that had made him dark and had resumed his natural fair color. Rativallabha married his daughter, Ratnaprabha, borne by Vajravigavati, to him. He announced there that his name was Buddhadasa and enjoyed mundane happiness with Ratnaprabha.

One day he saw Vidyadharas going in a crowd and asked his wife, ‘Where are they going in a hurry?’ She replied, ‘These Vidyadharas are hurrying to make a pilgrimage to the eternal *Arhats* on this mountain.’

After hearing this, he, a layman, named Buddhadasa, wise, climbed the peak of Mt. Vaitadhya with her. There he paid homage to the statues of the eternal *Arhats* devotedly; and Ratnaprabha danced, sang, et cetera before the god. He said, ‘This god is new to me, since I live in Sinhaladvipa and Buddha is our family-deity, my dear.’ She replied, ‘Lord, for that reason only you say, “This god is new to me.” For this lord is god of gods, omniscient, by whom the faults, love, et cetera have been conquered, worshipped by the three worlds, telling facts as they are, god, Arhat, supreme lord. Buddha, Brahma, et cetera are not gods, causing people to fall into the whirlpool of the ocean of existence, wearing rosaries, et cetera, indicating their own *delusion*, et cetera.’ As the two amused themselves daily with various amusements, immersed in an ocean of pleasure, a certain length of time passed.

One day during the last part of the night he said, ‘Dear Ratnaprabha, after a long time we are going to amuse ourselves pleas-

antly today in the southern half of Bharata.’ She agreed and the two, she and he, went to Suvrata’s rest-house in Padminikhanda by means of a vidya. Stopping at the door of the rest-house, Virabhadra said to her, ‘You stay right here until I return, after sipping water.’ With these words he went a short distance and stayed in the same place, like a king’s spy, for her protection. Alone, separated from her husband like a cakravaki, after a moment she began to cry aloud. Such is the nature of women. Hearing the pitiful sound, the head-*sadhvi*, a river of *compassion*, herself opened the doors and saw her. The head-*sadhvi* said: ‘Child, who are you and where are you from? How is it you are alone and why are you crying?’ She bowed and said: ‘I came here with my husband from Vaitadhya. My husband went just now to sip water and delays a long time. He cannot endure an hour without me. I fear* the reason for his delay and hence I am much distressed, noble mother. My mind is like an *ichneumon* on hot ground on his account. Now I can’ not hold on to life.’ Suvrata said to her compassionately, ‘Do not be afraid, devoted wife. Remain comfortably here in the rest-house until your husband comes.’ Thus advised by the head-*sadhvi* she entered the rest-house.

When Virabhadra had seen his wife enter the place, he went away. Assuming the form of a dwarf at will, he wandered about the city for amusement, and fascinated the citizens’ minds, showing various arts. He delighted King Isanacandra exceedingly. For even one art would fascinate the mind, to say nothing of all the arts.

Ratnaprabha was asked by Anangasundari and Priyadarsana, ‘Who is your husband and what is he like?’ She said, ‘My husband is a native of Sinhala, fair, a depository of all the arts, named Buddhadasa, a Smara^s in beauty.’ Priyadarsana said, ‘My husband agrees with that description exactly, except the living in Sinhala and the name Buddhadasa.’ Anangasundari said, ‘The color, the living in Sinhala, and the name Buddhadasa differ from my husband’

They remained in the hermitage like three sisters, devoted to penance and study, not receiving any news of their husbands. The fictitious dwarf saw his three wives daily and was delighted with their surpassing good behavior.

One day there was a rumor in King Isanacandra’s council that in this city’ in the rest-house of the *sadhvi* Suvrata there were three young women, beautiful, noble, purifying the earth like three jewels. Best among good wives, moving on the path suitable for a good family, no man is able to make them speak. The fictitious dwarf said, ‘I shall make them speak in turn. See my ability in this difficult task also.’ Attended by ministers and royal servants and accompa-

nied by some citizens also, he went to the head-sadhvi's rest-house. Stopping at the door of the rest-house, he instructed his companions, 'There you must ask, "Tell some story."' 'With a small retinue he entered the rest-house and paid homage to Suvrata and the other nuns with spotless vows. The fictitious dwarf went away and sat down in the door-pavilion. The three (wives) came with the nuns from curiosity to see him.

The dwarf said, 'Until time to go to the king, we shall stay here, our minds charmed by amusement.' A royal servant said, 'Tell us some interesting story.' The dwarf said, 'shall I tell you a katha or vrttaka?' Questioned about the difference between a katha and a vrttaka the dwarf said, 'A vrttaka is one's own experiences; a katha is the adventures of men of former times.' 'Tell a vrttaka.' The dwarf related:

'Here in Bharata there is a large city Tamralipti. A merchant, Rsabhadatta, with very excellent *qualities*, lives there. One day he went to the town Padminikhanda on business. There he saw Sagara-datta's daughter, Priyadarsana, and married her to his son, Virabhadra. With her Virabhadra experienced mundane happiness. Once upon a time, during the night he aroused her pretending to be asleep. "Do not disturb me. I have a headache." "Whose fault is that?" "Your fault," she said. Questioned by him about his fault, she said, "Why at such a time is there this artful talk on your part, husband?" Saying, "I shall not do so again," he caressed her; and leaving her, when she had really fallen asleep, her husband went to a foreign country.'

After the dwarf had related this, he got up hurriedly, saying, 'Now the time for my attendance in the palace is passing.' As he got up, he was asked further by Priyadarsana eagerly, 'Tell where Virabhadra has gone. Surely you know, dwarf.' The dwarf replied, 'I do not talk with another man's wife, always afraid of a blemish on my own family.' She said, 'Indeed, is your conduct suitable for a good family? To answer politely, certainly that is the first characteristic of a well-born man.' 'I shall tell you tomorrow.' Saying this, the dwarf went away. This story was told the king by his servants and he was astonished.

The next day he (the dwarf) went to the *sadhvi*'s rest-house in the same way and told a story to them very eager.

'He left the city, turned dark by a pill and, wandering through many countries, reached Sinhaladvipa. There he sat down in Sheth Sankha's shop in Ratnapura and, when he had learned his story, the sheth took him to his own house. He was accepted as a son by the

best of merchants and remained comfortably in that city, causing astonishment by his arts. He went in women's attire with Vinayavati, the merchant's daughter, to the house of princess Anangasundari. His character being made known gradually, he married her whose mind was fascinated by his arts, bestowed by her father, and enjoyed pleasures with her for a long time. As he was going with her to the city Tamralipti, by chance the boat was broken up in that same ocean. Now I am going, for it is time for attendance on the king, For without service the livelihood of servants perishes.' Then Anangasundari said to him with importunity, 'sir, where is Virabhadra now? Explain fully.' Saying, 'I shall tell you tomorrow,' he went to the palace. The king's agents told this story also to the king.

On the third day the dwarf came there and related: 'By chance Virabhadra reached a plank. Then a Vidyadhara, named Rativallabha, came, saw him, and took him to his own house on Mt. Vaitadhya. Just as he was taken out of the ocean, he removed the pill that made him dark and became fair as when in Tamralipti. When asked, he, very dear to Rativallabha, said that he lived in Sinhala and was named Buddhadasa. At his instructions he married his daughter Ratnaprabha and continued amusing himself pleasantly in pleasure-groves, et cetera. With her he came here one day to sport, left her here under the pretext of sipping water, and went elsewhere. Now I am going.' And he got up, after saying this. Ratnaprabha asked, 'Where is Buddhadasa now?' 'I shall tell more tomorrow,' saying, he got up and went away. The three women were greatly pleased at the concurrence of their husbands as one. The dwarf is your son-in-law, Sheth Sagara. The husband of the three, he caused a separation as a joke."

Bowing to the best of ganabhrts, the dwarf said, "It happened just as it was seen by your eye of knowledge, not otherwise."

Kumbha, the chief-ganabhrt, stopped preaching at the end of the second watch. Such is the length of the sermon. After bowing to Ganadhara Kumbha, Sheth Sagaradatta, delighted, went with the dwarf to the rest-house. When the three noticed the dwarf approaching,' they went to meet him immediately. Who is not pleased at receiving news about a husband?

Sagaradatta said, "He is the husband of the three of you." They asked, "How is that?" and he related the whole affair. The three and the head-*sadhvi*, also, were amazed. Going inside, the dwarf laid aside his character of dwarf. First he became such as he was when Anangasundari saw him. Next, he laid aside his dark color and assumed a fair color. Recognized by all the women, surrounded by

them eager, he was asked by the sadhvi, "Why did you do this?" He replied, "Madam, I left home for a joke; and for a joke the desertion of these three was disregarded by me."

The sadhvi Suvrata spoke this true speech: "At a distance, in a foreign country, in a forest, on a mountain, even on the ocean, or in any other unpleasant place, wherever the righteous go, there they obtain measureless pleasure just as if at home. The teaching of the *Arhats* is, 'Pleasures are the consequence of gifts to suitable persons.' To whom did he give? We shall ask the Jinesvara^s Ara." The chief-sadhvi, Sagaradatta, and Virabhadra with his wives went to Ara Swamin and bowed properly. Suvrata asked the Supreme Lord, "What did Virabhadra do in a former birth that had pleasure as its fruit?" He explained: "In my next to the last birth,¹⁹⁹ as a merchant's son named Jinadasa, he gave me alms with *devotion* in the city Ratnapura at the end of a four-month fast as I was wandering over the earth observing the vows, after abandoning a powerful kingdom in the East Videhas. From that good deed he became a god in Brahmaloaka. Then he fell and was born in Kampilya in Airavata in Jambudvipa, enjoying great wealth. There also he practiced layman's duties, being very powerful. After death* he became a god in Acyuta and then he fell and became who he is now. By merit added to merit he enjoys pleasures in this birth. Merit attends upon men everywhere."

After explaining this and enlightening many persons, the Blessed One went elsewhere, wandering, destroying the world's *delusion*. After enjoying pleasures for a long time, Virabhadra became a *mendicant* in course of time and, seated in the chariot of firm merit, went to heaven.

His congregation

Fifty thousand noble monks, sixty thousand nuns with strict vows, six hundred and ten who knew the fourteen purvas*, twenty-six hundred who had clairvoyant knowledge, twenty-five hundred and fifty-one who had mind-reading knowledge, twenty-eight hundred who were omniscient, seventy-three hundred who had the art of transformation, sixteen hundred disputants, two hundred thousand, less sixteen thousand, laymen, and three hundred and seventy-two thousand laywomen constituted the retinue of the Lord wandering over the earth for twenty-one thousand years, less three years, from the time of his *omniscience*.

Knowing that it was time for his *emancipation* the Master went to Sammeta with a thousand munis and commenced a fast. At the

end of a month on the twelfth day of the bright half of Marga, the moon being in Pausna, the Master and the munis went to the eternal *abode*.

The Lord lived for eighty-four thousand years, equally divided as prince, king, cakrin, and *muni*. The emancipation of Sri Ara Jinesvara^s took place a fourth of a palya* less one thousand crores of years after the emancipation of Sri Kunthu. The Indras came, held with *devotion* the emancipation-festival of Aranatha who had attained emancipation with the munis, and cremated the bodies* at the same time.

1. ANANDAPURSAPUNDRIKABALI CHARITRA

Now the lives of the sixth *Bala*^s and the sixth Sangrin and of the Prativisnu Bali in the *congregation*^{*} of Aranatha are narrated.

Previous births of the three

In the city Vijayapura Sudarsana^s was king, fair as the moon, giving joy to the world. After hearing Jain doctrine from *Muni* Damadhara, his mind being disgusted with existence, he became a *mendicant*, practiced penance, and became a god in Sahasrar.

Also here in Bharataketra in the city Potana, Priyamitra was king, who resembled the rising of the sun for lotuses in the form of friends. Suketu²⁰⁰ kidnapped his wife and he, disgusted with existence from that humiliation, became a mendicant at Muni Vasubhuti's side. *Afflicted* with grief at his wife's kidnapping, he practiced severe penance and made a *nidana*^{*} for killing his wife's kidnaper. He fasted and died without confessing the *nidana* and was born a powerful god in the heaven Mahendra.

Birth of Bali

Now in the city Arinjaya on Mt. Vaitadhya there was a well-known Vidyadhara-king, Meghanada, to whom power over the two rows (of cities) had been given by Cakrin Subhuma. He was the father of Padmasri, the wife of the same *cakrabhrt*. Suketu's *soul*, after it had wandered through existence was born as the Prativisnu Bali in Meghanada's family in this same city. He, with a life-term of fifty thousand years, black, twenty-six bows tall, became the ruler of three parts (of Bharata).

Birth of Ananda

In the southern half of Bharata in Jambudvipa there is a city Cakrapura, the ornament of the earth. Its king was Mahasiras, by whom, like another lokapala, the important heads of kings had been made to bow. Of him, whose conduct was remarkable, the crest-jewel of kings, the intelligence was adorned with discernment like his Sri with power. There is no art which was not apparent in him, like the species of lives in the ocean Svayambhu-ramana.²⁰¹ While he was ruling the earth, there were no reports of thieves; only he himself stole the minds of the noble. Causing joy in the one and

fear* in the other, he did not leave the heart of the noble nor of the wicked.

His wife was named Vaijayanti, surpassing even Apsarases in beauty; and his second wife was Laksmivati, like Laksmi.

The god, King Sudarsana, fell from Sahasrara and descended into the womb of the chief-queen Vaijayanti. Queen Vaijayanti, delighted by the four dreams indicating the birth of a *Bala*^s, conceived the best of embryos. When the time was completed, she bore a son, spotless as a full moon, twenty-nine bows tall, named Ananda.

Birth of Purusapundarika

Priyamitra's *soul* fell from the fourth heaven and descended into the womb of the chief-queen Laksmivati. Delighted by the seven great dreams indicating the birth of an Upendra (Vasudeva)^s, Queen Laksmivati carried the embryo. At the right time she bore a son, twenty-nine bows tall, dark, named Purusapundarika.

The two brothers increased in size along with their father's wishes, always carrying banners with the garuda and palm tree^{202B} and wearing dark blue and yellow garments. Shaking the earth, as it were, they walked easily. The nurses were not able to lift them even when they were children. Gradually they attained youth purifying the eyes and they became skilled in the ocean of all the arts.

Fight with Bali

Upendrasena, lord of the city Rajendra, gave his daughter Padmavati to the Visnu^s Pundarika. Having heard that she excelled the wife of *Ananga*^s in beauty, Prativisnu Bali came there to kidnap her. Then Ananda and Pundarika attacked Bali puffed up with pride in his strength of arm, despising the strength of the world. Weapons*, the bow, plough, et cetera, were delivered immediately to the two of them by gods like attendants at an *armory*. Their army was destroyed by the stronger forces of Bali and they (Bali's forces) gave lion's-roars announcing their master's victory. Ananda and Pundarika rushed in their chariots to the business of righting, delighted. For a battle-field is a source of joy to heroes. Then Pundarika blew *Pancajanya*^s loudly and the enemy-army disappeared from the battle-field like a group of sea-monsters from the ocean. Sangrin twanged the bow, like an echo of the conch, as it were, and the miserable remnant of the enemy disappeared at its loud sound. Bali himself approached to fight, exceedingly strong, raining arrows constantly like a cloud streams of water. Visnu destroyed his arrows and he

destroyed Visnu's arrows. So, angry again at the destruction of his arrows, Bali took the cakra. "Villain, you do not exist!" saying, powerful Bali whirled the cakra and hurled it at Visnu Pundarika. Dazed for a moment by the blow of its hub which struck with a slap, Visnu recovered consciousness instantly and took the cakra himself. Saying, "Villain, you do not exist!" Janardana^s whirled the cakra and cut off Bali's head.

Then, accompanied by Ananda, Visnu^s made an expedition of conquest, destroying hostile kings, and became an ardhaçakrin. Visnu lifted a great stone, Kotisila, as easily as an anklet (tulakoti). When he had passed the sixty-five thousand years of his life, he went to the sixth hell because of his harsh karma. Pundarika spent two hundred and fifty years as prince, the same number as king, sixty in the expedition of conquest, sixty-four thousand, four hundred and forty as ardhaçakrin.

Ananda, whose life-term was eighty-five thousand years, alone, joyless without his brother, passed the time with difficulty. He took initiation from Sumitra because of strong disgust with existence from separation from his brother. Seeking spiritual knowledge, he attained *omniscience* and arrived at the eternal *abode*, the abode of joy.

2. SUBHUMACAKRAVARTI CHARITRA

The life of the eighth Cakrin, Subhuma, in the *congregation** of Tirthakrt Ara will be related in its turn.

Previous births

There was a king, named Bhupala, who observed the vows of a ksatriya, in the city Visala in this same Bharataksetra. One day he was defeated in a battle by many enemies who had united. For a crowd is very strong. Defeated by his enemies, his face blackened by the disgrace, he became a *mendicant* under *Muni Sambhuta*. As a result of penance he made a *nidana** which had as its object the enjoyment of army and treasure, fasted to death*, and became a god in Mahasukra.

Story of Jamadagni and Parasurama

Now, Rsabhanatha had a son Kuru, after whom Kurudesa was named. He had a son *Hastin*^s, after whom Hastinapura was named, the native land of Tirthakrts and cakrins. Anantaviryra, belonging to this line, was king there, long-armed. Now, in the town Vasantapura in Bharataksetra there was a youth, Agnika, whose family had perished completely. One day he left that place for another country and, wandering about without a caravan, he came to a hermitage. The abbot, Jana, received Agni like a son and he received .the name of Jamadagni among the people. Practicing severe penance, like a visible fire, because of his *splendor* hard to bear he became known throughout the world.

Then a god, a layman in a former birth, Vaisvanara by name, and Dhanvantari, devoted to (Brahman) ascetics, had an argument. One said, "The religion of the *Arhats* is authority"; the other said that of the ascetics. They made an agreement in this dispute, "Whoever is the most obscure among the followers of the Arhats and whoever is most distinguished among ascetics must be tested by us to see which one excels in good *qualities*."

Just at that time holy Padmaratha, adorned by a new religion,²⁰³ set out from the city Mithila over the world. As he went to Campa to take initiation from Vasupujya, he, a *yati*^s by nature, was observed on the road by the two gods. Though hungry and thirsty, the king refused food* and drink offered by them with a *desire* to test him.

For the resolute do not depart from the truth. The gods made pain for the king's tender lotus-feet with pebbles and thorns cruel as saws. Nevertheless, he walked beautifully on such a road, as if it had a surface of cotton, with his feet dripping with blood. They sang, danced, et cetera to disturb the king; but that was in vain against him like a divine weapon against a relative. They assumed the forms of siddhaputras²⁰⁴ and appeared before him. "Sir, now life is long and you are young. Enjoy its pleasures at will. What sense is there in *austerities* in youth? Who, even though energetic, would perform the duties of night at dawn? When youth has been passed, the cause of weakness of the body, you should undertake penance, like a second old age, dear sir."

The king said, "If life is long, there will be much merit. The lotus-stalk grows according to the measure* of water. The penance which is practiced in youth when the senses are fickle, that is penance. He is called a hero who is a hero on the battle-field with cruel weapons." Saying, "Good! Good!" to him who was not shaken from the truth, they went to test Jamadagni, the most distinguished of the ascetics. They saw him with the ground touched by his spreading matted hair like a banyan-tree, the extremities of his feet covered with ants, subdued. The two gods made by magic a nest in the mass of creepers of his beard at once, assumed the form of a pair of sparrows, and stayed. The cock said to the hen, "I am going to Mt. Himavat." She scorned him, saying, "You will not come back, devoted to another." "If I do not come back, wife, I am guilty of the sin of a cow-killer." The hen said again to the cock who had made this promise, "If you would swear with the words, 'I am guilty of the sin of this sage,' I would let you go there, husband May your journey be happy."

Hearing this speech, Jamadagni was angered and seized the two birds with his hands. Then he said, "What kind of sin, like darkness in the sun, is in me performing difficult penance?"

Then the cock-sparrow said to the sage: "Do not be angry. Your penance is useless. Have you not heard the sacred saying that there is no progress of the *soul* of a sonless man?" Thinking, "That is true," the *muni* reflected, "My penance is strung in water since I have no wife nor son."

Seeing him disturbed, thinking, "I have been deceived by the ascetics," Dhanvantari became a (Jain) layman. Who is not convinced by proof? Then the two gods became invisible, and Jamadagni went to the city Nemikakostaka. Wishing to win a girl, like Hara Gauri, he went to King Jitasatru who had many daughters. The

king rose to greet him and, his hands folded, asked, "Why have you come? Tell what can I do?"

The *muni* said, "I have come for a girl," and the king said, "Take the one who is willing from a hundred girls." He went to the maidens' quarters and said to the king's daughters, "Someone of you be my wife." They made a spitting noise and said, "Are you not ashamed to say this, you whose hair is matted, who are gray, *emaciated*, living by alms?"

Muni Jamadagni, angry, like a wind made the girls hunch-backed like the wooden part of bows that have been strung. Then he saw a daughter of the king playing in sand-piles in the courtyard and he called her 'Renuka.' He showed her a citron^B, saying, "Do you want it?" She stretched out a hand indicating the taking of the hand (in marriage). The muni held her to his breast, like a poor man money, and the king gave her to him properly, with cows, et cetera. From the bond of affection he restored his wife's sisters, the ninety-nine girls, by the power of penance. Alas for the waste of penance of the foolish! The muni took her to the hermitage and affectionately reared her whose appearance was simple and gentle, trembling-eyed like a *doe*. While the *ascetic* counted the days on his fingers, she attained youth, the beautiful pleasure-grove of Kandarpa. Making a blazing fire a witness, Muni Jamadagni married her properly, like Bhutesa (Siva⁶) Parvati.

At the time for conception he said to her, "I will prepare an oblation that a son may be born, fortunate, head of the Brahmins." She said, "My sister is the wife of King Anantaviryā in Hastinapura. Prepare an *oblation* belonging to Ksatriyas for her." He prepared an oblation suitable for Brahmins for his wife, and another suitable for Ksatriyas for her sister to eat to obtain a son. She reflected, "Though I became a forest-doe, may my son not be like me," and ate the Ksatriya-oblation. She gave the Brahmin-oblation to her sister. Sons were born to both, Rama to Renuka. and Krtaviryā to her sister.

One day a Vidyadhara came there, suffering from dysentery. He had forgotten his magic art for going through the air because of the pain from the dysentery. He was cured by Rama, like a brother, by medicines, et cetera and gave the magic art of the axe (*parasari*) to Rama who had attended him. Going into a cane-field, Rama subjugated the magic art and from that time was known as Parasurama.

One day Renuka took leave of her husband and, eager for her sister, went to Hastinapura. Nothing is at a distance for affection. Caressing the tremulous-eyed Renuka with the thought, "She is my wife's sister," Anantaviryā enjoyed her. Surely love is unchecked.

The king experienced a wealth of pleasure and happiness at will with the sage's wife, like Purandara^s with Ahalya.²⁰⁵ A son was born to Renuka from Anantaviryā, as to Mamata, wife of Utathya, from *Brhaspati*. The *muni* took Renuka with that son home. For people infatuated with women generally see no fault. Parasurama, angered, killed her and her son, like a vine that had borne fruit at the wrong time, with the axe. When the news was told to Anantaviryā by her sister, it kindled anger, like wind a fire. Then King Anantaviryā, whose strength of arm was irresistible, went to Jamadagni's hermitage and destroyed it, like a mad elephant.* After terrifying the ascetics and taking the cows, et cetera, he returned, marching very, very slowly like a lion. When Parasurama had heard the confusion of the terrified ascetics and had learned the story, angered, he ran like Death* visible to the eye. The son of Jamadagni, eager for battle with troops of soldiers, cut him (Anantaviryā) to pieces, like a piece of wood, with the sharp axe.

Krtaviryā, powerful, though he was young, was established in his kingdom by the ministers. His chief-queen was starry-eyed Tara and they enjoyed pleasures unhindered, like gods.

Birth of Subhuma

King Bhupala's *soul* completed its life-term, fell from Mahasukra, and descended into Tara's womb. One day Krtaviryā heard his father's story from his mother and went and killed Jamadagni, like a snake that had been pointed out. Rama was angered at his father's murder, went quickly to Hastinapura and killed Krtaviryā. What is at a great distance from *Yama*? The son of Jamadagni established himself in the kingdom. For *sovereignty* is dependent on power. Succession and lack of succession are not authority. Krtaviryā's queen left the city conquered by Rama, though she was pregnant, and went to a hermitage of ascetics, like a *doe* from a forest that is scented with tigers. The compassionate ascetics put her, like a deposit, in an underground room, and protected her from cruel Parasurama. A son, who had been indicated by the fourteen great dreams, was born to her. Because he took ground easily, he was named Subhuma.

Death of Rama

Wherever there was a Ksatriya, there Parasurama's axe blazed like the fire of anger embodied. One day Rama went to that hermitage and the axe blazed, indicating a Ksatriya like smoke a fire. The ascetics were questioned by Rama, "Is a Ksatriya here?" and they

replied, “We are Ksatriyas who became ascetics.” Because of his anger Rama made the earth clear of Ksatriyas seven times, like a forest-fire clearing a mountain-slope of grass. Rama filled a dish with the crushed teeth of the Ksatriyas, giving the appearance of a full dish of *Yama* whose *desire* had been fulfilled.

One day Rama asked the astrologers, “From what source will my slaying come?” For always people engaged in hostilities fear* death* from an enemy. They said, “Your slaying will come from him who, occupying the lion-throne here, eats the teeth made into a rice-pudding.” Rama had an asylum built, quite open, and had a lion-throne set in the front part, and the dish in front of it.

Then Subhuma, golden, twenty-eight bows tall, attained marvelous growth in the hermitage like a tree in a court-yard. One day the Vidyadhara, Meghanada, asked the astrologers, “To whom should my daughter Padmasri be given?” They designated Subhuma as the very best husband for her. He gave the girl to him and became a follower of him alone. The sole protector (of the earth), Subhuma, like a frog in a well, asked his mother, “Is the world just so large or is there more of it?” His mother explained: “The world is endless, son. This hermitage is only a fly-speck on the world. There is in the world a city, named Hastinapura. Your father Krtavirya, was a long-armed king there. Rama killed your father and took possession of the kingdom himself. He made the earth free of Ksatriyas and we stay here from fear.*” Then Subhuma, blazing like Bhauma,²⁰⁶ went to Hastinapura, hostile and angry. The brilliance of a Ksatriya is hard to bear. He, fair-armed, went to the asylum, sat down on the lion-throne like a lion, and ate the teeth which had become rice-pudding. The Brahmans who were guardians there arose for battle and were killed by Meghanada, like deer by a tiger. Then Rama, his teeth and hair sparkling, biting his lips with his teeth, came there, as if drawn by Yama’s noose, in anger. The axe was hurled furiously by Rama at Subhuma. It was extinguished immediately in him, like a spark in water. Because of the lack of a weapon, Subhuma scooped up the dish of teeth. It became a cakra instantly. What cannot result from a wealth of merit? Then he, the eighth cakravartin, cut off Parasurama’s head, like cutting off a lotus.

Conquest of Bharata

As Rama had made the earth free of Ksatriyas seven times, so he (Subhuma) made it free of Brahmans twenty-one times. Making new rivers flow with the blood of the masses of destroyed kings, elephants, horses, infantry, he conquered the east first. With the

ground adorned with the trunks of many soldiers cut down, he crossed the south like another regent of the southern quarter (*Yama*). Making the ocean's shore bristle with soldiers' bones like oyster-shells, he conquered the west. A Mt. Mandara in strength, the cave in Vaitadhya having been opened easily, he entered the north part of Bharata to conquer the Mlecchas. With the surface of the ground spread with a mass of blood spurting up, he destroyed the Mlecchas there, like an elephant* sugar-cane. *Cakrabhrt* Subhuma gave the rank of lord of the Vidyadharas of the two rows on Mt. Vaitadhya to Meghanada.

Death of Subhuma

Having a life of sixty thousand years, roaming in every direction, killing soldiers, he subdued the six-part earth. *Extirpating* the living in this way, his *soul* always blazing with the fire of constant cruel meditation*, Subhuma died in the course of time and went to the seventh hell. He was prince for five thousand years, king for the same time, spent five hundred years in conquest, and was *cakrabhrt* for half a lac less five hundred years.

3. DATTA NANDANA PRAHALADA CHARITRA

In Ara's *congregation** there were the Visnu^s, the Bala^s, and the Pratyardhacakrin Datta, Nandana, and Prahlada, respectively. Their history is narrated (herewith).

Previous births of Nandana

There is a city Susima, the ornament of East Videha of this Jambudvipa and there was a king there, Vasundhara. After he had guarded the earth for a long time, he took the vow under *Muni* Sudharma, and went to Brahmaloaka after death.*

Previous births of Datta

Now in this southern half of Bharata in Jambudvipa there was a king, Mandaradhira, in the city Silapura. He had a son, powerful, long-armed, an ocean of the jewels of good *qualities*, named Lalitamitra, the sun to the lotuses of friends. The minister Khala²⁰⁷ affirmed, "He is *arrogant*," rejected him, and established the king's brother as heir-apparent. Then Lalitamitra, disgusted with existence from this humiliation, became a *mendicant* under Muni Ghosasena. Practicing *austerities*, evilly-disposed, he made a *nidana**: "By this penance may I be able to kill the minister Khala." He died without confessing the *nidana* and became a powerful god in the heaven Saudharma.

Birth of Prahlada

After the minister Khala had wandered through the forest of births for a long time, he was born as the Prativisnu Prahlada, a lord of Vidyadharas, in the city Sinhapura, the tilaka of the north row on Mt. Vaitadhya in this Jambudvipa.

Birth of Nandana and Datta

Now in this southern half of Bharata in Jambudvipa there is a city Varanasi sought by the Ganga^s like a friend. Its king was Agnisinha of the Ikshvaku family, like a fire in brilliance, like a lion in strength. The *hansa* of his glory did not cease flying around in the world constantly with constancy and energy like wings. After seeing the bow bent by him with ease on the battlefield, hostile kings bowed as if bearing his command Tied to the very strong pillar of

his arm, like a cow-elephant, by his firm virtues, Sri became motionless.

He had two wives, Jayanti and Sesavati, surpassing all the women of the world in beauty. The god, King Vasundhara, fell from the fifth heaven and descended into the womb of the chief-queen Jayanti. At the proper time a son, whose incarnation as a Rama had been indicated by four dreams, named Nandana, a joy to the world, was borne by her.

Lalita fell from Saudharma and became the son of Sesavati, whose incarnation as a Krsna^s had been indicated by seven dreams, named Datta. The two of them, twenty-six bows tall, fair and dark like Ksiroda and Kaloda, grew to manhood. Wearing dark blue and yellow garments, with palm tree^b and garuda-banners, they acted as if they were the same age, though they were elder and younger.

Fight with Prahlada

One day the Prativisnu, lord of half of Bharata, heard about a fine elephant* that resembled Airavana and asked them for it. When this choice elephant was not given by Nandana and Datta, Prahlada became angry at once like an insulted lion. Visnu^s and Prativisnu attacked each other, angered like forest-elephants, with their full army-strength. When their army had been reduced to a miserable condition at once by Prahlada, Sirin and Sangrin went into battle in chariots, Datta blew Pancajanya^s, the best destroyer of an enemy's force, and twanged his bow, a drum of pre-eminent victory. Prahlada, making the heavens resound with the sounds of the bow, ran up, strong-armed, like *Dandapani* (*Yama*) enraged. Both Hari^s and Pratihari discharged arrows angrily. Both, eager for victory over each other, destroyed each other's arrows. Both, expert in destruction, destroyed each other's club, hammer, staff, and other weapons.* Prahlada whirled the cakra, which was filled with a hundred flames like the sun with meteors at the end of the world, in the air and hurled it at Hari. Hari took the same cakra, which had been useless and was standing near him, hurled it at Prahlada and cut off his head. Likewise he conquered the half of Bharata by making an expedition of conquest. Then he lifted Kotisila and became an ardhacakrin.

There were two hundred years of Sarhgin Datta as prince, fifty years each as governor and in the expedition of conquest. After he had passed fifty-six thousand years, Datta went to the fifth hell because of his karma.

After the death* of Sangrin Datta, Halayudha, whose age was sixty-five thousand years, passed the time with difficulty. Intensely disgusted with existence by the death of his brother and meditation* on existence, Nandana took initiation, adorned by the world. He observed severe vows without transgression*; and after that he went to a dwelling in the place of *emancipation*.

FOOTNOTE

191. I.e., golden.
192. Pramada, with a play on mada.
193. **Obstacles** to giving, to receiving, to strength, to enjoyment of objects used once, to enjoyment of objects used repeatedly, laughter, liking (for objects), dislike (of objects), fear, disgust, sorrow, sexual, love, wrong-belief, ignorance, sleep, lack of self-control, love, hatred.
194. The fruit of the jujube is yellow when ripe.
195. I.e., *delusion* is the parent of love and hate, the sources of all faults.
196. A *sadharana jiva*, i.e., plant-lives with many *souls* in one body. They are one extreme and people near emancipation the other.
197. Sresthin is used throughout this story quite in its modern use in the form Sheth (setha), which is a form of address for persons prominent in the business world, generally Jains or Hindus of the *vaisya* caste.
198. I.e. of worldly existence.
199. I.e., the first birth in this biography.
200. Pre-birth of Bali.
201. The last ocean.
202. Inverted order the garuda-banner was the Vasudeva's.
203. I.e., a recent convert.
204. 'A man in the state between a Jain *sadhu* and a layman.' I.e., a layman who is very advanced in indifference to worldly matters, almost a *sadhu*.
205. Ahalya was the wife of the sage Gautama and was seduced by Indra.
206. Mars. (Red with Rage)
207. Pre-birth of Prahlada.