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## MALLINATHA CHARITRA

May Mallinatha's words, spotless as a *wreath* of jasmine<sup>B</sup>, eagerly sipped by the bees of people capable of *emancipation*, prevail. Now we shall narrate Sri Malli Swamin's life, wonderful, like a stream of nectar for the ears of the listeners.

### *Incarnation as Mahabala*

In this same continent, Jambudvipa, there is a city Vitasoka in the province Salilavati in the West Videhas. *Bala*<sup>S</sup> was its king, like a large army in strength, an elephant\* for rooting up the forest of a hostile army, like a god in appearance. A son, named Mahabala, having complete power, indicated by the dream of a lion, was borne to the king by his wife Dharini. When he was grown, Mahabala married on one day five hundred princesses, Kamalasri and others. He had childhood-friends, Acala, *Dharana*, Purana, Vasu, Vaisravana, and Abhicandra. One day King Bala listened to religion in the presence of munis who had come to the garden Indrakubja in the northeast direction outside the city. He was permeated with disgust with existence, established Mahabala in the kingdom, became a *mendicant*, and attained emancipation.

A son, indicated by a dream of a lion, Balabhadra, was borne to Mahabala by the chief-queen, Kamalasri. After he had grown up in course of time, Mahabala made him his heir-apparent like another form of himself.

With his six childhood-friends King Mahabala listened to the religion of the *Arhats* because of friendship from the same nature. One day he said to his friends, "Listen! I am afraid of existence.

I am going to become a *mendicant*. What will be your course in the future?" They said, "As we have enjoyed together worldly pleasures, so we shall enjoy together the bliss of *emancipation* in future." Then Mahabala installed Balabhadra on the throne; and each one of the friends installed his son on his throne. Then powerful Mahabala and his six friends became mendicants at the feet of

*Muni* Varadharmā. The seven noble men made an agreement, “Whatever penance one of us performs, the rest of us must do.”

So they, this agreement having been made, equally eager for the fourth object of existence, practiced equal penance, one-day fasts, et cetera.

From a *desire* for superior results Mahabala deceived them, making excuses such as, “Today my head hurts; today my stomach hurts; today I am not hungry,” et cetera, did not eat on the day to break-fast, and performed superior penance. Because of penance mixed with deceit, he acquired woman-inclination-karma<sup>208</sup> and also the *body-making-karma* of a Tirthakrt because of the sthanas, *devotion* to the *Arhats*, et cetera.

### ***Incarnation as a god***

When the seven were eighty-four lacs of purvas\* old and had preserved their vows for eighty-four thousand years, at the end of their lives they performed the twofold *samlekhana*, took a vow to fast, died, and were born as gods in the heavenly palace Vaijayanta.

### ***Her parents***

Now in Jambudvipa in the southern half of Bharata there is a city Mithila, whose inhabitants are unshaken in *dharma*.\* Its palaces with golden *finials* resemble the eastern mountain with the sun risen above it. When people had seen this city made of all the jewels, they believed in other cities, Alaka, et cetera, made of jewels which appeared in stories. The gods, now in heaven, now in the city; now in the city, now in heaven, were delighted constantly with its charming young women.

Its king was Kumbha, a pitcher of the nectar of the Ocean of Milk in the form of the Iksvaku-family, the *abode* of Laksmi, like a pitcher of treasure. He alone was the resort of the sris like the ocean of rivers; he was the source of good behavior like Rohana of jewels. Intelligent, he knew both the sciences and weapons\*; he took toll from the earth and gave it to the unfortunate. He, wise, had agreed for glory but not for wealth; a liberality in money but not in frontiers; a *devotion* to *dharma* but not to dice, et cetera.

His chief-queen was named Prabhavati, who surpassed the moon in beauty of face, like Saci the queen of Vajrin. She alone was the ornament of the earth and virtue was her ornament; armlets, anklets, et cetera were merely for the sake of formality. Purifying the whole earth by her spotless wifhood, the source of happiness,

she shone like a living tirtha. King Kumbha enjoyed pleasures with the queen always fascinating, like the Moon with a Daksayani.<sup>209</sup>

### *Her birth*

Its life completed, Mahabala's *jiva* fell from Vaijayanta on the fourth day of the bright half of Phalguna, (the moon) in the constellation Asvayuj. It descended into Queen Prabhavati's womb, the *splendor* of an Arhat being indicated by the fourteen dreams. In the third month that it was in the womb, the queen had a pregnancy whim to sleep on garlands, and it was granted by the gods. At the full time, on the eleventh day of the bright half of Marga in the constellation Asvayuj, she bore a daughter because of the female-birth karma produced by deceit in a former birth, the marvelous nineteenth Arhat, marked with a water-jar, dark blue in color, with all the favorable marks. The Dikkumaris came and performed the birth rites; the Indras conducted her to the top of Meru and bathed her in turn. After the bath Sakra<sup>s</sup> *anointed* and worshipped her himself, waved the light, and recited a hymn of praise with intense devotion.

### *Stuti*

“Reverence to you, depository of the three kinds of knowledge, chief of the three worlds; reverence to the nineteenth Arhat. By good fortune I am favored with the sight of you, after a long time. For, O Arhat, a god is not seen by people with ordinary merit. Today the divinity of the gods has its purpose accomplished after a long time by the sight of the birth-festival of you, the god of gods. Do you, O you who are wise in equal favor to the Lord of Acyuta at one time and to a mere mortal at another time, protect us falling into existence. You shine brilliantly, set like a sapphire in this Mt. Meru which has become a golden crown of the earth. You are born for the *emancipation* of a desireless person just by the remembrance (of you). For what are you asked by one who has seen and praised you? From that the fruit is exceedingly great. All good works on one hand, the sight of you on the other hand; because of the magical results obtained, a second (sight) is superfluous. Not in the rank of Indra, not in the rank of Ahamindra, I think not even in *emancipation* can there be such happiness as that of the man falling at your lotus-feet.”

## *Childhood*

After this ardent hymn of praise to the nineteenth Arhat, Sakra<sup>s</sup> took her to Mithila and laid her down near her mother. Because her mother had a pregnancy-whim to sleep on garlands, while she was still in embryo, the king gave her the name Malli.<sup>210</sup> Tended daily by five nurses appointed by Indra, she gradually grew up like a flower.

### *Reincarnations of her six former friends Acala*

Now Acala's *jiva* fell from Vaijayanta and became King Pratibuddhi in Saketa in Bharata. His wife, the crest-jewel of the women of all harems, was named Padmavati, like Padma in person in beauty. Now in this city in the northeast in a Naga-temple there were Naga-statues that fulfilled requests. One day Queen Padmavati asked the king for permission for a procession of them and Prati-buddhi gave her his consent. After procuring flowers, et cetera, Pratibuddhi himself went with her to the temple of the chief Naga-statue on the day of the procession. Looking at the bower of flowers,<sup>211</sup> the cluster of flowers, and his wife also, Pratibuddhi said to Svabuddhi, his chief-minister, "You have gone to many royal palaces on my service. Have you seen such a jewel of a woman or such a cluster of flowers?"

Svabuddhi replied: "When I went to King Kumbha at your command, I saw his daughter Malli. On the birthday of her, first among woman-jewels, a cluster of flowers, such as is not found in heaven, was prepared. A cakrin's woman-jewel; *Rati*, the wife of Smara<sup>s</sup>; goddesses, Saci, et cetera, are like straw compared with her. Whoever has once seen the daughter of King Kumbha, would not forget her beauty like a taste of nectar. No woman, neither of mortals nor gods, is the equal of Malli. Indeed, her unique beauty is not within the sphere of words."

Because of the affection of the former birth Pratibuddhi sent at once his messenger to ask for her in marriage from King Kumbha.

### *Dharana*

Now, Dharana's *jiva* fell from Vaijayanta and became a king, named Candracchaya, in the city Catnpa. There was a Jain layman, Arhannaya, living in this city, who made ocean-voyages, embarked on a boat, for commerce. Then Sakra praised him in his assembly, saying, "There is no other layman equal to Arhannaya." Then a god who was jealous went to the ocean and created instantly a calamitous wind and mass of clouds. At once the sailors, trembling from fear\* of the boat's destruction, sought favors from their favorite

deities. But Arhannaya thought, “If I am to die from this calamity, I should fast,” and, having made the rejection of all worldly interests, he remained absorbed in meditation.\* The god assumed the form of a Raksas and, standing in the air, said to Arhannaya: “Give up the religion of the *Arhats* and obey my command Otherwise, I shall break the boat like a potsherd and make you and your attendants food\* for sea-animals.”

As he remained unshaken from his religion notwithstanding, the god was astonished, asked his pardon, and told about Sakra’s praise. He gave him two pairs of beautiful earrings, destroyed the terrible clouds, wind, et cetera and departed.

In course of time Arhannaya disembarked from the ocean on dry land and went to Mithila with all his merchandise. Arhannaya, knowing what was proper, noble-minded, made a gift of one pair of earrings to King Kumbha. King Kumbha gave it at once to his daughter Malli and, urbane, entertained Arhannaya and dismissed him. After he had sold and bought merchandise, he went to Campa with untroubled mind and gave the second pair of earrings to Candracchaya. The king asked him, “O merchant, where did you get this pair of earrings?” He told the story of the acquisition of the earrings without any deceit, just as it was. In connection with the gift of the other similar pair of earrings, he described in detail the exceeding beauty of Malli. “If her face is raised, let the moon depart vanquished by it; if there is light from her body, enough of emeralds<sup>212</sup>; if there is a stream of her loveliness, there is no need of the water of the Jahnavi; if there is her beauty of form, do not speak of goddesses. Your Majesty, men’s eyes are useless if she is not seen by them. What use are hansas that do not see at all the blooming lotus-bed?” Because of affection from the former birth, King Candracchaya sent his chief-messenger to Kumbha to ask Malli in marriage.

### *Purana*

Now Purana’s *soul* fell from Vaijayanta and became a king, named Rukmin, in Sravasti. By his wife Dharani he had a daughter Subahu, endowed with remarkable beauty like a serpent-maiden. Because of the king’s affection, he had a special bathing ceremony<sup>213</sup> made carefully by her attendants in the four months’ (rainy season). One day when she had been bathed especially by her attendants and had put on divine ornaments, she went to pay her respects to her father. Her father seated her on his lap and said to the eunuch, “Has such a bathing-ceremony of a girl been seen any-

where?" He replied: "When I went at your command to Mithila, I saw a better one on the birthday of Malli, the daughter of Kumbha. Her beauty, my lord, whose equal has not been seen, is incomprehensible even when described, but my word must be taken for it. After I have seen this jewel of a woman, never seen before, my tongue has taken a vow of silence in describing other women. Compared with her, other women are faded like left-over flowers. What value have mango-shoots compared with the shoot of a wishing-tree?" After hearing this, because of affection that was created, King Rukmin at once sent a messenger to Kumbha to seek Malli.

### *Vasu*

Now Vasu's *jiva* fell from Vaijayanta and became King Sankha in Varanasi. One day Malli's pair of divine earrings was broken and his goldsmiths were ordered by the king to mend it. "Your Majesty, we cannot mend this divine article," they said, and the king in a rage expelled them from the city. They went to Varanasi and told King Sankha the whole story as the cause of their exile. They described to the king Malli's marvelous beauty, which was connected with the business of the earrings, which they had seen entirely uninjured. The moon became a subject of comparison with her face, the bimba with her lips, the conch with her neck, the lotus-stalk with her arm, the middle part of a thunderbolt with her waist, an elephant's trunk with her thigh, a river's whirlpool with her navel, a mirror with her hip, a deer's leg with her leg, a lotus with her hand and foot (all of) which had been the objects of comparison<sup>214</sup> in the case of others. As a result of the bond of former affection and the hearing of her beauty, Sankha sent a messenger to seek Malli from Kumbha.

### *Vaisravana*

Vaisravana's *jiva* fell from Vaijayanta and became King Adinatsatru in Hastinapura. Now Malli's younger brother, named Malla, had a picture-gallery painted by painters out of curiosity. Among them one excellent painter had the art of painting the body as it was from the sight of one part, creating amazement by his painting. After he had seen Malli's toe through the screen, he painted her figure just as it was with all the limbs and minor parts.

Malla went there to play, saw Malli in the picture and, thinking that it was Malli in person, left hurriedly in *embarrassment*. Questioned by the nurse, "What is it?" the prince said, "My sister Malli is present. How then can I play here?" The nurse investigated carefully

and said, "She must be recognized not as Malli herself, but in a picture. So do not go away." Prince Malla, angered, banished the painter of the picture, after cutting off the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. He went to Hastinapura, told the story to King Adinasatru, and described Malli as follows:

"There is no beautiful woman, a digit of the moon of the sky of the whole world, except Malli, never was, and never will be. A man, who would look at another girl after seeing her, would look at a piece of glass after seeing a fine sapphire. She alone is first of women, like the Jahnvi of rivers, because of her beauty, grace, gait, and other gestures."

After giving this description of her, the best of painters pulled out the painting and showed her in the picture. After seeing her, astonished and eager from his former affection, he sent his agent to King Kumbha to ask for her.

### *Abhicandra*

Now Abhicandra's *jiva* fell from Vaijayanta and became King Jitasatru in Kampilya. He had a thousand wives, of whom Dharini was first, like a band of Apsarases drawn from heaven by merit. Now a clever *mendicant sadhvi*,<sup>215</sup> Coksa, came to Mithila and told in the houses of kings and lords: "*Dharma*\* always has a root in liberality, also arises from sprinkling with the waters of sacred places, and is the source of heaven and *emancipation*."

Our words to this effect are true." So making the people of the cities and the country progress in this religion, she came one day in her wandering to the house presided over by Malli. Carrying the triple staff, wearing reddish garments, after sprinkling the ground with water from the water-jar with darbha grass,<sup>216</sup> she sat down on her mat.

She explained (her) dharma as it was to Malli, as she had to other people; but Malli, having the three kinds of knowledge, said: "Liberality alone does not lead to dharma. If it did, the feeding of cats, cocks, et cetera would be for its sake. How can purity be from sprinklings with water from sacred places which are rooted in destruction of life? Does a smear of blood become clean by being washed with blood? Dharma has its root in discernment; there is none of one lacking in discernment. Penance on his part results merely in torment of the body without a doubt."

Spoken to in this way by Malli, Coksa was ashamed, her face downcast. By whom can a proper speech by a superior be resisted?

She was reviled by slave-girls, et cetera saying, “How long have you deceived the world by your false teaching, O heretic?”

Coksa reflected: “Since I have been abused as they liked by her, *arrogant* because of royal prestige, and by her attendants following their mistress’s wish, I will cast her among many co-wives by my own wit, to pay the debt of their hostility.”

She went away, her mind inflamed with anger, and went to King Jitasatru in Kampilya. She was received by the king with great respect; after she had bestowed a blessing, auspicious\* in speech, she sat down on her mat. She was honored with *devotion* by the king and the women of his family; and there also she explained *dharma*\* as caused by liberality and sprinkling with holy water. The king said:

“Blessed lady, you have wandered over the whole earth independently. So I ask you: Have you seen before anywhere else such a fine group of women as this of mine, Coksa?”

Coksa said, smiling: “O king, do you think these women of yours of any importance, like a frog in a well thinking the well big? In the city of Mithila there is Malli, King Kumbha’s daughter, a jewel of a maiden, the crest-jewel of gazelle-eyed women. Such beauty is not seen in goddesses and Naga-maidens as there is in her mere finger. The beauty of her figure is extraordinary; her beauty-is extraordinary; her wealth of grace is extraordinary. What else is to be said?” Because of this speech of hers and his former affection, Jitasatru sent a messenger at once to King Kumbha to ask for her.

### *The device of the statue*

Seeing the thought of the six kings, her friends in a former birth, by means of clairvoyant-knowledge, Malli had made a golden statue of herself and installed it on a beautiful jeweled platform in an interior room in a palace in a grove of asokas. The statue had lips of ruby, hair of sapphire, and eyes of sapphire and crystal, hands and feet of coral, a stomach with a hollow tube to the palate, a hole in the palate covered with a golden lotus, and exceedingly beautiful limbs. Kumbha’s daughter had six doors with double doors and *lattices* made in the, front wall of the statue’s private room. She had six little private rooms made in front of the doors and one door in the wall behind the statue. Daily she threw a ball of all the foods into the statue’s palate, covered it with the golden lotus, and then ate.

Now the messengers of the six kings arrived simultaneously before the King of Mithila. The first messenger said: “The lord of

Saketa, whose lotus-feet are rubbed by the heads of many *vassals*, long-armed, very brave, a Makaradhvaja (Kama<sup>s</sup>) in beauty, a moon in gentleness, a sun in *splendor*, *Brhaspati* in wisdom, King Pratibuddha asks to marry your *irreproachable* daughter Malli. The maiden must surely be given to someone by her father. You can make him your kinsman by giving her to him.”

The second messenger said: “The king of Campa, young, whose arms are like a *yoke*, broad-shouldered, fair-eyed, well-bred, clever, faithful to his word, powerful in battle, learned in all the sciences and practiced in weapons\*, like the moon in light, King Candracchaya seeks Malli from you. Be pleased to give her to him.”

The third messenger said: “The king of Sravasti, the wishing-gem of mortals and the crest-jewel of warriors, the refuge\* of those seeking protection, the best among the heroic, the play-house of the *sis* of victory, the garden of the trees of virtues, King Rukmin seeks your daughter. Arrange the union of the suitable, O king, You know what is suitable.”

The fourth messenger said: “The lord of Kasi, by whom Punyajaneshvara (Kubera) is surpassed in wonderful power, *eloquent*, Kandarpa in beauty, destroyer of the insolence of enemies, a traveler on the path of good conduct, Pakasasana in command, his glory as brilliant as a fragment of a conch, King Sankha asks you for your daughter. Give your consent, O king.”

The fifth messenger said: “The lord of Hastinapura, Hastimalla in strength, light-handed, long-armed, successful in many battles, broad-chested, intelligent, young, a shoot of the creeper of glory, the only Rohana of the jewels of virtues, the support of the poor and protectorless, King Adinasatru seeks your daughter Malli. Give her, King of Videha.”

The sixth messenger said: “The lord of Kampilya, unshakable by enemies like a mountain by elephants; adorned by many armies like an ocean by rivers, by generals with *invincible* powers, like Sunasira, King Jitasatru, all of whose enemies have been conquered, asks through my speech for your daughter. Give her without hesitation.”

King Kumbha said: “Who are they, insolent, seekers of death\*, foolish villainous kings! Even the gods, Sakra<sup>s</sup> et cetera, are not suitable to marry this jewel of a maiden of mine, the crest-jewel of the three worlds. The wish of your malicious lords is made in vain. So go, base messengers! Leave my city.”

Thus humiliated by the king, they went to their respective masters quickly and told his words, a wind to the fire of anger. The six

kings, having been equally insulted, sent messengers to each other and decided on an attack on Kumbha. The six advanced, like the mountain-ranges of the zones in strength, covering the earth with soldiers, and arrived at Mithila. Expert in blocking the places of entrance and exit, they *besieged* it, having surrounded it like serpents a sandal tree.<sup>217</sup>

In a few days Kumbha was distressed by the siege and, when he was torn by anxiety, Malli approached. She asked, “Why do you seem so alarmed, father?” and King Kumbha told her the cause of his alarm. Malli said, “Father, inform each one of the six through spies, ‘I shall give Malli to you.’ At evening they must be brought in succession, concealed by a white garment, to the private rooms in front of my statue.” The king did so and they came so, and they saw the statue of Malli through the *lattices* in the doors.

“Ah! She, beautiful, lovely-eyed, was won by my merit,” the kings reflected lovingly, thinking that it was Malli. Malli entered by the door back of the statue, screened by the statue, and took off the lotus which covered the palate. Immediately there arose the odor of the *putrid* food\* that had been thrown in formerly, unbearable as the odor of filth, hurting the nostrils intensely. It entered their private rooms through the lattices in the doors, splitting the noses of the six kings, as it were. Covering their noses with their garments, they turned away from the odor, like cowards from enemies.

“Well, sirs, why are your backs turned?” asked by Malli, they replied, “We cannot bear that terrible smell,” Malli said: “That is a golden statue. Such an odor comes from the throwing of food into it every day. What shall we say of that which originates in the womb from the semen and blood of the parents; afterwards becomes an embryo, then a fetus; then nourished by a liquid from food and milk made by the mother, plunged in the hell of the *placenta*, made to live in the excrement of the body? What is the value, even small, of the body originating in this way, the store-house of filth, itself characterized by chyle, blood, flesh, fat, bone, marrow, and semen,<sup>218</sup> the sole channel of urine, a bag of skin for phlegm, having an evil odor, resembling a city-sewer? In this case the means of the funeral pyre, fragrant camphor, et cetera, become dirt, like a rain of nectar becoming salt in saline soil. How can *discerning* people show the least *devotion* to this body disgusting inside and outside? Do you, foolish, not recall the penance that you performed with me as mendicants in the third birth (before this)?”<sup>219</sup>

To the kings considering Malli’s words, the memory of the birth arose. What may not result from the favor of the Arhat?<sup>220</sup> Then

Malli opened the latticed doors and the six, enlightened, approached her and said:

“We recall that in a former birth we seven friends practiced severe penance together by agreement. It is well that we have been enlightened by you; it is well that we have been saved from hell. Henceforth, teach what is right. You are our guru, lord.”

“At the right time you must become mendicants,” saying, Malli dismissed the six kings and they went to their respective cities.

### *Founding of congregation*

Told by the Laukantikas, “Found a *congregation*,” Malli gave gifts for a year with money supplied by the Jrmbhakas. When she was one hundred years old, twenty-five bows tall, her departure-festival being held by King Kumbha, Indras, et cetera, Malli got into the jeweled *palanquin*, named Jayanti, and went to the best garden, Sahasramravana. The Teacher of the World entered the garden which was adorned with fields of dark sugar-cane<sup>221</sup> in some places, like the rising dark half of the moon; in some places with fields of white sugar-cane, like the bright half of the moon being up; marked with the ripe fruit of orange trees like rubies, shining with marjoram all over as if paved with sapphires, with well-water being sipped and banyan trees being frequented by travelers suffering from cold, because of (their) warmth like a woman’s breast, adorned with blooming jasmines<sup>B</sup> like the laughter of the Laksmi of winter.<sup>222</sup>

After a three-day fast lord Malli became a *mendicant* with proper ceremony with a thousand men suitable for an outside retinue and three hundred women suitable for inside attendants on the eleventh day of the bright half of Marga in the afternoon, the constellation being Asvayuj. Malli’s mind-reading knowledge arose just then, and on the same day *omniscience* arose at the foot of an asoka. The *samavasarana* was made by the gods, Sakra<sup>s</sup>, et cetera, adorned with a caitya-tree three hundred bows high. Malli entered by the east door, circumambulated the caitya-tree, and said, “Reverence to the congregation.<sup>\*</sup>” She sat on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east, and the Vyantara-gods made images in the other directions at once. The holy fourfold congregation stood in the proper places, and Kumbha and the six kings sat down behind Sakra. The king of the gods (Sakra) and King Kumbha bowed to the Teacher of the World and praised her joyfully, their *souls* cleansed by faith.

### *Stuti*

“By good fortune the rays from the nails of your feet are like tilakas of protection on the foreheads of those bowing (before you), terrified of existence. Because of celibacy from birth, there was initiation on your part even at birth. I think even your birth resembled the repetition of vows. Of what use is heaven where there is no sight of you? This earth is better, purified by the sight of you. Your *samavasarana* is a *citadel* for men, gods, and animals terrified of the enemy of existence, a place of refuge\*, Lord. Other actions, except bowing at your feet, are bad actions by which karma alone is produced, the cause of continuing in existence. Other meditations, except the meditation\* on you, are evil meditations by which the soul is firmly bound like a spider by its own web. Stories, except the story of your virtues, are poor stories, by which one comes to disaster, like a *partridge* by talking. May there be *cessation* of birth by the power of attendance on your lotus-feet, Teacher of the World; or may there be *devotion* to you in existence after existence.”

After this hymn of praise, the Indra of the gods and the king of mortals became silent and Sri Malli delivered a sermon to the *congregation\** eager to hear.

### *Sermon on samya*

“The boundless ocean of worldly existence grows of itself very much from love, et cetera, like the ocean from the day of full moon. The dirt of love and hate is destroyed at once for men who plunge into the water of *tranquility* which produces great joy. Men who have adopted tranquility destroy karma in half a moment which they would not destroy by severe penance in crores of births. The *muni*, who has complete understanding of the soul comprehended, divides karma and the soul, which are joined, by the splinter of tranquility. When the destruction of the darkness of love, et cetera has been made by the rays of tranquility, yogis see the true nature of the supreme soul in themselves.

By the power of the muni who possesses tranquility even for his own sake, creatures who have always been hostile to each other become affectionate. Tranquility is said to exist on the part of one whose mind is not confused by intelligent and unintelligent behavior intent upon the condition of being loved or not loved. It is the highest *tranquility* when the state of mind is unaltered if the hands are *anointed* with sandal or cut with a knife. He is immersed in tranquility whose mind does not distinguish between a friend who praises and one blind with anger who reviles.

Nothing is sacrificed; no prayers are whispered; nothing is given; *emancipation* is bought without money, indeed”, by tranquility alone. Enough of love, et cetera attracted with effort, made to suffer, served. Tranquility, which is to be won without effort, gentle, producing bliss must be followed. Heaven and emancipation may be denied by rejecting invisible objects. Even an atheist does not deny the delight of tranquility which is visible. Is there bewilderment at the nectar popular in poetical works? The nectar that is visible, look you! the elixir of tranquility, must be drunk. Even the monks, who are averse to the flavors of things to be eaten, to be licked, to be sucked,<sup>223</sup> to be drunk, frequently drink the nectar of tranquility voluntarily. He is lord of tranquility to whom a serpent falling on his neck is not a matter for displeasure, nor a *wreath* a matter of pleasure. There is nothing abstruse and no other summary of a teacher, Tranquility alone is the cure for the disease of existence for those of simple, pure intelligence. There are very cruel acts of yogis with suppressed passions since they destroy the categories of love, et cetera, with the weapon of tranquility. Let this supreme power of tranquility be admitted: its drinkers reach an immortal *abode* in half a minute. Hail to powerful tranquility. If it is present, the three jewels bear fruit; if absent, they do not bear fruit. Even in a multitude of calamities, even when death\* is present, there is no better expedient suited to that time than tranquility. Therefore, tranquility, the only seed of the tree of emancipation, giving wonderful delight here, must be striven for by the one seeking victory over love and hate.”

From that sermon the six other kings became mendicants, and then Kumbha and others became laymen. There were twenty-eight ganabhrts, Bhisaj and others, and at the end of the Blessed One’s sermon the ganabhrt delivered a sermon. On the next day in the same grove Lord Malli broke her fast with rice-pudding from King Visvasena. The gods, Indra and the others, and the kings, Kumbha and the others, bowed at Malli’s feet and went to their respective abodes.

### *Sasanadevatas*

The Yaksa Kubera, originating in the *congregation*\*, the color of the rainbow, four faced, with an elephant\* for a vehicle, with four right arms, one in boon-granting position, one holding an axe and one a trident, one bestowing fearlessness; with four left arms holding a citron<sup>B</sup>, a spear, a hammer, and a rosary; and Vairotya, originating in the *congregation*\*, black-bodied, with a lotus for a

seat, adorned with two right arms in boon-granting position and holding a rosary, with her two left arms holding a citron and a spear, became the two messenger-deities of the Arhat, Sri Malli.

### *The congregation*

From that place the Lord wandered elsewhere over the earth in villages, mines, cities, et cetera to enlighten *souls* capable of *emancipation*. Forty thousand noble ascetics, fifty-five thousand nuns practicing penance, six hundred and sixty-eight who knew the fourteen purvas\*, twenty-two hundred who possessed clairvoyant knowledge, seventeen hundred and fifty with mind-reading knowledge, twenty-two hundred omniscients, twenty-nine hundred with the art of transformation, fourteen hundred with the art of disputation, one hundred and eighty-three thousand laymen, three hundred and seventy thousand laywomen constituted the lord's retinue as she wandered over the earth for fifty-five thousand years less one hundred years.

### *Her emancipation*

Malli went to Mt. Sammeta and undertook a fast with five hundred nuns and monks each. At the end of a month on the tenth day of the bright half of Phalguna in the constellation Yamya, she reached emancipation with the nuns and monks. Lord Malli, the Jina<sup>s</sup>, lived for fifty-five thousand years as a maiden and in observance of the vows. Sri Jina Malli's emancipation took place a thousand crores of years after the emancipation of Aranatha. The Indras and gods by the crores came from all sides at that time and celebrated properly Lord Sri Malli's emancipation-festival.

## FOOTNOTE

208. Striveda, i.e., he would be born as a woman.
209. A 'lunar mansion of which there are 27, considered a daughter of Daksa and the wife of the Moon.
210. Malli means 'jasmine,' not 'garland'; but the jasmine is very generally used in making garlands.
211. The puspamandapa is the flowers strung above the pratima in the inner shrine.
212. Green & Other colour stone.
213. An ornamental bath-house is built and the princess bathed by attendants and gorgeously dressed and ornamented.
214. Upamana, (Compare) in contrast with upameya, the subject of comparison.
215. Parivrajika here means a Hindu *sadhvi*.
216. A bunch of darbha is kept in the mouth of the water-jar and is used to sprinkle the water.
217. The sandal tree has a special attraction for serpents.
218. Dhatus or elements.
219. I.e., the birth next to the last.
220. I.e., Malli.
221. Krsneksu must be the dark purple sugar cane.
222. Kunda, *Jasminum pubescens*, blooms in winter.
223. Lehya, such as syrup; cusya, such as sugar-cane.