

The King In the Forest

Teachings
of the
Buddha
to King
Pasenadi
Kosala



The King In the Forest



Teachings
of the
Buddha
to King
Pasenadi
Kosala

The King in the Forest

Teachings of the Buddha to King Pasenadi Kosala

Edited by

ReadingFaithfully.org

Translations by

Bhikkhu Sujato,
&
Eugene Watson Burlingame

Translations from the Majjhima Nikaya (MN), Samyutta Nikaya (SN), Anguttara Nikaya (AN), and Udāna (Ud) are by Bhikkhu Sujato from SuttaCentral.net. Bhikkhu Sujato's individual translations are released with the following copyright note: "Translated for SuttaCentral by Bhikkhu Sujato, 2018. Dedicated to the public domain via Creative Commons Zero (CC0). You are encouraged to copy, reproduce, adapt, alter, or otherwise make use of this translation in any way you wish. Attribution is appreciated but not legally required."

Translations by Eugene Watson Burlingame are from Buddhist Legends, translated from the Original Pāli Text of the Dhammapada Commentary. You can download a complete ebook of the Dhammapada Commentary at ReadingFaithfully.org. His translations have now passed into the public domain in most jurisdictions.

The current work is released under Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International (CC BY-NC-SA 4.0) That means that the individual translations are under their own restrictions, but the collection as is can only be shared for free distribution, either electronically or in print.

You can find many more sutta ebooks like this on ReadingFaithfully.org

Published 29 January 2019

Updated April 2022

Table of Contents

[Abbreviations](#)

[MN 86. With Aṅgulimāla](#)

[MN 87. Born From the Beloved](#)

[MN 88. The Imported Cloth](#)

[MN 89. Shrines to the Teaching](#)

[MN 90. At Kannakatthala](#)

[SN 3:1. Young](#)

[SN 3:2. A Man](#)

[SN 3:3. Old Age and Death](#)

[SN 3:4. Loved](#)

[SN 3:5. Self-Protected](#)

[SN 3:6. Few](#)

[SN 3:7. Judgment](#)

[SN 3:8. With Queen Mallikā](#)

[SN 3:9. Sacrifice](#)

[SN 3:10. Shackles](#)

[SN 3:11. Seven Matted-Hair Ascetics](#)

[SN 3:12. Five Kings](#)

[SN 3:13. A Bucket of Rice](#)

[SN 3:14. Battle \(1st\)](#)

[SN 3:15. Battle \(2nd\)](#)

[SN 3:16. A Daughter](#)

[SN 3:17. Diligence](#)

[SN 3:18. Good Friends](#)

[SN 3:19. Childless \(1st\)](#)

[SN 3:20. Childless \(2nd\)](#)

[SN 3:21. Persons](#)

[SN 3:22. Grandmother](#)

[SN 3:23. The World](#)

[SN 3:24. Archery](#)

[SN 3:25. The Simile of the Mountain](#)

[SN 44:1. With Khemā](#)

[AN 5:49 The King of Kosala](#)

[AN 10:30 Kosala \(2nd\)](#)

[Ud 6:2. Seven Matted-Hair Ascetics](#)

[Appendix: Dhammapada Commentary](#)

DhpA 47: Vidudabha Wreaks Vengeance on the Sakiyas
Story of the Past: Kesava, Kappa, Narada, and the King of Benāres
DhpA 51–52. The King and the King of Kings
DhpA 60. The King and the Poor Man with a Beautiful Wife
Story of the Past: The Hell Pot
Story of the Past: The King of Benāres and Queen Dinnā
Story of the Past: The woman who killed a ewe
DhpA 116. The Brahman with a Single Robe
DhpA 151. Queen Mallikā and Her Dog
DhpA 201. Defeat of the King of Kosala
DhpA 204. On Moderation in Eating
DhpA 355. Treasurer Childless
Story of the Past: The stingy treasurer

Abbreviations

MN: Majjhima Nikaya, Middle Discourses

SN: Samyutta Nikaya, Linked Discourses

AN: Anguttara Nikaya, Numbered Discourses

Ud: Udāna, Inspired Utterances

DhpA: Dhammapada Commentary

King Pasenadi Kosala ruled the kingdom of Kosala from its capital Sāvatti. He was born in the same year as the Supreme Buddha.

Through the help of his queen Mallikā, he developed confidence in the Supreme Buddha and gradually became a great disciple who went often to seek the Buddha's help.

MN 86. With Aṅgulimāla

So I have heard. At one time the Buddha was staying near Sāvattthī in Jeta's Grove, Anāthapiṇḍika's monastery. Now at that time in the realm of King Pasenadi of Kosala there was a bandit named Aṅgulimāla. He was violent, bloody-handed, a hardened killer, merciless to living beings. He laid waste to villages, towns, and countries. He was constantly murdering people, and he wore their fingers as a necklace. Then the Buddha robed up in the morning and, taking his bowl and robe, entered Sāvattthī for alms. Then, after the meal, on his return from alms-round, he set his lodgings in order and, taking his bowl and robe, he walked down the road that led to Aṅgulimāla. The cowherds, shepherds, farmers, and travelers saw him on the road, and said to him: "Don't take this road, ascetic. On this road there is a bandit named Aṅgulimāla. He is violent, bloody-handed, a hardened killer, merciless to living beings. He has laid waste to villages, towns, and countries. He is constantly murdering people, and he wears their fingers as a necklace. People travel along this road only after banding closely together in groups of ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty. Still they meet their end by Aṅgulimāla's hand." But when they said this, the Buddha went on in silence.

For a second time ... and a third time, they urged the Buddha to turn back.

But when they said this, the Buddha went on in silence. The bandit Aṅgulimāla saw the Buddha coming off in the distance, and thought: "It's incredible, it's amazing! People travel along this road only after banding closely together in groups of ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty. Still they meet their end by my hand. But still this ascetic comes along alone and unaccompanied, like he had beaten me already. Why don't I take his life?"

Then Aṅgulimāla donned his sword and shield, fastened his bow and arrows, and followed behind the Buddha. Then the Buddha used his psychic power to will that Aṅgulimāla could not catch up with him no matter how hard he tried, even though the Buddha kept walking at a normal speed. Then Aṅgulimāla thought: "It's incredible, it's amazing!

Previously, even when I've chased a speeding elephant, horse, chariot or deer, I've always caught up with them. But I can't catch up with this ascetic no matter how hard I try, even though he's walking at a normal speed." He stood still and said: "Stop, stop, ascetic!" "I've stopped, Aṅgulimāla—now you stop." Then Aṅgulimāla thought: "These Sakyan ascetics speak the truth. Yet while walking the ascetic Gotama says: 'I've stopped, Aṅgulimāla—now you stop.' Why don't I ask him about this?"

Then he addressed the Buddha in verse:

"While walking, ascetic, you say 'I've stopped.'
And I have stopped, but you tell me I've not.
I'm asking you this, ascetic:
how is it you've stopped and I have not?"

"Aṅgulimāla, I have forever stopped—
I've cast off violence towards all creatures.
But you're uncontrolled towards living creatures;
that's why I've stopped, but you have not."

"Oh, at long last an ascetic,
a great sage who I honor, has entered this great forest.
Now that I've heard your verse on Dhamma,
I shall live without evil."

With these words, the bandit hurled his sword and weapons
down a cliff into a chasm.
He venerated the Holy One's feet,
and asked for the going forth right there.

Then the Buddha, the compassionate great sage,
the teacher of the world with its gods,
said to him, "Come, monk!"
And with that he became a monk.

Then the Buddha set out for Sāvattthī with Venerable Aṅgulimāla as his second monk. Traveling stage by stage, he arrived at Sāvattthī, where he stayed in Jeta's Grove, Anāthapiṇḍika's monastery. Now at that time a crowd had gathered by the gate of King Pasenadi's royal compound making a dreadful racket: "In your realm, Your Majesty, there is a bandit named Aṅgulimāla. He is violent, bloody-handed, a hardened killer, merciless to living beings. He has laid waste to villages, towns, and countries. He is constantly murdering people, and he wears their fingers as a necklace. Your Majesty must put a stop to him!"

Then King Pasenadi drove out from Sāvattthī in the middle of the day with around five hundred horses, heading for the monastery. He went by carriage as far as the terrain allowed, then descended and approached the Buddha on foot. He bowed and sat down to one side. The Buddha said to him: “What is it, great king? Is King Seniya Bimbisāra of Magadha angry with you, or the Licchavis of Vesālī, or some other opposing ruler?”

“No, sir. In my realm there is a bandit named Aṅgulimāla. He is violent, bloody-handed, a hardened killer, merciless to living beings. ... I shall put a stop to him.”

“But great king, suppose you were to see that Aṅgulimāla had shaved off his hair and beard, dressed in ocher robes, and gone forth from the lay life to homelessness. And that he was refraining from killing living creatures, stealing, and lying; that he was eating in one part of the day, and was celibate, ethical, and of good character. What would you do to him?” “I would bow to him, rise in his presence, or offer him a seat. I’d invite him to accept robes, alms-food, lodgings, and medicines and supplies for the sick. And I’d arrange for his lawful guarding and protection. But sir, how could such an immoral, evil man ever have such virtue and restraint?”

Now, at that time Venerable Aṅgulimāla was sitting not far from the Buddha. Then the Buddha pointed with his right arm and said to the king: “Great king, this is Aṅgulimāla.”

Then the king became frightened, scared, his hair standing on end. Knowing this, the Buddha said to him: “Do not fear, great king. You have nothing to fear from him.” Then the king’s fear died down. Then the king went over to Aṅgulimāla and said: “Sir, is the venerable really Aṅgulimāla?” “Yes, great king.” “What clans were your father and mother from?” “My father was a Gagga, and my mother a Mantāṇī.”

“May the venerable Gagga Mantāṇīputta be happy. I’ll make sure that you’re provided with robes, alms-food, lodgings, and medicines and supplies for the sick.”

Now at that time Venerable Aṅgulimāla lived in the wilderness, ate only alms-food, and owned just three robes. He said to the king: “Enough, great king. My robes are complete.” Then the king went back to the Buddha, bowed, sat down to one side, and said to him: “It’s incredible, sir, it’s amazing! How the Buddha tames those who are wild, pacifies those who are violent, and extinguishes those who are unextinguished! For I was not able to tame him with the rod and the

sword, but the Buddha tamed him without rod or sword. Well, now, sir, I must go. I have many duties, and much to do.” “Please, great king, go at your convenience.” Then King Pasenadi got up from his seat, bowed, and respectfully circled the Buddha, keeping him on his right, before leaving.

Then Venerable Aṅgulimāla robed up in the morning and, taking his bowl and robe, entered Sāvattthī for alms. Then as he was wandering indiscriminately for alms-food he saw a woman undergoing a painful obstructed labor. Seeing this, it occurred to him: “Oh, beings suffer such filth! Oh, beings suffer such filth!” Then after wandering for alms in Sāvattthī, after the meal, on his return from alms-round, he went to the Buddha, bowed, sat down to one side, and told him what had happened. The Buddha said to him:

“Well then, Aṅgulimāla, go to that woman and say this: ‘Ever since I was born, sister, I don’t recall having deliberately taken the life of a living creature. By this truth, may both you and your infant be safe.’”

“But sir, wouldn’t that be telling a deliberate lie? For I have deliberately killed many living creatures.” “In that case, Aṅgulimāla, go to that woman and say this: ‘Ever since I was born in the noble birth, sister, I don’t recall having deliberately taken the life of a living creature. By this truth, may both you and your infant be safe.’”

“Yes, sir,” replied Aṅgulimāla. He went to that woman and said: “Ever since I was born in the noble birth, sister, I don’t recall having deliberately taken the life of a living creature. By this truth, may both you and your infant be safe.” Then that woman was safe, and so was her infant.

Then Aṅgulimāla, living alone, withdrawn, diligent, keen, and resolute, soon realized the supreme end of the spiritual path in this very life. He lived having achieved with his own insight the goal for which people from good families rightly go forth from the lay life to homelessness. He understood: “Rebirth is ended; the spiritual journey has been completed; what had to be done has been done; there is no return to any state of existence.” And Venerable Aṅgulimāla became one of the perfected.

Then Venerable Aṅgulimāla robed up in the morning and, taking his bowl and robe, entered Sāvattthī for alms. Now at that time someone threw a stone that hit Aṅgulimāla, someone else threw a stick, and someone else threw gravel. Then Aṅgulimāla—with cracked head, bleeding, his bowl broken, and his outer robe torn—went to the Buddha. The Buddha saw him coming off in the distance, and said to him:

“Endure it, brahmin! Endure it, brahmin! You’re experiencing in this life the result of deeds that might have caused you to be tormented in hell for many years, many hundreds or thousands of years.” Later, Venerable Āṅgulimāla was experiencing the bliss of release while in private retreat. On that occasion he spoke these words of inspiration:

“Someone who was heedless before,
and afterwards is not,
lights up the world,
like the moon freed from a cloud.

Someone who, with skillful deeds,
closes the door on bad things they’ve done,
lights up the world,
like the moon freed from a cloud.

A young mendicant,
devoted to the teaching of the Buddha,
lights up the world,
like the moon freed from a cloud.

May even my enemies hear a Dhamma talk!
May even my enemies devote themselves to the Buddha’s teaching!
May even my enemies associate with those good people
who establish others in the Dhamma!

May even my enemies hear Dhamma at the right time,
from those who speak on acceptance,
praising acquiescence;
and may they follow that path!

For then they’d surely wish no harm
upon myself or others.
Protecting creatures firm and fragile,
they’d attain ultimate peace.

For irrigators guide the water,
and fletchers straighten arrows;
carpenters shape timber—
but the astute tame themselves.

Some tame by using the rod,
some with goads, and some with whips.

But the poised one tamed me
without rod or sword.

My name is ‘Harmless’,
though I used to be harmful.
The name I bear today is true,
for I do no harm to anyone.

I used to be a bandit,
the notorious Aṅgulimāla.
Swept away in a great flood,
I went to the Buddha as a refuge.

I used to have blood on my hands,
the notorious Aṅgulimāla.
See the refuge I’ve found—
the attachment to rebirth is eradicated.

I’ve done many of the sort of deeds
that lead to a bad destination.
The result of my deeds has already hit me,
so I enjoy my food free of debt.

Fools and unintelligent people
devote themselves to negligence.
But the intelligent protect diligence
as their best treasure.

Don’t devote yourself to negligence,
or delight in sexual intimacy.
For if you’re diligent and practice absorption,
you’ll attain abundant happiness.

It was welcome, not unwelcome,
the advice I got was good.
Of teachings that are shared,
I encountered the best.

It was welcome, not unwelcome,
the advice I got was good.
I’ve attained the three knowledges
and fulfilled the Buddha’s instructions.”

MN 87. Born From the Beloved

So I have heard. At one time the Buddha was staying near Sāvattthī in Jeta's Grove, Anāthapiṇḍika's monastery. Now at that time a certain householder's dear and beloved only child passed away. After their death he didn't feel like working or eating. He would go to the cemetery and wail: "Where are you, my only child? Where are you, my only child?" Then he went to the Buddha, bowed, and sat down to one side. The Buddha said to him: "Householder, you look like someone who's not in their right mind; your faculties have deteriorated." "And how, sir, could my faculties not have deteriorated? For my dear and beloved only child has passed away. Since their death I haven't felt like working or eating. I go to the cemetery and wail: 'Where are you, my only child? Where are you, my only child?'" "That's so true, householder! That's so true, householder! For our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress." "Sir, who on earth could ever think such a thing! For our loved ones are a source of joy and happiness." Disagreeing with the Buddha's statement, rejecting it, he got up from his seat and left.

Now at that time several gamblers were playing dice not far from the Buddha. That householder approached them and told them what had happened. "That's so true, householder! That's so true, householder! For our loved ones are a source of joy and happiness." Thinking, "The gamblers and I are in agreement," the householder left. Eventually that topic of discussion reached the royal compound.

Then King Pasenadi addressed Queen Mallikā: "Mallika, your ascetic Gotama said this: 'Our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress.'" "If that's what the Buddha said, great king, then that's how it is." "No matter what the ascetic Gotama says, Mallikā agrees with him: 'If that's what the Buddha said, great king, then that's how it is.' You're just like a student who agrees with everything their teacher says. Go away, Mallikā, get out of here!"

Then Queen Mallikā addressed the brahmin Nālījaṅgha: "Please, brahmin, go to the Buddha, and in my name bow with your head to his

feet. Ask him if he is healthy and well, nimble, strong, and living comfortably. And then say: ‘Sir, did the Buddha made this statement: “Our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress”?’ Remember well how the Buddha answers and tell it to me. For Realized Ones say nothing that is not so.” “Yes, ma’am,” he replied. He went to the Buddha and exchanged greetings with him. When the greetings and polite conversation were over, he sat down to one side and said to the Buddha: “Master Gotama, Queen Mallikā bows with her head to your feet. She asks if you are healthy and well, nimble, strong, and living comfortably. And she asks whether the Buddha made this statement: ‘Our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress.’”

“That’s right, brahmin, that’s right! For our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress. And here’s a way to understand how our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress. Once upon a time right here in Sāvattthī a certain woman’s mother passed away. And because of that she went mad and lost her mind. She went from street to street and from square to square saying: ‘Has anyone seen my mother? Has anyone seen my mother?’ And here’s another way to understand how our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress.

Once upon a time right here in Sāvattthī a certain woman’s father ... brother ... sister ... son ... daughter ... husband passed away. And because of that she went mad and lost her mind. She went from street to street and from square to square saying: ‘Has anyone seen my husband? Has anyone seen my husband?’ And here’s another way to understand how our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress.

Once upon a time right here in Sāvattthī a certain man’s mother ... father ... brother ... sister ... son ... daughter ... wife passed away. And because of that he went mad and lost his mind. He went from street to street and from square to square saying: ‘Has anyone seen my wife? Has anyone seen my wife?’ And here’s another way to understand how our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress.

Once upon a time right here in Sāvattthī a certain woman went to live with her relative’s family. But her relatives wanted to divorce her from her husband and give her to another, who she didn’t want. So she told her husband about this. But he cut her in two and disemboweled himself,

thinking: ‘We shall be together after death.’ That’s another way to understand how our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress.”

Then Nālījaṅgha the brahmin, having approved and agreed with what the Buddha said, got up from his seat, went to Queen Mallikā, and told her of all they had discussed. Then Queen Mallikā approached King Pasenadi and said to him:

“What do you think, great king? Do you love Princess Vajirī?” “Indeed I do, Mallikā.” “What do you think, great king? If she were to decay and perish, would sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress arise in you?” “If she were to decay and perish, my life would fall apart. How could sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress not arise in me?” “This is what the Buddha was referring to when he said: ‘Our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress.’

What do you think, great king? Do you love Lady Vāsabhā? ...
your son, General Viḍūḍabha ...

do you love me?” “Indeed I do love you, Mallikā.” “What do you think, great king? If I were to decay and perish, would sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress arise in you?” “If you were to decay and perish, my life would fall apart. How could sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress not arise in me?” “This is what the Buddha was referring to when he said: ‘Our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress.’

What do you think, great king? Do you love the realms of Kāsi and Kosala?” “Indeed I do, Mallikā. It’s due to the bounty of Kāsi and Kosala that we use sandalwood imported from Kāsi and wear garlands, perfumes, and makeup.” “What do you think, great king? If these realms were to decay and perish, would sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress arise in you?” “If they were to decay and perish, my life would fall apart. How could sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress not arise in me?” “This is what the Buddha was referring to when he said: ‘Our loved ones are a source of sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress.’”

“It’s incredible, Mallikā, it’s amazing, how far the Buddha sees with penetrating wisdom, it seems to me. Come, Mallikā, rinse my hands.” Then King Pasenadi got up from his seat, arranged his robe over one shoulder, knelt on his right knee, raised his joined palms toward the Buddha, and spoke these words of inspiration three times:

“Homage to that Blessed One, the perfected one, the fully awakened Buddha!

Homage to that Blessed One, the perfected one, the fully awakened Buddha!

Homage to that Blessed One, the perfected one, the fully awakened Buddha!”

MN 88. The Imported Cloth

So I have heard. At one time the Buddha was staying near Sāvattthī in Jeta's Grove, Anāthapiṇḍika's monastery. Then Venerable Ānanda robed up in the morning and, taking his bowl and robe, entered Sāvattthī for alms. He wandered for alms in Sāvattthī. After the meal, on his return from alms-round, he went to the Eastern Monastery, the stilt longhouse of Migāra's mother, for the day's meditation. Now at that time King Pasenadi of Kosala mounted the Single Lotus Elephant and drove out from Sāvattthī in the middle of the day. He saw Ānanda coming off in the distance and said to the minister Sirivaḍḍha: "My dear Sirivaḍḍha, isn't that Venerable Ānanda?" "Indeed it is, great king."

Then King Pasenadi addressed a man: "Please, mister, go to Venerable Ānanda, and in my name bow with your head to his feet. Say to him: 'Sir, King Pasenadi of Kosala bows with his head at your feet.' And then say: 'Sir, if you have no urgent business, please wait a moment out of compassion.'" "Yes, Your Majesty," that man replied. He did as the king asked. Ānanda consented in silence.

Then King Pasenadi rode on the elephant as far as the terrain allowed, then descended and approached Ānanda on foot. He bowed, stood to one side, and said to Ānanda: "Sir, if you have no urgent business, it would be nice of you to go to the bank of the Aciravatī river out of compassion." Ānanda consented in silence.

He went to the river bank and sat at the root of a certain tree on a seat spread out. Then King Pasenadi rode on the elephant as far as the terrain allowed, then descended and approached Ānanda on foot. He bowed, stood to one side, and said to Ānanda: "Here, Venerable Ānanda, sit on this elephant rug." "Enough, great king, you sit on it. I'm sitting on my own seat." So the king sat down on the seat spread out, and said: "Sir, might the Buddha engage in the sort of behavior—by way of body, speech, or mind—that is faulted by ascetics and brahmins?" "No, great king, the Buddha would not engage in the sort of behavior that is faulted by sensible ascetics and brahmins."

“It’s incredible, sir, it’s amazing! For I couldn’t fully express the question, but Ānanda’s answer completed it for me. I don’t believe that praise or criticism of others spoken by incompetent fools, without examining or scrutinizing, is the most important thing. Rather, I believe that praise or criticism of others spoken by competent and intelligent people after examining and scrutinizing is the most important thing.

But sir, what kind of bodily behavior is faulted by sensible ascetics and brahmins?” “Unskillful behavior.”

“But what kind of bodily behavior is unskillful?” “Blameworthy behavior.”

“But what kind of bodily behavior is blameworthy?” “Hurtful behavior.”

“But what kind of bodily behavior is hurtful?” “Behavior that results in suffering.”

“But what kind of bodily behavior results in suffering?” “Bodily behavior that leads to hurting yourself, hurting others, and hurting both, and which makes unskillful qualities grow while skillful qualities decline. That kind of bodily behavior is faulted by sensible ascetics and brahmins.”

“But what kind of verbal behavior ... mental behavior is faulted by sensible ascetics and brahmins?” ...

“Mental behavior that leads to hurting yourself, hurting others, and hurting both, and which makes unskillful qualities grow while skillful qualities decline. That kind of mental behavior is faulted by sensible ascetics and brahmins.”

“Sir, does the Buddha praise giving up all these unskillful things?” “Great king, the Realized One has given up all unskillful things and possesses skillful things.”

“But sir, what kind of bodily behavior is not faulted by sensible ascetics and brahmins?” “Skillful behavior.”

“But what kind of bodily behavior is skillful?” “Blameless behavior.”

“But what kind of bodily behavior is blameless?” “Pleasing behavior.”

“But what kind of bodily behavior is pleasing?” “Behavior that results in happiness.”

“But what kind of bodily behavior results in happiness?” “Bodily behavior that leads to pleasing yourself, pleasing others, and pleasing both, and which makes unskillful qualities decline while skillful qualities

grow. That kind of bodily behavior is not faulted by sensible ascetics and brahmins.”

“But what kind of verbal behavior ... mental behavior is not faulted by sensible ascetics and brahmins?” ...

“Mental behavior that leads to pleasing yourself, pleasing others, and pleasing both, and which makes unskillful qualities decline while skillful qualities grow. That kind of mental behavior is not faulted by sensible ascetics and brahmins.”

“Sir, does the Buddha praise gaining all these skillful things?” “Great king, the Realized One has given up all unskillful things and possesses skillful things.”

“It’s incredible, sir, it’s amazing! How well this was said by Venerable Ānanda! I’m delighted and satisfied with what you’ve expressed so well. So much so that if an elephant treasure was suitable for you, I would give you one. If a horse treasure was suitable for you, I would give you one. If a prize village was suitable for you, I would give you one. But, sir, I know that these things are not suitable for you. This imported cloth was sent to me by King Ajātasattu Vedehiputta of Magadha packed in a parasol case. It’s exactly sixteen measures long and eight wide. May Venerable Ānanda please accept it out of compassion.” “Enough, great king. My three robes are complete.”

“Sir, we have both seen this river Aciravatī when it has rained heavily in the mountains, and the river overflows both its banks. In the same way, Venerable Ānanda can make a set of three robes for himself from this imported cloak. And you can share your old robes with your fellow monks. In this way my teacher’s offering will come to overflow, it seems to me. Please accept the imported cloth.” So Ānanda accepted it.

Then King Pasenadi said to him: “Well, now, sir, I must go. I have many duties, and much to do.” “Please, great king, go at your convenience.” Then King Pasenadi approved and agreed with what Ānanda said. Then he got up from his seat, bowed, and respectfully circled Ānanda, keeping him on his right, before leaving.

Soon after he left, Ānanda went to the Buddha, bowed, sat down to one side, and told him what had happened. He presented the cloth to the Buddha. Then the Buddha said to the mendicants: “Mendicants, King Pasenadi is lucky, so very lucky, to get to see Ānanda and pay homage to him.”

That is what the Buddha said. Satisfied, the mendicants were happy with what the Buddha said.

MN 89. Shrines to the Teaching

So I have heard. At one time the Buddha was staying in the land of the Sakyans, near the Sakyan town named Medaḷumpa. Now at that time King Pasenadi of Kosala had arrived at Nagaraka on some business. Then he addressed Dīgha Kārāyana: “My good Kārāyana, harness the finest chariots. We will go to a park and see the scenery.” “Yes, Your Majesty,” replied Dīgha Kārāyana. He harnessed the chariots and informed the king: “Sire, the finest chariots are harnessed. Please go at your convenience.” Then King Pasenadi mounted a fine carriage and, along with other fine carriages, set out in full royal pomp from Nagaraka, heading for the park grounds. He went by carriage as far as the terrain allowed, then descended and entered the park on foot. As he was going for a walk in the park he saw roots of trees that were impressive and inspiring, quiet and still, far from the madding crowd, remote from human settlements, and appropriate for retreat. The sight reminded him right away of the Buddha: “These roots of trees, so impressive and inspiring, are like those where we used to pay homage to the Blessed One, the perfected one, the fully awakened Buddha.”

He addressed Dīgha Kārāyana: “These roots of trees, so impressive and inspiring, are like those where we used to pay homage to the Blessed One, the perfected one, the fully awakened Buddha. My good Kārāyana, where is that Buddha at present?” “Great king, there is a Sakyan town named Medaḷumpa. That’s where the Buddha is now staying.” “But how far away is that town?” “Not far, great king, it’s three leagues. We can get there while it’s still light.” “Well then, harness the chariots, and we shall go to see the Buddha.” “Yes, Your Majesty,” replied Dīgha Kārāyana. He harnessed the chariots and informed the king: “Sire, the finest chariots are harnessed. Please go at your convenience.” Then King Pasenadi mounted a fine carriage and, along with other fine carriages, set out from Nagaraka to Medaḷumpa. He reached the town while it was still light and headed for the park grounds. He went by carriage as far as the terrain allowed, then descended and entered the monastery on foot.

At that time several mendicants were walking meditation in the open air. King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to them and said: “Sirs, where is the Blessed One at present, the perfected one, the fully awakened Buddha? For I want to see him.” “Great king, that’s his dwelling, with the door closed. Approach it quietly, without hurrying; go onto the porch, clear your throat, and knock with the latch. The Buddha will open the door.” The king right away presented his sword and turban to Dīgha Kārāyana, who thought: “Now the king seeks privacy. I should wait here.” Then the king approached the Buddha’s dwelling and knocked, and the Buddha opened the door. King Pasenadi entered the dwelling, and bowed with his head to the Buddha’s feet, caressing them and covering them with kisses, and pronounced his name: “Sir, I am Pasenadi, king of Kosala! I am Pasenadi, king of Kosala!”

“But great king, for what reason do you demonstrate such utmost devotion for this body, conveying your manifest love?” “Sir, I infer about the Buddha from the teaching: ‘The Blessed One is a fully awakened Buddha. The teaching is well explained. The Saṅgha is practicing well.’ It happens, sir, that I see some ascetics and brahmins leading the spiritual life only for a limited period: ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years. Some time later—nicely bathed and anointed, with hair and beard dressed—they amuse themselves, supplied and provided with the five kinds of sensual stimulation. But here I see the mendicants leading the spiritual life entirely full and pure as long as they live, to their last breath. I don’t see any other spiritual life elsewhere so full and pure. That’s why I infer this about the Buddha from the teaching: ‘The Blessed One is a fully awakened Buddha. The teaching is well explained. The Saṅgha is practicing well.’

Furthermore, kings fight with kings, aristocrats fight with aristocrats, brahmins fight with brahmins, householders fight with householders. A mother fights with her child, child with mother, father with child, and child with father. Brother fights with brother, brother with sister, sister with brother, and friend fights with friend. But here I see the mendicants living in harmony, appreciating each other, without quarreling, blending like milk and water, and regarding each other with kindly eyes. I don’t see any other assembly elsewhere so harmonious. So I infer this about the Buddha from the teaching: ‘The Blessed One is a fully awakened Buddha. The teaching is well explained. The Saṅgha is practicing well.’

Furthermore, I have walked and wandered from monastery to monastery and from park to park. There I’ve seen some ascetics and

brahmins who are thin, haggard, pale, and veiny—hardly a captivating sight, you’d think. It occurred to me: ‘Clearly these venerables lead the spiritual life dissatisfied, or they’re hiding some bad deed they’ve done. That’s why they’re thin, haggard, pale, and veiny—hardly a captivating sight, you’d think.’ I went up to them and said: ‘Venerables, why are you so thin, haggard, pale, and veiny—hardly a captivating sight, you’d think?’ They say: ‘We have jaundice, great king.’ But here I see mendicants always smiling and joyful, obviously happy, with cheerful faces, living relaxed, unruffled, surviving on charity, their hearts free as a wild deer. It occurred to me: ‘Clearly these venerables have realized a higher distinction in the Buddha’s instructions than they had before. That’s why these venerables are always smiling and joyful, obviously happy, with cheerful faces, living relaxed, unruffled, surviving on charity, their hearts free as a wild deer.’ So I infer this about the Buddha from the teaching: ‘The Blessed One is a fully awakened Buddha. The teaching is well explained. The Saṅgha is practicing well.’

Furthermore, as an anointed king I am able to execute, fine, or banish those who are guilty. Yet when I’m sitting in judgment they interrupt me. And I can’t get them to stop interrupting me and wait until I’ve finished speaking. But here I’ve seen the mendicants while the Buddha is teaching an assembly of many hundreds, and there is no sound of his disciples coughing or clearing their throats. Once it so happened that the Buddha was teaching an assembly of many hundreds. Then one of his disciples cleared their throat. And one of their spiritual companions nudged them with their knee, to indicate: ‘Hush, venerable, don’t make a sound! Our teacher, the Blessed One, is teaching!’ It occurred to me: ‘It’s incredible, it’s amazing, how an assembly can be so well trained without rod or sword!’ I don’t see any other assembly elsewhere so well trained. So I infer this about the Buddha from the teaching: ‘The Blessed One is a fully awakened Buddha. The teaching is well explained. The Saṅgha is practicing well.’

Furthermore, I’ve seen some clever aristocrats who are subtle, accomplished in the doctrines of others, hair-splitters. You’d think they live to demolish convictions with their intellect. They hear: ‘So, gentlemen, that ascetic Gotama will come down to such and such village or town.’ They formulate a question, thinking: ‘We’ll approach the ascetic Gotama and ask him this question. If he answers like this, we’ll refute him like that; and if he answers like that, we’ll refute him like this.’ When they hear that he has come down they approach him. The Buddha educates, encourages, fires up, and inspires them with a

Dhamma talk. They don't even get around to asking their question to the Buddha, so how could they refute his answer? Invariably, they become his disciples. So I infer this about the Buddha from the teaching: 'The Blessed One is a fully awakened Buddha. The teaching is well explained. The Saṅgha is practicing well.'

Furthermore, I see some clever brahmins ... some clever householders ... some clever ascetics who are subtle, accomplished in the doctrines of others, hair-splitters. ... They don't even get around to asking their question to the Buddha, so how could they refute his answer? Invariably, they ask the ascetic Gotama for the chance to go forth. And he gives them the going-forth. Soon after going forth, living withdrawn, diligent, keen, and resolute, they realize the supreme end of the spiritual path in this very life. They live having achieved with their own insight the goal for which people from good families rightly go forth from the lay life to homelessness. They say: 'We were almost lost! We almost perished! For we used to claim that we were ascetics, brahmins, and perfected ones, but we were none of these things. But now we really are ascetics, brahmins, and perfected ones!' So I infer this about the Buddha from the teaching: 'The Blessed One is a fully awakened Buddha. The teaching is well explained. The Saṅgha is practicing well.'

Furthermore, these chamberlains Isidatta and Purāṇa share my meals and my carriages. I give them a livelihood and bring them renown. And yet they don't show me the same level of devotion that they show to the Buddha. Once it so happened that while I was leading a military campaign and testing Isidatta and Purāṇa I took up residence in a cramped house. They spent most of the night discussing the teaching, then they lay down with their heads towards where the Buddha was and their feet towards me. It occurred to me: 'It's incredible, it's amazing! These chamberlains Isidatta and Purāṇa share my meals and my carriages. I give them a livelihood and bring them renown. And yet they don't show me the same level of devotion that they show to the Buddha. Clearly these venerables have realized a higher distinction in the Buddha's instructions than they had before.' So I infer this about the Buddha from the teaching: 'The Blessed One is a fully awakened Buddha. The teaching is well explained. The Saṅgha is practicing well.'

Furthermore, the Buddha is an aristocrat, and so am I. The Buddha is Kosalan, and so am I. The Buddha is eighty years old, and so am I. Since this is so, it's proper for me to show the Buddha such utmost devotion and demonstrate such friendship. Well, now, sir, I must go. I have many

duties, and much to do.” “Please, great king, go at your convenience.” Then King Pasenadi got up from his seat, bowed, and respectfully circled the Buddha, keeping him on his right, before leaving.

Soon after the king had left, the Buddha addressed the mendicants: “Mendicants, before he got up and left, King Pasenadi spoke shrines to the teaching. Learn these shrines to the teaching! Memorize these shrines to the teaching! Remember these shrines to the teaching! These shrines to the teaching are beneficial and relate to the fundamentals of the spiritual life.”

That is what the Buddha said. Satisfied, the mendicants were happy with what the Buddha said.

MN 90. At Kaṇṇakatthala

So I have heard. At one time the Buddha was staying near Ujuṇṇa, in the deer park at Kaṇṇakatthala. Now at that time King Pasenadi of Kosala had arrived at Ujuṇṇa on some business. Then he addressed a man: “Please, mister, go to the Buddha, and in my name bow with your head to his feet. Ask him if he is healthy and well, nimble, strong, and living comfortably. And then say: ‘Sir, King Pasenadi of Kosala will come to see you today when he has finished breakfast.’” “Yes, Your Majesty,” that man replied. He did as the king asked.

The sisters Somā and Sakulā heard this. Then, while the meal was being served, they approached the king and said: “Great king, since you are going to the Buddha, please bow in our name with your head to his feet. Ask him if he is healthy and well, nimble, strong, and living comfortably.”

When he had finished breakfast, King Pasenadi went to the Buddha, bowed, sat down to one side, and said to him: “Sir, the sisters Somā and Sakulā bow with their heads to your feet. They ask if you are healthy and well, nimble, strong, and living comfortably.” “But, great king, couldn’t they get any other messenger?” So Pasenadi explained the circumstances of the message. The Buddha said: “May the sisters Somā and Sakulā be happy, great king.”

Then the king said to the Buddha: “I have heard, sir, that the ascetic Gotama says this: ‘There is no ascetic or brahmin who will claim to be all-knowing and all-seeing, to know and see everything without exception: that is not possible.’ Do those who say this repeat what the Buddha has said, and not misrepresent him with an untruth? Is their explanation in line with the teaching? Are there any legitimate grounds for rebuke and criticism?” “Great king, those who say this do not repeat what I have said. They misrepresent me with what is false and untrue.”

Then King Pasenadi addressed General Viḍḍabha: “General, who introduced this topic of discussion to the royal compound?” “It was Saṅjaya, great king, the brahmin of the Ākāsa clan.” Then the king addressed a man: “Please, mister, in my name tell Saṅjaya that King

Pasenadi summons him.” “Yes, Your Majesty,” that man replied. He did as the king asked. Then the king said to the Buddha: “Sir, might the Buddha have spoken in reference to one thing, but that person believed it was something else? How then do you recall making this statement?” “Great king, I recall making this statement: ‘There is no ascetic or brahmin who knows all and sees all simultaneously: that is not possible.’” “What the Buddha says appears reasonable. Sir, there are these four classes: aristocrats, brahmins, merchants, and workers. Is there any difference between them?” “Of the four classes, two are said to be preeminent—the aristocrats and the brahmins. That is, when it comes to bowing down, rising up, greeting with joined palms, and observing proper etiquette.” “Sir, I am not asking you about the present life, but about the life to come.”

“Great king, there are these five factors that support meditation. What five? It’s when a mendicant has faith in the Realized One’s awakening: ‘That Blessed One is perfected, a fully awakened Buddha, accomplished in knowledge and conduct, holy, knower of the world, supreme guide for those who wish to train, teacher of gods and humans, awakened, blessed.’ They are rarely ill or unwell. Their stomach digests well, being neither too hot nor too cold, but just right, and fit for meditation. They’re not devious or deceitful. They reveal themselves honestly to the Teacher or sensible spiritual companions. They live with energy roused up for giving up unskillful qualities and gaining skillful qualities. They’re strong, staunchly vigorous, not slacking off when it comes to developing skillful qualities. They’re wise. They have the wisdom of arising and passing away which is noble, penetrative, and leads to the complete ending of suffering. These are the five factors that support meditation. There are these four classes: aristocrats, brahmins, merchants, and workers. If they had these five factors that support meditation, that would be for their lasting welfare and happiness.” “Sir, there are these four classes: aristocrats, brahmins, merchants, and workers. If they had these five factors that support meditation, would there be any difference between them?” “In that case, I say it is the diversity of their efforts in meditation. Suppose there was a pair of elephants or horses or oxen in training who were well tamed and well trained. And there was a pair who were not tamed or trained. What do you think, great king? Wouldn’t the pair that was well tamed and well trained perform the tasks of the tamed, and reach the level of the tamed?” “Yes, sir.” “But would the pair that was not tamed and trained perform the tasks of the tamed and reach the level of the tamed, just like the tamed pair?” “No, sir.” “In the same way,

there are things that must be attained by someone with faith, health, integrity, energy, and wisdom. It's not possible for a faithless, unhealthy, deceitful, lazy, witless person to attain them."

"What the Buddha says appears reasonable. Sir, there are these four classes: aristocrats, brahmins, merchants, and workers. If they had these five factors that support meditation, and if they practiced rightly, would there be any difference between them?" "In that case, I say that there is no difference between the freedom of one and the freedom of the other. Suppose a person took dry teak wood and lit a fire and produced heat. Then another person did the same using sāl wood, another used mango wood, while another used wood of the cluster fig. What do you think, great king? Would there be any difference between the fires produced by these different kinds of wood, that is, in the flame, color, or light?" "No, sir." "In the same way, when fire has been kindled by energy and produced by effort, I say that there is no difference between the freedom of one and the freedom of the other." "What the Buddha says appears reasonable. But sir, do gods absolutely exist?" "But what exactly are you asking?" "Whether those gods come back to this state of existence or not." "Those gods who are subject to affliction come back to this state of existence, but those free of affliction do not come back."

When he said this, General Viḍḍabha said to the Buddha: "Sir, will the gods subject to affliction topple or expel from their place the gods who are free of affliction?"

Then Venerable Ānanda thought: "This General Viḍḍabha is King Pasenadi's son, and I am the Buddha's son. Now is the time for one son to confer with another." Then Ānanda addressed General Viḍḍabha: "Well then, general, I'll ask you about this in return, and you can answer as you like. What do you think, general? As far as the dominion of King Pasenadi of Kosala extends, where he rules as sovereign lord, can he topple or expel from that place any ascetic or brahmin, regardless of whether they are good or bad, or whether or not they are genuine spiritual practitioners?" "He can, mister."

"What do you think, general? As far as the dominion of King Pasenadi does not extend, where he does not rule as sovereign lord, can he topple or expel from that place any ascetic or brahmin, regardless of whether they are good or bad, or whether or not they are genuine spiritual practitioners?" "He cannot, mister."

"What do you think, general? Have you heard of the gods of the Thirty-Three?" "Yes, mister, I've heard of them, and so has King

Pasenadi.” “What do you think, general? Can King Pasenadi topple or expel from their place the gods of the Thirty-Three?” “King Pasenadi can’t even see the gods of the Thirty-Three, so how could he possibly topple or expel them from their place?” “In the same way, general, the gods subject to affliction can’t even see the gods who are free of affliction, so how could they possibly topple or expel them from their place?”

Then the king said to the Buddha: “Sir, what is this mendicant’s name?” “Ānanda, great king.” “A joy he is, and a joy he seems! What Venerable Ānanda says seems reasonable. But sir, does Brahmā absolutely exist?” “But what exactly are you asking?” “Whether that Brahmā comes back to this state of existence or not.” “Any Brahmā who is subject to affliction comes back to this state of existence, but those free of affliction do not come back.” Then a certain man said to the king: “Great king, Sañjaya, the brahmin of the Ākāsa clan, has come.” Then King Pasenadi asked Sañjaya: “Brahmin, who introduced this topic of discussion to the royal compound?” “It was General Viḍūḍabha, great king.” But Viḍūḍabha said: “It was Sañjaya, great king, the brahmin of the Ākāsa clan.” Then a certain man said to the king: “It’s time to depart, great king.”

Then the king said to the Buddha: “Sir, I asked you about omniscience, and you answered. I approve and accept this, and am satisfied with it. I asked you about the four classes, about the gods, and about Brahmā, and you answered in each case. Whatever I asked the Buddha about, he answered. I approve and accept this, and am satisfied with it. Well, now, sir, I must go. I have many duties, and much to do.” “Please, great king, go at your convenience.” Then King Pasenadi approved and agreed with what the Buddha said. Then he got up from his seat, bowed, and respectfully circled the Buddha, keeping him on his right, before leaving.

SN 3:1. Young

So I have heard. At one time the Buddha was staying near Sāvattthī in Jeta's Grove, Anāthapiṇḍika's monastery. Then King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to the Buddha, and exchanged greetings with him. When the greetings and polite conversation were over, he sat down to one side and said to the Buddha: "Does Master Gotama claim to have awakened to the supreme perfect awakening?" "If anyone should rightly be said to have awakened to the supreme perfect awakening, it's me. For, great king, I have awakened to the supreme perfect awakening."

"Well, there are those ascetics and brahmins who lead an order and a community, and teach a community. They're well-known and famous religious founders, regarded as holy by many people. That is, Pūraṇa Kassapa, Makkhali Gosāla, Nigaṇṭha Nātaputta, Saṅjaya Belaṭṭhiputta, Pakudha Kaccāyana, and Ajita Kesakambala. I also asked them whether they claimed to have awakened to the supreme perfect awakening, but they made no such claim. So why do you, given that you're so young in age and newly gone forth?"

"Great king, these four things should not be looked down on or disparaged because they are young. What four? An aristocrat, a snake, a fire, and a mendicant. These four things should not be looked down on or disparaged because they are young."

That is what the Buddha said. Then the Holy One, the Teacher, went on to say:

"A man should not despise
an aristocrat of impeccable lineage,
high-born and famous,
just because they're young.

For it's possible that that lord of men,
as aristocrat, will gain the throne.
And in his anger he'll execute a royal punishment,
and have you violently beaten.

Hence you should avoid him
for the sake of your own life.

Whether in village or wilderness,
wherever a serpent is seen,
a man should not look down on it
or despise it for its youth.

With its rainbow of colors,
the snake of fiery breath glides along.
It lashes out and bites the fool,
both men and women alike.
Hence you should avoid it
for the sake of your own life.

A fire devours a huge amount,
a conflagration with a blackened trail.
A man should not look down on it
just because it's young.

For once it gets fuel
it'll become a huge conflagration.
It'll lash out and burn the fool,
both men and women alike.
Hence you should avoid it
for the sake of your own life.

When a forest is burned by fire,
a conflagration with a blackened trail,
the shoots will spring up there again,
with the passing of the days and nights.

But if a mendicant endowed with ethics
burns you with their power,
you'll have no sons or cattle,
nor will your heirs find wealth.
Childless and heirless you become,
like a palm-tree stump.

That's why an astute person,
seeing what's good for themselves,
would always treat these properly:
a snake, a conflagration,

a famous aristocrat,
and a mendicant endowed with ethics.”

When this was said, King Pasenadi of Kosala said to the Buddha:
“Excellent, sir! Excellent! As if he were righting the overturned, or revealing the hidden, or pointing out the path to the lost, or lighting a lamp in the dark so people with good eyes can see what’s there, the Buddha has made the teaching clear in many ways. I go for refuge to the Buddha, to the teaching, and to the mendicant Saṅgha. From this day forth, may the Buddha remember me as a lay follower who has gone for refuge for life.”

SN 3:2. A Man

At Sāvattthī. Then King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to the Buddha, bowed, sat down to one side, and said to the Buddha: “Sir, how many things arise inside a person for their harm, suffering, and discomfort?”

“Great king, three things arise inside a person for their harm, suffering, and discomfort. What three? Greed, hate, and delusion. These three things arise inside a person for their harm, suffering, and discomfort.” That is what the Buddha said. ...

“When greed, hate, and delusion,
have arisen inside oneself,
they harm a person of wicked heart,
as a reed is destroyed by its own fruit.”

SN 3:3. Old Age and Death

At Sāvattthī. Seated to one side, King Pasenadi said to the Buddha: “Sir, for someone who has been reborn, is there anything apart from old age and death?” “Great king, for someone who has been reborn, there’s nothing apart from old age and death. Even for well-to-do aristocrats, brahmins, or householders—rich, affluent, and wealthy, with lots of gold and silver, lots of property and assets, and lots of money and grain—when they’re born, there’s nothing apart from old age and death. Even for mendicants who are perfected—who have ended the defilements, completed the spiritual journey, done what had to be done, laid down the burden, achieved their own goal, utterly ended the fetters of rebirth, and are rightly freed through enlightenment—their bodies are liable to break up and be laid to rest. That is what the Buddha said. ...

“The fancy chariots of kings wear out,
and this body too gets old.
But goodness never gets old:
so the true and good proclaim.”

SN 3:4. Loved

At Sāvattthī. Seated to one side, King Pasenadi said to the Buddha: “Just now, sir, as I was in private retreat this thought came to mind. ‘Who are those who love themselves? And who are those who don’t love themselves?’ Then it occurred to me: ‘Those who do bad things by way of body, speech, and mind don’t love themselves. Even though they may say: “I love myself”, they don’t really. Why is that? It’s because they treat themselves like an enemy. That’s why they don’t love themselves. Those who do good things by way of body, speech, and mind do love themselves. Even though they may say: “I don’t love myself”, they do really. Why is that? It’s because they treat themselves like a loved one. That’s why they do love themselves.’”

“That’s so true, great king! That’s so true!” said the Buddha. And he repeated the king’s statement, adding:

“If you regard yourself as loved,
you wouldn’t yoke yourself to wickedness.
For happiness is not easy to find
by someone who does bad deeds.

When you’re seized by the Terminator
as you give up your human life,
what can you call your own?
What do you take when you go?
What goes with you,
like a shadow that never leaves?

Both the good and the bad
that a mortal does in this life
is what they can call their own.
That’s what they take when they go.
That’s what goes with them,
like a shadow that never leaves.

That's why you should do good,
investing in the future life.
The good deeds of sentient beings
support them in the next world."

SN 3:5. Self-Protected

At Sāvattthī. Seated to one side, King Pasenadi said to the Buddha: “Just now, sir, as I was in private retreat this thought came to mind. ‘Who are those who protect themselves? And who are those who don’t protect themselves?’ Then it occurred to me: ‘Those who do bad things by way of body, speech, and mind don’t protect themselves. Even if they’re protected by a company of elephants, cavalry, chariots, or infantry, they still don’t protect themselves. Why is that? Because such protection is exterior, not interior. That’s why they don’t protect themselves. Those who do good things by way of body, speech, and mind do protect themselves. Even if they’re not protected by a company of elephants, cavalry, chariots, or infantry, they still protect themselves. Why is that? Because such protection is interior, not exterior. That’s why they do protect themselves.’”

“That’s so true, great king! That’s so true!” said the Buddha. And he repeated the king’s statement, adding:

“Restraint of the body is good;
restraint of speech is good;
restraint of mind is good;
restraint everywhere is good.
A sincere person, restrained everywhere,
is said to be ‘protected’.”

SN 3:6. Few

At Sāvattthī. Seated to one side, King Pasenadi said to the Buddha: “Just now, sir, as I was in private retreat this thought came to mind. ‘Few are the sentient beings in the world who, when they obtain luxury possessions, don’t get indulgent and negligent, giving in to greed for sensual pleasures, and doing the wrong thing by others. There are many more who, when they obtain luxury possessions, do get indulgent and negligent, giving in to greed for sensual pleasures, and doing the wrong thing by others.’”

“That’s so true, great king! That’s so true!” said the Buddha. And he repeated the king’s statement, adding:

“Full of desire for possessions and pleasures,
greedy, stupefied by sensual pleasures;
they don’t notice that they’ve gone too far,
like deer falling into a trap set out.
It’ll be bitter later on;
for the result will be bad for them.”

SN 3:7. Judgment

At Sāvaththī. Seated to one side, King Pasenadi said to the Buddha: “Sir, when I’m sitting in judgment I see well-to-do aristocrats, brahmins, and householders—rich, affluent, and wealthy, with lots of gold and silver, lots of property and assets, and lots of money and grain. But they tell deliberate lies for the sake of sensual pleasures. Then it occurred to me: ‘Enough with passing judgment today. Now my dear will be known by the judgments he makes.’”

“That’s so true, great king! That’s so true! Those who are well-to-do aristocrats, brahmins, and householders tell deliberate lies for the sake of sensual pleasures. That is for their lasting harm and suffering.” That is what the Buddha said. ...

“Full of desire for possessions and pleasures,
greedy, stupefied by sensual pleasures;
they don’t notice that they’ve gone too far,
like fish entering a net set out.
It’ll be bitter later on;
for the result will be bad for them.”

SN 3:8. With Queen Mallikā

At Sāvattthī. Now at that time King Pasenadi of Kosala was upstairs in the stilt longhouse together with Queen Mallikā. Then the king said to the queen: “Mallikā, is there anyone more dear to you than yourself?” “No, great king, there isn’t. But is there anyone more dear to you than yourself?” “For me also, Mallikā, there’s no-one.”

Then King Pasenadi of Kosala came downstairs from the stilt longhouse, went to the Buddha, bowed, sat down to one side, and told him what had happened.

Then, knowing the meaning of this, on that occasion the Buddha recited this verse:

“Having explored every quarter with the mind,
one finds no-one dearer than oneself.
Likewise for others, each holds themselves dear.
So one who loves themselves would not harm others.”

SN 3:9. Sacrifice

At Sāvattthī. Now at that time a big sacrifice had been set up for King Pasenadi of Kosala. Five hundred chief bulls, five hundred bullocks, five hundred heifers, five hundred goats, and five hundred rams had been led to the pillar for the sacrifice. His bondservants, employees, and workers did their jobs under threat of punishment and danger, weeping with tearful faces.

Then several mendicants robed up in the morning and, taking their bowls and robes, entered Sāvattthī for alms. Then, after the meal, when they returned from alms-round, they went up to the Buddha, bowed, sat down to one side, and told him what was happening.

Then, knowing the meaning of this, on that occasion the Buddha recited these verses:

“Horse sacrifice, human sacrifice,
the sacrifices of the ‘stick-casting’,
the ‘royal soma drinking’, and the ‘unbarred’—
these huge violent sacrifices yield no great fruit.

The great sages of good conduct
don’t attend sacrifices
where goats, sheep, and cattle
and various creatures are killed.

But the great sages of good conduct
do attend non-violent sacrifices
of regular family tradition,
where goats, sheep, and cattle,
and various creatures aren’t killed.

A clever person should sacrifice like this,
for this sacrifice is very fruitful.
For a sponsor of sacrifices like this,
things get better, not worse.

Such a sacrifice is truly abundant,
and even the deities are pleased.”

SN 3:10. Shackles

Now at that time a large group of people had been put in shackles by King Pasenadi of Kosala—some in ropes, some in manacles, some in chains.

Then several mendicants robed up in the morning and, taking their bowls and robes, entered Sāvattthī for alms. Then, after the meal, when they returned from alms-round, they went up to the Buddha, bowed, sat down to one side, and told him what was happening.

Then, knowing the meaning of this, on that occasion the Buddha recited these verses:

“The wise say that shackle is not strong
that’s made of iron, wood, or knots.
But infatuation with jewels and earrings,
concern for your partners and children:

this the wise say is a strong shackle
that drags you down, tight, hard to escape.
They cut this too and go forth,
with no worries, having given up sensual pleasures.”

SN 3:11. Seven Matted-Hair Ascetics

At one time the Buddha was staying near Sāvattthī in the Eastern Monastery, the stilt longhouse of Migāra's mother. Then in the late afternoon, the Buddha came out of retreat and sat outside the gate. Then King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to the Buddha, bowed, and sat down to one side.

Now at that time seven matted-hair ascetics, seven Jain ascetics, seven naked ascetics, seven one-cloth ascetics, and seven wanderers passed by not far from the Buddha. Their armpits and bodies were hairy, and their nails were long; and they carried their stuff with shoulder-poles. Then King Pasenadi got up from his seat, arranged his robe over one shoulder, knelt with his right knee on the ground, raised his joined palms toward those various ascetics, and pronounced his name three times. "Sirs, I am Pasenadi, king of Kosala! I am Pasenadi, king of Kosala!"

Then, soon after those ascetics had left, King Pasenadi went up to the Buddha, bowed, sat down to one side, and said to him: "Sir, are they among those in the world who are perfected ones or who have entered the path to perfection?"

"Great king, as a layman enjoying sensual pleasures, living at home with your children, using sandalwood imported from Kāsi, wearing garlands, perfumes, and makeup, and accepting gold and money, it's hard for you to know who is perfected or on the path to perfection.

You can get to know a person's ethics by living with them. But only after a long time, not casually; only when paying attention, not when inattentive; and only by the wise, not the witless. You can get to know a person's purity by dealing with them. ... You can get to know a person's resilience in times of trouble. ... You can get to know a person's wisdom by discussion. But only after a long time, not casually; only when paying attention, not when inattentive; and only by the wise, not the witless."

"It's incredible, sir, it's amazing, how well said this was by Master Gotama. ...

Sir, these are my spies, my undercover agents returning after spying on the country. First they go undercover, then I have them report to me. And now—when they have washed off the dust and dirt, and are nicely bathed and anointed, with hair and beard dressed, and dressed in white—they will amuse themselves, supplied and provided with the five kinds of sensual stimulation.”

Then, knowing the meaning of this, on that occasion the Buddha recited these verses:

“It’s not easy to know a man by his appearance.
You shouldn’t trust them at first sight.
For unrestrained men live in this world
disguised as the restrained.

Like a fake earring made of clay,
like a copper halfpenny coated with gold,
they live hidden in the world,
corrupt inside but impressive outside.”

SN 3:12. Five Kings

At Sāvattthī. Now at that time five kings headed by Pasenadi were amusing themselves, supplied and provided with the five kinds of sensual stimulation, and this discussion came up among them: “What’s the best of sensual pleasures?” Some of them said: “Sights are the best of sensual pleasures!” Others said: “Sounds are best!” Others said: “Smells are best!” Others said: “Tastes are best!” Others said: “Touches are best!” Since those kings were unable to convince each other,

King Pasenadi said to them: “Come, good sirs, let’s go to the Buddha and ask him about this. As he answers, so we’ll remember it.” “Yes, dear sir,” replied those kings.

Then those five kings headed by Pasenadi went to the Buddha, bowed, and sat down to one side. King Pasenadi reported their conversation to the Buddha, and said: “Sir, what’s the best of sensual pleasures?”

“Great king, which kind of sensual stimulation is best is defined by which is most agreeable, I say. The very same sights that are agreeable to some are disagreeable to others. When you’re happy with certain sights, as you’ve got all you wished for, you don’t want any other sight that’s better or finer. For you, those sights are perfect and supreme.

The very same sounds ... smells ... tastes ... touches that are agreeable to some are disagreeable to others. When you’re happy with certain touches, as you’ve got all you wished for, you don’t want any other touch that’s better or finer. For you, those touches are perfect and supreme.”

Now at that time the lay follower Candanaṅgalika was sitting in that assembly. Then he got up from his seat, arranged his robe over one shoulder, raised his joined palms toward the Buddha, and said: “I feel inspired to speak, Blessed One! I feel inspired to speak, Holy One!” “Then speak as you feel inspired,” said the Buddha.

Then the lay follower Candanaṅgalika extolled the Buddha in his presence with an appropriate verse.

“Like a fragrant pink lotus
that blooms in the morning, its fragrance unfaded—
see Aṅgīrasa shine,
bright as the sun in the sky!”

Then those five kings clothed Candanaṅgalika with five upper robes.
And Candanaṅgalika in turn endowed the Buddha with these robes.

SN 3:13. A Bucket of Rice

At Sāvattthī. Now at that time King Pasenadi of Kosala used to eat rice by the bucket. Then after eating King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to the Buddha, huffing and puffing. He bowed and sat down to one side.

Then, knowing that King Pasenadi was huffing and puffing after eating, on that occasion the Buddha recited this verse:

“When a man is always mindful,
knowing moderation in eating,
his discomfort diminishes,
and he ages slowly, taking care of his life.”

Now at that time the brahmin student Sudassana was standing behind the king. Then King Pasenadi addressed him: “Please, dear Sudassana, memorize this verse in the Buddha’s presence and recite it to me whenever I am presented with a meal. I’ll set up a regular daily allowance of a hundred dollars for you.” “Yes, Your Majesty,” replied Sudassana. He memorized that verse in the Buddha’s presence, and then whenever the king was presented with a meal he would repeat it:

“When a man is always mindful,
knowing moderation in eating,
his discomfort diminishes,
and he ages slowly, taking care of his life.”

Then the king gradually got used to having no more than a pint of rice. After some time King Pasenadi’s body slimmed right down. Stroking his limbs with his hands, at that time he spoke these words of inspiration: “The Buddha truly has compassion for me in both the good of the present life and the good of the next life.”

SN 3:14. Battle (1st)

At Sāvathī. Then King Ajātasattu Vedehiputta of Magadha mobilized an army of four divisions and marched to Kāsi to attack King Pasenadi of Kosala. When King Pasenadi heard of this, he mobilized an army of four divisions and marched to Kāsi to defend it against Ajātasattu. Then the two kings met in battle. And in that battle Ajātasattu defeated Pasenadi, who withdrew to his own capital at Sāvathī.

Then several mendicants robed up in the morning and, taking their bowls and robes, entered Sāvathī for alms. Then, after the meal, when they returned from alms-round, they went up to the Buddha, bowed, sat down to one side, and told him what had happened. Then the Buddha said:

“Mendicants, King Ajātasattu has bad friends, companions, and associates. But King Pasenadi has good friends, companions, and associates. Yet on this day King Pasenadi will have a bad night’s sleep as one defeated.” That is what the Buddha said. ...

“Victory gives rise to enmity;
the defeated sleep badly.
The peaceful sleep well,
having left victory and defeat behind.”

SN 3:15. Battle (2nd)

Then King Ajātasattu Vedehiputta of Magadha mobilized an army of four divisions and marched to Kāsi to attack King Pasenadi of Kosala. When King Pasenadi heard of this, he mobilized an army of four divisions and marched to Kāsi to defend it against Ajātasattu. Then the two kings met in battle. And in that battle Pasenadi defeated Ajātasattu and captured him alive. Then King Pasenadi thought: “Even though I’ve never betrayed this King Ajātasattu, he betrayed me. Still, he is my nephew. Now that I’ve vanquished all of Ajātasattu’s elephant troops, cavalry, chariots, and infantry, why don’t I let him loose with just his life?”

And that’s what he did.

Then several mendicants ... told the Buddha what had happened.

Then, knowing the meaning of this, on that occasion the Buddha recited these verses:

“A man goes on plundering
as long as it serves his ends.
But as soon as others plunder him,
the plunderer is plundered.

For the fool thinks they’ve got away with it
as long as the wickedness doesn’t ripen.
But when the wickedness ripens,
they fall into suffering.

A killer creates a killer;
a conqueror creates a conqueror;
an abuser creates abuse,
and a bully creates a bully.
And so as deeds unfold
the plunderer is plundered.”

SN 3:16. A Daughter

At Sāvattthī. Then King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to the Buddha, bowed, and sat down to one side. Then a man went up to the king and whispered in his ear: “Your Majesty, Queen Mallikā has given birth to a daughter.” When this was said, King Pasenadi was disappointed.

Then, knowing that King Pasenadi was disappointed, on that occasion the Buddha recited these verses:

“Well, some women are better than men,
O ruler of the people.
Wise and virtuous,
a devoted wife who honors her mother in law.

And when she has a son,
he becomes a hero, O lord of the land.
The son of such a blessed lady
may even rule the realm.”

SN 3:17. Diligence

At Sāvattthī. Seated to one side, King Pasenadi said to the Buddha: “Sir, is there one thing that secures benefits for both the present life and lives to come?”

“There is, great king.”

“So what is it?”

“Diligence, great king, is one thing that, when developed and cultivated, secures benefits for both the present life and lives to come. The footprints of all creatures that walk can fit inside an elephant’s footprint. So an elephant’s footprint is said to be the biggest of them all. In the same way, diligence is one thing that secures benefits for both the present life and lives to come.” That is what the Buddha said. ...

“For one who desires a continuous flow
of exceptional delights—
long life, beauty, and health,
heaven, and birth in an eminent family—

the astute praise diligence
in making merit.

Being diligent, an astute person
secures both benefits:

the benefit in this life,
and in lives to come.

A wise one, comprehending the meaning,
is called ‘astute’.”

SN 3:18. Good Friends

At Sāvaththī. Seated to one side, King Pasenadi said to the Buddha: “Just now, sir, as I was in private retreat this thought came to mind. ‘The teaching is well explained by the Buddha. But it’s for someone with good friends, companions, and associates, not for someone with bad friends, companions, and associates.’”

“That’s so true, great king! That’s so true!” said the Buddha. And he repeated the king’s statement, adding:

“Great king, this one time I was staying in the land of the Sakyans where they have a town named Nagaraka. Then the mendicant Ānanda came to me, bowed, sat down to one side, and said: ‘Sir, good friends, companions, and associates are half the spiritual life.’

When he had spoken, I said to him: ‘Not so, Ānanda! Not so, Ānanda! Good friends, companions, and associates are the whole of the spiritual life. A mendicant with good friends, companions, and associates can expect to develop and cultivate the noble eightfold path.

And how does a mendicant with good friends develop and cultivate the noble eightfold path? It’s when a mendicant develops right view, right thought, right speech, right action, right livelihood, right effort, right mindfulness, and right immersion, which rely on seclusion, fading away, and cessation, and ripen as letting go. That’s how a mendicant with good friends develops and cultivates the noble eightfold path. And here’s another way to understand how good friends are the whole of the spiritual life.

For, by relying on me as a good friend, sentient beings who are liable to rebirth, old age, and death, to sorrow, lamentation, pain, sadness, and distress are freed from all these things. This is another way to understand how good friends are the whole of the spiritual life.’

So, great king, you should train like this: ‘I will have good friends, companions, and associates.’ That’s how you should train.

When you have good friends, companions, and associates, you should live supported by one thing: diligence in skillful qualities.

When you're diligent, supported by diligence, your ladies of the harem, aristocrat vassals, troops, and people of town and country will think: 'The king lives diligently, supported by diligence. We'd better live diligently, supported by diligence!'

When you're diligent, supported by diligence, then not only you yourself, but your ladies of the harem, and your treasury and storehouses will be guarded and protected." That is what the Buddha said. ...

"For one who desires a continuous flow
of exceptional wealth,
the astute praise diligence
in making merit.
Being diligent, an astute person
secures both benefits:

the benefit in this life,
and in lives to come.
A wise one, comprehending the meaning,
is called 'astute'."

SN 3:19. Childless (1st)

At Sāvattthī. Then King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to the Buddha in the middle of the day, bowed, and sat down to one side. The Buddha said to him: “So, great king, where are you coming from in the middle of the day?”

“Sir, here in Sāvattthī a financier householder has passed away. Since he died childless, I have come after transferring his fortune to the royal compound. There was eight million in gold, not to speak of the silver. And yet that financier ate meals of rough gruel with pickles. He wore clothes consisting of three pieces of sunn hemp. He traveled around in a vehicle that was a dilapidated little cart, holding a leaf as sunshade.”

“That’s so true, great king! That’s so true! When a bad person has acquired exceptional wealth they don’t make themselves happy and pleased. Nor do they make their mother and father, partners and children, bondservants, workers, and staff, and friends and colleagues happy and pleased. And they don’t establish an uplifting teacher’s offering for ascetics and brahmins that’s conducive to heaven, ripens in happiness, and leads to heaven. Because they haven’t made proper use of that wealth, rulers or bandits take it, or fire consumes it, or flood sweeps it away, or unloved heirs take it. Since that wealth is not properly utilized, it’s wasted, not used.

Suppose there was a lotus pond in an uninhabited region with clear, sweet, cool water, clean, with smooth banks, delightful. But people don’t collect it or drink it or bathe in it or use it for any purpose. Since that water is not properly utilized, it’s wasted, not used. In the same way, when a bad person has acquired exceptional wealth ... it’s wasted, not used.

When a good person has acquired exceptional wealth they make themselves happy and pleased. And they make their mother and father, partners and children, bondservants, workers, and staff, and friends and colleagues happy and pleased. And they establish an uplifting teacher’s offering for ascetics and brahmins that’s conducive to heaven, ripens in happiness, and leads to heaven. Because they make proper use of that

wealth, rulers or bandits don't take it, fire doesn't consume it, flood doesn't sweep it away, and unloved heirs don't take it. Since that wealth is properly utilized, it's used, not wasted.

Suppose there was a lotus pond not far from a town or village with clear, sweet, cool water, clean, with smooth banks, delightful. And people collected it and drank it and bathed in it and used it for their own purpose. Since that water is properly utilized, it's used, not wasted. In the same way, when a good person has acquired exceptional wealth ... it's used, not wasted.

As cool water in an uninhabited region
evaporates when not drunk;
so too when a corrupt person acquires wealth,
they neither use it themselves nor give it away.

But when a wise and sensible person gets hold of wealth,
they use it and do their duty.
That head, having supported the family unit,
blameless, goes to a heavenly place."

SN 3:20. Childless (2nd)

Then King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to the Buddha in the middle of the day ... The Buddha said to him: “So, great king, where are you coming from in the middle of the day?”

“Sir, here in Sāvattthī a financier householder has passed away. Since he died childless, I have come after transferring his fortune to the royal compound. There was ten million in gold, not to speak of the silver. And yet that financier ate meals of rough gruel with pickles. He wore clothes consisting of three pieces of sunn hemp. He traveled around in a vehicle that was a dilapidated little cart, holding a leaf as sunshade.”

“That’s so true, great king! That’s so true! Once upon a time, great king, that financier householder provided alms-food on behalf of a Buddha awakened for himself named Tagarasikhī. He instructed: ‘Give alms to that ascetic,’ before getting up from his seat and leaving. But after giving he regretted it: ‘It would have been better to feed the bondservants or workers with that alms-food.’ What’s more, he murdered his brother’s only child for the sake of his fortune.

Because that financier provided Tagarasikhī with alms-food, as a result of that deed he was reborn seven times in a good place, a heavenly realm. And as a residual result of that same deed he held the position of financier seven times right here in Sāvattthī. But because that financier regretted giving alms, as a result of that deed his mind didn’t tend to enjoy nice food, clothes, vehicles, or the five refined kinds of sensual stimulation. And because that financier murdered his brother’s only child for the sake of his fortune, as a result of that deed he burned in hell for many years, for many hundreds, many thousands, many hundreds of thousands of years. And as a residual result of that same deed for the seventh time, since he is childless, his fortune ends up in the royal treasury. Now the old merit of that financier has been used up, and he hasn’t accumulated new merit. Today, great king, that financier burns in the Great Hell of Screams.” “So, sir, that financier has been reborn in the Great Hell of Screams?” “Yes he has, great king.” That is what the Buddha said. ...

“Grain, wealth, silver, and gold,
or whatever other possessions there are;
bondservants, workers, employees,
and those dependent for their livelihood:

you must go on without taking these;
all of them are left behind.

But the deeds you do
by body, speech, and mind—

that’s what you can call your own.
That’s what you take when you go.
That’s what goes with you,
like a shadow that never leaves.

That’s why you should do good,
investing in the future life.
The good deeds of sentient beings
support them in the next world.”

SN 3:21. Persons

At Sāvattthī. Then King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to the Buddha, bowed, and sat down to one side. The Buddha said to him: “Great king, these four people are found in the world. What four?”

1. The dark bound for darkness,
2. the dark bound for light,
3. the light bound for darkness, and
4. the light bound for light.

And how is a person dark and bound for darkness? It’s when some person is reborn in a low family—a family of outcastes, bamboo-workers, hunters, chariot-makers, or waste-collectors—poor, with little to eat or drink, where life is tough, and food and shelter are hard to find. And they’re ugly, unsightly, deformed, chronically ill—one-eyed, crippled, lame, or half-paralyzed. They don’t get to have food, drink, clothes, and vehicles; garlands, perfumes, and makeup; or bed, house, and lighting. And they do bad things by way of body, speech, and mind. When their body breaks up, after death, they’re reborn in a place of loss, a bad place, the underworld, hell.

This person is like someone who goes from darkness to darkness, from blackness to blackness, from bloodstain to bloodstain. That’s how a person is dark and bound for darkness.

And how is a person dark and bound for light? It’s when some person is reborn in a low family—a family of outcastes, bamboo-workers, hunters, chariot-makers, or waste-collectors—poor, with little to eat or drink, where life is tough, and food and shelter are hard to find. And they’re ugly, unsightly, deformed, chronically ill—one-eyed, crippled, lame, or half-paralyzed. They don’t get to have food, drink, clothes, and vehicles; garlands, perfumes, and makeup; or bed, house, and lighting. But they do good things by way of body, speech, and mind. When their body breaks up, after death, they’re reborn in a good place, a heavenly realm.

This person is like someone who ascends from the ground to a couch; from a couch to horseback; from horseback to an elephant; and from an elephant to a stilt longhouse. That's how a person is dark and bound for light.

And how is a person light and bound for darkness? It's when some person is reborn in an eminent family—a well-to-do family of aristocrats, brahmins, or householders—rich, affluent, and wealthy, with lots of gold and silver, lots of property and assets, and lots of money and grain. And they're attractive, good-looking, lovely, of surpassing beauty. They get to have food, drink, clothes, and vehicles; garlands, perfumes, and makeup; and bed, house, and lighting. But they do bad things by way of body, speech, and mind. When their body breaks up, after death, they're reborn in a place of loss, a bad place, the underworld, hell.

This person is like someone who descends from a stilt longhouse to an elephant; from an elephant to horseback; from horseback to a couch; and from a couch to the ground; and from the ground they enter darkness. That's how a person is light and bound for darkness.

And how is a person light and bound for light? It's when some person is reborn in an eminent family—a well-to-do family of aristocrats, brahmins, or householders—rich, affluent, and wealthy, with lots of gold and silver, lots of property and assets, and lots of money and grain. And they're attractive, good-looking, lovely, of surpassing beauty. They get to have food, drink, clothes, and vehicles; garlands, perfumes, and makeup; and bed, house, and lighting. And they do good things by way of body, speech, and mind. When their body breaks up, after death, they're reborn in a good place, a heavenly realm.

This person is like someone who shifts from one couch to another; from the back of one horse to another; from one elephant to another; or from one stilt longhouse to another. That's how a person is light and bound for light. These are the four people found in the world.” That is what the Buddha said. ...

“O king, some people are poor,
faithless and stingy.
Miserly, with bad intentions,
they lack regard, they have wrong view.

They abuse and insult
ascetics and brahmins

and other renunciates.
They're nihilists and bullies,
who prevent others from giving
food to beggars.
O king, ruler of the people:
when such people die
they fall into the terrible hell—
from darkness they're bound for darkness.

O king, some people are poor,
but faithful and not stingy.
They give with best of intentions,
that peaceful-hearted person.

They rise for and bow to
ascetics and brahmins
and other renunciates.
Training in moral conduct,
they don't prevent others from giving
food to beggars.
O king, ruler of the people:
when such people die
they go to the heaven of the Three—
from darkness they're bound for light.

O king, some people are rich,
but faithless and stingy.
Miserly, with bad intentions,
they lack regard, they have wrong view.

They abuse and insult
ascetics and brahmins
and other renunciates.
They're nihilists and bullies,
who prevent others from giving
food to beggars.
O king, ruler of the people:
when such people die
they fall into the terrible hell—
from light they're bound for darkness.

O king, some people are rich,
faithful and not stingy.
They give with best of intentions,
that peaceful-hearted person.

They rise for and bow to
ascetics and brahmins
and other renunciates.
Training in moral conduct,

they don't prevent others from giving
food to beggars.

O king, ruler of the people:
when such people die
they go to the heaven of the Three—
from light they're bound for light.”

SN 3:22. Grandmother

At Sāvattthī. King Pasenadi of Kosala sat to one side, and the Buddha said to him: “So, great king, where are you coming from in the middle of the day?”

“Sir, my grandmother has passed away. She was old, elderly and senior. She was advanced in years and had reached the final stage of life; she was a hundred and twenty years old. But I loved my grandmother; she was dear to me. If by giving away the elephant treasure I could get my grandmother back, I’d do it. If by giving away the horse treasure I could get my grandmother back, I’d do it. If by giving away a prize village I could get my grandmother back, I’d do it. If by giving away the whole country I could get my grandmother back, I’d do it.” “Great king, all sentient beings are liable to die. Death is their end; they’re not exempt from death.” “It’s incredible, sir, it’s amazing, how well said this was by the Buddha: ‘All sentient beings are liable to die. Death is their end; they’re not exempt from death.’”

“That’s so true, great king! That’s so true! All sentient beings are liable to die. Death is their end; they’re not exempt from death. It’s like the vessels made by potters. Whatever kind they are, whether baked or unbaked, all of them are liable to break apart. Breaking is their end; they’re not exempt from breakage. In the same way, all sentient beings are liable to die. Death is their end; they’re not exempt from death.” That is what the Buddha said. ...

“All beings will die,
for life ends with death.
They pass on according to their deeds,
reaping the fruits of good and bad.
Those who do bad go to hell,
and if you do good you go to heaven.

That’s why you should do good,
investing in the future life.

The good deeds of sentient beings
support them in the next world.”

SN 3:23. The World

At Sāvattthī. Seated to one side, King Pasenadi said to the Buddha: “Sir, how many things arise in the world for its harm, suffering, and discomfort?” “Great king, three things arise in the world for its harm, suffering, and discomfort. What three? Greed, hate, and delusion. These three things arise in the world for its harm, suffering, and discomfort.” That is what the Buddha said. ...

“When greed, hate, and delusion,
have arisen inside oneself,
they harm a person of wicked heart,
as a reed is destroyed by its own fruit.”

SN 3:24. Archery

At Sāvattthī. Seated to one side, King Pasenadi said to the Buddha: “Sir, where should a gift be given?” “Wherever your heart feels inspired, great king.” “But sir, where is a gift very fruitful?” “Where a gift should be given is one thing, great king, but where a gift is very fruitful is another. A gift is very fruitful when it’s given to an ethical person, not so much to an unethical person. Well then, great king, I’ll ask you about this in return, and you can answer as you like. What do you think, great king? Suppose you were at war, ready to fight a battle. Then along comes an aristocrat youth who is untrained, inexpert, unfit, inexperienced. And he’s fearful, cowardly, trembling, quick to flee. Would you employ such a man? Would he be of any use to you?” “No, sir, I would have no use for such a man.” “What about a brahmin youth, a merchant youth, or a worker youth who was similar?” “No, sir, I would have no use for such a man.”

“What do you think, great king? Suppose you were at war, ready to fight a battle. Then along comes an aristocrat youth who is trained, expert, fit, experienced. And he’s fearless, brave, bold, standing his ground. Would you employ such a man? Would he be of any use to you?” “Yes, sir, I would have a use for such a man.” “What about a brahmin youth, a merchant youth, or a worker youth who was similar? Would you employ such a man? Would he be of any use to you?” “Yes, sir, I would have a use for such a man.”

“In the same way, a gift to anyone who has given up five factors and possesses five factors is very fruitful, no matter what family they’ve gone forth from. What are the five factors they’ve given up? Sensual desire, ill will, dullness and drowsiness, restlessness and remorse, and doubt. These are the five factors they’ve given up. What are the five factors they possess? The entire spectrum of an adept’s ethics, immersion, wisdom, freedom, and knowledge and vision of freedom. These are the five factors they possess. I say that a gift to anyone who has given up these five factors and possesses these five factors is very

fruitful.” That is what the Buddha said. Then the Holy One, the Teacher, went on to say:

“Any youth skilled at archery,
powerful and vigorous,
would be employed by a king going to war—
one is not a coward because of one’s birth.

Just so, whoever is settled
in the qualities of patience and gentleness,
a clever person with noble conduct,
should be venerated even if they’re low born.

You should build lovely hermitages
and settle learned people in them.
You should set up water supplies in barren regions
and passages in places hard to travel.

Food, drink, edibles,
clothes, and lodgings
should be given to the upright ones,
with a clear and confident heart.

The thundering rain cloud,
its hundred peaks wreathed in lightning,
pours down over the rich earth,
soaking the uplands and valleys.

So too an astute person,
faithful and learned,
should prepare a meal to satisfy
renunciates with food and drink.

Rejoicing, they distribute,
saying, ‘Give! give!’
For that is their thunder,
like the gods when it rains.
That stream of merit so abundant
showers down on the giver.”

SN 3:25. The Simile of the Mountain

At Sāvaththī. King Pasenadi of Kosala sat to one side, and the Buddha said to him: “So, great king, where are you coming from in the middle of the day?” “Sir, there are anointed aristocratic kings who are infatuated with power, and obsessed with greed for sensual pleasures. They have attained stability in the country, occupying a vast conquered territory. Today I have been busy fulfilling the duties of such kings.”

“What do you think, great king? Suppose a trustworthy and reliable man were to come from the east. He’d approach you and say: ‘Please sir, you should know this. I come from the east. There I saw a huge mountain that reached the clouds. And it was coming this way, crushing all creatures. So then, great king, do what you must!’ Then a second trustworthy and reliable man were to come from the west ... a third from the north ... and a fourth from the south. He’d approach you and say: ‘Please sir, you should know this. I come from the south. There I saw a huge mountain that reached the clouds. And it was coming this way, crushing all creatures. So then, great king, do what you must!’ Should such a dire threat arise—a terrible loss of human life, when human birth is so rare—what would you do?”

“Sir, what could I do but practice the teachings, practice morality, doing skillful and good actions?”

“I tell you, great king, I announce to you: old age and death are advancing upon you. Since old age and death are advancing upon you, what would you do?” “Sir, what can I do but practice the teachings, practice morality, doing skillful and good actions? Sir, there are anointed aristocratic kings who are infatuated with power, and obsessed with greed for sensual pleasures. They have attained stability in the country, occupying a vast conquered territory. Such kings engage in battles of elephants, cavalry, chariots, or infantry. But there is no place, no scope for such battles when old age and death are advancing. In this royal court there are ministers of wise counsel who are capable of dividing an approaching enemy by wise counsel. But there is no place, no scope for such diplomatic battles when old age and death are advancing. In this

royal court there is abundant gold coin and bullion stored in dungeons and towers. Using this wealth we can pay off an approaching enemy. But there is no place, no scope for such monetary battles when old age and death are advancing. When old age and death are advancing, what can I do but practice the teachings, practice morality, doing skillful and good actions?”

“That’s so true, great king! That’s so true! When old age and death are advancing, what can you do but practice the teachings, practice morality, doing skillful and good actions?” That is what the Buddha said. Then the Holy One, the Teacher, went on to say:

“Suppose there were vast mountains
of solid rock touching the sky
drawing in from all sides
and crushing the four quarters.

So too old age and death
advance upon all living creatures—
aristocrats, brahmins, merchants,
workers, outcastes, and scavengers.
They spare nothing.
They crush all beneath them.

There’s nowhere for elephants to take a stand,
nor chariots nor infantry.
They can’t be defeated
by diplomatic battles or by wealth.

That’s why an astute person,
seeing what’s good for themselves,
being wise, would place faith
in the Buddha, the teaching, and the Saṅgha.

Whoever lives by the teaching
in body, speech, and mind,
is praised in this life
and departs to rejoice in heaven.

SN 44:1. With Khemā

At one time the Buddha was staying near Sāvattthī in Jeta’s Grove, Anāthapiṇḍika’s monastery. At one time the nun Khemā was wandering in the land of the Kosalans between Sāvattthī and Sāketa when she took up residence in Toraṇavatthu. Then King Pasenadi was traveling from Sāketa to Sāvattthī, and he too stayed in Toraṇavatthu for a single night. Then King Pasenadi addressed a man: “Please, mister, check if there’s a suitable ascetic or brahmin in Toraṇavatthu to whom I can pay homage.”

“Yes, Your Majesty,” replied that man. He searched all over Toraṇavatthu, but he couldn’t see a suitable ascetic or brahmin for the king to pay homage to. But he saw that the nun Khemā was staying there, so he went to the king and said to him:

“Your Majesty, there’s no ascetic or brahmin in Toraṇavatthu for the king to pay homage to. But there is the nun Khemā, who’s a disciple of the Blessed One, the perfected one, the fully awakened Buddha. She has a good reputation as being astute, competent, clever, learned, a brilliant speaker, and eloquent. Your Majesty may pay homage to her.”

Then King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to the nun Khemā, bowed, sat down to one side, and said to her: “Ma’am, does a Realized One exist after death?” “Great king, this has not been declared by the Buddha.” “Well then, does a Realized One not exist after death?” “This too has not been declared by the Buddha.” “Well then, does a Realized One both exist and not exist after death?” “This has not been declared by the Buddha.” “Well then, does a Realized One neither exist nor not exist after death?” “This too has not been declared by the Buddha.”

“Ma’am, when asked these questions, you say that this has not been declared by the Buddha. What’s the cause, what’s the reason why this has not been declared by the Buddha?”

“Well then, great king, I’ll ask you about this in return, and you can answer as you like. What do you think, great king? Is there any accountant or finger-tallier or reckoner who can count the grains of sand in the Ganges, that is, how many grains of sand there are, how many hundreds or thousands or hundreds of thousands of grains of sand?” “No,

ma'am." "Is there any accountant or finger-tallier or reckoner who can count the water in the ocean, that is, how many gallons of water there are, how many hundreds or thousands or hundreds of thousands of gallons of water?" "No, ma'am. Why is that? Because the ocean is deep, immeasurable, and hard to fathom." "In the same way, great king, any form by which a Realized One might be described has been cut off at the root, made like a palm stump, obliterated, and unable to arise in the future. A Realized One is freed from reckoning in terms of form. They're deep, immeasurable, and hard to fathom, like the ocean. To say that after death, a Realized One exists, or doesn't exist, or both exists and doesn't exist, or neither exists nor doesn't exist: none of these apply.

Any feeling ... perception ... choices ...

consciousness by which a Realized One might be described has been cut off at the root, made like a palm stump, obliterated, and unable to arise in the future. A Realized One is freed from reckoning in terms of consciousness. They're deep, immeasurable, and hard to fathom, like the ocean. To say that after death, a Realized One exists, or doesn't exist, or both exists and doesn't exist, or neither exists nor doesn't exist: none of these apply." Then King Pasenadi approved and agreed with what the nun Khemā said. Then he got up from his seat, bowed, and respectfully circled her, keeping her on his right, before leaving.

Then on a later occasion King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to the Buddha, bowed, and sat down to one side. He asked the Buddha exactly the same questions he had asked the nun Khemā, and received the same answers. Then he said:

"It's incredible, sir, it's amazing! How the meaning and the phrasing of the teacher and the disciple fit together and agree without contradiction when it comes to the chief matter! This one time I went to the nun Khemā and asked her about this matter. And she explained it to me with these words and phrases, just like the Buddha. It's incredible, sir, it's amazing! How the meaning and the phrasing of the teacher and the disciple fit together and agree without contradiction when it comes to the chief matter! Well, now, sir, I must go. I have many duties, and much to do." "Please, great king, go at your convenience." Then King Pasenadi approved and agreed with what the Buddha said. Then he got up from his seat, bowed, and respectfully circled him, keeping him on his right, before leaving.

AN 5:49 The King of Kosala

At one time the Buddha was staying near Sāvattthī in Jeta's Grove, Anāthapiṇḍika's monastery. Then King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to the Buddha, bowed, and sat down to one side.

Then a man went up to the king and whispered in his ear: "Your Majesty, Queen Mallikā has passed away." When this was said, King Pasenadi was miserable and sad. He sat with his shoulders drooping, downcast, depressed, with nothing to say.

Knowing this, the Buddha said to him: "Great king, there are five things that cannot be had by any ascetic or brahmin or god or Māra or Brahmā or by anyone in the world. What five? That someone liable to old age should not grow old. That someone liable to sickness should not get sick. ... That someone liable to death should not die. ... That someone liable to ending should not end. ... That someone liable to perishing should not perish. ...

An uneducated ordinary person has someone liable to old age who grows old. But they don't reflect: 'It's not just me who has someone liable to old age who grows old. For as long as sentient beings come and go, die and are reborn, they all have someone liable to old age who grows old. If I were to sorrow and pine and lament, beating my breast and falling into confusion, just because someone liable to old age grows old, I'd lose my appetite and my body would become ugly. My work wouldn't get done, my enemies would be encouraged, and my friends would be dispirited.' And so, when someone liable to old age grows old, they sorrow and pine and lament, beating their breast and falling into confusion. This is called an uneducated ordinary person struck by sorrow's poisoned arrow, who only mortifies themselves.

Furthermore, an uneducated ordinary person has someone liable to sickness ... death ... ending ... perishing. But they don't reflect: 'It's not just me who has someone liable to perishing who perishes. For as long as sentient beings come and go, die and are reborn, they all have someone liable to perishing who perishes. If I were to sorrow and pine and lament, beating my breast and falling into confusion, just because someone liable

to perishing perishes, I'd lose my appetite and my body would become ugly. My work wouldn't get done, my enemies would be encouraged, and my friends would be dispirited.' And so, when someone liable to perishing perishes, they sorrow and pine and lament, beating their breast and falling into confusion. This is called an uneducated ordinary person struck by sorrow's poisoned arrow, who only mortifies themselves.

An educated noble disciple has someone liable to old age who grows old. And they reflect: 'It's not just me who has someone liable to old age who grows old. For as long as sentient beings come and go, die and are reborn, they all have someone liable to old age who grows old. If I were to sorrow and pine and lament, beating my breast and falling into confusion, just because someone liable to old age grows old, I'd lose my appetite and my body would become ugly. My work wouldn't get done, my enemies would be encouraged, and my friends would be dispirited.' And so, when someone liable to old age grows old, they don't sorrow and pine and lament, beating their breast and falling into confusion. This is called an educated noble disciple who has drawn out sorrow's poisoned arrow, struck by which uneducated ordinary people only mortify themselves. Sorrowless, free of thorns, that noble disciple only extinguishes themselves.

Furthermore, an educated noble disciple has someone liable to sickness... death ... ending ... perishing. And they reflect: 'It's not just me who has someone liable to perishing who perishes. For as long as sentient beings come and go, die and are reborn, they all have someone liable to perishing who perishes. If I were to sorrow and pine and lament, beating my breast and falling into confusion, just because someone liable to perishing perishes, I'd lose my appetite and my body would become ugly. My work wouldn't get done, my enemies would be encouraged, and my friends would be dispirited.' And so, when someone liable to perishing perishes, they don't sorrow and pine and lament, beating their breast and falling into confusion. This is called an educated noble disciple who has drawn out sorrow's poisoned arrow, struck by which uneducated ordinary people only mortify themselves. Sorrowless, free of thorns, that noble disciple only extinguishes themselves.

These are the five things that cannot be had by any ascetic or brahmin or god or Māra or Brahmā or by anyone in the world.

Sorrowing and lamenting
doesn't do even a little bit of good.

When they know that you're sad,
your enemies are encouraged.

When an astute person doesn't waver in the face of adversity,
as they're able to distinguish what's beneficial,
their enemies suffer,
seeing that their normal expression doesn't change.

Chants, recitations, fine sayings,
charity or traditions:
if by means of any such things you benefit,
then by all means keep doing them.

But if you understand that 'this good thing
can't be had by me or by anyone else',
you should accept it without sorrowing, thinking:
'The karma is strong. What can I do now?'"

AN 10:30 Kosala (2nd)

At one time the Buddha was staying near Sāvattthī in Jeta's Grove, Anāthapiṇḍika's monastery. Now at that time King Pasenadi of Kosala returned from combat after winning a battle and succeeding in his objective. Then King Pasenadi of Kosala went to the monastery. He went by carriage as far as the terrain allowed, then descended and entered the monastery on foot. At that time several mendicants were walking meditation in the open air. Then King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to them and said: "Sirs, where is the Blessed One at present, the perfected one, the fully awakened Buddha? For I want to see the Buddha." "Great king, that's his dwelling, with the door closed. Approach it quietly, without hurrying; go onto the porch, clear your throat, and knock with the latch. The Buddha will open the door."

So the king approached the Buddha's dwelling and knocked, and the Buddha opened the door. Then King Pasenadi entered the Buddha's dwelling. He bowed with his head to the Buddha's feet, caressing them and covering them with kisses, and pronounced his name: "Sir, I am Pasenadi, king of Kosala! I am Pasenadi, king of Kosala!"

"But great king, for what reason do you demonstrate such utmost devotion for this body, conveying your manifest love?" "Sir, it's because of my gratitude and thanks for the Buddha that I demonstrate such utmost devotion, conveying my manifest love."

The Buddha is practicing for the welfare and happiness of the people. He has established many people in the noble procedure, that is, the principles of goodness and skillfulness. This is a reason that I demonstrate such utmost devotion for the Buddha, conveying my manifest love.

Furthermore, the Buddha is ethical, possessing ethical conduct that is mature, noble, and skillful. This is another reason that I demonstrate such utmost devotion for the Buddha, conveying my manifest love.

Furthermore, the Buddha lives in the wilderness, frequenting remote lodgings in the wilderness and the forest. This is another reason that I

demonstrate such utmost devotion for the Buddha, conveying my manifest love.

Furthermore, the Buddha is content with any kind of robes, alms-food, lodgings, and medicines and supplies for the sick. This is another reason that I demonstrate such utmost devotion for the Buddha, conveying my manifest love.

Furthermore, the Buddha is worthy of offerings dedicated to the gods, worthy of hospitality, worthy of a teacher's offering, worthy of greeting with joined palms, and is the supreme field of merit for the world. This is another reason that I demonstrate such utmost devotion for the Buddha, conveying my manifest love.

Furthermore, the Buddha gets to take part in talk about self-effacement that helps open the heart, when he wants, without trouble or difficulty. That is, talk about fewness of wishes, contentment, seclusion, keeping your distance, arousing energy, ethics, immersion, wisdom, freedom, and the knowledge and vision of freedom. This is another reason that I demonstrate such utmost devotion for the Buddha, conveying my manifest love.

Furthermore, the Buddha gets the four absorptions—blissful meditations in the present life that belong to the higher mind—when he wants, without trouble or difficulty. This is another reason that I demonstrate such utmost devotion for the Buddha, conveying my manifest love.

Furthermore, the Buddha recollects many kinds of past lives. That is: one, two, three, four, five, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, a hundred, a thousand, a hundred thousand rebirths; many eons of the world contracting, many eons of the world evolving, many eons of the world contracting and evolving. He remembers: 'There, I was named this, my clan was that, I looked like this, and that was my food. This was how I felt pleasure and pain, and that was how my life ended. When I passed away from that place I was reborn somewhere else. There, too, I was named this, my clan was that, I looked like this, and that was my food. This was how I felt pleasure and pain, and that was how my life ended. When I passed away from that place I was reborn here.' And so he recollects his many kinds of past lives, with features and details. This is another reason that I demonstrate such utmost devotion for the Buddha, conveying my manifest love.

Furthermore, with clairvoyance that is purified and superhuman, the Buddha sees sentient beings passing away and being reborn—inferior

and superior, beautiful and ugly, in a good place or a bad place. He understands how sentient beings are reborn according to their deeds. ‘These dear beings did bad things by way of body, speech, and mind. They spoke ill of the noble ones; they had wrong view; and they acted out of that wrong view. When their body breaks up, after death, they’re reborn in a place of loss, a bad place, the underworld, hell. These dear beings, however, did good things by way of body, speech, and mind. They never spoke ill of the noble ones; they had right view; and they acted out of that right view. When their body breaks up, after death, they’re reborn in a good place, a heavenly realm.’ He understands how sentient beings are reborn according to their deeds. This is another reason that I demonstrate such utmost devotion for the Buddha, conveying my manifest love.

Furthermore, the Buddha has realized the undefiled freedom of heart and freedom by wisdom in this very life, and lives having realized it with his own insight due to the ending of defilements. This is another reason that I demonstrate such utmost devotion for the Buddha, conveying my manifest love.

Well, now, sir, I must go. I have many duties, and much to do.” “Please, great king, go at your convenience.” Then King Pasenadi got up from his seat, bowed, and respectfully circled the Buddha, keeping him on his right, before leaving.

Ud 6:2. Seven Matted-Hair Ascetics

So I have heard. At one time the Buddha was staying near Sāvattthī in the Eastern Monastery, the stilt longhouse of Migāra's mother. Then in the late afternoon, the Buddha came out of retreat and sat outside the gate. Then King Pasenadi of Kosala went up to the Buddha, bowed, and sat down to one side.

Now at that time seven matted-hair ascetics, seven Jain ascetics, seven naked ascetics, seven one-cloth ascetics, and seven wanderers passed by not far from the Buddha. Their armpits and bodies were hairy, and their nails were long; and they carried their stuff with shoulder-poles.

King Pasenadi saw them passing by. He got up from his seat, arranged his robe over one shoulder, knelt with his right knee on the ground, raised his joined palms toward those various ascetics, and pronounced his name three times: "Sirs, I am Pasenadi, king of Kosala! I am Pasenadi, king of Kosala! I am Pasenadi, king of Kosala!"

Then, soon after those ascetics had left, King Pasenadi went up to the Buddha, bowed, sat down to one side, and said to him, Seated to one side, King Pasenadi said to the Buddha, "Sir, are they among those in the world who are perfected ones or who are on the path to perfection?"

"Great king, as a layman enjoying sensual pleasures, living at home with your children, using sandalwood imported from Kāsi, wearing garlands, perfumes, and makeup, and accepting gold and money, it's hard for you to know who is perfected or on the path to perfection.

You can get to know a person's ethics by living with them. But only after a long time, not casually; only when paying attention, not when inattentive; and only by the wise, not the witless. You can get to know a person's purity by dealing with them. ... You can get to know a person's resilience in times of trouble. ... You can get to know a person's wisdom by discussion. But only after a long time, not casually; only when paying attention, not when inattentive; and only by the wise, not the witless."

"It's incredible, sir, it's amazing, how well said this was by the Buddha. ...

Sir, these are my spies, my undercover agents returning after spying on the country. First they go undercover, then I have them report to me. And now—when they have washed off the dust and dirt, and are nicely bathed and anointed, with hair and beard dressed, and dressed in white—they will amuse themselves, supplied and provided with the five kinds of sensual stimulation.”

Then, knowing the meaning of this, on that occasion the Buddha expressed this heartfelt sentiment:

Then, on realizing the significance of that, the Blessed One on that occasion exclaimed:

“Don’t strive in every situation,
don’t become another’s man.
Don’t live depending on another,
and don’t trade in the teaching.”

Appendix: Dhammapada Commentary

*The following are the origin stories to
Dhammapada verses that involve King
Pasenadi Kosala in one way or another. A few
mention suttas included in the main part of
this book.*

DhpA 47: Viḍuḍabha Wreaks Vengeance on the Sakiyas

Even while a man is gathering flowers. This religious instruction was given by the Teacher while he was in residence at Sāvatthi with reference to Viḍuḍabha and his retinue, who were overwhelmed by a mighty flood and swept away to death. From beginning to end the story is as follows:

At Sāvatthi lived Prince Pasenadi, son of the king of the Kosalans; at Vesali, Prince Mahāli of the Licchavi line; at Kusinārā, Prince Bandhula, son of the king of the Mallas. These three princes went to a world-renowned teacher at Takkasila for instruction. Happening to meet in a rest-house outside of the city, they asked each other's reasons for coming, families, and names, and became friends. All of them studied under the same teacher at the same time, and in no long time acquiring proficiency in the various arts, took leave of their teacher, departed together, and went to their respective homes.

Prince Pasenadi so delighted his father with the exhibition he gave of proficiency in the various arts that his father anointed him king.

Prince Mahāli devoted himself to the task of educating the Licchavi princes, but over-exerting himself, lost the sight of his eyes. Said the Licchavi princes, "Alas! our teacher has lost the sight of his eyes. However, we will not cast him out, but will support him loyally." Accordingly they gave him a gate worth a hundred thousand pieces of money. Near this gate he lived, instructing the five hundred Licchavi princes in the various arts.

As for Prince Bandhula, the princely families of the Mallas bound sticks of bamboo together in bundles of sixty each, inserting a strip of iron in each bundle, suspended sixty bundles in the air, and challenged the prince to cut them down. The prince leaped eighty cubits into the air and sliced them with his sword. Hearing the click of iron in the last bundle, he asked, "What is that?" When he learned that a strip of iron had been placed in each of the bundles, he threw away his sword and burst into tears, saying, "Of all these kinsmen and friends of mine, not a

single one thought enough of me to tell me this fact. For had I only known it, I should have cut the bundles without causing the iron to make a sound.” And he said to his mother and father, “I will kill everyone of these princes and rule in their place.” They replied, “Son, the kingdom is handed down from father to son, and it will therefore be impossible for you to do this.” By various devices they dissuaded him from carrying out his plan, whereupon he said, “Well then, I will go and live with a friend of mine,” and immediately went to Sāvatti.

King Pasenadi, hearing that he was coming, went out to meet him, escorted him into the city with distinguished honors, and appointed him commander-in-chief of his army. Bandhula sent for his mother and father and established his residence right there in the city of Sāvatti.

Now one day, as the king was standing on the terrace looking down into the street, he saw several thousand monks pass through the street on their way to breakfast in the houses of Anāthapiṇḍika, Culla Anāthapiṇḍika, Visākhā, and Suppāvāsa. “Where are these reverend monks going?” He inquired. “Your majesty, every day two thousand monks go to the house of Anāthapiṇḍika for food, medicine, and so forth; five hundred to the house of Culla Anāthapiṇḍika; and a like number to the houses of Visākhā and Suppāvāsa” The king also conceived a desire to minister to the order of monks, and going to the monastery, invited the Teacher and his thousand monks to take their meals in his house. For seven days he presented alms to the Teacher, and on the seventh day paid respects to him and said, “Henceforth take your meals in my house regularly with five hundred monks.” “Great king, the Buddhas never take their meals regularly in any one place; many desire the Buddhas to visit them.” “Well then, send one monk regularly.” The Teacher imposed the duty on the Elder Ānanda.

When the order of monks arrived, the king took their bowls and for seven days waited upon them in person, allowing no one else to perform that job. On the eighth day he suffered from distraction of mind and neglected to perform his duty. The monks said to themselves, “In the house of a king no one may provide seats for the monks and wait upon them unless he is expressly ordered to do so. It will therefore be impossible for us to remain here any longer.” Accordingly many departed. On the second day also the king neglected his duty, and accordingly on the second day many departed. Likewise on the third day the king neglected his duty, with the result that on that day all the

remaining monks departed with the single exception of the Elder Ānanda.

They that are truly righteous rise above circumstances and guard the faith of families. The Tathāgata had two principal male disciples, the Elder Sāriputta and the Elder Mahā Moggallāna, and two principal female disciples, Khemā and Uppalavaṇṇā. Among the lay disciples there were two principal male lay disciples, the householder Citta and Hatthaka Ālavaka, and two principal female lay disciples, Velukaṇṭhakī, mother of Nanda, and Khujjutarā. To put it briefly, all the disciples, beginning with these eight people, had made their sincere wish, had fulfilled the Ten Perfections, and had thus acquired great merit. Likewise the Elder Ānanda had made his sincere wish, had fulfilled the Ten Perfections during a hundred thousand cycles of time, and had thus acquired great merit. Therefore did the Elder Ānanda rise superior to circumstances, and therefore did he remain, guarding the faith of the king's house. And they provided a seat for the Elder Ānanda alone and ministered to him.

When it was time for the monks to depart, the king came, and observing that the food, both hard and soft, had not been touched, he inquired, “Did not the noble monks come?” “The Elder Ānanda was the only one who came, your majesty.” “Just see the loss they have caused me,” said the king. Angry at the monks, he went to the Teacher and said, “Reverend Sir, I prepared food for five hundred monks, and Ānanda, it appears, was the only one who came. The food which was prepared remains there still untouched, and the monks have not put in the sign of an appearance in my house. Tell me, what is the reason for this?” The Teacher, imputing no fault to the monks, replied, “Great king, my disciples lack confidence in you; it must be for that reason that they failed to come.” And addressing the monks and setting forth first the conditions under which monks are not bound to visit families, and then the conditions under which it is proper for them so to do, he recited the following Sutta, (AN 9:17):

“Monks, there are nine traits the possession of which by a family disqualifies that family from receiving visits from the monks. Therefore if monks have not visited that family, they are under no obligations to visit it; and if they do visit it, they are under no obligations to sit down. What are the nine? They do not rise to meet them in a pleasing manner; they do not greet them in a pleasing manner; they do not seat them in a pleasing manner; they conceal what they possess; possessing much, they

give little; possessing food of superior quality, they give food of inferior quality; instead of presenting their offerings respectfully, they present them disrespectfully; they do not sit down to hear the Dhamma; they do not speak in a pleasing tone of voice. These, monks, are the nine traits the possession of which by a family disqualifies that family from receiving visits from the monks. Therefore if monks have not visited that family, they are under no obligations to visit it; and if they do visit it, they are under no obligations to sit down.

“Conversely, monks, there are nine traits the possession of which by a family entitles that family to receive visits from the monks. Therefore if monks have not visited that family, it is proper for them to visit it; and if they do visit it, it is proper for them to sit down. What are the nine? They rise to meet them in a pleasing manner; they greet them in a pleasing manner; they seat them in a pleasing manner; they do not conceal what they possess; possessing much, they give much; possessing food of superior quality, they give food of superior quality; instead of presenting their offerings disrespectfully, they present them respectfully; they sit down to hear the Dhamma; they speak in a pleasing tone of voice. These, monks, are the nine traits the possession of which by a family entitles that family to receive visits from the monks. Therefore if monks have not visited that family, it is proper for them to visit it; and if they do visit it, it is proper for them to sit down.

“For this reason, great king, my disciples lacked confidence in you; it must be for this reason that they failed to come. Even so did wise men of old reside in a place unworthy of their confidence, and though served with respect, suffer the agonies of death, and therefore go to a place worthy of their confidence.” “When was that?” asked the king. So the Teacher related the following

Story of the Past: Kesava, Kappa, Narada, and the King of Benāres

In times past, when Brahmadata reigned in Benāres, a king named Kesava renounced his throne, retired from the world, and adopted the life of an ascetic; and five hundred of his retainers followed his example and retired from the world. Thereafter the king was known as the ascetic Kesava. Kappa, the keeper of his jewels, likewise retired from the world

and became his pupil. The ascetic Kesava with his retinue resided for eight months in the Himalaya country and when the rainy season began, came to Benāres seeking salt and vinegar and entered the city for alms. The king was glad to see him, obtained his promise to live with him during the four months of the rains, gave him lodging in his garden, and went to wait upon him every evening and every morning.

The rest of the ascetics, after living there for a few days, were so annoyed by the sounds of the elephants and other animals that they became discontented and went to Kesava and said, “Teacher, we are unhappy and are going away.” “Where are you going, brothers?” “To the Himalaya country, Teacher.” “The very day we arrived the king obtained our promise to reside here during the four months of the rains. How then can we go, brothers?” “You did not so much as tell us when you gave him your promise; we cannot reside here any longer. We shall take up our residence not far from here, where we shall have news of you.” So they paid respects to him and departed, and the teacher was left alone with his pupil Kappa.

When the king came to wait upon him, he asked, “Where have the noble monks gone?” “They said they were discontented and unhappy and have gone to the Himalaya country, great king.” It was not long before Kappa also became discontented. Although the Teacher tried repeatedly to dissuade him from leaving, he insisted that he could endure it no longer. So he departed, going and joining the others and taking up his residence not far off, where he could receive news of the teacher.

The teacher thought continually of his pupils and after a time began to suffer from an internal complaint. The king had him treated by physicians, but there was no improvement in his condition. Finally the ascetic said to him, “Great king, do you wish to have me get well?” “Reverend Sir, if only I could, I would make you well again this moment.” “Great king, if you desire to have me get well, send me to my pupils.” “Very well, Reverend Sir,” said the king. So the king had the ascetic laid on a bed and ordered four ministers led by Narada to carry him to his pupils, saying to the ministers, “Find out how my noble elder is getting on and send me word.”

The pupil Kappa, hearing that the teacher was coming, went to meet him. “Where are the others?” asked Kesava. “They live in such and such a place,” replied Kappa. When the others heard that the teacher had arrived, they assembled together, provided the teacher with hot water, and presented him with various kinds of fruits. At that very moment he

recovered from his sickness, and in a few days his body again took on a golden hue. Narada asked him, “After leaving a king able to fulfill all desires, how, pray, does the exalted Kesi like the hermitage of Kappa?” “Pleasant and agreeable are the trees, delighting the heart; the well-spoken words of Kappa delight me, Narada.” “After eating the purest of hill-paddy, boiled with meat-gravy, how do you like millet and wild rice without salt?” “Whether the food be displeasing or pleasing, scanty or abundant, if only one can eat with confidence, confidence is the best flavor.”

When the teacher had ended his lesson, he identified the characters in the Jataka as follows, “At that time the king was Moggallāna, Narada was Sāriputta, the pupil Kappa was Ānanda, and the ascetic Kesava was I myself. In this way, great king, in former times also wise men endured the agonies of death and went to a place worthy of their confidence. My own disciples lack confidence in you, I doubt not.” Story of the Past concluded.

The king thought to himself, “I must win the confidence of the order of monks. How best can I do it? The best way is for me to introduce into my house the daughter of some kinsman of the Supremely Enlightened One. In such case the probationers and novices will come to my house with confidence regularly, thinking, ‘The king is a kinsman of the Supremely Enlightened One.’” Accordingly he sent a message to the Sakiyas, saying, “Give me one of your daughters.” And he ordered the messengers to learn the name of the Sakiya whose daughter it was and to return to him. The messengers went and asked the Sakiyas for a maiden.

The Sakiyas assembled and said to each other, “The king is an enemy of ours. Therefore if we refuse to give him what he demands, he will destroy us. Moreover, he is not of equal birth with ourselves. What is to be done?” Mahānāma said, “I have a daughter named Vāsabhakhattiyā, born of a slave-woman of mine, and she is a maiden of exceeding beauty; we will give her to him.” So he said to the messengers, “Very well, we will give the king one of our maidens.” “Whose daughter is it?” “She is the daughter of Mahānāma the Sakiya, and Mahānāma is the son of the uncle of the Supremely Enlightened One. The maiden’s name is Vāsabhakhattiyā.” The messengers went and told the king.

Said the king, “If this be so, well and good. Bring her to me immediately. But those princes of the warrior caste are full of deceit; they may even send me the daughter of a slave-woman. Therefore do not bring her unless she eats out of the same dish as her father.” So saying,

he sent the messengers back. They went to Mahānāma and said, “Your majesty, the king desires that she eat with you.” “Very well, friends,” said Mahānāma. So he had his daughter adorn herself and come to him at meal-time. And he went through the form of eating with her, and then delivered her over to the messengers. The messengers escorted her to Sāvatti and told the king what had happened. The king’s heart rejoiced, and he straightway placed her at the head of five hundred women and anointed her as his chief consort.

In no long time she gave birth to a son, the hue of whose body was as the hue of gold. The king rejoiced at this and sent word to his own grandmother, “Vāsabhakhattiyā, daughter of the king of the Sakiyas, has given birth to a son. Give him a name.” Now the minister who took the message and conveyed it to the king’s grandmother was a little deaf. The result was that when the grandmother, upon receiving the message, exclaimed, “Even before she gave birth to a child, Vāsabhakhattiyā won the hearts of all the people; but now she must be dear to the king beyond measure,” the deaf minister mistook the word *vallabhā*, “dear,” for Viḍuḍabha, and went and said to the king, “Give the prince the name Viḍuḍabha.” The king thought to himself, “That must be one of our old family names,” and gave the child the name Viḍuḍabha. When he was but a mere boy, the king appointed him commander-in-chief of the army, thinking that it would please the Teacher.

Viḍuḍabha was brought up in princely state. When he was seven years old, observing that the other princes received presents of toy elephants, horses, and the like from their maternal grandfathers, he asked his mother, “Mother, the other princes receive presents from their maternal grandfathers, but no one ever sends me any. Have you no mother and father?” She replied, “Dear son, your grandparents are Sakiya kings, and they live a long way off; that is why they never send you anything.” In this way did she deceive him. Again when he was sixteen years old, he said to her, “Dear mother, I should like to go and see your family, that of my maternal grandfather.” But she put him off, saying, “No, my dear son, what would you do there?” However, in spite of her refusals, he repeated his request several times.

Finally his mother gave her consent, saying, “Very well, you may go.” He informed his father and set out with a large retinue. Vāsabhakhattiyā sent a letter ahead of him, saying, “I am living here happily. Let not my lords make any difference in their treatment of him.” When the Sakiyas learned that Viḍuḍabha was coming, they said to themselves, “It is

impossible for us to pay respects to him.” Accordingly they sent the younger princes to the country, and when he arrived at the city of Kapila, they assembled in the royal rest-house. Viḍuḍabha arrived at the rest-house and stopped there. They said to him, “Friend, this is your maternal grandfather and this is your uncle.” As he went about, paying respects to all, he noticed that not a single one paid respects to him. So he asked, “How is it there are none that pay respects to me?” The Sakiyas replied, “Friend, the younger princes have gone to the country.” However, they showed him every hospitality. After remaining there a few days, he departed with his large retinue.

Now a certain slave-woman washed with milk and water the seat in the royal rest-house on which Viḍuḍabha had sat; and as she did so, she remarked contemptuously, “This is the seat on which sat the son of the slave-woman Vāsabhakhattiyā!” A certain man who had forgotten his sword went back for it, and as he took it, overheard the slave-woman’s contemptuous remark about the prince Viḍuḍabha. Inquiring into the matter, he learned that Vāsabhakhattiyā was the daughter of a slave-woman of Mahānāma the Sakiya. And he went and informed the army, “Vāsabhakhattiyā, I am told, is the daughter of a slave-woman.” Immediately there was a great uproar. When Viḍuḍabha learned of the incident, he made the following vow, “These Sakiyas now wash the seat whereon I sat with milk and water; when I am established in my kingdom, I will wash my seat with the blood of their throats.”

When the prince returned to Sāvatti, the ministers told the king everything that had happened. The king was angry at the Sakiyas for giving him the daughter of a slave-woman, cut off the royal honors which had been bestowed on Vāsabhakhattiyā and her son, and degraded them to the condition of slaves.

A few days afterwards the Teacher went to the royal residence and sat down. The king came, paid respects to him, and said, “Reverend Sir, I am informed that it was the daughter of a slave-woman that your kinsmen gave me. I have therefore cut off the royal honors which have hitherto been bestowed on her and her son and have degraded them to the condition of slaves.” The Teacher replied, “It was not right, great king, for the Sakiyas so to do. When they gave you one of their daughters, they should have given you a maiden of equal birth with yourself. But, great king, I have this also to say to you: Vāsabhakhattiyā is the daughter of a king and received the ceremonial anointing in the house of a king of the warrior caste. Viḍuḍabha also is the son of a king. What matters the

family of the mother? It is the family of the father that affords the only true measure of social position. Wise men of old bestowed the honor of chief consort on a poor woman who picked up sticks; and the prince she bore became king of Benāres, a city twelve leagues in extent, and bore the name Katthavahana.” So saying, he related the Katṭhahārika Jataka. 1 The king listened to his discourse on the Dhamma, and pleased at the thought, “It is the family of the father that affords the only true measure of social position,” restored to mother and son their former honors.

At Kusinārā, Mallikā, daughter of Mallikā and wife of Bandhula, commander-in-chief of the army, remained for a long time childless. Accordingly Bandhula put her away, saying, “Go back again to the house of your own family.” She thought to herself, “I will see the Teacher before I go.” Therefore she entered Jetavana, paid respects to the Tathāgata, and waited. “Where are you going?” asked the Teacher. “My husband has sent me back to the house of my family, Reverend Sir.” “Why?” “On the ground that I am barren, having borne him no children.” “If this be true, it is no reason why you should go back to your family. Return to your husband.” Joyful at heart, she paid respects to the Teacher and returned to her husband’s house. “Why have you returned?” he asked. “I was directed to return by Him that is Possessed of the Ten Forces,” she replied. “The Far-seeing One must have seen some reason,” thought Bandhula and acquiesced.

After a short time Mallikā conceived a child in her womb, and the longing of pregnancy arose within her. She said to her husband, “The longing of pregnancy has arisen within me.” “What is the nature of your longing?” he asked. She replied, “Husband, in the city of Vesali is a lotus-tank used by troops of princes at coronation festivals. I long to descend into it, to swim in it, and to drink the water from it.” “Very well,” said Bandhula. And taking his bow, which required the strength of a thousand men to string, he assisted his wife to mount the chariot and drove in his chariot from Sāvatthi to Vesali, entering Vesali by the gate which had been given to the Licchavi prince Mahāli. Now the Licchavi prince Mahāli dwelt in a house hard by the gate; and when he heard the rumble of the chariot on the threshold, he said to himself, “That is the sound of Bandhula’s chariot. There is trouble in store for the Licchavi princes today.”

Both within and without the lotus-tank were posted strong guards, and the tank was covered overhead by an iron grating with meshe so small that not even birds could get through. But Bandhula, commander-in-chief

of the army, descended from his chariot, struck down the guards with his staff, and drove them away. Then he tore down the grating, entered the lotus-tank, and permitted his wife to bathe. And having himself bathed, he departed from the city and returned by the same road by which he came.

The men of the guard reported the matter to the Licchavi princes. Thereupon the Licchavi princes were filled with rage, and mounting five hundred chariots, they departed from the city, saying, "We will capture Bandhula and Mallikā." Mahāli said to them, "Do not go, for he will kill every man of you." But they replied, "We will go all the same." "Well then, turn back when you see his chariot sink into the ground up to the axle. If you do not turn back then, you will hear before you, as it were, the crash of a thunderbolt. Then you must not fail to turn back. If you do not turn back then, you will see a hole in the yokes of your chariots. Turn back then; go no farther." But in spite of Mahāli's warnings, they did not turn back, but pursued him.

Mallikā saw them and said, "There are chariots in sight, husband." "Very well! When they appear as a single chariot, tell me." So when all of them appeared as a single chariot, she said, "It looks like the front of a single chariot." "Well then," said Bandhula, "take these reins." And giving her the reins, he stood up in the chariot and raised his bow. Thereupon the wheels of his chariot sank into the ground up to the axle. Although the Licchavi princes saw his chariot sink into the ground, they did not turn back. After going a little way, Bandhula twanged his bow-string, the sound whereof was as the crash of a thunderbolt. Not even then did his enemies turn back, but continued their pursuit just the same. Then Bandhula, standing in his chariot, let fly a single arrow. The arrow made a hole in the front of each of five hundred chariots, passed through the body of each of five hundred princes at the spot where he wore his belt, and then entered the earth.

But the Licchavi princes, unaware that they were pierced through and through, cried out, "Halt where you are! Halt where you are!" So saying, they continued their pursuit. Bandhula stopped his chariot and said, "You are all dead men! I will not fight with the dead." "Do we look like dead men?" they asked. "Well then," replied Bandhula, "loosen the belt of the foremost of your band." They loosened his belt. The instant it was loosened he fell down dead. Then said Bandhula, "You are all in the same plight as your leader. Go to your own homes, settle such of your concerns as need to be settled, give final instructions to your sons and

your wives, and then take off your armor.” They did so, whereupon all of them fell down dead. Then Bandhula brought Mallikā to Sāvatti.

Sixteen times Mallikā bore twin sons to Bandhula, and all of them were valiant men, endowed with great strength. All of them attained perfection in the several arts. Each of them had a retinue of a thousand men; and when they accompanied their father to the royal residence, the palace court was filled with their numerous company. One day some men who had been defeated in a false suit in court saw Bandhula approaching, and with loud cries of protest told him of the unjust actions of the judges. Bandhula thereupon went to the court and decided the case in such wise as to make the rightful owner the actual owner. The populace applauded him with loud shouts of approval. The king asked, “What is this commotion about?” When he heard the explanation, he was pleased, and removing all those judges, he turned over the administration of justice to Bandhula alone, who thereafter rendered just judgments.

The former judges, who suffered severe loss from the cutting off of their bribes, created dissensions among the members of the royal family, saying, “Bandhula aspires to the throne.” The king believed their talk and was unable to control his feelings. “But,” thought he, “if this man is killed right here, I shall be severely blamed.” On second thought he hired men to make an attack on his own frontier. Then he summoned Bandhula and sent him forth, saying, “I am informed that the frontier is in a state of insurrection. Take your sons with you and go and capture the brigands.” And he sent with him a sufficient number of powerful warriors besides, saying to them, “Cut off the heads of Bandhula and his two and thirty sons and bring them to me.” When Bandhula reached the frontier and the hired brigands heard that the commander-in-chief had come, they fled. Bandhula rendered the country habitable once more, restored peace, and then set out on his return. When he reached a place not far from the city, those warriors attacked him and cut off his head and the heads of his sons.

That day Mallikā had invited the two Chief Disciples to her house, together with five hundred monks. And that very morning they brought and gave her a letter reading as follows, “Your husband’s head has been cut off and likewise the heads of your sons.” When she learned the news, she said not a word to anyone, but put the letter in a fold of her dress and ministered to the order of monks as if nothing had happened. Now it happened that while her servants were serving food to the monks, they brought in a jar of ghee and let the jar fall and break before the very eyes

of the elders. The Captain of the Faith said, “No notice should ever be disturbed by the breaking of anything that is capable of being broken.” Thereupon Mallikā, drawing the letter from the fold of her dress, said, “They have just brought me this letter: ‘The head of your husband has been cut off and the heads of your two and thirty sons likewise.’ Yet even when I heard this, I took no thought. Much less, therefore, am I likely to take thought of the breaking of a mere jar, Reverend Sir.”

The Captain of the Faith recited the stanzas beginning, “Unmarked, unknown, is the life of mortals here,” and having taught the Dhamma, rose from his seat and went to the monastery. Mallikā summoned her two and thirty daughters-in-law and admonished them as follows, “Your husbands were free from guilt and have merely reaped the fruit of misdeeds in previous states of existence. Grieve not, nor lament. Cherish no resentment against the king.” The king’s spies listened to her words and went and told the king that they cherished no hatred of him. The king was overcome with emotion, went to Mallikā’s residence, asked Mallikā and her daughters-in-law to forgive him, and granted Mallikā a boon. “I accept,” said she.

So when the king had departed and she had given the feast in honor of the dead, she bathed, and approaching the king, said, “Your majesty, you granted me a boon. I desire nothing other than this, that you permit me and my two and thirty daughters-in-law to return to the homes of our families.” The king consented, and she thereupon sent her two and thirty daughters-in-law to their respective homes and herself went to the city of Kusinārā to the house of her own family. The king appointed to the post of commander-in-chief of the army Dighakarayana, a nephew of the former commander-in-chief Bandhula. And Dighakarayana went about reviling the king and saying, “It was the king that killed my uncle.”

From the day the king killed the guiltless Bandhula he suffered from remorse, had no peace of mind, and experienced no pleasure in ruling. Now at that time the Teacher was in residence near a small village of the Sakiyas named Ulumpa. The king went there, pitched camp not far from the Grove where the Teacher resided, and thinking, “I will pay my respects to the Teacher,” went to the monastery, accompanied by a small retinue. Giving the five symbols of royalty to Dighakarayana, he entered the Perfumed Chamber alone. (Everything is to be understood as narrated in the Dhammacetiya Suttanta.)

When Pasenadi entered the Perfumed Chamber, Karayana took the five symbols of royalty and made Viḍḍabha king. Then, leaving behind

a single horse and a single female servant for Pasenadi, he went to Sāvatti. The king held sweet conversation with the Teacher, and then came out. Not seeing the army, he questioned the woman, and from her learned what had happened. “I will take my nephew with me and capture Viḍḍabha,” said the king, and went to the city of Rājagaha. It was late in the day when he reached the city, and the gates were closed. Exhausted by exposure to the wind and the sun, Pasendi lay down in a certain rest-house and died there in the night. As the night grew bright, they heard the voice of that woman lamenting, “King of Kosala, you have lost your protector!” And they went and told the new king. Thereupon Viḍḍabha performed the funeral rites over the body of his uncle Pasenadi with great pomp.

When Viḍḍabha became king, he remembered his grudge. And saying to himself, “I will slay all the Sakiyas,” he set out with a large army. On that day, as the Teacher surveyed the world at dawn, he saw the impending destruction of his kinsfolk. And thinking, “I must protect my kinsfolk,” he went on his round for alms in the morning; and returning from his alms-pilgrimage, lay down lion-like on his right side in the Perfumed Chamber; and in the evening went through the air and sat down at the foot of a tree with scanty shade in the vicinity of Kapilavatthu. Not far from there, on the boundary of Viḍḍabha’s kingdom, stood a great banyan-tree giving dense shade.

Viḍḍabha, seeing the Teacher, approached him, paid respects to him, and said, “Reverend Sir, why do you sit at the foot of this tree with scanty shade when it is so hot? Sit at the foot of this banyan-tree which gives dense shade, Reverend Sir.” “Be not concerned, great king. The shade of my kinsmen keeps me cool.” “The Teacher must have come for the purpose of protecting his kinsfolk,” thought Viḍḍabha, and having paid respects to the Teacher, he turned and went back to Sāvatti. The Teacher rose into the air and returned to Jetavana.

The king remembered his hatred of the Sakiyas and went out the second time, but seeing the Teacher in the same place, turned back. Again the third time he went out, but seeing the Teacher in the same place, turned back. But when he went out the fourth time, the Teacher, surveying the former deeds of the Sakiyas and realizing the impossibility of averting the consequences of the evil deed they committed by throwing poison into the river, refrained from going the fourth time.

Viḍḍabha therefore went out with a large force, saying, “I will slay the Sakiyas.” Now the kinsmen of the Supremely Enlightened One do

not slay their enemies, but are willing to die rather than take the lives of others. Therefore they said to themselves, “We are trained and skillful; we are expert archers and adepts with the long bow. Since it is unlawful for us to take the lives of others, we will put them to flight by a display of our skill.” So they put on their armor and went forth and began battle. The arrows they shot sped through the ranks of Viḍuḍabha’s men, passing between their shields and through the holes for the ears, without hitting a man. When Viḍuḍabha saw the arrows fly, he said, “I have understood it to be a boast of the Sakiyas that they do not kill their enemies; but they are now killing my men.” One of his men asked him, “Master, why do you turn and look about you?” “The Sakiyas are killing my men.” “Not one of your men is dead; please have them counted.” He had them counted and perceived that he had not lost one.

As Viḍuḍabha turned back, he said to his men, “I direct you to kill all those who say, ‘We are Sakiyas,’ but to spare the lives of those who follow Mahānāma the Sakiya.” The Sakiyas stood their ground, and having no other resources, some took blades of grass in their teeth, while others held reeds. Now the Sakiyas would rather die than utter an untruth. So when they were asked, “Are you Sakiyas or not?” those who held blades of grass in their teeth said, “Not saka, ‘potherb,’ but ‘grass’;” while those who held reeds said, “Not saka, ‘potherb,’ but ‘reed.’” The lives of those who followed Mahānāma were spared. Those of the Sakiyas who held blades of grass in their teeth came to be known as Grass Sakiyas, and those who held reeds as Reed Sakiyas. Viḍuḍabha slew all the rest, sparing not even infants at the breast. And when he had set flowing a river of blood, he washed his seat with the blood of their throats. In this way was the stock of the Sakiyas uprooted by Viḍuḍabha.

Viḍuḍabha captured Mahānāma the Sakiya and set out to return. When it was time for breakfast, he stopped at a certain place and thought to himself, “I will now have breakfast.” When the food was brought to him, he said to himself, “I will eat with my grandfather,” and sent for him. Now members of the Warrior caste would rather give up their lives than eat with the sons of slave-women. Therefore Mahānāma, seeing a certain lake, said, “Dear grandson, my limbs are dirty. I wish to go and bathe.” “Very well, grandfather, go and bathe.” Mahānāma thought to himself, “If I refuse to eat with him, he will kill me. That being the case, it is better for me to die by my own hand.” So taking down his hair, he knotted it at the end, thrust his great toes into his hair, and plunged into the water.

By the power of his merit the abode of the Nagas manifested signs of heat. The king of the Nagas, considering within himself, “What does this mean?” went to him, caused him to sit within his hood, and carried him to the abode of the Nagas. There he dwelt for twelve years. Viḍuḍabha sat down and thought, “Now my grandfather will come; now my grandfather will come.” Finally, after his grandfather had, as he thought, tarried an excessively long time, he caused the lake to be searched by lamplight, even examining the insides of his followers’ clothing. Seeing him nowhere, he made up his mind, “He must have gone,” and departed.

During the night Viḍuḍabha reached the river Aciravatī and pitched camp. Some of his followers lay down in the bed of the river on a bed of sand, others lay down on the banks on solid earth. Now those who lay in the bed of the river had not been guilty of sin in previous states of existence, but those who lay on the banks had been guilty of sin in previous states of existence. It so happened that ants came out of the ground where they lay. So they arose, saying, “There are ants where we are lying! There are ants where we are lying!” And those who had not been guilty of sin went up out of the bed of the river and lay down on solid earth, while those who had been guilty of sin descended and lay down on the bed of sand. At that moment a storm came up and there was an incessant downpour of rain. The flood filled the bed of the river and carried Viḍuḍabha and his retinue out to sea, and all of them became food for fishes and tortoises.

The multitude began to discuss the incident. “The slaying of the Sakiyas was unjust. It was not right to say, ‘The Sakiyas must be killed,’ and to strike them down and kill them.” The Teacher heard the discussion and said, “Monks, if you regard only this present existence, it was indeed unjust that the Sakiyas should die in such a way. What they received, however, was entirely just, considering the sin they committed in a previous state of existence.” “What was the sin they committed in a previous state of existence, Reverend Sir?” “In a previous state of existence they conspired together and threw poison into the river.”

Again one day in the Hall of Truth the monks began a discussion: “Viḍuḍabha slew all those Sakiyas, and then, before the desire of his own heart had been fulfilled, he and his numerous company were swept out to sea and became food for fishes and tortoises.” The Teacher came in and asked, “Monks, what is it you are gathered here now talking about?” When they told him, he said, “Monks, or ever the desire of these living beings be fulfilled, even as a mighty flood overwhelms a sleeping

village, so the King of Death cuts short their lives and plunges them into the four oceans of suffering.” So saying, he pronounced the following stanza,

47. Even while a man is gathering flowers and is absorbed in pleasure.
Death comes and carries him off, even as a mighty flood overwhelms a
sleeping village.

DhpA 51–52. The King and the King of Kings

Like a beautiful flower. This religious instruction was given by the Teacher while he was in residence at Sāvatti with reference to the lay disciple Chattapani.

For at Sāvatti lived a lay disciple named Chattapani, versed in the Tipitaka, enjoying the Fruit of the Second Path. Early one morning, in observance of the uposatha, he went to pay his respects to the Teacher. (For those who enjoy the Fruition of the Second Path and those who are Noble Disciples, by reason of their previous undertaking, do not take upon themselves the obligations of uposatha. Such people, solely by virtue of the Path, lead the holy life and eat but one meal a day. Therefore said the Blessed One, “Great king, Ghatikāra the potter eats but one meal a day, leads the holy life, is virtuous and upright.” In this way, as a matter of course, those who enjoy the Fruition of the Second Path eat but one meal a day and lead the holy life.)

Chattapani also, thus observing uposatha, approached the Teacher, paid homage to him, and sat down and listened to the Dhamma. Now at this time King Pasenadi Kosala also came to pay his respects to the Teacher. When Chattapani saw him coming, he reflected, “Shall I rise to meet him or not?” He came to the following conclusion, “Since I am seated in the presence of the King of Kings, I am not called upon to rise on seeing the king of one of his provinces. Even if he becomes angry, I will not rise. For if I rise on seeing the king, the king will be honored, and not the Teacher. Therefore I will not rise.” Therefore Chattapani did not rise. (Wise men never become angry when they see a man remain seated, instead of rising, in the presence of those of higher rank.)

But when King Pasenadi saw that Chattapani did not rise, his heart was filled with anger. However, he paid respects to the Teacher and sat down respectfully on one side. The Teacher, observing that he was angry, said to him, “Great king, this lay disciple Chattapani is a wise man, knows the Dhamma, is versed in the Tipitaka, is contented both in

prosperity and adversity.” In this way did the Teacher extol the lay disciple’s good qualities. Even as the king listened to the Teacher’s praise of the lay disciple, his heart softened.

Now one day after breakfast, as the king stood on the upper floor of his palace, he saw the lay disciple Chattapani pass through the courtyard of the royal palace with a parasol in his hand and sandals on his feet. Straightway he caused him to be summoned before him. Chattapani laid aside his parasol and sandals, approached the king, paid respects to him, and took his stand respectfully on one side. Said the king to Chattapani, “Lay disciple, why did you lay aside your parasol and sandals?” “When I heard the words, ‘The king summons you,’ I laid aside my parasol and sandals before coming into his presence.” “Evidently, then, you have today learned that I am king.” “I always knew that you were king.” “If that be true, then why was it that the other day, when you were seated in the presence of the Teacher and saw me, you did not rise?”

“Great king, had I, seated in the presence of the King of Kings, risen on seeing a king of one of his provinces, I should have shown disrespect for the Teacher. Therefore did I not rise.” “Very well, let bygones be bygones. I am told that you are well versed in matters pertaining to the present world and the world to come; that you are versed in the Tipitaka. Recite the Dhamma in our women’s quarters.” “I cannot, your majesty.” “Why not?” “A king’s house is subject to severe censure. Improper and proper alike are grave matters in this case, your majesty.” “Say not so. The other day, when you saw me, you saw fit not to rise. Do not add insult to injury.” “Your majesty, it is a censurable act for householders to go about performing the functions of monks. Send for someone who is a monk and ask him to recite the Dhamma.”

The king dismissed him, saying, “Very well, sir, you may go.” Having so done, he sent a messenger to the Teacher with the following request, “Reverend Sir, my consorts Mallikā and Vāsabhakhattiyā say, ‘We desire to master the Dhamma.’ Therefore please come to my house regularly with five hundred monks and preach the Dhamma to them.” The Teacher sent the following reply, “Great king, it is impossible for the Buddhas to go regularly to any one place.” “In that case, Reverend Sir, send some monk.” The Teacher assigned the duty to the Elder Ānanda. And the Elder came regularly and recited the Dhamma to those queens. Of the two queens, Mallikā learned thoroughly, rehearsed faithfully, and heeded her teacher’s instruction. But Vāsabhakhattiyā did not learn thoroughly,

nor did she rehearse faithfully, nor was she able to master the instruction she received.

One day the Teacher asked the Elder Ānanda, “Ānanda, are your female lay disciples mastering the Dhamma?” “Yes, Reverend Sir.” “Which one learns thoroughly?” “Reverend Sir, Mallikā learns thoroughly, rehearses faithfully, and can understand thoroughly the instruction she receives. But your kinswoman does not learn thoroughly, nor does she rehearse faithfully, nor can she understand thoroughly the instruction she receives.” When the Teacher heard the elder’s reply, he said, “Ānanda, as for the Dhamma I have preached, to one who is not faithful in hearing, learning, rehearsing, and preaching it, it is profitless, like a flower that possesses color but lacks perfume. But to one who is faithful in hearing, learning, rehearsing and preaching the Dhamma, it returns abundant fruit and manifold blessings.” So saying, he pronounced the following Stanzas,

51. Like a beautiful flower that possesses color but lacks perfume,
So well-spoken words are fruitless to him that doeth them not.

52. Like a beautiful flower that possesses both color and perfume,
So well-spoken words are fruitful to him that doeth them.

At the conclusion of the lesson many attained the Fruit of Conversion and the Fruits of the Second and Third Paths. The lesson was of benefit to the multitude.

DhpA 60. The King and the Poor Man with a Beautiful Wife

Long is the night to him that watches. This religious instruction was given by the Teacher while he was in residence at Jetavana with reference to Pasenadi Kosala and a certain other man.

The story goes that on the day of a certain festival King Pasenadi Kosala mounted his magnificently adorned pure white elephant Puṇḍārika and with great pomp and kingly majesty marched clockwise round the city. When the dismissal took place, the populace, pelted with clods of earth and beaten with sticks, ran here and there, craning their necks to see what was going on. Royal pomp, we are told, is the reward kings receive for generous almsgiving, keeping the moral precepts, and performing works of merit.

On the topmost floor of a seven-storied palace the wife of a certain poor man opened a window, looked at the king, and then withdrew. To the king it was as if the full moon had entered a bank of clouds; in fact, so infatuated with her was he that he nearly fell off the back of the elephant. Quickly completing the clockwise circuit of the city, he entered the royal precincts and said to a trusted minister, “Did you see, in such and such a place, a palace which I looked at?” “I did, your majesty.” “Did you see a certain woman there?” “I did, your majesty.” “Go and find out whether she is married or not.” He went, and learning that she was married, returned and said to the king, “She is a married woman.” Thereupon the king said to him, “Well then, summon her husband.” So the minister went and said to the husband, “Come, sir, the king summons you.” The husband thought to himself, “I have reason to fear for my life on account of my wife.” Not daring, however, to disobey the king’s command, he went to the palace, paid respects to the king, and stood waiting. The king said to him, “Hereafter you are to be my servant.” “Your majesty, I should prefer to earn a living by doing my own work. Let me pay you tribute.” “I don’t wish your tribute. From this day forth you are to be my servant.” So the king gave him a shield and a sword.

This, they say, was the thought in the king's mind, "I will fix guilt upon him, kill him, and take his wife." The husband, in fear and trembling of death, served the king most faithfully. As the fire of his passion increased, the king, finding no flaw in him, thought to himself, "I will charge him with some fault and punish him with death." So he summoned him and said to him, "Fellow, go a league from here to the bank of the river, and in such and such a place you will find red earth and water-lilies both white and blue. These you must bring back to me in the evening when I go to bathe. Should you fail to return at that moment, I will punish you." (A servant is regarded as of less account than the four kinds of slaves. For slaves bought with money and other kinds of slaves have only to say, "My head aches," or "My back aches," to obtain relief from their duties. This is not the case, however, with servants. Servants must do whatever they are told to do.) The husband thought to himself, "The king's order must be obeyed. I shall have to go, and no mistake. But red earth and water-lilies both white and blue are found only in the country of the dragons. Where can such as I get them?"

Terrified with the fear of death, he went home and said to his wife, "Wife, is my rice cooked?" "It is on the stove, master." Unable to wait until the rice was cooked, he asked her to take some of the gruel out with a ladle, stuffed the rice, all dripping as it was, into a basket, hastily adding some curry, and hurried away on his league's journey. Even as he hurried along, the rice was cooked.

He put aside a choice portion of rice and began to eat. As he was eating he saw a traveler and said to him, "Master, I have put aside a choice portion of rice. Take it and eat it." The traveler took the rice and ate it. When the king's servant had finished his meal, he cast a handful of rice into the water, and having rinsed his mouth, cried out with a loud voice, "May the winged dragons, the guardian divinities of this pool, hear my prayer! The king, desiring to visit punishment upon me, has laid upon me this command, 'Bring me red earth and water-lilies both white and blue.' By giving rice to a traveler I have gained a thousand rewards, and by giving rice to the fish in this water I have gained a hundred rewards. I make over to you all the merit I have acquired by these actions. Bring me red earth and water-lilies both white and blue." Three times did he utter these words with a loud voice.

Now the king of the dragons lived there; and when he heard those words, he disguised himself as an old man, and going to the king's servant, said to him, "What is it that you say?" The king's servant

repeated his words. "Make over the merit to me," said the dragon. "I do make it over to you, master," said the man. Again the dragon said, "Make over the merit to me." "I do make it over to you, master," replied the man. When the king's servant had repeated his words the third time, the dragon brought red earth and water-lillies both white and blue and gave them to the king's servant.

The king thought to himself, "Many are the ways of men. If by any means he should obtain what I sent him for, my purpose might not succeed." So he had the door closed very early and the seal brought to him. The king's servant returned at the king's bathing-time, but found the door closed. Summoning the porter, he ordered him to open the door. Said the porter, "It cannot be opened. The king had the seal brought to the royal apartments very early." "I am the king's messenger. Open the door," said the king's servant. But the door remained closed, and the king's servant thought to himself, "There is no hope for me now. What shall I do?"

He flung the lump of red earth on the threshold, hung the flowers over the door, and cried with a loud voice, "All ye that dwell in the city, be witnesses that I have executed the king's order. The king is seeking without just cause to kill me." Three times he cried these words with a loud voice and then, thinking to himself, "Where shall I go now?" he concluded, "The monks are soft-hearted. I will go and sleep at the monastery." (In times of prosperity people here in the world scarcely know even that monks exist, but when they are overwhelmed with adversity, they desire to go to a monastery. Therefore was it that the king's servant, reflecting "I have no other refuge," went to the monastery and lay down in a pleasant place to sleep.)

As for the king, he was unable to sleep that night, but was consumed with the fire of passion as he thought about that woman. Said he to himself, "When day breaks, I will kill that man and fetch the woman here to my palace." At that moment he heard four sounds.

At that moment four men reborn in the Hell of the Iron Caldron, sixty leagues in measure, who, after boiling and bubbling like grains of rice in a red-hot kettle for thirty thousand years, had reached the bottom, and after thirty thousand more years had come again to the rim, lifted up their heads, looked at each other, tried to pronounce a Stanza apiece, but, unable to do so, gave utterance each to a single syllable, turned over, and flopped back again into the iron caldron.

The king, unable to sleep, immediately after the middle watch heard these sounds. Frightened and terrified in mind, he pondered within himself, “Is my life to come to an end, or that of my chief consort, or is my kingdom to fall?” All the rest of the night he was unable to close his eyes; and when morning came, he sent for his house-priest and said to him, “Master, immediately after the middle watch I heard loud and terrible sounds. Whether they portend the end of my kingdom or of my queen or of myself I know not; therefore I sent for you.”

“Your majesty, what sounds did you hear?” “Master, I heard the sounds ‘Du, Sa, Na, So.’ Consider what they predict.” As for the brahman, he was absolutely in the dark as to what the sounds meant. But fearing that, if he admitted his ignorance, he would lose both gain and honor, he answered, “It is a grave matter, your majesty.” “Master, be more specific.” “It means that you are to die.” The king’s fear doubled. “Master, is there no way to avert this?” “Yes, your majesty, there is. Have no fear. I know the three Vedas.” “But what must be done?” “By offering the sacrifice of every kind of living creature you can save your life, your majesty.” “What must we procure?” “A hundred elephants, a hundred horses, a hundred bulls, a hundred cows, a hundred goats, a hundred asses, a hundred thoroughbreds, a hundred rams, a hundred fowls, a hundred pigs, a hundred boys, and a hundred girls.” In this way did the brahman direct the king to procure a hundred of every kind of living creature. For, said he to himself, “If I direct the king to procure wild animals only, people will say, ‘He does that because he wants to eat them himself.’” Therefore was it that he included also elephants, horses, and human beings.

The king, thinking to himself, “I must save my life at any cost,” said to the brahman, “Procure quickly every kind of living creature.” The king’s men received their orders and procured more than the required number. Moreover, it is said in the Kosala Samyutta, “Now at that time a great sacrifice was prepared for King Pasenadi Kosala: five hundred bulls, five hundred steers, five hundred cows, five hundred goats, five hundred rams were led to the stake for the sacrifice. They that were his slaves or bond-servants or laborers, fearing punishment, fearing calamity, made preparations for the sacrifice, weeping and wailing. The populace, making lament for their kinsfolk, made a loud noise, a noise like that of the earth splitting open.”

Queen Mallikā, hearing that noise, went to the king and said, “Your majesty, how is it that your senses are disordered and weary?” “How

now, Mallikā. Know you not that a poisonous serpent has penetrated my ears?” “Why, what do you mean, your majesty?” “At night I heard such and such a sound, and when I asked the house-priest about it, he said to me, ‘It means that you are to die, but you can save your life by offering a sacrifice of every kind of living creature.’ Now I must save my life at any cost. Therefore was it that I ordered these living creatures to be procured.”

Said Queen Mallikā, “You are a simpleton, your majesty. You may have an abundant supply of food, you may feast upon delicacies flavored with all manner of sauces and curries cooked by the bucketful, you may rule over two kingdoms, but all the same you have very little sense.” “Why do you say that?” “Where did you ever hear of one man’s saving his life by the death of another? Just because a stupid brahman told you to, is that any reason why you should overwhelm the populace with suffering? In a neighboring monastery resides the Teacher, the foremost individual in the world of men and gods, possessed of limitless knowledge as regards the past, the present, and the future. Ask him and do as he advises you.”

So the king went to the monastery in light vehicles with Mallikā, but was so terrified with the fear of death that he was unable to speak a word. He paid homage to the Teacher and stood respectfully at one side. The Teacher was the first to speak, saying to him, “Your majesty, how is it that you come here so late in the day?” The king gave no answer. Then said Mallikā to the Tathāgata, “Reverend Sir, immediately after the last watch he heard a sound, and he told the house-priest about it, and the house-priest said to him, ‘It means that you are to die, but you can avert such a calamity by taking every kind of living creature and offering a sacrifice of their blood; in this way you can save your life.’ So the king ordered the living creatures to be procured. That is why I brought him to you here.” “Is this true, your majesty?” “Yes, Reverend Sir.” “What sound did you hear?” The king repeated the sound to him just as he had heard it. The moment the Tathāgata heard it, he was silent for a moment, and then said to him, “Your majesty, have no fear. This does not mean that you are to die. The sounds you heard were uttered by evildoers in torment to express their sufferings.” “Why, what did they do, Reverend Sir?” The Blessed One, requested to tell the story of their misdeeds, said, “Well then, your majesty, listen.” So saying, he related the following

Story of the Past: The Hell Pot

In times gone by, when men lived twenty thousand years, appeared the Exalted Kassapa. As he journeyed from place to place with twenty thousand monks freed from the defilements, he arrived at Benāres. The residents of Benāres united by twos and threes and in larger groups and provided food for the visitors. At that time there were living at Benāres four sons of wealthy merchants. Each of them possessed four hundred millions of treasure, and they were dear friends. One day they took counsel together, saying, “We have much wealth in our houses. What shall we do with it? With a Buddha so great and so good journeying from place to place, shall we give alms, shall we perform works of merit, shall we keep the moral precepts?”

Not one of the four assented to this proposal. One said, “Let us spend our time drinking strong drink and eating savory meat. This would be a profitable way for us to spend our lives.” Another said, “Let us spend our time eating fragrant rice three years old, with all manner of choice flavors.” Another said, “Let us have all manner of hard food cooked and spend our time eating it.” Another said, “Friends, there is only one thing for us to do, and it is this: The woman does not live who will refuse to do your will if you offer her money. Let us offer money to other men’s wives and commit adultery with them.” “Good, good!” cried all of them, agreeing to his proposal.

From that time on they sent money to beautiful women, one after another, and for twenty thousand years committed adultery. When they died, they were reborn in the Avici Hell, where they suffered torment during the interval between two Buddhas. Dying again, because the fruit of their evil deeds was not yet exhausted, they were reborn in the Hell of the Iron Caldron, sixty leagues in measure. After sinking for thirty thousand years, they reached the bottom, and after rising for thirty thousand years, they came again to the brim. Each one of them desired to pronounce a single stanza, but all they could do was to utter a single syllable apiece. Then they flopped over and sank back again into the iron caldron.

“Your majesty, what was the first sound you heard?” ““Du,’ Reverend Sir.” The Teacher, completing the Stanza left uncompleted by the evildoer, recited it in full as follows,

Du. An evil life we led, we who gave not what we had.
With all the wealth we had, we made no refuge for ourselves.

Having made known the meaning of this Stanza to the king, the Teacher asked him what the other sounds were that he heard. When the king told him, he completed the remainder as follows,

Sa. Sixty thousand years in all have we completed;
We are boiling in hell. When will the end come?
Na. There is no end. Whence comes an end? No end appears;
For then both you and I, sir, committed sin.
So. Be sure that when I go hence and am reborn as a human being,
I shall be bountiful, keep the moral precepts, and do much good.

When the Teacher had pronounced these Stanzas, one after another, and declared their meaning, he said, “Your majesty, those four men desired, each of them, to pronounce a single stanza, but all they could do was to utter a single syllable apiece. Then they flopped over and sank back again into the iron caldron.” (Those evildoers, we are told, have been sinking in the hell pot ever since King Pasenadi Kosala heard those sounds, but not even yet have a thousand years elapsed.)

The king was profoundly moved by the discourse of the Teacher. Thought he to himself, “A grievous sin indeed is this sin of adultery. Those four adulterers were tormented in hell during the interval between two Buddhas. Passing from that existence, they were reborn in the hell of the iron caldron, sixty leagues in measure, and there endured torment for sixty thousand years. Even so the time of their release from suffering has not yet come. I also conceived a sinful passion for the wife of another and got no sleep all night long. From this time forth I shall no more set my heart on another man’s wife.” And he said to the Tathāgata, “Reverend Sir, today I know how long the night is.” Now the king’s servant was also seated there; and when he heard this remark, his faith was confirmed, and he said to the Teacher, “Reverend Sir, today the king has come to know how long the night is. Yesterday I myself came to know how long a league is.” The Teacher joined the words of both men and said, “For one man the night is long; for another a league is long; for a fool the revolution of being is long.” So saying, he taught the Dhamma by pronouncing the following Stanza,

60. Long is the night to him that watcheth; long is a league to him that is weary;

Long is the revolution of being for simpletons that know not the Good Dhamma.

The king paid respects to the Teacher, and then went and released those living beings from their bonds. Thereupon both men and women, released from their bonds, bathed their heads and went to their own homes, extolling the virtues of Mallikā and saying, “Long live our gracious Queen Mallikā, through whom our lives were spared!”

In the evening the monks assembled in the Hall of Truth and began to discuss the incidents of the day. “How wise,” said they, “is this Mallikā! By her own wisdom has she saved the lives of all these people.” The Teacher, seated in his Perfumed Chamber, hearing the talk of the monks, came forth from the Perfumed Chamber, entered the Hall of Truth, sat down on the Seat of Wisdom, and asked them, “Monks, what is it that you are sitting here now talking about?” They told him. “Monks, this is not the first time Mallikā has saved the lives of a large number of people by her own wisdom. She did so in a former existence also.” And he made his meaning clear by relating the following

Story of the Past: The King of Benāres and Queen Dinnā

In times long gone by a king’s son approached a certain banyan-tree and prayed thus to the spirit that dwelt therein, “Good spirit, in this Land of the Rose-Apple are a hundred kings and a hundred queens. If, on the death of my father, I obtain the kingdom, I will make an offering to you with the blood of these kings and queens.” When his father died and he came into his kingdom, he reflected, “It is through the supernatural power of the tree-spirit that I have received my kingdom. I must now make my offering to him.” So he set out with a large force, overpowered one king, and with the aid of the conquered king another and another, until finally he had all the kings in his power. Then, taking the hundred kings and the hundred queens with him, he proceeded to the tree.

As he marched along, he said to himself, “Dinnā, the chief-consort of the youngest king, is great with child. I will therefore let her go. But the rest I will kill by giving them poison to drink.” As he was clearing the ground under the tree, the tree-spirit thought, “This king is taking all these kings and is preparing to make an offering to me with their blood because of his conviction that he captured them with my assistance. But

if he slays them, the royal stock of the Land of the Rose-Apple will be rooted out, and the foot of the tree will be polluted.”

The tree-spirit asked himself whether he could stop him. Realizing that he could not, he went to another spirit, told him what was the matter, and asked him whether he could. Receiving a negative answer, he went to yet another, but with the same result. Then he went to all the Cakkavala deities, but they could do nothing for him. Finally he went to the Four Great Kings, who said to him, “We can do nothing, but our king is superior to us in deeds of merit and in wisdom; ask him.” So he went to Sakka and told him what was the matter. “Sakka,” said he, “if you remain in an attitude of ease and indifference, and the stock of princes is rooted out, you will be responsible for it.”

Sakka said, “I cannot stop him, but I will tell you how he can be stopped. Put on your night-gown, go forth from your tree in plain sight of the king, and act as though you were going away. The king will say to himself, ‘The tree-spirit is going away; I must stop him,’ and will use every effort to persuade you to remain. Then you say to him, ‘You made the following promise to me, “I will bring a hundred kings and a hundred queens and make an offering to you with their blood;” but you have come here without the consort of King Uggasena. I will not accept an offering from such a liar.’ As soon as the king hears you say that, he will bring King Uggasena’s consort, Queen Dinnā. She will instruct the king in the Dhamma and will save the lives of this numerous company.” Such was the ruse Sakka suggested to the tree-spirit.

The tree-spirit did as Sakka suggested, and the king promptly brought Queen Dinnā. She approached her own consort. King Uggasena, although he was seated in the outer circle of the hundred kings, and paid respects only to him. The king of Benāres was offended at her and said to himself, “Although I, the oldest king of all, am present, she pays respects to the youngest of all.” Then she said to the king of Benāres, “Do I owe you allegiance? This my lord is for me the giver of dominion. Why should I pass him by and pay respects to you?”

The tree-spirit honored her with a handful of flowers in plain sight of the assembled throng, crying out, “Well said, your majesty! Well said, your majesty!”

Again the king of Benāres said to her, “If you pay not respects to me, why do you not pay respects to this tree-spirit, who has great magical power and has bestowed dominion and majesty on me?” “Your majesty, it was by your own merit that you overpowered these kings; the tree-

spirit did not overpower them and give them into your hands at all.” Again the tree-spirit honored her in the same way, saying, “Well said, your majesty!” Again she said to the king, “You say, ‘The tree-spirit overpowered all these kings and gave them into my hands.’ Just now a tree to the left of your spirit was burned with fire. If your spirit possesses such great magical power, why could he not put out that fire?” Again the tree-spirit honored her in the same way, saying, “Well said, your majesty!”

As the queen spoke, she wept and laughed. The king said, “You have gone mad.” “Your majesty, why do you speak thus? Such as I are not mad.” “Then why do you weep and laugh?” “Your majesty, listen to me:

Story of the Past: The woman who killed a ewe

“In times long gone by I was reborn as the daughter of a good family. While living in my husband’s house, an intimate friend of my husband visited the house as a guest. When I saw him, I desired to cook him a meal. So I gave my servant a penny and said to her, ‘Get me some meat.’ She was unable to get any, and when she returned she told me so. Now there was a ewe lying in the rear of the house; so I cut off her head and prepared a meal. Because I cut off the head of that one ewe, I was reborn in hell. After suffering torment in hell, because the fruit of my evil deed was not yet exhausted, my own head was cut off just as many times as there were hairs in the ewe’s fleece. Now suppose you kill all these people. When will you ever obtain release from torment? It was because I remembered the great suffering I endured that I wept.” So saying, she recited the following Stanza,

Because I cut off the head of one ewe, I suffered as many times as there were hairs in the ewe’s fleece.

If you cut off the heads of so many living beings, prince, how will you fare?

“But why do you laugh?” “Because of the joy I feel over having obtained release from this suffering, your majesty.” Again the tree-spirit honored her with a handful of flowers, saying, “Well said! your majesty.”

The king said, “Oh, what a grievous sin it was that I was minded to commit! Because this queen killed one ewe, she was reborn in hell. Torment still remaining to her, her head was cut off as many times as

there were hairs in the ewe's fleece. If I kill all these human beings, when shall I ever be purged of my sin?" So he released all the captive kings, paid homage to those that were older than he, did honor, with hands reverently clasped, to those that were younger than he, asked them all to forgive him, and sent them back to their own dominions.

When the Teacher had related this story, he said, "In this way, monks, this was not the first time Mallikā saved the lives of a great number of people by her own wisdom. She did so in a former existence also." And when he had so said, he identified the characters in the Story of the Past as follows, "At that time the king of Benāres was Pasenadi Kosala, Dinnā was Queen Mallikā, and the tree-spirit was I myself." And having identified the characters in the Story of the Past, he gave instruction in the Dhamma further, saying, "Monks, it is never lawful to take the life of a living creature. Those who take life sorrow for a long time." So saying, he pronounced the following Stanza,

If people would understand this, that suffering has here in this world its
origin in birth,
No living being would take the life of another, for he that takes life
sorrows.

DhpA 116. The Brahman with a Single Robe

Let a man make haste to do good. This religious instruction was given by the Teacher while he was in residence at Jetavana with reference to the brahman Little One-Robe, Culla Ekasataka.

For in the dispensation of the Buddha Vipassī lived a Brahman named Mahā Ekasataka, and he it was who was reborn in the present dispensation in Sāvatti as One-Robe, Culla Ekasataka. For Culla Ekasataka possessed but a single lower garment, and his wife possessed but a single lower garment, and both of them together possessed but a single upper garment. The result was that, whenever either the Brahman or his wife went out of doors, the other had to stay at home. One day announcement was made that there would be preaching at the monastery. Said the brahman to his wife, “Wife, announcement is made that there will be preaching at the monastery. Will you go to hear the Dhamma by day or by night? For we have not enough upper garments between us to permit both of us to go together.” The Brahman’s wife replied, “Husband, I will go in the daytime.” So saying, she put on the upper garment and went.

The Brahman spent the day at home. At night he went to the monastery, seated himself in front of the Teacher, and listened to the Dhamma. As he listened to the Dhamma, the five sorts of joy arose within him, suffusing his body. He greatly desired to do honor to the Teacher, but the following thought restrained him, “If I give this garment to the Teacher, there will be no upper garment left for my wife or me.” A thousand selfish thoughts arose within him; then a single believing thought arose within him. Then thought of self arose within him and overcame the believing thought. Even so did the mighty thought of self seize, as it were, and bind and thrust out the believing thought. “I will give it! No, I will not give it!” said the Brahman to himself. As he thus reflected, the first watch passed and the second watch arrived. Even then he was not able to bring himself to give the garment to the Teacher. Then

the last watch came. Finally the brahman thought to himself, “While I have been fighting with thoughts of faith and thoughts of self, two watches have elapsed. If these powerful thoughts of self increase, they will not permit me to lift up my head from the four states of suffering. I will therefore give my gift.” In this way the Brahman finally overcame a thousand thoughts of self and followed the lead of a thought of faith. Taking his garment, he laid it at the Teacher’s feet and thrice cried out with a loud voice, “I have conquered! I have conquered!”

King Pasenadi Kosala happened to be listening to the Dhamma. When he heard that cry, he said, “Ask him what he has conquered.” The king’s men asked the brahman the question, and the brahman explained the matter to them. When the king heard the explanation, he said, “It was a hard thing to do what the brahman did. I will do him a kindness.” So he caused a pair of garments to be presented to him. The brahman presented these garments also to the Tathāgata. Then the king doubled his gift, presenting the brahman first with two pairs of garments, then with four, then with eight, finally with sixteen. The brahman presented all these garments also to the Tathāgata. Then the king directed thirty-two pairs of garments to be presented to the brahman. But to avoid having it said, “The brahman has kept not a single pair for himself, but has given away every pair he received,” he said to the brahman, “Keep one pair for yourself and give another pair to your wife.” So saying, he caused the brahman to keep two pairs and gave the remaining thirty pairs to the Tathāgata alone. Even had the brahman given away what he possessed a hundred times, the king would have met his gifts with equal gifts. (In a former state of existence Mahā Ekasataka kept for himself two pairs of garments out of sixty-four he received; Culla Ekasataka kept two out of thirty-two.)

The king gave orders to his men, “It was indeed a hard thing to do what the brahman did. Fetch my two blankets into the presence-chamber.” They did so. The king presented him with the two blankets, valued at a thousand pieces of money. But the Brahman said to himself, “I am not worthy to cover my body with these blankets. These are suitable only for the Religion of the Buddha.” Accordingly he made a canopy of one of the blankets and hung it up in the Perfumed Chamber over the Teacher’s bed; likewise he made a canopy of the other blanket and hung it up in his own house over the spot where the monk who came to his house for alms took his meals. In the evening the king went to visit the Teacher. Recognizing the blanket, he asked him, “Reverend Sir, who was it that honored you with the gift of this blanket?” “Ekasataka.”

Thought the king to himself, “Even as I believe and rejoice in my belief, even so does this brahman believe and rejoice in his belief.” Accordingly he presented to him four elephants, four horses, four thousand pieces of money, four women, four female slaves, and four most excellent villages. In this way therefore did the king cause the Brahman to be given the gift of fours.

The monks started a discussion in the Hall of Truth: “Oh how wonderful was the deed of Culla Ekasataka! No sooner done than he received all manner of presents of four! As soon as he did a good deed, straightway the fruit thereof was given to him.” The Teacher approached and asked the monks, “Monks, what are you sitting here now talking about?” When they told him, he said, “Monks, had Ekasataka been able to bring himself to give me his gift in the first watch, he would have received the gift of sixteens; had he been able to do so in the middle watch, he would have received the gift of eights; because it was not until late in the last watch that he gave me his gift, he received only the gift of fours. He who does good works should not put away the impulse to good that arises within him, but should act on the instant. A meritorious deed slowly done brings its reward, but slow is the reward it brings. Therefore a man should perform a good work the instant the impulse to good arises within him.” So saying, he joined the connection, and preaching the Dhamma, pronounced the following Stanza,

116. Let a man make haste to do good; let him restrain his heart from evil;

For if a man is slow in doing good, his mind delights in evil.

DhpA 151. Queen Mallikā and Her Dog

The gayly painted chariots of kings wear out. This religious instruction was given by the Teacher while he was in residence at Jetavana with reference to Queen Mallikā.

The story goes that one day Queen Mallikā entered the bathhouse, and having bathed her face, bent over and began to bathe her leg. Now her pet dog entered the bath-house with her, and when he saw her standing there with body thus bent over, he began to misbehave with her and she let him continue. The king looked out of a window on the upper floor of the palace and saw her. On her return he said to her, “Perish, vile woman; why did you do such a thing as that?” “Why, your majesty, what have I done?” “You have behaved most wrongly with a dog.” “It is not true, your majesty.” “I saw you with my own eyes. I will not believe anything you say. Perish, vile woman.” “Great king, it is a remarkable fact that whoever enters that bath-house appears double to whoever looks out of that window.” “You utter falsehood.” “If you will not believe me, enter the bath-house yourself, and I will look out of that window.”

The king was such a simpleton as to believe what she said, and entered the bath-house. The queen stood at the window and looked out. Suddenly she cried out to him, “You foolish king, what do you mean by misbehaving with a she-goat?” “Dear wife, I am doing no such thing.” The queen replied, “I saw you with my own eyes; I will not believe you.” When the king heard her reply, he said, “It must be true that whoever enters this bath-house appears double.” Therefore he believed the explanation she gave him.

Mallikā thought to herself, “I have deceived this king, because he is such a simpleton. I have committed a great sin. Moreover I have accused him falsely. The Teacher will come to know of this sin of mine, and likewise the Two Chief Disciples, and the Eighty Chief Elders. Oh, what a grievous sin have I committed!” (According to tradition it was Mallikā who was associated with the king in the presentation to the Teacher of the Gifts beyond Compare) On this occasion gifts valued at fourteen crores of treasure were bestowed upon the Teacher, and the Tathāgata

was presented with four priceless gifts; namely, a white parasol, a couch whereon to rest, a stand, and a stool for the feet.) When Mallikā died, forgetful at the moment of death of those mighty gifts, but with full recollection of the evil deed she had committed, she was reborn in the Avici Hell.

Now Queen Mallikā was greatly beloved by the king. Therefore when she died, the king was completely overcome with grief. When he had duly performed the funeral rites over her body, he said to himself, “I will ask the Teacher where she has been reborn.” Accordingly he went to the Teacher. The Teacher so contrived that he should not remember the reason why he had come to him. After listening to the pleasing discourse of the Teacher he returned to his home. As soon, however, as he entered the house, he remembered why he had gone to visit the Teacher. He thought he to himself, “Assuredly it was my intention, when I set out, to ask the Teacher where Mallikā had been reborn. But as soon as I entered the Teacher’s presence, I forgot all about it. Tomorrow I shall not fail to ask him.” On the following day, therefore, he visited the Teacher again. But for seven days in succession the Teacher so contrived that he should not remember why he had come. As for Mallikā, after she had been tormented for seven days in hell, she came out of there, and was reborn in the World of the Tusita gods.

(Now why was it that the Teacher caused the king to forget his question for seven days in succession? Tradition tells us that Mallikā was greatly beloved by the king, the very joy of his heart. Therefore had the king learned that she had been reborn in hell, he would have said to himself, “If a woman endowed with faith so perfect has been reborn in hell after presenting offerings so abundant, what chance is there for me?” He would therefore have adopted false views, would have discontinued the constant offerings of food to the five hundred monks, and would finally have been reborn in hell himself. For this reason the Teacher caused the king to forget his question for seven days in succession.)

On the eighth day the Teacher set out alone on an alms-pilgrimage, and went to the door of the king’s residence. When the king heard that the Teacher had come, he went forth and took his bowl and began to mount up to the terrace of the palace. But the Teacher made as if he desired to sit down in the chariot-hall. Therefore the king provided him with a seat in the chariot-hall and reverently served him with food both hard and soft. Having so done, he paid respect to him and sat down. “Reverend Sir,” he said, “when I visited you, this thought was in my

mind, 'I will ask the Teacher where Mallikā my queen has been reborn.' Reverend Sir, tell me where she was reborn."

"In the World of the Tusita gods, great king."

"Reverend Sir," said the king, "had Queen Mallikā not been reborn in the World of the Tusita gods, who else could ever have been reborn there? Reverend Sir, there never lived a woman like her; wherever she sat, wherever she stood, these words were ever on her lips, 'Tomorrow I will give this to the Tathāgata; tomorrow I will do this for the Tathāgata.' She cared for naught else but to make provision of offerings. Reverend Sir, ever since she went to the other world, my own person has been non-existent." Said the Teacher, "Great king, do not grieve; this is the immutable law of all living beings."

Then the Teacher asked the king, "Great king, whose chariot is this?" "My grandfather's, Reverend Sir." "Whose is this?" "My father's, Reverend Sir." "But whose chariot is this?" "My own, Reverend Sir." When the king had thus answered his questions, the Teacher said, "Great king, just as your father's chariot has outlasted your grandfather's chariot, so also has your own chariot outlasted your father's chariot. In this way does decay draw close to this worthless chaff. But even more does decay wear away this body. Great king, righteousness alone does not wear away, but of living beings there are none that wear not away." So saying, he pronounced the following Stanza,

151. The gayly painted chariots of kings wear out; likewise does the body wear out.

But the state of the good wears not away; the good proclaim this to the good.

DhpA 201. Defeat of the King of Kosala

Victory produces hatred. This religious instruction was given by the Teacher while he was in residence at Jetavana with reference to the defeat of the king of Kosala.

The story goes that the king of Kosala fought against his nephew Ajātasattu near the village Kasika and suffered defeat three times. As he returned from defeat the third time, he thought to himself, “Since I have not been able to subdue this milk-faced youth, what is the use of my living any longer?” So he refused to eat and took to his bed. The news of what he had done, spread throughout city and monastery. The monks reported the matter to the Teacher, saying, “Reverend Sir, report has it that the king, who three times suffered defeat near the village Kasika and has just now returned from defeat, has refused to eat and has taken to his bed, saying, ‘Since I have not been able to defeat this milk-faced youth, what is the use of my living any longer?’” When the Teacher heard this report, he said, “Monks, by winning a victory, a man produces hatred; and he that is defeated is afflicted with suffering.” So saying, the Teacher pronounced the following Stanza,

201. Victory produces hatred; he that is defeated is afflicted with suffering;
He that has renounced both victory and defeat lives in tranquillity and happiness.

DhpA 204. On Moderation in Eating

Health is the greatest acquisition. This religious instruction was given by the Teacher while he was in residence at Jetavana with reference to King Pasenadi Kosala.

For at a certain period of his life King Pasenadi Kosala used to eat boiled rice cooked by the bucketful, and sauce and curry in proportion. One day after he had eaten his breakfast, unable to shake off the drowsiness occasioned by over-eating, he went to see the Teacher and paced back and forth before him with a very weary look. Overcome with a desire to sleep, but not daring to lie down and stretch himself out, he sat down on one side. Thereupon the Teacher said to him, “Did you come, great king, before you were well rested?” “Oh no, Reverend Sir; but I always suffer greatly after eating a meal.” Then said the Teacher to him, “Great king, over-eating brings just such suffering in its train.” So saying, the Teacher pronounced the following Stanza,

325. If a man gives way to indolence, eats overmuch.
Spends his time in sleep, and lies and rolls about
Like a great hog fed on grain.
Such a simpleton will enter the womb again and again.

After admonishing the king with this Stanza, the Teacher continued, “Great king, one ought to observe moderation in eating, for in moderate eating there is comfort.” And admonishing him further, the Teacher pronounced the following Stanza,

If a man be ever mindful, if he observe moderation in taking food.
His sufferings will be but slight; he will grow old slowly, preserving
his life.

The king was unable to memorize this Stanza. So the Teacher said to the king’s nephew, Prince Good-looking, Sudassana, who stood near, “Memorize this Stanza.” Sudassana asked the Teacher, “Reverend Sir, after I have memorized this Stanza, what shall I do with it?” The Teacher replied, “When the king eats his meal, just as he is about to take the last lump of boiled rice, you must recite this Stanza. The king will understand

its purport and will immediately throw away that lump of rice. When it comes time to boil the rice for the king's next meal, you must fetch just as many grains of fresh rice as there were grains of boiled rice in that lump of rice." "Very well, Reverend Sir," replied Sudassana. So both evening and morning, when the king ate his meal, his nephew would recite that Stanza just as the king was about to take the last lump of boiled rice, and would fetch for his next meal just as many grains of fresh rice as there were grains of boiled rice in the lump of boiled rice which the king had thrown away. And every time the king heard that Stanza recited, he gave away a thousand pieces of money in alms. The king contented himself with a pint-pot of boiled rice a day, never exceeding that amount. After a time he became cheerful and lean.

One day the king went to pay his respects to the Teacher, and having saluted the Teacher, said to him, "Reverend Sir, now I am happy. Once more I am able to follow the chase and to catch wild beasts and horses. I used to quarrel with my nephew. But recently, however, I gave my nephew my daughter, the Princess Vajirā, to marry. I have given her this village, that she may have a pool wherein to bathe. My quarrels with my nephew have ceased, and for this reason also I am happy. The other day a precious stone, the property of the royal household was lost; this has but recently returned to my hand, and for this reason also I am happy. Desiring to establish friendly relations with your disciples, I established the daughter of one of your kinsmen in our household, and for this reason also I am happy." The Teacher replied, "Great king, health is the greatest blessing one can ask for, contentment with whatever one has received is the greatest wealth, confidence is the best of relatives. But there is no happiness that can be compared with Nibbāna." So saying, he pronounced the following Stanza,

204. Health is the greatest acquisition, contentment is the greatest wealth.

Confidence is the best of relatives, Nibbāna is the greatest happiness.

DhpA 355. Treasurer Childless

Riches destroy the foolish. This religious instruction was given by the Teacher while he was in residence at Jetavana with reference to a treasurer named Childless, Aputtaka.

The story goes that when King Pasenadi Kosala heard of his death, he inquired, “To whom falls the property of a man that dies leaving no children?” “The king,” was the reply. So during the next seven days the king caused the dead man’s property to be removed to the royal palace. When the property had all been removed, the king went to wait upon the Teacher. The king said the Teacher, “Oh, great king, from where do you come at this noon-day hour?” The king replied, “Reverend Sir, here in Sāvatti a householder who was a treasurer died the other day and as he had no son, I have been superintending the removal of his property to the royal precincts, and am just returning.” [All is to be understood as it occurs in the Sutta.]

Said the king, “The story goes that whenever food flavored with all manner of choice flavors was brought to him in a golden dish, he would say, ‘So men eat such food as this, do they? Why do you make sport of me in my own house?’ If the servants ventured to serve the food, he would attack them with lumps of earth and sticks and stones and drive them away. Then he would say, ‘This is the proper kind of food for men to eat,’ and eat porridge made of rice-dust, followed by sour gruel. Whenever attractive clothes and carriages and parasols were offered him, he would attack his servants with lumps of earth and sticks and stones and drive them away. He would wear clothes made of hempen cloth and drive about in an old, broken-down chariot, with a parasol made of leaves held over his head.” Then the Teacher related his deed in a previous state of existence:

Story of the Past: The stingy treasurer

Great king, in times long past, this treasurer, this householder, provided a Pacceka Buddha named Tagarasikhi with alms. “Give alms to the monk,” said he, and rising from his seat, went his way. The story goes that as this unbelieving simpleton spoke these words and went his way, his faithful believing wife thought to herself, “Verily it is a long time since I have heard the word ‘Give’ fall from the lips of my husband. today I will fulfill the wish of my heart and give alms.” So taking the bowl of the Pacceka Buddha, and filling it with the choicest food, she presented it to him.

As the treasurer returned, he met the Pacceka Buddha. “Monk, did you get anything?” said he. Taking the bowl, he looked at it and saw the choice food. Straightway he was filled with regret, for, thought he to himself, “It would be better if my slaves and servants had this food to eat. For if they had this food to eat, they would work hard for me. But this monk will take this food and eat it and then lie down and go to sleep. My food has been given away for nothing.”

Moreover this treasurer deprived of life the only son of his brother, for the sake of the property which his nephew inherited. The story goes that as the nephew walked about, holding the finger of his uncle the treasurer, he would say such things as these, “This carriage is the property of my father, and this ox is his ox.” The treasurer thought to himself, “In this way talks just at the present time. But when he grows to manhood, is anyone likely to see his possessions in this house?” So one day he took his nephew to the forest, seized him by the neck under a certain bush, killed him as one would split open the bulb of a radish, and wringing his neck, cast the dead body into the thicket. This was the evil deed he committed in a previous state of existence. End of Story of the Past.

Therefore it is said: Inasmuch, great king, as this treasurer, this householder, caused the Pacceka Buddha Tagarasikhi to be provided with food, through the ripening of this good deed he attained in seven successive existences a happy future estate, and was reborn in the heavenly world; and because the fruit of this same good deed was not yet exhausted, in seven existences he exercised the prerogatives of a treasurer of this same city of Sāvatti. On the other hand, great king, inasmuch as this treasurer, this householder, afterwards regretted the good deed which he had done and said, “It would have been better could my slaves and servants have had this food to eat,” through the ripening of this evil deed, his heart was not inclined to the enjoyment of fine food, his heart was not inclined to the enjoyment of fine clothes, his heart was

not inclined to the enjoyment of fine carriages, his heart was not inclined to the enjoyment of the five lofty pleasures of sense.

Moreover, great king, inasmuch as this treasurer, this householder, deprived of life the only son of his brother for the sake of his inheritance, through the ripening of this evil deed, he suffered torment in hell for many hundreds of years, for many thousands of years, for many hundreds of thousands of years; and because a part of the fruit of this same evil deed still remained, in seven successive existences he died without a son, and the king's men carried to the king's storehouse the wealth he left behind him. And this was the seventh. Moreover, great king, inasmuch as the old merit of this treasurer, this householder, has been exhausted, and he has accumulated no new merit, today, great king, this treasurer, this householder, suffers torment in the Mahā Roruva Hell.

When the king heard these words of the Teacher, he said, "Reverend Sir, how grievous was the fault of this treasurer in that, while all of these good things yet remained to him, he neither used them himself, nor wrought works of merit by presenting them in alms to a Buddha like you, residing in a monastery near at hand!" The Teacher replied, "Yes, yes, great king. Even so, when foolish men get riches, they seek not Nibbāna, but the cravings which arise within them because of their riches plague them for a long time." So saying, he pronounced the following Stanza,

355. Riches destroy the foolish; they seek not the farther shore;
By his craving for riches the foolish man slays himself, as if he were
slaying others.