

POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDWIN ARNOLD  
/ /

CONTAINING  
THE LIGHT OF ASIA  
THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS  
PEARLS OF THE FAITH



NEW YORK  
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER  
1883

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THIS VOLUME

IS DUTIFULLY INSCRIBED TO

THE SOVEREIGN, GRAND MASTER, AND COMPANIONS

OF

*The Most Exalted Order of the Star of India .*

BY

THE AUTHOR.





## PREFACE.



IN the following Poem I have sought, by the medium of an imaginary Buddhist votary, to depict the life and character and indicate the philosophy of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India, the founder of Buddhism.

A generation ago little or nothing was known in Europe of this great faith of Asia, which had nevertheless existed during twenty-four centuries, and at this day surpasses, in the number of its followers and the area of its prevalence, any other form of creed. Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend, at the present time, from Nepaul and Ceylon over the whole Eastern Peninsula to China, Japan, Thibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent empire of belief, for though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahmanism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts. More than a third of mankind, therefore, owe their moral and relig-

ious ideas to this illustrious prince, whose personality, though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of Thought. Discordant in frequent particulars, and sorely overlaid by corruptions, inventions, and misconceptions, the Buddhistical books yet agree in the one point of recording nothing—no single act or word—which mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the truest princely qualities with the intellect of a sage and the passionate devotion of a martyr. Even M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, totally misjudging, as he does, many points of Buddhism, is well cited by Professor Max Müller as saying of Prince Siddârtha, “Sa vie n’a point de tache. Son constant héroïsme égale sa conviction ; et si la théorie qu’il préconise est fausse, les exemples personnels qu’il donne sont irréprochables. Il est le modèle achevé de toutes les vertus qu’il prêche ; son abnégation, sa charité, son inaltérable douceur ne se démentent point un seul instant. . . . Il prépare silencieusement sa doctrine par six années de retraite et de méditation ; il la propage par la seule puissance de la parole et de la persuasion pendant plus d’un demi-siècle, et quand il meurt entre les bras de ses disciples, c’est avec la sérénité d’un sage qui a pratiqué le bien toute sa vie, et qui est assuré d’avoir trouvé le vrai.” To Gautama has consequently been given this stupendous conquest of humanity ; and—though he discountenanced ritual, and declared himself, even when on the threshold of Nirvana, to be only what all other men might become—the love and gratitude of Asia, disobeying his mandate, have given him fervent

worship. Forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrines, and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula, "I take refuge in Buddha!"

The Buddha of this poem—if, as need not be doubted, he really existed—was born on the borders of Nepaul, about 620 B.C., and died about 543 B.C. at Kusinagara in Oudh. In point of age, therefore, most other creeds are youthful compared with this venerable religion, which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom. The extravagances which disfigure the record and practice of Buddhism are to be referred to that inevitable degradation which priesthoods always inflict upon great ideas committed to their charge. The power and sublimity of Gautama's original doctrines should be estimated by their influence, not by their interpreters; nor by that innocent but lazy and ceremonious church which has arisen on the foundations of the Buddhistic Brotherhood or "Sangha."

I have put my poem into a Buddhist's mouth, because, to appreciate the spirit of Asiatic thoughts, they should be regarded from the Oriental point of view; and neither the miracles which consecrate this record, nor the philosophy which it embodies, could have been otherwise so naturally reproduced. The doctrine of Transmigration, for instance—startling to modern minds—was established and thoroughly accepted by the Hindus of Buddha's time; that period when Jerusalem was being taken by Nebuchadnezzar, when Nineveh was falling to the Medes, and Marseilles was founded by the Phocæans. The exposi-

tion here offered of so antique a system is of necessity incomplete, and—in obedience to the laws of poetic art—passes rapidly by many matters philosophically most important, as well as over the long ministry of Gautama. But my purpose has been obtained if any just conception be here conveyed of the lofty character of this noble prince, and of the general purport of his doctrines. As to these there has arisen prodigious controversy among the erudite, who will be aware that I have taken the imperfect Buddhistic citations much as they stand in Spence Hardy's work, and have also modified more than one passage in the received narratives. The views, however, here indicated of "Nirvana," "Dharma," "Karma," and the other chief features of Buddhism, are at least the fruits of considerable study, and also of a firm conviction that a third of mankind would never have been brought to believe in blank abstractions, or in Nothingness as the issue and crown of Being.

Finally, in reverence to the illustrious Promulgator of this "Light of Asia," and in homage to the many eminent scholars who have devoted noble labors to his memory, for which both repose and ability are wanting to me, I beg that the shortcomings of my too hurried study may be forgiven. It has been composed in the brief intervals of days without leisure, but is inspired by an abiding desire to aid in the better mutual knowledge of East and West. The time may come, I hope, when this book and my "Indian Song of Songs" will preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

LONDON, *July*, 1879.



# THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

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## Book the First.

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*The Scripture of the Saviour of the World,  
Lord Buddha<sup>1</sup>—Prince Siddârtha<sup>2</sup> styled on earth—  
In Earth and Heavens and Hells Incomparable,  
All-honored, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful ;  
The Teacher of Nirvâna and the Law.*

Thus came he to be born again for men.

Below the highest sphere four Regents sit<sup>3</sup>  
Who rule our world, and under them are zones  
Nearer, but high, where saintliest spirits dead  
Wait thrice ten thousand years,<sup>4</sup> then live again ;  
And on Lord Buddha, waiting in that sky,  
Came for our sakes the five sure signs of birth<sup>5</sup>  
So that the Devas<sup>6</sup> knew the signs, and said  
“ Buddha will go again to help the World.”  
“ Yea ! ” spake He, “ now I go to help the World

This last of many times ; for birth and death  
 End hence for me and those who learn my Law.  
 I will go down among the Sákyas,<sup>7</sup>  
 Under the southward snows of Himalay,  
 Where pious people live and a just King."

That night the wife of King Suddhôdana,<sup>8</sup>  
 Maya the Queen,<sup>9</sup> asleep beside her Lord,  
 Dreamed a strange dream ; dreamed that a star from  
 heaven—  
 Splendid, six-rayed, in color rosy-pearl,  
 Whereof the token was an Elephant<sup>10</sup>  
 Six-tusked and whiter than Vahuka's<sup>11</sup> milk—  
 Shot through the void and, shining into her,  
 Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,  
 Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast,  
 And over half the earth a lovely light  
 Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook ; the waves  
 Sank lulled ; all flowers that blow by day came forth  
 As 'twere high noon ; down to the farthest hells  
 Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills  
 Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps  
 A tender whisper pierced.<sup>12</sup> "Oh ye," it said,  
 "The dead that are to live, the live who die,  
 Uprise, and hear, and hope ! Buddha is come !"  
 Whereat in Limbos numberless much peace  
 Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind blew  
 With unknown freshness over lands and seas.  
 And when the morning dawned, and this was told,  
 The gray dream-readers<sup>13</sup> said "The dream is good !  
 The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun ;"<sup>14</sup>

The Queen shall bear a boy, a holy child  
Of wondrous wisdom, profiting all flesh,  
Who shall deliver men from ignorance,  
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule."

In this wise was the holy Buddha born.

Queen Maya stood at noon, her days fulfilled,  
Under a Palsa<sup>16</sup> in the Palace-grounds,  
A stately trunk, straight as a temple-shaft,  
With crown of glossy leaves and fragrant blooms :  
And, knowing the time come—for all things knew—  
The conscious tree bent down its boughs to make  
A bower about Queen Maya's majesty,  
And Earth put forth a thousand sudden flowers  
To spread a couch, while, ready for the bath,  
The rock hard by gave out a limpid stream  
Of crystal flow. So brought she forth her child  
Pangless—he having on his perfect form  
The marks, thirty and two, of blessed birth ;  
Of which the great news to the Palace came.  
But when they brought the painted palanquin<sup>16</sup>  
To fetch him home, the bearers of the poles  
Were the four Regents of the Earth, come down  
From Mount Sumeru<sup>17</sup>—they who write men's deeds  
On brazen plates—the Angel of the East,  
Whose hosts are clad in silver robes, and bear  
Targets of pearl : the Angel of the South,  
Whose horsemen, the Kumbhandas,<sup>18</sup> ride blue steeds,  
With sapphire shields : the Angel of the West,  
By Nágas followed, riding steeds blood-red,

With coral shields : the Angel of the North,  
 Environed by his Yakshas,<sup>19</sup> all in gold,  
 On yellow horses, bearing shields of gold.  
 These, with their pomp invisible, came down  
 And took the poles, in caste and outward garb  
 Like bearers, yet most mighty gods ; and gods  
 Walked free with men that day, though men knew not .  
 For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake,<sup>20</sup>  
 Knowing Lord Buddha thus was come again.

But King Suddhôdana wist not of this ;

The portents troubled, till his dream-readers  
 Augured a Prince of earthly dominance,  
 A Chakravartin,<sup>21</sup> such as rise to rule  
 Once in each thousand years ; seven gifts he has—  
 The Chakra-ratna,<sup>22</sup> disc divine ; the gem ;  
 The horse, the Aswa-ratna,<sup>23</sup> that proud steed  
 Which tramps the clouds ; a snow-white elephant,  
 The Hasti-ratna,<sup>24</sup> born to bear his King ;  
 The crafty Minister, the General  
 Unconquered, and the wife of peerless grace,  
 The Istri-ratna,<sup>25</sup> lovelier than the Dawn.  
 For which gifts looking with this wondrous boy,  
 The King gave order that his town should keep  
 High festival ; therefore the ways were swept,<sup>26</sup>  
 Rose-odors sprinkled in the street, the trees  
 Were hung with lamps and flags,<sup>27</sup> while merry crowds  
 Gaped on the sword-players<sup>28</sup> and posturers,  
 The jugglers,<sup>29</sup> charmers, swingers, rope-walkers,  
 The nautch-girls in their spangled skirts and bells<sup>30</sup>



That chime light laughter round their restless feet ;  
 The masquers wrapped in skins of bear and deer.  
 The tiger-tamers, wrestlers, quail-fighters,  
 Beaters of drum and twanglers of the wire,  
 Who made the people happy by command.  
 Moreover from afar came merchant-men,  
 Bringing, on tidings of this birth, rich gifts  
 In golden trays ;<sup>31</sup> goat-shawls,<sup>32</sup> and nard<sup>33</sup> and jade,  
 Turkises,<sup>34</sup> "evening sky" tint, woven webs—  
 So fine twelve folds hide not a modest face—  
 Waist-cloths sewn thick with pearls, and sandal-wood ;  
 Homage from tribute cities ; so they called  
 Their Prince Savârthasiddh, "All-Prospering,"  
 Briefer, Siddârtha.

'Mongst the strangers came  
 A gray-haired saint, Asita,<sup>35</sup> one whose ears,  
 Long closed to earthly things, caught heavenly sounds,  
 And heard at prayer beneath his peepul-tree  
 The Devas singing songs at Buddha's birth.  
 Wondrous in lore he was by age and fasts ;  
 Him, drawing nigh, seeming so reverend,  
 The King saluted, and Queen Maya made  
 To lay her babe before such holy feet ;  
 But when he saw the Prince the old man cried  
 "Ah, Queen, not so !" and thereupon he touched  
 Eight times the dust,<sup>36</sup> laid his waste visage there,  
 Saying, "O Babe ! I worship ! Thou art He !  
 I see the rosy light,<sup>37</sup> the foot-sole marks,<sup>38</sup>  
 The soft-curled tendril of the Swastika,<sup>39</sup>  
 The sacred primal signs thirty and two,  
 The eighty lesser tokens.<sup>40</sup> Thou art Buddh,

And thou wilt preach the Law and save all flesh  
 Who learn the Law, though I shall never hear,  
 Dying too soon, who lately longed to die ;  
 Howbeit I have seen Thee. Know, O King !  
 This is that Blossom on our human tree  
 Which opens once in many myriad years<sup>41</sup>—  
 But opened, fills the world with Wisdom's scent  
 And Love's dropped honey ; from thy royal root  
 A Heavenly Lotus springs : Ah, happy House !  
 Yet not all-happy, for a sword must pierce  
 Thy bowels for this boy<sup>42</sup>—whilst thou, sweet Queen !  
 Dear to all gods and men for this great birth,  
 Henceforth art grown too sacred for more woe,  
 And life is woe, therefore in seven days  
 Painless thou shalt attain the close of pain.”<sup>43</sup>

Which fell : for on the seventh evening  
 Queen Maya smiling slept, and waked no more,  
 Passing content to Tráyastrinshas-Heaven,<sup>44</sup>  
 Where countless Devas worship her and wait  
 Attendant on that radiant Motherhead.  
 But for the Babe they found a foster-nurse,  
 Princess Maháprajāpati<sup>45</sup>—her breast  
 Nourished with noble milk the lips of Him  
 Whose lips comfort the Worlds.

When th' eighth year passed<sup>46</sup>  
 The careful King bethought to teach his son  
 All that a Prince should learn, for still he shunned  
 The too vast presage of those miracles,  
 The glories and the sufferings of a Buddh.  
 So, in full council of his Ministers,

"Who is the wisest man, great sirs," he asked,  
 "To teach my Prince that which a Prince should know?"  
 Whereto gave answer each with instant voice  
 "King! Viswamitra<sup>47</sup> is the wisest one,  
 The farthest-seen in Scriptures, and the best  
 In learning, and the manual arts, and all."  
 Thus Viswamitra came and heard commands;  
 And, on a day found fortunate, the Prince  
 Took up his slate of ox-red sandal-wood,  
 All-beautified by gems around the rim,  
 And sprinkled smooth with dust of emery,  
 These took he, and his writing-stick, and stood  
 With eyes bent down before the Sage, who said,  
 "Child, write this Scripture," speaking slow the verse  
 "*Gdyatri*"<sup>48</sup> named, which only High-born hear:—

*Om, tatsaviturvarenyam  
 Bhargo devasya dhīmahi  
 Dhiyo yo na prachodayāt.*

"Acharya,<sup>49</sup> I write," meekly replied  
 The Prince, and quickly on the dust he drew—  
 Not in one script, but many characters—  
 The sacred verse; Nagri<sup>50</sup> and Dakshin,<sup>51</sup> Ni,<sup>52</sup>  
 Mangal,<sup>53</sup> Parusha,<sup>54</sup> Yava,<sup>55</sup> Tirthi,<sup>56</sup> Uk,<sup>57</sup>  
 Darad,<sup>58</sup> Sikhyani,<sup>59</sup> Mana,<sup>60</sup> Madhyachar,<sup>61</sup>  
 The pictured writings and the speech of signs,  
 Tokens of cave-men and the sea-peoples,  
 Of those who worship snakes beneath the earth,  
 And those who flame adore and the sun's orb,<sup>62</sup>  
 The Magians and the dwellers on the mounds;  
 Of all the nations all strange scripts he traced  
 One after other with his writing-stick,

Reading the master's verse in every tongue ;  
 And Viswamitra said, "It is enough,  
 Let us to numbers.

After me repeat

Your numeration till we reach the Lakh.<sup>63</sup>  
 One, two, three, four, to ten, and then by tens  
 To hundreds, thousands." After him the child  
 Named digits, decads, centuries ; nor paused,  
 The round lakh reached, but softly murmured on  
 "Then comes the kóti, nahut, ninnahut,  
 Khamba, viskhamba, abab, attata,  
 To kumuds, gundhikas, and utpalas,  
 By pundaríkas unto padumas,  
 Which last is how you count the utmost grains  
 Of Hastagiri ground to finest dust ;  
 But beyond that a numeration is,  
 The Kátha, used to count the stars of night ;  
 The Kóti-Kátha, for the ocean drops ;  
 Ingga, the caculus of circulars ;  
 Sarvanikchepa, by the which you deal  
 With all the sands of Gunga, till we come  
 To Antah-Kalpas,<sup>64</sup> where the unit is  
 The sands of ten crore<sup>65</sup> Gungas. If one seeks  
 More comprehensive scale, th' arithmic mounts  
 By the Asankya, which is the tale  
 Of all the drops that in ten thousand years  
 Would fall on all the worlds by daily rain ;  
 Thence unto Maha Kalpas, by the which  
 The Gods compute their future and their past."

"'Tis good," the Sage rejoined, "Most noble Prince.  
 If these thou know'st, needs it that I should teach

The mensuration of the lineal ? ”

Humbly the boy replied, “ Acharya ! ”

“ Be pleased to hear me. Paramánu<sup>66</sup> ten

A parasukshma<sup>67</sup> make ; ten of those build

The trasarene,<sup>68</sup> and seven trasarenes

One mote's-length floating in the beam, seven motes

The whisker-point of mouse, and ten of these

One likhya ;<sup>69</sup> likhyas ten a yuka, ten

Yukas<sup>70</sup> a heart of barley, which is held

Seven times a wasp-waist ; so unto the grain

Of mung<sup>71</sup> and mustard and the barley-corn,

Whereof ten give the finger-joint, twelve joints

The span, wherefrom we reach the cubit, staff,

Bow-length, lance-length ; while twenty lengths of lance

Mete what is named a ‘ breath,’<sup>72</sup> which is to say

Such space as man may stride with lungs once filled,

Whereof a gow<sup>73</sup> is forty, four times that

A yójana ;<sup>74</sup> and, Master ! if it please,

I shall recite how many sun-motes lie

From end to end within a yójana.”

Thereat, with instant skill, the little Prince

Pronounced the total of the atoms true.

But Viswamitra heard it on his face

Prostrate before the boy ; “ For thou,” he cried,

“ Art Teacher of thy teachers—thou, not I,

Art Gúru.”<sup>75</sup> Oh, I worship thee, sweet Prince !

That comest to my school only to show

Thou knowest all without the books, and know'st

Fair reverence besides.”

Which reverence

Lord Buddha kept to all his schoolmasters,

Albeit beyond their learning taught ; in speech  
Right gentle, yet so wise ; princely of mien,  
Yet softly-mannered ; modest, deferent,  
And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood ;  
No bolder horseman in the youthful band  
E'er rode in gay chase of the shy gazelles ;  
No keener driver of the chariot  
In mimic contest scoured the Palace-courts ;  
Yet in mid-play the boy would ofttimes pause,  
Letting the deer pass free ; would ofttimes yield  
His half-won race because the laboring steeds  
Fetched painful breath ; or if his princely mates  
Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream  
Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years  
Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,  
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves  
To spread its shade afar ; but hardly yet  
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,  
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,  
Nor ever to be felt. But it befell  
In the Royal garden on a day of spring,  
A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging north  
To their nest-places on Himála's breast.  
Calling in love-notes down their snowy line  
The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted ;  
And Devadatta,<sup>78</sup> cousin of the Prince,  
Pointed his bow, and loosed a willful shaft  
Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan  
Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road,  
So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,  
Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes.

Which seeing, Prince Siddârtha took the bird  
Tenderly up, rested it in his lap—  
Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Buddha sits—  
And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,  
Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,  
Caressed it into peace with light kind palms  
As soft as plantain-leaves an hour unrolled ;  
And while the left hand held, the right hand drew  
The cruel steel forth from the wound and laid  
Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.  
Yet all so little knew the boy of pain  
That curiously into his wrist he pressed  
The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting,  
And turned with tears to soothe his bird again. \*

Then some one came who said, " My Prince hath shot  
A swan, which fell among the roses here,  
He bids me pray you send it. Will you send ? "  
" Nay," quoth Siddârtha, " if the bird were dead  
To send it to the slayer might be well,  
But the swan lives ; my cousin hath but killed  
The god-like speed which throbbed in this white wing."  
And Devadatta answered, " The wild thing,  
Living or dead, is his who fetched it down ;  
'Twas no man's in the clouds, but fall'n 'tis mine,  
Give me my prize, fair Cousin." Then our Lord  
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek  
And gravely spake, " Say no ! the bird is mine,  
The first of myriad things which shall be mine  
By right of mercy and love's lordliness. ,  
For now I know, by what within me stirs,  
That I shall teach compassion unto men

And be a speechless world's interpreter,  
Abating this accursed flood of woe,  
Not man's alone ; but, if the Prince disputes,  
Let him submit this matter to the wise  
And we will wait their word." So was it done ;  
In full divan " the business had debate,  
And many thought this thing and many that,  
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,  
" If life be aught, the savior of a life  
Owns more the living thing than he can own  
Who sought to slay—the slayer spoils and wastes,  
The cherisher sustains, give him the bird : "  
Which judgment all found just ; but when the King  
Sought out the sage for honor, he was gone ;  
And some one saw a hooded snake <sup>78</sup> glide forth,—  
The gods come oft-times thus ! So our Lord Buddh  
Began his works of mercy.

Yet not more  
Knew he as yet of grief than that one bird's,  
Which, being healed, went joyous to its kind.  
But on another day the King said, " Come,  
Sweet son ! and see the pleasure of the spring,  
And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield  
Its riches to the reaper ; how my realm—  
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me <sup>79</sup>—  
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the King's chest filled.  
Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,  
Green grass, and cries of plough-time." So they rode  
Into a land of wells and gardens, where,  
All up and down the rich red loam, the steers  
Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke



Dragging the ploughs ; the fat soil rose and rolled  
In smooth dark waves back from the plough ; who drove  
Planted both feet upon the leaping share  
To make the furrow deep ; among the palms  
The tinkle of the rippling water rang,  
And where it ran the glad earth 'broidered it  
With balsams and the spears of lemon-grass.  
Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow ;  
And all the jungle laughed with nesting-songs,  
And all the thickets rustled with small life  
Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things  
Pleased at the spring-time. In the mango-sprays<sup>80</sup>  
The sun-birds<sup>81</sup> flashed ; alone at his green forge  
Toiled the loud coppersmith ; bee-eaters hawked  
Chasing the purple butterflies ; beneath,  
Striped squirrels raced, the mynas<sup>82</sup> perked and picked,  
The nine brown sisters chattered in the thorn,  
The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,  
The egrets<sup>83</sup> stalked among the buffaloes,  
The kites sailed circles in the golden air ;  
About the painted temple peacocks flew,<sup>84</sup>  
The blue doves cooed from every well, far off<sup>85</sup>  
The village drums<sup>86</sup> beat for some marriage-feast ;  
All things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince  
Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, he saw  
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life : -  
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,  
Toiling for leave to live ; and how he urged  
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,  
Goading their velvet flanks : then marked he, too,  
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,

And kite on both ; and how the fish-hawk robbed  
The fish-tiger of that which it had seized ;  
The shrike chasing the bulbul,<sup>87</sup> which did chase  
The jeweled butterflies ; till everywhere  
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,  
Life living upon death. So the fair show  
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy  
Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,  
Who himself kills his fellow ; seeing which—  
The hungry ploughman and his laboring kine,  
Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke,  
The rage to live which makes all living strife—  
The Prince Siddârtha sighed. "Is this," he said,  
"That happy earth they brought me forth to see ?  
How salt with sweat the peasant's bread ! how hard  
The oxen's service ! in the brake how fierce  
The war of weak and strong ! i' th' air what plots !  
No refuge e'en in water. Go aside  
A space, and let me muse on what ye show."  
So saying, the good Lord Buddha seated him  
Under a jambu-tree,<sup>88</sup> with ankles crossed—  
As holy statues sit—and first began  
To meditate this deep disease of life,  
What its far source and whence its remedy.  
So vast a pity filled him, such wide love  
For living things, such passion to heal pain,  
That by their stress his princely spirit passed  
To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint  
Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat  
Dhyána,<sup>89</sup> first step of "the path."

There flew

High overhead that hour five holy ones,  
Whose free wings faltered as they passed the tree.  
"What power superior draws us from our flight?"  
They asked, for spirits feel all force divine,  
And know the sacred presence of the pure.  
Then, looking downward, they beheld the Buddh  
Crowned with a rose-hued aureole, intent  
On thoughts to save; while from the grove a voice  
Cried, "Rishis!<sup>10</sup> this is He shall help the world,  
Descend and worship." So the Bright Ones came  
And sang a song of praise, folding their wings,  
Then journeyed on, taking good news to Gods.

But certain from the King seeking the Prince  
Found him still musing, though the noon was past,  
And the sun hastened to the western hills:  
Yet, while all shadows moved, the jambu-tree's  
Stayed in one quarter, overspreading him,  
Lest the sloped rays should strike that sacred head;  
And he who saw this sight heard a voice say,  
Amid the blossoms of the rose-apple,  
"Let be the King's son! till the shadow goes  
Forth from his heart my shadow will not shift."

## Book the Second.

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Now, when our Lord was come to eighteen years,  
The King commanded that there should be built  
Three stately houses, one of hewn square beams  
With cedar lining, warm for winter days ;  
One of veined marbles, cool for summer heat ;  
And one of burned bricks, with blue tiles bedecked,  
Pleasant at seed-time, when the champaks<sup>1</sup> bud—  
Subha,<sup>2</sup> Suramma,<sup>3</sup> Ramma,<sup>4</sup> were their names.  
Delicious gardens round about them bloomed,  
Streams wandered wild and musky thickets stretched,  
With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn  
In midst of which Siddârtha strayed at will,  
Some new delight provided every hour ;  
And happy hours he knew, for life was rich,  
With youthful blood at quickest ; yet still came  
The shadows of his meditation back,  
As the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds.

Which the King marking, called his Ministers :  
“ Bethink ye, sirs ! how the old Rishi spake,”  
He said, “ and what my dream-readers foretold.  
This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's blood,

Shall be of universal dominance,  
Trampling the neck of all his enemies,  
A King of kings—and this is in my heart ;—  
Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path  
Of self-denial and of pious pains,  
Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost  
Worth keeping ; and to this his wistful eyes  
Do still incline amid my palaces.  
But ye are sage, and ye will counsel me ;  
How may his feet be turned to that proud road  
Where they should walk, and all fair signs come true  
Which gave him Earth to rule, if he would rule ? ”

The eldest answered, “ Maharaja !<sup>s</sup> love  
Will cure these thin distempers ; weave the spell  
Of woman’s wiles about his idle heart.  
What knows this noble boy of beauty yet,  
Eyes that make heaven forgot, and lips of balm ?  
Find him soft wives and pretty playfellows ;  
The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains  
A girl’s hair lightly binds.”

And all thought good,  
But the King answered, “ If we seek him wives,  
Love chooseth oft-times with another eye ;  
And if we bid range Beauty’s garden round,  
To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile  
And sweetly shun the joy he knows not of.”  
Then said another, “ Roams the barasingh<sup>d</sup>  
Until the fated arrow flies ; for him,  
As for less lordly spirits, some one charms,  
Some face will seem a Paradise, some form  
Fairer than pale Dawn when she wakes the world.

This do, my King ! Command a festival  
Where the realm's maids shall be competitors  
In youth and grace,<sup>1</sup> and sports that Sákyas use.  
Let the Prince give the prizes to the fair,  
And, when the lovely victors pass his seat,  
There shall be those who mark if one or two  
Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek ;  
So we may choose for Love with Love's own eyes,  
And cheat his Highness into happiness."  
This thing seemed good ; wherefore upon a day  
The criers bade the young and beautiful  
Pass to the palace, for 'twas in command  
To hold a court of pleasure, and the Prince  
Would give the prizes, something rich for all,  
The richest for the fairest judged. So flocked  
Kapilavastu's<sup>8</sup> maidens to the gate,  
Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,  
Eyelashes lusted with the soorma-stick,<sup>9</sup>  
Fresh-bathed and scented ; all in shawls and cloths  
Of gayest ; slender hands and feet new-stained  
With crimson,<sup>10</sup> and the tilka-spots<sup>11</sup> stamped bright.  
Fair show it was of all those Indian girls  
Slow-pacing past the throne with large black eyes  
Fixed on the ground, for when they saw the Prince  
More than the awe of Majesty made beat  
Their fluttering hearts, he sate so passionless,  
Gentle, but so beyond them. Each maid took  
With down-dropped lids her gift, afraid to gaze ;  
And if the people hailed some lovelier one  
Beyond her rivals worthy royal smiles,  
She stood like a scared antelope to touch

The gracious hand, then fled to join her mates  
 Trembling at favor, so divine he seemed,  
 So high and saint-like and above her world.  
 Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,  
 The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march  
 Was ending and the prizes spent, when last  
 Came young Yasódhara,<sup>12</sup> and they that stood  
 Nearest Siddârtha saw the princely boy  
 Start, as the radiant girl approached. A form  
 Of heavenly mold ; a gait like Parvati's ;<sup>13</sup>  
 Eyes like a hind's in love-time, face so fair  
 Words cannot paint its spell ; and she alone  
 Gazed full—folding her palms across her breasts—  
 On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.  
 'Is there a gift for me ?' she asked, and smiled.  
 'The gifts are gone,' the Prince replied, "yet take  
 This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace  
 Our happy city boasts ;" therewith he loosed  
 The emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped  
 Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist ;  
 And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.

Long after—when enlightenment was full—  
 Lord Buddha—being prayed why thus his heart  
 Took fire at first glance of the Sákya girl,  
 Answered, "We were not strangers, as to us  
 And all it seemed ; in ages long gone by  
 A hunter's son, playing with forest girls  
 By Yamun's<sup>14</sup> springs, where Nandadevi<sup>15</sup> stands,  
 Sate umpire while they raced beneath the firs  
 Like hares at eve that run their playful rings ;

One with flower-stars crowned he, one with long plumes  
Plucked from eyed pheasant and the jungle-cock,  
One with fir-apples ; but who ran the last  
Came first for him, and unto her the boy  
Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.  
And in the wood they lived many glad years,  
And in the wood they undivided died.  
Lo ! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,  
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates  
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again  
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.  
Thus I was he and she Yasôdhara ;  
And while the wheel of birth and death turns round,  
That which hath been must be between us two."

But they who watched the Prince at prize-giving  
Saw and heard all, and told the careful King  
How sate Siddârtha heedless, till there passed  
Great Suprabuddha's child, Yasôdhara ;  
And how—at sudden sight of her—he changed,  
And how she gazed on him and he on her,  
And of the jewel-gift, and what beside  
Passed in their speaking glance.

The fond King smiled :

" Look ! we have found a lure ; take counsel now  
To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds.  
Let messengers be sent to ask the maid  
In marriage for my son." But it was law  
With Sâkyas, when any asked a maid  
Of noble house, fair and desirable,  
He must make good his skill in martial arts



Against all suitors who should challenge it ;  
Nor might this custom break itself for kings.  
Therefore her father spake : " Say to the King,  
The child is sought by princes far and near ;  
If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,  
Sway sword, and back a horse better than they,  
Best would he be in all and best to us :  
But how shall this be, with his cloistered ways ? "  
Then the King's heart was sore, for now the Prince  
Begged sweet Yasódhara for wife—in vain,  
With Devadatta foremost at the bow,  
Ardjuna" master of all fiery steeds,  
And Nanda" chief in sword-play ; but the Prince  
Laughed low and said, " These things, too, I have learned  
Make proclamation that thy son will meet  
All comers at their chosen games. I think  
I shall not lose my love for such as these."  
So 'twas given forth that on the seventh day  
The Prince Siddártha summoned whoso would  
To match with him in feats of manliness,  
The victor's crown to be Yasódhara.

Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went  
The Sákya lords and town and country round  
Unto the maidán ;<sup>18</sup> and the maid went too  
Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,  
With music,<sup>19</sup> and with litters gayly dight,  
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned.<sup>20</sup>  
Whom Devadatta claimed, of royal line,  
And Nanda and Ardjuna, noble both,  
The flower of all youths there, till the Prince came

Riding his white horse Kantaka, which neighed,  
Astonished at this great strange world without :  
Also Siddârtha gazed with wondering eyes  
On all those people born beneath the throne,  
Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,  
And yet so like—perchance—in joys and griefs.  
But when the Prince saw sweet Yasódhara,  
Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein,  
Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back,  
And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl  
Who is not worthiest ; let my rivals prove  
If I have dared too much in seeking her."  
Then Nanda challenged for the arrow-test  
And set a brazen drum six gows away,  
Ardjuna six and Devadatta eight ;  
But Prince Siddârtha bade them set his drum  
Ten gows<sup>21</sup> from off the line, until it seemed  
A cowry-shell<sup>22</sup> for target. Then they loosed,  
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,  
And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft  
Through both sides of his mark, so that the crowd  
Marveled and cried ; and sweet Yasódhara  
Dropped the gold sari<sup>23</sup> o'er her fearful eyes,  
Lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.  
But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane,  
With sinews bound, and strong with silver wire,  
Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,  
Thrummed it—low laughing—drew the twisted string  
Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped :  
"That is for play, not love," he said ; "hath none  
A bow more fit for Sákya lords to use ?"

And one said, "There is Sinhahánu's bow,"<sup>34</sup>  
Kept in the temple since we know not when,  
Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."  
"Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"  
They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel  
Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves  
Like bison-horns; and twice Siddârtha tried  
Its strength across his knee, then spake—"Shoot now  
With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring  
The stubborn arms a hand's-breadth nigher use;  
Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,<sup>35</sup>  
Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged  
Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing  
Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud  
That feeble folk at home that day inquired  
"What is this sound?" and people answered them,  
"It is the sound of Sinhahánu's bow,  
Which the King's son has strung and goes to shoot;"  
Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,  
And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave  
Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed its flight  
But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.

Then Devadatta challenged with the sword,  
And clove a Talas-tree<sup>36</sup> six fingers thick;  
Ardjuna seven; and Nanda cut through nine;  
But two such stems together grew, and both  
Siddârtha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,  
Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood,  
And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid  
Trembled anew seeing the trees erect,

Until the Devas of the air, who watched,  
 Blew light breaths from the south, and both green crowns  
 Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.

Then brought they steeds  
 High-mettled, nobly-bred, and three times scoured  
 Around the maidán, but white Kantaka  
 Left even the fleetest far behind—so swift,  
 That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth  
 Twenty spear-lengths he flew ; but Nanda said,  
 "We too might win with such as Kantaka ;  
 Bring an unbroken horse, and let men see  
 Who best can back him." So the syces<sup>28</sup> brought  
 A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,  
 Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,  
 Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet  
 Had crossed him. Three times each young Sákya  
 Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed  
 Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain  
 In dust and shame ; only Ardjuna held  
 His seat awhile, and, bidding loose the chains,  
 Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held  
 The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-hand,  
 So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear  
 The savage stallion circled once the plain  
 Half-tamed ; but sudden turned with naked teeth,  
 Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,  
 And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in  
 Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,  
 "Let not Siddártha meddle with this Bhút,"<sup>29</sup>  
 Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood  
 Red flame ;" but the Prince said, "Let go the chains,

Give me his forelock only," which he held  
With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,  
Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,  
And drew it gently down the angry face,  
And all along the neck and panting flanks,  
Till men astonished saw the night-black horse  
Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,  
As though he knew our Lord and worshiped him.  
Nor stirred he while Siddârtha mounted, then  
Went soberly to touch of knee and rein  
Before all eyes, so that the people said,  
"Strive no more, for Siddârtha is the best."

And all the suitors answered "He is best!"  
And Suprabuddha, father of the maid,  
Said, "It was in our hearts to find thee best,  
Being dearest, yet what magic taught thee more  
Of manhood 'mid thy rose-bowers and thy dreams  
Than war and chase and world's work bring to these?  
But wear, fair Prince, the treasure thou hast won."  
Then at a word the lovely Indian girl  
Rose from her place above the throng, and took  
A crown of mógra-flowers<sup>30</sup> and lightly drew  
The veil of black and gold across her brow,  
Proud pacing past the youths, until she came  
To where Siddârtha stood in grace divine,  
New lighted from the night-dark steed, which bent  
Its strong neck meekly underneath his arm.  
Before the Prince lowly she bowed, and bared  
Her face celestial beaming with glad love;  
Then on his neck she hung the fragrant wreath,

And on his breast she laid her perfect head,  
And stooped to touch his feet with proud glad eyes,  
Saying, "Dear Prince, behold me, who am thine!"  
And all the throng rejoiced, seeing them pass  
Hand fast in hand, and heart beating with heart,  
The veil of black and gold drawn close again.

Long after—when enlightenment was come—  
They prayed Lord Buddha touching all, and why  
She wore this black and gold, and stepped so proud.  
And the World-honored answered, "Unto me  
This was unknown, albeit it seemed half known;  
For while the wheel of birth and death turns round,  
Past things and thoughts, and buried lives come back  
I now remember, myriad rains ago,  
What time I roamed Himála's hanging woods,  
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind;  
I, who am Buddh, couched in the kusa grass<sup>31</sup>  
Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds  
Which pastured near and nearer to their death.  
Round my day-lair; or underneath the stars  
I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,  
Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.  
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,  
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,<sup>32</sup>  
A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set  
The males at war; her hide was lit with gold,  
Black-broidered like the veil Yasódhara  
Wore for me; hot the strife waxed in that wood  
With tooth and claw, while underneath a neem<sup>33</sup>  
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.

And I remember, at the end she came  
 Snarling past this and that torn forest-lord  
 Which I had conquered, and with fawning jaws  
 Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went  
 Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.  
 The wheel of birth and death turns low and high."

Therefore the maid was given unto the Prince  
 A willing spoil ; and when the stars were good—  
 Mesha,<sup>34</sup> the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven—  
 The marriage feast was kept, as Sákya use,  
 The golden gadi<sup>35</sup> set, the carpet spread,  
 The wedding garlands hung, the arm-threads tied,<sup>36</sup>  
 The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown,<sup>37</sup>  
 The two straws floated on the reddened milk,  
 Which, coming close, betokened "love till death ;"  
 The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,  
 The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms  
 And temple offerings made, the mantras<sup>38</sup> sung,  
 The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.  
 Then the gray father spake : "Worshipful Prince,  
 She that was ours henceforth is only thine ;  
 Be good to her, who hath her life in thee."  
 Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasódhara,  
 With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,  
 And love was all in all.

Yet not to love  
 Alone trusted the King ; love's prison-house  
 Stately and beautiful he bade them build,  
 So that in all the earth no marvel was  
 Like Vishramvan, the Prince's pleasure-place,

Midway in those wide palace-grounds there rose  
A verdant hill whose base Rohini<sup>39</sup> bathed,  
Murmuring adown from Hímalay's broad feet,  
To bear its tribute into Gunga's<sup>40</sup> waves.  
Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sál,<sup>41</sup>  
Thick set with pale sky-colored ganthi flowers,<sup>42</sup>  
Shut out the world, save if the city's hum  
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees  
Hum out of sight in thickets. Northwards soared  
The stainless ramps of huge Hímála's wall,<sup>43</sup>  
Ranged in white ranks against the blue--untrod,  
Infinite, wonderful--whose uplands vast,  
And lifted universe of crest and crag,  
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,  
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice  
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until  
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.  
Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp laced  
With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds :  
Lower grew rosé-oaks and the great fir groves  
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,  
Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream  
Of circling eagles : under these the plain  
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot  
Of those divinest altars. Fronting this  
The builders set the bright pavilion up,  
Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers  
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.  
Its beams were carved with stories of old time—  
Radha and Krishna and the sylvan girls—<sup>44</sup>  
Sita<sup>45</sup> and Hanuman and Draupadi ;<sup>46</sup>



And on the middle porch God Ganesha,  
With disc and hook—to bring wisdom and wealth—  
Propitious sate, wreathing his sidelong trunk.<sup>47</sup>  
By winding ways of garden and of court  
The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,  
White with pink veins ; the lintel lazuli,  
The threshold alabaster, and the doors  
Sandal-wood, cut in pictured paneling ;  
Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers  
Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,  
Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs  
And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed  
With lotus and nelumbo<sup>48</sup>—danced, and fish  
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue.  
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed  
The blown red roses ; birds of rainbow wing  
Fluttered among the palms ; doves, green and gray,  
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices ;  
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew  
The splendors of their trains, sedately watched  
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.  
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit ;  
The yellow sun-birds whirled from bloom to bloom,  
The timid lizards on the lattice basked  
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand,  
For all was peace : the shy black snake, that gives  
Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils  
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,  
And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.  
And all this house of love was peopled fair  
With sweet attendance, so that in each part

With lovely sights were gentle faces found,  
Soft speech and willing service, each one glad  
To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey ;  
Till life glided beguiled, like a smooth stream  
Banked by perpetual flow'rs, Yasòdhara  
Queen of the enchanting Court.

But innermost,  
Beyond the richness of those hundred halls,  
A secret chamber lurked, where skill had spent  
All lovely fantasies to lull the mind.  
The entrance of it was a cloistered square—  
Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank—  
Of milky marble built, and laid with slabs  
Of milk-white marble ; bordered round the tank  
And on the steps, and all along the frieze  
With tender inlaid work of agate-stones.  
Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows  
It was to loiter there ; the sunbeams dropped  
Their gold, and, passing into porch and niche,  
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,  
As if the very Day paused and grew Eve  
In love and silence at that bower's gate ;  
For there beyond the gate the chamber was,  
Beautiful, sweet ; a wonder of the world !  
Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fell  
Of nakre<sup>49</sup> and stained stars of lucent film  
On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,  
And heavy splendor of the purdah's<sup>50</sup> fringe,  
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.  
Here, whether it was night or day none knew,  
For always streamed that softened light, more bright

Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's ;  
 And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving  
 Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath ;  
 And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day  
 Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,  
 Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,  
 And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,  
 With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.  
 And night and day served there a chosen band  
 Of nautch girls, cup-bearers, and cymbalers,  
 Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,  
 Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy Prince,  
 And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss  
 With music whispering through the blooms, and charm  
 Of amorous songs and dreamy dances, linked  
 By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms  
 And silver vîna-strings ;<sup>31</sup> while essences  
 Of musk and champak and the blue haze spread  
 From burning spices soothed his soul again  
 To drowse by sweet Yasôdhara ; and thus  
 Siddârtha lived forgetting.

Furthermore,

The King commanded that within those walls  
 No mention should be made of death or age,  
 Sorrow, or pain, or sickness. If one drooped  
 In the lovely Court—her dark glance dim, her feet  
 Faint in the dance—the guiltless criminal  
 Passed forth an exile from that Paradise,  
 Lest he should see and suffer at her woe.  
 Bright-eyed intendants watched to execute  
 Sentence on such as spake of the harsh world

Without, where aches and plagues were, tears and fears,  
And wail of mourners, and grim fume of pyres.  
'Twas treason if a thread of silver strayed  
In tress of singing-girl or nautch-dancer ;  
And every dawn the dying rose was plucked,  
The dead leaves hid, all evil sights removed :  
For said the King, " If he shall pass his youth  
Far from such things as move to wistfulness,  
And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,  
The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,  
May fade, belike, and I shall see him grow  
To that great stature of fair sovereignty"<sup>52</sup>  
When he shall rule all lands—if he will rule—  
The King of kings and glory of his time."

Wherefore, around that pleasant prison-house—  
Where love was jailer and delights its bars,  
But far removed from sight—the King bade build  
A massive wall, and in the wall a gate  
With brazen folding-doors, which but to roll  
Back on their hinges asked a hundred arms ;  
Also the noise of that prodigious gate  
Opening, was heard full half a yojana.  
And inside this another gate he made,  
And yet within another—through the three  
Must one pass if he quit that Pleasure-house.  
Three mighty gates there were, bolted and barred,  
And over each was set a faithful watch ;  
And the King's order said, " Suffer no man  
To pass the gates, though he should be the Prince :  
This on your lives—even though it be my son."

### Book the Third.

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In which calm home of happy life and love  
Ligged our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe,  
Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death,  
Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams,  
And land aweared on the shores of day,  
Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage.  
Thus ofttimes when he lay with gentle head  
Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara,  
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,  
He would start up and cry, "My world ! Oh, world !  
I hear ! I know ! I come !" And she would ask,  
"What ails my Lord ?" with large eyes terror-struck  
For at such times the pity in his look  
Was awful, and his visage like a god's.  
Then would he smile again to stay her tears,  
And bid the vînas sound ; but once they set  
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where the wind  
Could linger o'er its notes and play at will—  
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings—  
And those who lay around heard only that ;  
But Prince Siddârtha heard the Devas play,  
And to his ears they sang such words as these :—

*We are the voices of the wandering wind,  
Which moan for rest and rest can never find ;  
Lo ! as the wind is so is mortal life,  
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.*

*Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,  
Nor where life springs nor whither life doth go ;  
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,  
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain ?*

*What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss ?  
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this ;  
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things  
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.*

*O Mayd's son ! because we roam the earth  
Moan we upon these strings ; we make no mirth,  
So many woes we see in many lands,  
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.*

*Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,  
This life they cling to is but empty show ;  
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,  
Or hold a running river with the hand.*

*But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh !  
The sad world waiteth in its misery,  
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain ;  
Rise, Mayd's child ! wake ! slumber not again !*

*We are the voices of the wandering wind :  
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find ;*

*Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake  
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.*

*So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,  
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things ;  
So say we ; mocking, as we pass away,  
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play. \*

Thereafter it befell he sate at eve  
Amid his beauteous Court, holding the hand  
Of sweet Yasòdhara, and some maid told—  
With breaks of music when her rich voice dropped—  
An ancient tale to speed the hour of dusk,  
Of love, and of a magic horse, and lands  
Wonderful, distant, where pale peoples dwelled,  
And where the sun at night sank into seas.  
Then spake he, sighing, " Chitra' brings me back  
The wind's song in the strings with that fair tale.  
Give her, Yasòdhara, thy pearl for thanks.  
But thou, my pearl ! is there so wide a world ?  
Is there a land which sees the great sun roll  
Into the waves, and are there hearts like ours,  
Countless, unknown, not happy—it may be—  
Whom we might succor if we knew of them ?  
Ofttimes I marvel, as the Lord of day  
Treads from the east his kingly road of gold,  
Who first on the world's edge hath hailed his beam,  
The children of the morning ; oftentimes,  
Even in thine arms and on thy breasts, bright wife,  
Sore have I panted, at the sun's decline,  
To pass with him into that crimson west

And see the peoples of the evening.  
There must be many we should love—how else ?  
Now have I in this hour an ache, at last,  
Thy soft lips cannot kiss away : oh, girl !  
O Chitra ! you that know of fairyland !  
Where tether they that swift steed of the tale ?  
My palace for one day upon his back,  
To ride and ride and see the spread of the earth !  
Nay, if I had yon callow vulture's plumes—  
The carrion heir of wider realms than mine—  
How would I stretch for topmost Himalay,  
Light where the rose-gleam lingers on those snows,  
And strain my gaze with searching what is round !  
Why have I never seen and never sought ?  
Tell me what lies beyond our brazen gates."

Then one replied, "The city first, fair Prince !  
The temples, and the gardens, and the groves,  
And then the fields, and afterwards fresh fields,  
With nullahs,<sup>2</sup> maidáns,<sup>3</sup> jungle, koss on koss ;<sup>4</sup>  
And next King Bímbsára's realm, and then  
The vast flat world, with crores on crores<sup>5</sup> of folk."  
"Good," said Siddârtha, "let the word be sent  
That Channa yoke my chariot—at noon  
To-morrow I shall ride and see beyond."

Whereof they told the King : "Our Lord, thy son,  
Wills that his chariot be yoked at noon,  
That he may ride abroad and see mankind."

"Yea !" spake the careful King, "'tis time he see !



But let the criers go about and bid  
 My city deck itself, so there be met  
 No noisome sight ; and let none blind or maimed,  
 None that is sick or stricken deep in years,  
 No leper, and no feeble folk come forth."  
 Therefore the stones were swept, and up and down  
 The water-carriers sprinkled all the streets  
 From spirting skins,<sup>6</sup> the housewives scattered fresh  
 Red powder on their thresholds, strung new wreaths,  
 And trimmed the tulsî-bush<sup>7</sup> before their doors.  
 The paintings on the walls were heightened up  
 With liberal brush, the trees set thick with flags,  
 The idols gilded ; in the four-went ways  
 Suryadeva<sup>8</sup> and the great gods shone  
 'Mid shrines of leaves ; so that the city seemed  
 A capital of some enchanted land.  
 Also the criers passed, with drum and gong,  
 Proclaiming loudly, " Ho ! all citizens,  
 The King commands that there be seen to-day  
 No evil sight : let no one blind or maimed,  
 None that is sick or stricken deep in years,  
 No leper, and no feeble folk go forth.  
 Let none, too, burn his dead nor bring them out  
 Till nightfall. Thus Suddhâdana commands."

So all was comely and the houses trim  
 Throughout Kapilavastu, while the Prince  
 Came forth in painted car, which two steers drew,<sup>9</sup>  
 Snow-white, with swinging dewlaps and huge humps  
 Wrinkled against the carved and lacquered yoke.  
 Goodly it was to mark the people's joy

Greeting their Prince ; and glad Siddârtha waxed  
At sight of all those liege and friendly folk  
Bright-clad<sup>10</sup> and laughing as if life were good.  
“ Fair is the world,” he said, “ it likes me well !  
And light and kind these men that are not kings,  
And sweet my sisters here, who toil and tend ;  
What have I done for these to make them thus ?  
Why, if I love them, should those children know ?  
I pray take up yon pretty Sákya boy  
Who flung us flowers, and let him ride with me.  
How good it is to reign in realms like this !  
How simple pleasure is, if these be pleased  
Because I come abroad ! How many things  
I need not if such little households hold  
Enough to make our city full of smiles !  
Drive, Channa ! through the gates, and let me see  
More of this gracious world I have not known.”

So passed they through the gates, a joyous crowd  
Thronging about the wheels, whereof some ran  
Before the oxen, throwing wreaths, some stroked  
Their silken flanks, some brought them rice and cakes  
All crying, “ *Jai ! jai !* ” for our noble Prince ! ”  
Thus all the path was kept with gladsome looks  
And filled with fair sights—for the King’s word was  
That such should be—when midway in the road,  
Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,  
Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,  
An old, old man, whose shriveled skin, sun-tanned,  
Clung like a beast’s hide to his fleshless bones.  
Bent was his back with load of many days,

His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,  
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws  
Wagging with palsy and the fright to see  
So many and such joy. One skinny hand  
Clutched a worn staff to prop his quavering limbs,  
And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs  
Whence came in gasps the heavy painful breath.  
"Alms !" moaned he, "give, good people ! for I die  
To-morrow or the next day !" then the cough  
Choked him, but still he stretched his palm, and stood  
Blinking, and groaning 'mid his spasms, "Alms !"  
Then those around had wrenched his feeble feet  
Aside, and thrust him from the road again,  
Saying, "The Prince ! dost see ? get to thy lair !"  
But that Siddârtha cried, "Let be ! let be !  
Channa ! what thing is this who seems a man,  
Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,  
So miserable, so horrible, so sad ?  
Are men born sometimes thus ? What meaneth he  
Moaning 'to-morrow or next day I die ?'  
Finds he no food that so his bones jut forth ?  
What woe hath happened to this piteous one ?"  
Then answer made the charioteer, "Sweet Prince !  
This is no other than an aged man.  
Some fourscore years ago his back was straight,  
His eye bright, and his body goodly : now  
The thievish years have sucked his sap away,  
Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit ;  
His lamp has lost its oil, the wick burns black ;  
What life he keeps is one poor lingering spark  
Which flickers for the finish : such is age ;

Why should your Highness heed?" Then spake the Prince—

"But shall this come to others, or to all,  
Or is it rare that one should be as he?"

"Most noble," answered Channa, "even as he,  
Will all these grow if they shall live so long."

"But," quoth the Prince, "if I shall live as long  
Shall I be thus; and if Yasòdhara

Live fourscore years, is this old age for her,

Jáliní,<sup>12</sup> little Hastá,<sup>13</sup> Gautami,<sup>14</sup>

And Gunga,<sup>15</sup> and the others?" "Yea, great Sir!"

The charioteer replied. Then spake the Prince:

"Turn back, and drive me to my house again!

I have seen that I did not think to see."

Which pondering, to his beauteous Court returned

Wistful Siddártha, sad of mien and mood;

Nor tasted he the white cakes nor the fruits

Spread for the evening feast, nor once looked up

While the best palace-dancers strove to charm:

Nor spake—save one sad thing—when wofully

Yasòdhara sank to his feet and wept,

Sighing, "Hath not my Lord comfort in me?"

"Ah, Sweet!" he said, "such comfort that my soul

Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end,"<sup>16</sup>

And we shall both grow old, Yasòdhara!

Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed.

Nay, though we locked up love and life with lips

So close that night and day our breaths grew one,

Time would thrust in between to filch away

My passion and thy grace, as black Night steals

The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to gray  
And are not seen to fade. This have I found,  
And all my heart is darkened with its dread,  
And all my heart is fixed to think how Love  
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,  
Who makes men old." So through that night he sate  
Sleepless, uncomforted.

And all that night  
The King Suddhōdana dreamed troublous dreams.  
The first fear of his vision was a flag  
Broad, glorious, glistening with a golden sun,  
The mark of Indrá ;<sup>17</sup> but a strong wind blew,  
Rending its folds divine, and dashing it  
Into the dust ; whereat a concourse came  
Of shadowy Ones, who took the spoiled silk up  
And bore it eastward from the city gates.  
The second fear was ten huge elephants,  
With silver tusks and feet that shook the earth,  
Trampling the southern road in mighty march ;  
And he who sate upon the foremost beast  
Was the King's son—the others followed him.  
The third fear of the vision was a car,  
Shining with blinding light, which four steeds drew,  
Snorting white smoke and champing fiery foam ;  
And in the car the Prince Siddārtha sate.  
The fourth fear was a wheel which turned and turned,  
With nave of burning gold and jeweled spokes,  
And strange things written on the binding tire,  
Which seemed both fire and music as it whirled.  
The fifth fear was a mighty drum, set down  
Midway between the city and the hills,

On which the Prince beat with an iron mace,  
So that the sound pealed like a thunder-storm,  
Rolling around the sky and far away.  
The sixth fear was a tower, which rose and rose  
High o'er the city till its stately head  
Shone crowned with clouds, and on the top the Prince  
Stood, scattering from both hands, this way and that,  
Gems of most lovely light, as if it rained  
Jacinths and rubies ; and the whole world came,  
Striving to seize those treasures as they fell  
Towards the four quarters. But the seventh fear was  
A noise of wailing, and behold six men  
Who wept and gnashed their teeth, and laid their palms  
Upon their mouths, walking disconsolate.

These seven fears made the vision of his sleep,  
But none of all his wisest dream-readers  
Could tell their meaning. Then the King was wroth,  
Saying, " There cometh evil to my house,  
And none of ye have wit to help me know  
What the great gods portend sending me this."  
So in the city men went sorrowful  
Because the King had dreamed seven signs of fear  
Which none could read ; but to the gate there came  
An aged man, in robe of deer-skin clad,  
By guise a hermit, known to none ; he cried,  
" Bring me before the King, for I can read  
The vision of his sleep ; " who, when he heard  
The sevenfold mysteries of the midnight dream,  
Bowed reverent and said, " O Maharáj !  
I hail this favored House, whence shall arise

A wider-reaching splendor than the sun's !  
 Lo ! all these seven fears are seven joys,  
 Whereof the first, where thou didst see a flag—  
 Broad, glorious, gilt with Indra's badge—cast down  
 And carried out, did signify the end  
 Of old faiths and beginning of the new,  
 For there is change with gods not less than men,  
 And as the days pass kalpas pass at length.  
 The ten great elephants that shook the earth  
 The ten great gifts of wisdom signify,<sup>18</sup>  
 In strength whereof the Prince shall quit his state  
 And shake the world with passage of the Truth.  
 The four flame-breathing horses of the car  
 Are those four fearless virtues<sup>19</sup> which shall bring  
 Thy son from doubt and gloom to gladsome light ;  
 The wheel that turned with nave of burning gold  
 Was that most precious Wheel of perfect Law,  
 Which he shall turn in sight of all the world.  
 The mighty drum whereon the Prince did beat,  
 Till the sound filled all lands, doth signify  
 The thunder of the preaching of the Word  
 Which he shall preach ; the tower that grew to heaven  
 The growing of the Gospel of this Buddh  
 Sets forth ; and those rare jewels scattered thence  
 The untold treasures are of that good Law  
 To gods and men dear and desirable,  
 Such is the interpretation of the tower ;  
 But for those six men weeping with shut mouths,  
 They are the six chief teachers whom thy son  
 Shall, with bright truth and speech unanswerable,  
 Convince of foolishness. O King ! rejoice ;  
 The fortune of my Lord the Prince is more

Than kingdoms, and his hermit-rags will be  
Beyond fine cloths of gold. This was thy dream !  
And in seven nights and days these things shall fall."  
So spake the holy man, and lowly made  
The eight prostrations, touching thrice the ground ;  
Then turned and passed ; but when the King bade send  
A rich gift after him, the messengers  
Brought word, " We came to where he entered in  
At Chandra's temple,<sup>20</sup> but within was none  
Save a gray owl which fluttered from the shrine."  
The gods come sometimes thus.

But the sad King  
Marveled, and gave command that new delights  
Be compassed to inthrall Siddârtha's heart  
Amid those danciers of his pleasure-house,  
Also he set at all the brazen doors  
A doubled guard.

Yet who shall shut out Fate ?

For once again the spirit of the Prince  
Was moved to see this world beyond his gates,  
This life of man, so pleasant if its waves  
Ran not to waste and woful finishing  
In Time's dry sands. " I pray you let me view  
Our city as it is," such was his prayer  
To King Suddhâdana. " Your Majesty  
In tender heed hath warned the folk before  
To put away ill things and common sights,  
And make their faces glad to gladden me,  
And all the causeways gay ; yet have I learned  
This is not daily life, and if I stand



Nearest, my father, to the realm and thee,  
Fain would I know the people and the streets,  
Their simple usual ways, and work-day deeds,  
And lives which those men live who are not kings.  
Give me good leave, dear Lord ! to pass unknown  
Beyond my happy gardens ; I shall come  
The more contented to their peace again,  
Or wiser, father, if not well content.  
Therefore, I pray thee, let me go at will  
To-morrow, with my servants, through the streets."  
And the King said, among his Ministers,  
" Belike this second flight may mend the first.  
Note how the falcon starts at every sight  
New from his hood, but what a quiet eye  
Cometh of freedom ; let my son see all,  
And bid them bring me tidings of his mind."

Thus on the morrow, when the noon was come,  
The Prince and Channa passed beyond the gates,  
Which opened to the signet of the King ;  
Yet knew not they who rolled the great doors back  
It was the King's son in that merchant's robe,<sup>21</sup>  
And in the clerkly dress<sup>22</sup> his charioteer.  
Forth fared they by the common way afoot,  
Mingling with all the Sákya citizens,  
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town :  
The painted streets alive with hum of noon,  
The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain,<sup>23</sup>  
The buyers with their money in the cloth,<sup>24</sup>  
The war of words to cheapen this or that,<sup>25</sup>  
The shout to clear the road, <sup>26</sup> the huge stone wheels,  
The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,

The singing bearers with the palanquins,<sup>27</sup>  
The broad-necked hamals<sup>28</sup> sweating in the sun,  
The housewives bearing water from the well  
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips  
The black-eyed babes ;<sup>29</sup> the fly-swarmed sweetmeat  
shops,<sup>30</sup>

The weaver at his loom,<sup>31</sup> the cotton-bow  
Twanging,<sup>32</sup> the millstones grinding meal, the dogs  
Prowling for orts, the skillful armorer  
With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,  
The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear  
Reddening together in his coals, the school  
Where round their Gúrú, in a grave half-moon,  
The Sákyas children sang the mantras through,  
And learned the greater and the lesser gods ;<sup>33</sup>  
The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun<sup>34</sup>  
Wet from the vats—orange, and rose, and green ;  
The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,  
The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,  
The Bráhmin proud,<sup>35</sup> the martial Kshatriya,<sup>36</sup>  
The humble toiling Sudra ;<sup>37</sup> here a throng  
Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer  
Wind round his wrist the living jewelry  
Of asp and nág,<sup>38</sup> or charm the hooded death  
To a dry dance with drone of beaded gourd ;<sup>39</sup>  
There a long line of drums and horns, which went  
With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,  
To bring the young bride home ; and here a wife  
Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god  
To pray her husband's safe return from trade,  
Or beg a boy next birth ;<sup>40</sup> hard by the booths

Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass  
For lamps and lotás ;<sup>4</sup> thence, by temple walls  
And gateways, to the river and the bridge  
Under the city walls.

These had they passed  
When from the roadside moaned a mournful voice,  
“ Help, masters ! lift me to my feet ; oh, help !  
Or I shall die before I reach my house ! ”  
A stricken wretch it was, whose quivering frame,  
Caught by some deadly plague, lay in the dust  
Writhing, with fiery purple blotches specked ;  
The chill sweat beaded on his brow, his mouth  
Was dragged awry with twitchings of sore pain,  
The wild eyes swam with inward agony.  
Gasping, he clutched the grass to rise, and rose  
Half-way, then sank, with quaking feeble limbs  
And scream of terror, crying, “ Ah, the pain !  
Good people, help ! ” whereon Siddārtha ran,  
Lifted the woful man with tender hands,  
With sweet looks laid the sick head on his knee,  
And while his soft touch comforted the wretch,  
Asked, “ Brother, what is ill with thee ? what harm  
Hath fallen ? wherefore canst thou not arise ?  
Why is it, Channa, that he pants and moans,  
And gasps to speak and sighs so pitiful ? ”  
Then spake the charioteer : “ Great Prince ! this man  
is smitten with some pest ; his elements  
Are all confounded ; in his veins the blood,  
Which ran a wholesome river, leaps and boils  
A fiery flood ; his heart, which kept good time,  
Beats like an ill-played drum-skin, quick and slow ;

His sinews slacken like a bow-string slipped ;  
The strength is gone from ham, and loin, and neck,  
And all the grace and joy of manhood fled :  
This is a sick man with the fit upon him.  
See how he plucks and plucks to seize his grief,  
And rolls his bloodshot orbs, and grinds his teeth,  
And draws his breath as if 'twere choking smoke.  
Lo ! now he would be dead, but shall not die  
Until the plague hath had its work in him,  
Killing the nerves which die before the life ;  
Then, when his strings have cracked with agony  
And all his bones are empty of the sense  
To ache, the plague will quit and light elsewhere.  
Oh, sir ! it is not good to hold him so !  
The harm may pass, and strike thee, even thee."  
But spake the Prince, still comforting the man,  
" And are there others, are there many thus ?  
Or might it be to me as now with him ?"  
" Great Lord ! " answered the charioteer, " this comes  
In many forms to all men ; griefs and wounds,  
Sickness and tetter, palsies, leprosy,  
Hot fevers, watery wastings, issues, blains  
Befall all flesh and enter everywhere."  
" Come such ills unobserved ? " the Prince inquired.  
And Channa said, " Like the sly snake they come  
That stings unseen ; like the striped murderer,<sup>42</sup>  
Who waits to spring from the Karunda bush,"<sup>43</sup>  
Hiding beside the jungle path ; or like  
The lightning, striking these and sparing those,  
As chance may send."

/ " Then all men live in fear ? "

"So live they, Prince!"

"And none can say, 'I sleep  
Happy and whole to-night, and so shall wake?'"  
"None say it."

"And the end of many aches,  
Which come unseen, and will come when they come,  
Is this, a broken body and sad mind,  
And so old age?"

"Yea, if men last as long."

"But if they cannot bear their agonies,  
Or if they will not bear, and seek a term;  
Or if they bear, and be, as this man is,  
Too weak except for groans, and so still live,  
And growing old, grow older, then what end?"  
"They die, Prince."

"Die?"

"Yea, at the last comes death,  
In whatsoever way, whatever hour.  
Some few grow old, most suffer and fall sick,  
But all must die—behold, where comes the Dead!"

Then did Siddârtha raise his eyes, and see  
Fast pacing towards the river brink a band  
Of wailing people, foremost one who swung  
An earthen bowl with lighted coals,<sup>44</sup> behind  
The kinsmen shorn,<sup>45</sup> with mourning marks, ungirt,  
Crying aloud, "O Rama,<sup>46</sup> Rama, hear!  
Call upon Rama, brothers;" next the bier,  
Knit of four poles with bamboos interlaced,  
Whereon lay, stark and stiff, feet foremost, lean,  
Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, a-grin,

Sprinkled with red and yellow dust—the Dead,  
Whom at the four-went ways they turned head first,  
And crying “ Rama, Rama ! ” carried on  
To where a pile was reared beside the stream ;<sup>47</sup>  
Thereon they laid him, building fuel up—  
Good sleep hath one that slumbers on that bed !  
He shall not wake for cold albeit he lies  
Naked to all the airs—for soon they set  
The red flame to the corners four, which crept,  
And licked, and flickered, finding out his flesh  
And feeding on it with swift hissing tongues,  
And crackle of parched skin, and snap of joint ;  
Till the fat smoke thinned and the ashes sank  
Scarlet and gray, with here and there a bone  
White midst the gray—the total of the man.

Then spake the Prince : “ Is this the end which comes  
To all who live ? ”

“ This is the end that comes  
To all,” quoth Channa ; “ he upon the pyre—  
Whose remnants are so petty that the crows  
Caw hungrily, then quit the fruitless feast—  
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived, and liked life well.  
Then came—who knows ?—some gust of jungle wind.  
A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,  
A snake’s nip, half a span of angry steel,  
A chill, a fishbone, or a falling tile,  
And life was over and the man is dead ;  
No appetites, no pleasures, and no pains  
Hath such ; the kiss upon his lips is nought,  
The fire-scorch nought ; he smelleth not his flesh

A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice  
 They burn ; the taste is emptied from his mouth,  
 The hearing of his ears is clogged, the sight  
 Is blinded in his eyes ; those whom he loved  
 Wail desolate, for even that must go,  
 The body, which was lamp unto the life,  
 Or worms will have a horrid feast of it.  
 Here is the common destiny of flesh :  
 The high and low, the good and bad, must die,  
 And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live  
 Somewhere, somehow,—who knows?—and so again  
 The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile :—  
 Such is man's round."<sup>48</sup>

But lo ! Siddârtha turned

Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,  
 Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth ;  
 From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,  
 As if his spirit sought in lonely flight  
 Some far-off vision, linking this and that,  
 Lost—past—but searchable, but seen, but known.  
 Then cried he, while his lifted countenance  
 Glowed with the burning passion of a love  
 Unspeakable, the ardor of a hope  
 Boundless, insatiate : " Oh ! suffering world,  
 Oh ! known and unknown of my common flesh,  
 Caught in this common net of death and woe,  
 And life which binds to both ! I see, I feel  
 The vastness of the agony of earth,  
 The vainness of its joys, the mockery  
 Of all its best, the anguish of its worst ;  
 Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,

And love in loss, and life in hateful death,  
And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke  
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round  
Of false delights and woes that are not false.  
Me too this lure hath cheated, so it seemed  
Lovely to live, and life a sunlit stream  
Forever flowing in a changeless peace ;  
Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood  
Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn  
Only to pour its crystal quicklier  
Into the foul salt sea. The veil is rent  
Which blinded me ! I am as all these men  
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard  
Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid !  
For them and me and all there must be help !  
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves  
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry  
They cannot save ! I would not let one cry  
Whom I could save ! How can it be that Brahm<sup>40</sup>  
Would make a world and keep it miserable,  
Since, if all-powerful, he leaves it so,  
He is not good, and if not powerful,  
He is not God ?—Channa ! lead home again !  
It is enough ! mine eyes have seen enough !”

Which when the King heard, at the gates he set  
A triple guard, and bade no man should pass  
By day or night, issuing or entering in,  
Until the days were numbered of that dream.



## Book the Fourth.

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BUT when the days were numbered, then befell  
The parting of our Lord—which was to be—  
Whereby came wailing in the Golden Home,  
Woe to the King and sorrow o'er the land,  
But for all flesh deliverance, and that Law  
Which—whoso hears—the same shall make him free.

Softly the Indian night sinks on the plains  
At full moon in the month of Chaitra shud,<sup>1</sup>  
When mangoes redden and the asóka buds<sup>2</sup>  
Sweeten the breeze, and Rama's birthday comes,<sup>3</sup>  
And all the fields are glad and all the towns.  
Softly that night fell over Vishramvan,  
Fragrant with blooms and jeweled thick with stars,  
And cool with mountain airs sighing adown  
From snow-flats on Himala high-outspread ;  
For the moon swung above the eastern peaks,  
Climbing the spangled vault, and lighting clear  
Rohini's ripples and the hills and plains,  
And all the sleeping land, and near at hand  
Silvering those roof-tops of the pleasure-house,  
Where nothing stirred nor sign of watching was,  
Save at the outer gates whose warders cried

*Mudra*,<sup>4</sup> the watchword, and the countersign  
*Angana*,<sup>5</sup> and the watch-drums beat a round ;  
Whereat the earth lay still, except for call  
Of prowling jackals, and the ceaseless 'trill  
Of crickets on the garden grounds.

Within—

Where the moon glittered through the lace-worked stone,  
Lighting the walls of pearl-shell and the floors  
Paved with veined marble—softly fell her beams  
On such rare company of Indian girls,  
It seemed some chamber sweet in Paradise  
Where Devas<sup>6</sup> rested. All the chosen ones  
Of Prince Siddârtha's pleasure-home were there,  
The brightest and most faithful of the Court,  
Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep,  
'That you had said "This is the pearl of all!",  
Save that beside her or beyond her lay  
Fairer and fairer, till the pleased gaze  
Roamed o'er that feast of beauty as it roams  
From gem to gem in some great goldsmith-work,  
Caught by each color till the next is seen.  
With careless grace they lay, their soft brown limbs  
Part hidden, part revealed ; their glossy hair  
Bound back with gold or flowers, or flowing loose  
In black waves down the shapely nape and neck.  
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils,  
They slept, no wearier than jeweled birds  
Which sing and love all day, then under wing  
Fold head till morn bids sing and love again.  
Lamps of chased silver swinging from the roof

In silver chains, and fed with perfumed oils,  
Made with the moonbeams tender lights and shades,  
Whereby were seen the perfect lines of grace,  
The bosom's placid heave, the soft stained palms  
Drooping or clasped, the faces fair and dark,  
The great arched brows, the parted lips, the teeth  
Like pearls a merchant picks to make a string,  
The satin-lidded eyes, with lashes dropped  
Sweeping the delicate cheeks, the rounded wrists,  
The smooth small feet with bells and bangles decked,  
Tinkling low music where some sleeper moved,  
Breaking her smiling dream of some new dance  
Praised by the Prince, some magic ring to find,  
Some fairy love-gift. Here one lay full-length,  
Her vîna by her cheek, and in its strings  
The little fingers still all interlaced  
As when the last notes of her light song played  
Those radiant eyes to sleep and sealed her own.  
Another slumbered folding in her arms  
A desert-antelope, its slender head  
Buried with back-sloped horns between her breasts.  
Soft nestling ; it was eating—when both drowsed—  
Red roses, and her loosening hand still held  
A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled  
Between the deer's lips. Here two friends had dozed  
Together, weaving mógra-buds, which bound  
Their sister-sweetness in a starry chain,  
Linking them limb to limb and heart to heart  
One pillowed on the blossoms, one on her.  
Another, ere she slept, was stringing stones  
To make a necklet—agate, onyx, sard,

Coral, and moonstone—round her wrist it gleamed  
A coil of splendid color, while she held,  
Unthreaded yet, the bead to close it up,  
Green turkis, carved with golden gods and scripts.  
Lulled by the cadence of the garden stream,  
Thus lay they on the clustered carpets, each  
A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn  
To open and make daylight beautiful.  
This was the antechamber of the Prince ;  
But at the purdáh's fringe the sweetest slept—  
Gunga and Gotama—chief ministers  
In that still house of love.

The purdáh hung,  
Crimson and blue, with broidered threads of gold,  
Across a portal carved in sandal-wood,  
Whence by three steps the way was to the bower  
Of inmost splendor, and the marriage-couch  
Set on a dais soft with silver cloths,  
Where the foot fell as though it trod on piles  
Of neem-blooms. All the walls were plates of pearl,  
Cut shapely from the shells of Lanká's' wave ;  
And o'er the alabaster roof there ran  
Rich inlayings of lotus and of bird,  
Wrought in skilled work of lazulite and jade,  
Jacinth and jasper ; woven round the dome,  
And down the sides, and all about the frames  
Wherein were set the fretted lattices,  
Through which there breathed, with moonlight and cool  
airs,  
Scents from the shell-flowers and the jasmine sprays ;  
Not bringing thither grace or tenderness

Sweeter than shed from those fair presences  
 Within the place—the beauteous Sákya Prince,  
 And hers, the stately, bright Yasòdhara.

Half risen from her soft nest at his side,  
 The chuddah<sup>8</sup> fallen to her waist, her brow  
 Laid in both palms, the lovely Princess leaned  
 With heaving bosom and fast falling tears.  
 Thrice with her lips she touched Siddârtha's hand,  
 And at the third kiss moaned, "Awake, my Lord!  
 Give me the comfort of thy speech!" Then he—  
 "What is it with thee, O my life?" but still  
 She moaned anew before the words would come;  
 Then spake, "Alas, my Prince! I sank to sleep  
 Most happy, for the babe I bear of thee  
 Quickened this eve, and at my heart there beat  
 That double pulse of life and joy and love  
 Whose happy music lulled me, but—ah!—  
In slumber I beheld three sights of dread,  
 With thought whereof my heart is throbbing yet.  
I saw a white bull with wide branching horns,  
 A lord of pastures, pacing through the streets,  
Bearing upon his front a gem which shone  
 As if some star had dropped to glitter there,  
 Or like the kanthá-stone<sup>9</sup> the great Snake keeps  
 To make bright daylight underneath the earth.  
 Slow through the streets towards the gates he paced,  
 And none could stay him, though there came a voice  
 From Indrá's temple, 'If ye stay him not,  
 The glory of the city goeth forth.'  
 Yet none could stay him. Then I wept aloud,

And locked my arms about his neck, and strove,  
And bade them bar the gates ; but that ox-king  
Bellowed, and, lightly tossing free his crest,  
Broke from my clasp, and bursting through the bars,  
Trampled the warders down and passed away.  
The next strange dream was this : Four Presences  
Splendid, with shining eyes, so beautiful  
They seemed the Regents of the Earth who dwell  
On Mount Sumeru, lighting from the sky  
With retinue of countless heavenly ones,  
Swift swept unto our city, where I saw  
The golden flag of Indrá on the gate  
Flutter and fall ; and lo ! there rose instead  
A glorious banner, all the folds whereof  
Rippled with flashing fire of rubies sewn  
Thick on the silver threads, the rays wherefrom  
Set forth new words and weighty sentences  
Whose message made all living creatures glad ;  
And from the east the wind of sunrise blew  
With tender waft, opening those jeweled scrolls  
So that all flesh might read ; and wondrous blooms—  
Plucked in what clime I know not—fell in showers,  
Colored as none are colored in our groves."

Then spake the Prince : " All this, my Lotus-flower !  
Was good to see."

" Ay, Lord," the Princess said,  
" Save that it ended with a voice of fear  
Crying, ' The time is nigh ! the time is nigh !'  
Thereat the third dream came ; for when I sought  
Thy side, sweet Lord ! ah, on our bed there lay

An unpressed pillow and an empty rof  
 Nothing of thee but those !—nothing of thee,  
 Who art my life and light, my king, my world !  
 And sleeping still I rose, and sleeping saw  
 Thy belt of pearls, tied here below my breasts,  
 Change to a stinging snake ; my ankle-rings  
 Fall off, my golden bangles part and fall .  
 The jasmines in my hair wither to dust ;  
 While this our bridal-couch sank to the ground,  
 And something rent the crimson purdáh down ;  
 Then far away I heard the white bull low,  
 And far away the embroidered banner flap,  
 And once again that cry, ‘ The time is come ! ’  
 But with that cry—which shakes my spirit still—  
 I woke ! O Prince ! what may such visions mean  
 Except I die, or—worse than any death—  
 Thou shouldst forsake me or be taken ? ”

Sweet

As the last smile of sunset was the look  
 Siddârtha bent upon his weeping wife.  
 “ Comfort thee, dear ! ” he said, “ if comfort lives  
 In changeless love ; for though thy dreams may be  
 Shadows of things to come, and though the gods  
 Are shaken in their seats, and though the world  
 Stands nigh, perchance, to know some way of help,  
 Yet, whatsoever fall to thee and me,  
 Be sure I loved and love Yasòdhara.  
 Thou knowest how I muse these many moons,  
 Seeking to save the sad earth I have seen ;  
 And when the time comes, that which will be will.  
 But if my soul yearns sore for souls unknown,

And if I grieve for griefs which are not mine,  
Judge how my high-winged thoughts must hover here  
O'er all these lives that share and sweeten mine—  
So dear ! and thine the dearest, gentlest, best,  
And nearest. Ah, thou mother of my babe !  
Whose body mixed with mine for this fair hope,  
When most my spirit wanders, ranging round  
The lands and seas—as full of ruth for men  
As the far-flying dove is full of ruth  
For her twin nestlings—ever it has come  
Home with glad wing and passionate plumes to thee,  
Who art the sweetness of my kind best seen,  
The utmost of their good, the tenderest  
Of all their tenderness, mine most of all.  
Therefore, whatever after this betide,  
Bethink thee of that lordly bull which owed,  
That jeweled banner in thy dream which waved  
Its folds departing, and of this be sure,  
Always I loved and always love thee well,  
And what I sought for all sought most for thee.  
But thou, take comfort ; and, if sorrow falls,  
Take comfort still in deeming there may be  
A way of peace on earth by woes of ours ;  
And have with this embrace what faithful love  
Can think of thanks or frame for benison—  
Too little, seeing love's strong self is weak—  
Yet kiss me on the mouth, and drink these words  
From heart to heart therewith, that thou mayst know—  
What others will not—that I loved thee most  
Because I loved so well all living souls.  
Now, Princess ! rest, for I will rise and watch."



Then in her tears she slept, but sleeping sighed—  
 As if that vision passed again—"The time !  
 The time is come !" Whereat Siddârtha turned,  
 And, lo ! the moon shone by the Crab ! the stars  
 In that same silver order long foretold  
 Stood ranged to say, "This is the night !—choose thou  
 The way of greatness or the way of good :  
 'To reign a King of kings, or wander lone,  
 'Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped."  
 Moreover, with the whispers of the gloom  
 Came to his ears again that warning song,  
 As when the Devas spoke upon the wind :  
 And surely Gods were round about the place  
 Watching our Lord, who watched the shining stars.

"I will depart," he spake ; "the hour is come !  
 Thy tender lips, dear sleeper, summon me  
 To that which saves the earth but sunders us ;  
 And in the silence of yon sky I read  
 My fated message flashing. Unto this  
 Came I, and unto this all nights and days  
 Have led me ; for I will not have that crown  
 Which may be mine : I lay aside those realms  
 Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword :  
 My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels  
 From victory to victory, till earth  
 Wears the red record of my name. I choose \* ✓  
 To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,  
 Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes  
 My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates :  
 Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,

Fed with no meats save what the charitable  
Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp  
Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.  
This will I do because the woful cry  
Of life and all flesh living cometh up  
Into my ears, and all my soul is full  
Of pity for the sickness of this world ;  
Which I will heal, if healing may be found  
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.  
For which of all the great and lesser Gods  
Have power or pity ? Who hath seen them—who ?  
What have they wrought to help their worshippers ?  
How hath it steadied man to pray, and pay  
Tithes of the corn and oil, to chant the charms,  
To slay the shrieking sacrifice, to rear  
The stately fane, to feed the priests, and call  
On Vishnu,<sup>10</sup> Shiva,<sup>11</sup> Surya,<sup>12</sup> who save  
None—not the worthiest—from the griefs that teach  
Those litanies of flattery and fear  
Ascending day by day, like wasted smoke ?  
Hath any of my brothers 'scaped thereby  
The aches of life, the stings of love and loss,  
The fiery fever and the ague-shake,  
The slow, dull sinking into withered age,  
The horrible dark death—and what beyond  
Waits—till the whirling wheel comes up again,  
And new lives bring new sorrows to be borne,  
New generations for the new desires  
Which have their end in the old mockeries ?  
Hath any of my tender sisters found  
Fruit of the fast or harvest of the hymn,

Or bought one pang the less at bearing-time  
For white curds offered and trim tulsí-leaves ?  
Nay ; it may be some of the Gods are good  
And evil some, but all in action weak ;  
Both pitiful and pitiless, and both—  
As men are—bound upon this wheel of change,  
Knowing the former and the after lives.  
For so our scriptures truly seem to teach,  
That—once, and wheresoe'er, and whence begun—  
Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up  
From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile, and fish,  
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God,  
To clod and mote again ; so are we kin  
To all that is ; and thus, if one might save  
Man from his curse, the whole wide world should share  
The lightened horror of this ignorance  
Whose shadow is chill fear, and cruelty  
Its bitter pastime. Yea, if one might save !  
And means must be ! There must be refuge ! Men  
Perished in winter-winds till one smote fire  
From flint-stones coldly hiding what they held,  
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.  
They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,  
Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man ;  
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech  
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.  
What good gift have my brothers, but it came  
From search and strife and loving sacrifice ?  
If one, then, being great and fortunate,  
Rich, dowered with health and ease, from birth designed  
To rule—if he would rule—a King of kings ;

If one, not tired with life's long day but glad  
I' the freshness of its morning, one not cloyed  
With love's delicious feasts, but hungry still ;  
If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,  
But joyous in the glory and the grace  
That mix with evils here, and free to choose  
Earth's loveliest at his will : one even as I,  
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs  
Which are not mine, except as I am man ;—  
If such a one, having so much to give,  
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,  
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,  
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,  
Whether it lurk in hells or hide in heavens,  
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all :  
Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,  
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,  
The road would open for his painful feet,  
That should be won for which he lost the world,  
And Death might find him conqueror of death.  
This will I do, who have a realm to lose,  
Because I love my realm, because my heart  
Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,  
Known and unknown, these that are mine and those  
Which shall be mine, a thousand million more  
Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.  
Oh, summoning stars ! I come ! Oh, mournful earth .  
For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,  
My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,  
My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen !  
Harder to put aside than all the rest !

Yet thee, too, I shall save, saving this earth ;  
And that which stirs within thy tender womb,  
My child, the hidden blossom of our loves,  
Whom if I wait to bless my mind will fail.  
Wife ! child ! father ! and people ! ye must share  
A little while the anguish of this hour  
That light may break and all flesh learn the Law. 1  
Now am I fixed, and now I will depart,  
Never to come again till what I seek  
Be found—if fervent search and strife avail."

So with his brow he touched her feet, and bent  
The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,  
Upon her sleeping face,<sup>13</sup> still wet with tears ;  
And thrice around the bed in reverence,  
As though it were an altar, softly stepped  
With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart,  
" For never," spake he, " lie I there again !"  
And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,  
So strong her beauty was, so large his love :  
Then, o'er his head drawing his cloth, he turned  
And raised the purdáh's edge :

There drooped, close-hushe  
In such sealed sleep as water-lilies know,  
The lovely garden of his Indian girls ;  
That twin dark-petaled lotus-buds of all—  
Gunga and Gautami—on either side,  
And those, their silk-leaved sisterhood, beyond.  
" Pleasant ye are to me, sweet friends !" he said,  
" And dear to leave ; yet if I leave ye not  
What else will come to all of us save eld

Without assuage and death without avail?  
Lo ! as ye lie asleep so must ye lie  
A-dead ; and when the rose dies where are gone  
Its scent and splendor ? when the lamp is drained  
Whither is fled the flame ? Press heavy, Night !  
Upon their down-dropped lids and seal their lips,  
That no tear stay me and no faithful voice.  
For all the brighter that these made my life,  
The bitterer it is that they and I,  
And all, should live as trees do—so much spring,  
Such and such rains and frosts, such winter-times,  
And then dead leaves, with may be spring again,  
Or ax-stroke at the root. This will not I,  
Whose life here was a God's !—this would not I,  
Though all my days were godlike, while men moan  
Under their darkness. Therefore farewell, friends !  
While life is good to give, I give, and go  
To seek deliverance and that unknown Light ! ”

Then, lightly treading where those sleepers lay,  
Into the night Siddârtha passed : its eyes,  
The watchful stars, looked love on him : its breath,  
The wandering wind, kissed his robe's fluttered fringe .  
The garden-blossoms, folded for the dawn,  
Opened their velvet hearts to waft him scents  
From pink and purple censers : o'er the land,  
From Himalay unto the Indian Sea,  
A tremor spread, as if earth's soul beneath  
Stirred with an unknown hope ; and holy books—  
Which tell the story of our Lord—say, too,  
That rich celestial musics thrilled the air

From hosts on hosts of shining ones, who thronged  
Eastward and westward, making bright the night—  
Northward and southward, making glad the ground.  
Also those four dread Regents of the Earth,  
Descending at the doorway, two by two,—  
With their bright legions of Invisibles  
In arms of sapphire, silver, gold, and pearl—  
Watched with joined hands the Indian Prince, who stood.  
His tearful eyes raised to the stars, and lips  
Close-set with purpose of prodigious love.

Then strode he forth into the gloom and cried,  
“Channa, awake ! and bring out Kantaka !”

“What would my Lord ?” the charioteer replied—  
Slow-rising from his place beside the gate—  
“To ride at night when all the ways are dark ?”

“Speak low,” Siddârtha said, “and bring my horse,  
For now the hour is come when I should quit  
This golden prison where my heart lives caged  
To find the truth ; which henceforth I will seek,  
For all men’s sake, until the truth be found.”

“Alas ! dear Prince,” answered the charioteer,  
“Spake then for nought those wise and holy men  
Who cast the stars and bade us wait the time  
When King Suddhâdana’s great son should rule  
Realms upon realms, and be a Lord of lords ?  
Wilt thou ride hence and let the rich world slip  
Out of thy grasp, to hold a beggar’s bowl ?

Wilt thou go forth into the friendless waste  
That hast this Paradise of pleasures here ?”

The Prince made answer, “ Unto this I came,  
And not for thrones : the kingdom that I crave  
Is more than many realms—and all things pass  
To change and death. Bring me forth Kantaka ! ”

“ Most honored,” spake again the charioteer,  
“ Bethink thee of my Lord thy father’s grief !  
Bethink thee of their woe whose bliss thou art—  
How shalt thou help them, first undoing them ? ”

Siddârtha answered, “ Friend, that love is false  
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love ;  
But I, who love these more than joys of mine—  
Yea, more than joy of theirs—depart to save  
Them and all flesh, if utmost love avail.  
Go, bring me Kantaka ! ”

Then Channa said,  
“ Master, I go ! ” and forthwith, mournfully,  
Unto the stall he passed, and from the rack  
Took down the silver bit and bridle-chains,  
Breast-cord and curb, and knitted fast the straps,  
And linked the hooks, and led out Kantaka :  
Whom tethering to the ring, he combed and dressed,  
Stroking the snowy coat to silken gloss ;  
Next on the steed he laid the numdah<sup>14</sup> square,  
Fitted the saddle-cloth across, and set  
The saddle fair, drew tight the jeweled girths,



Buckled the breech-bands and the martingale,  
And made fall both the stirrups of worked gold.  
Then over all he cast a golden net,  
With tassels of seed-pearl and silken strings,  
And led the great horse to the palace door,  
Where stood the Prince ; but when he saw his Lord,  
Right glad he waxed and joyously he neighed,  
Spreading his scarlet nostrils ; and the books  
Write, " Surely all had heard Kantaka's neigh,  
And that strong trampling of his iron heels,  
Save that the Devas laid their unseen wings  
Over their ears and kept the sleepers deaf."

Fondly Siddârtha drew the proud head down,  
Patted the shining neck, and said, " Be still,  
White Kantaka ! be still, and bear me now  
The farthest journey ever rider rode ;  
For this night take I horse to find the truth,  
And where my quest will end yet know I not,  
Save that it shall not end until I find.  
Therefore to-night, good steed, be fierce and bold !  
Let nothing stay thee, though a thousand blades  
Deny the road ! let neither wall nor moat  
Forbid our flight ! Look ! if I touch thy flank  
And cry, ' On, Kantaka ! ' let whirlwinds lag  
Behind thy course ! Be fire and air, my horse !  
To stead thy Lord, so shalt thou share with him  
The greatness of this deed which helps the world ;  
For therefore ride I, not for men alone,  
But for all things which, speechless, share our pain  
And have no hope, nor wit to ask for hope.  
Now, therefore, bear thy master valorously '"

Then to the saddle lightly leaping, he  
 Touched the arched crest, and Kantaka sprang forth  
 With armed hoofs sparkling on the stones and ring  
 Of champing bit ; but none did hear that sound,  
 For that the Suddha Devas,<sup>15</sup> gathering near,  
 Plucked the red mohra-flowers<sup>16</sup> and strewed them thick  
 Under his tread, while hands invisible  
 Muffled the ringing bit and bridle-chains.  
 Moreover, it is written when they came  
 Upon the pavement near the inner gates,  
 The Yakshas of the air laid magic cloths  
 Under the stallion's feet, so that he went  
 Softly and still.

But when they reached the gate<sup>17</sup>  
 Of tripled brass—which hardly fivescore men  
 Served to unbar and open—lo ! the doors  
 Rolled back all silently, though one might hear  
 A daytime two kos off the thunderous roar  
 Of those grim hinges and unwieldy plates.

Also the middle and the outer gates  
 Unfolded each their monstrous portals thus  
 In silence as Siddârtha and his steed  
 Drew near ; while underneath their shadow lay,  
 Silent as dead men, all those chosen guards—  
 The lance and sword let fall, the shields unbraced,  
 Captains and soldiers—for there came a wind,  
 Drowsier than blows o'er Malwa's<sup>18</sup> fields of sleep,  
 Before the Prince's path, which, being breathed,  
 Lulled every sense aswoon : and so he passed  
 Free from the palace.

When the morning star  
Stood half a spear's length from the eastern rim,  
And o'er the earth the breath of morning sighed  
Rippling Anoma's wave," the border-stream,  
Then drew he rein, and leaped to earth and kissed  
White Kantaka betwixt the ears, and spake  
Full sweet to Channa:<sup>30</sup> "This which thou hast done  
Shall bring thee good and bring all creatures good.  
Be sure I love thee always for thy love.  
Lead back my horse and take my crest-pearl here,  
My princely robes, which henceforth stead me not,  
My jeweled sword-belt and my sword, and these  
The long locks by its bright edge severed thus  
From off my brows. Give the King all, and say  
Siddártha prays forget him till he come  
Ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won  
From lonely searchings and the strife for light ;  
Where, if I conquer, lo ! all earth is mine—  
Mine by chief service !—tell him—mine by love !  
Since there is hope for man only in man,  
And none hath sought for this as I will seek,  
Who cast away my world to save my world."

## Book the Fifth.

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ROUND Rájágríha<sup>1</sup> five fair hills arose,  
Guarding King Bímbsára's sylvan town:  
Baibhára,<sup>2</sup> green with lemon-grass and palms;  
Bipulla, at whose foot thin Sarsuti<sup>3</sup>  
Steals with warm ripple; shadowy Tapovan,<sup>4</sup>  
Whose steaming pools mirror black rocks, which ooze  
Sovereign earth-butter<sup>5</sup> from their rugged roofs;  
South-east the vulture-peak Sailágiri;<sup>6</sup>  
And eastward Ratnagiri, hill of gems.  
A winding track, paven with foot-worn slabs,  
Leads thee by safflower fields and bamboo tufts  
Under dark mangoes and the jujube-trees,<sup>7</sup>  
Past milk-white veins of rock and jasper crags,  
Low cliff and flats of jungle-flowers, to where  
The shoulder of that mountain, sloping west,  
O'erhangs a cave with wild figs canopied.  
Lo ! thou who comest thither, bare thy feet  
And bow thy head ! for all this spacious earth  
Hath not a spot more dear and hallowed. Here  
Lord Buddha sate<sup>8</sup> the scorching summers through,  
The driving rains, the chilly dawns and eves ;  
Wearing for all men's sakes the yellow robe,

Eating in beggar's guise the scanty meal  
 Chance-gathered from the charitable ; at night  
 Couched on the grass, homeless, alone ; while yelped  
 The sleepless jackals round his cave, or coughs  
 Of famished tiger from the thicket broke.  
 By day and night here dwelt the World-honored,  
 Subduing that fair body born for bliss  
 With fast and frequent watch and search intense  
 Of silent meditation, so prolonged  
 That ofttimes while he mused—as motionless  
 As the fixed rock his seat—the squirrel leaped  
 Upon his knee, the timid quail led forth  
 Her brood between his feet, and blue doves pecked  
 The rice-grains from the bowl beside his hand.

Thus would he muse from noontide<sup>9</sup>—when the land  
 Shimmered with heat, and walls and temples danced  
 In the reeking air—till sunset, noting not  
 The blazing globe roll down, nor evening glide,  
 Purple and swift, across the softened fields ;  
 Nor the still coming of the stars, nor throb  
 Of drum-skins in the busy town, nor screech  
 Of owl and night-jar ; wholly wrapt from self  
 In keen unraveling of the threads of thought  
 And steadfast pacing of life's labyrinths.  
 Thus would he sit till midnight hushed the world,  
 Save where the beasts of darkness in the brake  
 Crept and cried out, as fear and hatred cry,  
 As lust and avarice and anger creep  
 In the black jungles of man's ignorance.  
 Then slept he for what space the fleet moon asks

To swim a tenth part of her cloudy sea;  
But rose ere the False-dawn,<sup>10</sup> and stood again  
Wistful on some dark platform of his hill,  
Watching the sleeping earth with ardent eyes  
And thoughts embracing all its living things,  
While o'er the waving fields that murmur move  
Which is the kiss of Morn waking the lands,  
And in the east that miracle of Day  
Gathered and grew. At first a dusk so dim  
Night seems still unaware of whispered dawn,  
But soon—before the jungle-cock crows twice—  
A white verge clear, a widening, brightening white,  
High as the herald-star, which fades in floods  
Of silver, warming into pale gold, caught  
By topmost clouds, and flaming on their rims  
To fervent golden glow, flushed from the brink  
With saffron, scarlet, crimson, amethyst ;  
Whereat the sky burns splendid to the blue,  
And, robed in raiment of glad light, the King  
Of Life and Glory cometh !<sup>11</sup>

Then our Lord,  
After the manner of a Rishí, hailed  
The rising orb,<sup>12</sup> and went—ablutions made—  
Down by the winding path unto the town ;  
And in the fashion of a Rishí passed  
From street to street, with begging-bowl in hand,  
Gathering the little pittance of his needs.  
Soon was it filled, for all the townsmen cried,  
“Take of our store, great sir !” and “Take of ours !”  
Marking his godlike face and eyes enwrapt ;  
And mothers, when they saw our Lord go by,

Would bid their children fall to kiss his feet,  
And lift his robe's hem to their brows, or run  
To fill his jar, and fetch him milk and cakes.  
And ofttimes as he paced, gentle and slow,  
Radiant with heavenly pity, lost in care  
For those he knew not, save as fellow-lives,  
The dark surprised eyes of some Indian maid  
Would dwell in sudden love and worship deep  
On that majestic form, as if she saw  
Her dreams of tenderest thought made true, and grace  
Fairer than mortal fire her breast. But he  
Passed onward with the bowl and yellow robe,  
By mild speech paying all those gifts of hearts,  
Wending his way back to the solitudes  
To sit upon his hill with holy men,  
And hear and ask of wisdom and its roads.

Midway on Ratnagiri's groves of calm,  
Beyond the city, but below the caves,  
Lodged such as hold the body foe to soul,  
And flesh a beast which men must chain and tame  
With bitter pains, till sense of pain is killed,  
And tortured nerves vex torturer no more—  
Yogis<sup>12</sup> and Brahmácháris,<sup>14</sup> Bhikshus,<sup>16</sup> all  
A gaunt and mournful band,<sup>18</sup> dwelling apart.  
Some day and night had stood with lifted arms,  
Till—drained of blood and withered by disease—  
Their slowly-wasting joints and stiffened limbs  
Jutted from sapless shoulders like dead forks  
From forest trunks. Others had clinched their hands  
So long and with so fierce a fortitude,

The claw-like nails grew through the festered palm.  
Some walked on sandals spiked ; some with sharp flints  
Gashed breast and brow and thigh, scarred these with fire,  
Threaded their flesh with jungle thorns and spits,  
Besmeared with mud and ashes, crouching foul  
In rags of dead men wrapped about their loins.  
Certain there were inhabited the spots  
Where death-pyres smouldered, cowering defiled  
With corpses for their company, and kites  
Screaming around them o'er the funeral-spoils :  
Certain who cried five hundred times a day  
The names of Shiva, wound with darting snakes  
About their sun-tanned necks and hollow flanks  
One palsied foot drawn up against the ham.  
So gathered they, a grievous company ;  
Crowns blistered by the blazing heat, eyes bleared,  
Sinews and muscles shriveled, visages  
Haggard and wan as slain men's, five days dead ;  
Here crouched one in the dust who noon by noon  
Meted a thousand grains of millet out,  
Ate it with famished patience, seed by seed,  
And so starved on ; there one who bruised his pulse  
With bitter leaves lest palate should be pleased ;  
And next, a miserable saint self-maimed,  
Eyeless and tongueless, sexless, crippled, deaf ;  
The body by the mind being thus stripped  
For glory of much suffering, and the bliss  
Which they shall win—say holy books—whose woe  
Shames gods that send us woe, and makes men gods  
Stronger to suffer than Hell is to harm.



Whom sadly eying spake our Lord to one,  
 Chief of the woe-begones : " Much-suffering sir !  
 These many moons I dwell upon the hill—  
 Who am a seeker of the Truth—and see  
 My brothers here, and thee, so piteously  
 Self-anguished ; wherefore add ye ills to life  
 Which is so evil ? "

Answer made the sage :

" ' Tis written if a man shall mortify  
 His flesh, till pain be grown the life he lives  
 And death voluptuous rest, such woes shall purge  
 Sin's dross away, and the soul, purified,  
 Soar from the furnace of its sorrow, winged  
 For glorious spheres and splendor past all thought."

" Yon cloud which floats in heav'n," the Prince replied,  
 " Wreathed like gold cloth around your Indra's throne,  
 Rose thither from the tempest-driven sea ;  
 But it must fall again in tearful drops,  
 Trickling through rough and painful water-ways  
 By cleft and nullah and the muddy flood,  
 To Gunga and the sea, wherefrom it sprang.  
 Know'st thou, my brother, if it be not thus,  
 After their many pains, with saints in bliss ?  
 Since that which rises falls, and that which buys  
 Is spent ; and if ye buy heav'n with your blood  
 In hell's hard market, when the bargain's through  
 The toil begins again ! "

" It may begin,"

The hermit moaned. " Alas ! we know not this,

Nor surely anything ; yet after night  
Day comes, and after turmoil peace, and we  
Hate this accursed flesh which clogs the soul  
That fain would rise ; so, for the sake of soul,  
We stake brief agonies in game with Gods  
To gain the larger joys."

"Yet if they last  
A myriad years," he said, "they fade at length,  
Those joys ; or if not, is there then some life  
Below, above, beyond, so unlike life  
It will not change ? Speak ! do your Gods endure  
Forever, brothers ?"

"Nay," the Yogis said,  
"Only great Brahm endures : the Gods but live." "

Then spake Lord Buddha : "Will ye, being wise,  
As ye seem holy and strong-hearted ones,  
Throw these sore dice, which are your groans and moans,  
For gains which may be dreams, and must have end"  
Will ye, for love of soul, so loathe your flesh,  
So scourge and maim it, that it shall not serve  
To bear the spirit on, searching for home,  
But founder on the track before nightfall,  
Like willing steed o'er-spurred ? Will ye, sad sirs  
Dismantle and dismember this fair house,  
Where we have come to dwell by painful pasts ;  
Whose windows give us light—the little light—  
Whereby we gaze abroad to know if dawn  
Will break, and whither winds the better road ?"

Then cried they, " We have chosen this for road  
 And tread it, Rájáputra,<sup>18</sup> till the close—  
 Though all its stones were fire—in trust of death.  
 Speak, if thou know'st a way more excellent ;  
 If not, peace go with thee ! "

Onward he passed,

Exceeding sorrowful, seeing how men  
 Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,  
 Lust so to live they dare not love their life,  
 But plague it with fierce penances, belike  
 To please the Gods who grudge pleasure to man ;  
 Belike to balk hell by self-kindled hells ;  
 Belike in holy madness, hoping soul  
 May break the better through their wasted flesh.  
 " Oh, florets of the field ! " Siddârtha said,  
 " Who turn your tender faces to the sun—  
 Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath  
 Of fragrance and these robes of reverence donned  
 Silver and gold and purple—none of ye  
 Miss perfect living, none of ye despoil  
 Your happy beauty. Oh, ye palms ! which rise  
 Eager to pierce the sky and drink the wind  
 Blown from Malaya<sup>19</sup> and the cool blue seas,  
 What secret know ye that ye grow content,  
 From time of tender shoot to time of fruit,  
 Murmuring such sun-songs from your feathered crowns .  
 Ye, too, who dwell so merry in the trees—  
 Quick-darting parrots, bee-birds, bulbuls, doves—  
 None of ye hate your life, none of ye deem  
 To strain to better by foregoing needs !

But man, who slays ye—being lord—is wise,  
And wisdom, nursed on blood, cometh thus forth  
In self-tormentings !”

While the Master spake  
Blew down the mount the dust of pattering feet,  
White goats and black sheep winding slow their way,  
With many a lingering nibble at the tufts,  
And wanderings from the path, where water gleamed  
Or wild figs hung. But always as they strayed  
The herdsman cried, or slung his sling, and kept  
The silly crowd still moving to the plain.  
A ewe with couplets in the flock there was,  
Some hurt had lamed one lamb, which toiled behind  
Bleeding, while in the front its fellow skipped,  
And the vexed dam hither and thither ran,  
Fearful to lose this little one or that ;  
Which when our Lord did mark, full tenderly  
He took the limping lamb upon his neck,  
Saying, “ Poor woolly mother, be at peace !  
Whither thou goest I will bear thy care ;  
'Twere all as good to ease one beast of grief  
As sit and watch the sorrows of the world  
In yonder caverns with the priests who pray.”

“ But,” spake he to the herdsmen, “ wherefore, friends  
Drive ye the flocks adown under high noon,  
Since 'tis at evening that men fold their sheep ? ”

And answer gave the peasants : “ We are sent  
To fetch a sacrifice of goats five-score,  
And five-score sheep, the which our Lord the King  
Slayeth this night in worship of his gods.”

Then said the Master : " I will also go ! "  
So paced he patiently, bearing the lamb  
Beside the herdsmen in the dust and sun,  
The wistful ewe low bleating at his feet.

Whom, when they came unto the river-side,  
A woman—dove-eyed, young, with tearful face  
And lifted hands—saluted, bending low :  
" Lord ! thou art he," she said, " who yesterday  
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,  
Where I live lone and reared my child ; but he  
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,  
Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh  
And tease the quick forked tongue and opened mouth  
Of that cold playmate. But, alas ! ere long  
He turned so pale and still, I could not think  
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast  
Fall from his lips. And one said, ' He is sick  
Of poison ; ' and another, ' He will die.'  
But I, who could not lose my precious boy,  
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light  
Back to his eyes ; it was so very small  
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think  
It could not hate him, gracious as he was,  
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,  
' There is a holy man upon the hill—  
Lo ! now he passeth in the yellow robe—  
Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure  
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came  
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,  
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,

Praying thee tell what simples might be good.  
And thou, great sir ! didst spurn me not, but gaze  
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand ;  
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,  
' Yea ! little sister, there is that might heal  
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing ;  
For they who seek physicians bring to them  
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find  
Black mustard-seed, a tola ;<sup>20</sup> only mark  
Thou take it not from any hand or house  
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died ;  
It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'  
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord ! "

The Master smiled

Exceeding tenderly. " Yea ! I spake thus,  
Dear Kisagotami ! But didst thou find  
The seed ? "

" I went, Lord, clasping to my breast  
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut—  
Here in the jungle and towards the town—  
' I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,  
A tola—black ; ' and each who had it gave,  
For all the poor are piteous to the poor ;  
But when I asked, ' In my friend's household here  
Hath any peradventure ever died—  
Husband, or wife, or child, or slave ? ' they said :  
' O Sister ! what is this you ask ? the dead  
Are very many, and the living few ! '  
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,  
And prayed of others ; but the others said,  
' Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave ! '

'Here is the seed, but our good man is dead !'  
 'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died  
 Between the rain-time and the harvesting !'  
 Ah, sir ! I could not find a single house  
 Where there was mustard-seed and none had died !  
 Therefore I left my child—who would not suck  
 Nor smile—beneath the wild-vines by the stream,  
 'To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray  
 Where I might find this seed and find no death,  
 If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,  
 As I do fear, and as they said to me."

✦  
 "My sister ! thou hast found," the Master said,  
 "Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm  
 I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept  
 Dead on thy bosom yesterday : to-day  
 Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe  
 \ The grief which all hearts share grows less for one. \  
 Lo ! I would pour my blood if it could stay  
 Thy tears and win the secret of that curse  
 Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives  
 O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice—  
 As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords.  
 I seek that secret : bury thou thy child !"

So entered they the city side by side,  
 The herdsman and the Prince, what time the sun  
 Gilded slow Sona's distant stream," and threw  
 Long shadows down the street and through the gate  
 Where the King's men kept watch. But when these saw  
 Our Lord bearing the lamb, the guards stood back,

The market-people drew their wains aside,  
 In the bazar buyers and sellers stayed  
 The war of tongues to gaze on that mild face ;  
 The smith, with lifted hammer in his hand,  
 Forgot to strike ; the weaver left his web,  
 The scribe his scroll, the money-changer lost  
 His count of cowries ;<sup>22</sup> from the unwatched rice  
 Shiva's white bull fed free ;<sup>23</sup> the wasted milk  
 Ran o'er the lotá<sup>24</sup> while the milkers watched  
 The passage of our Lord moving so meek,  
 With yet so beautiful a majesty.  
 But most the women gathering in the doors  
 Asked, " Who is this that brings the sacrifice  
 So graceful and peace-giving as he goes ?  
 What is his caste ? whence hath he eyes so sweet ?  
 Can he be Sakrá<sup>25</sup> or the Devaráj ? " <sup>26</sup>  
 And others said, " It is the holy man  
 Who dwelleth with the Rishís on the hill."  
 But the Lord paced, in meditation lost,  
 Thinking, " Alas ! for all my sheep which have  
 No shepherd ; wandering in the night with none  
 To guide them ; bleating blindly towards the knife  
 Of Death, as these dumb beasts which are their kin."

Then some one told the King, " There cometh here  
 A holy hermit, bringing down the flock  
 Which thou didst bid to crown the sacrifice."

The King stood in his hall of offering,  
 On either hand the white-robed Bráhmīns ranged  
 Muttered their mantras,<sup>27</sup> feeding still the fire



Which roared upon the midmost altar. There  
 From scented woods flickered bright tongues of flame,  
 Hissing and curling as they licked the gifts  
 Of ghee<sup>28</sup> and spices and the Soma juice,<sup>29</sup>  
 The joy of Indrá. Round about the pile  
 A slow, thick, scarlet streamlet smoked and ran,  
 Sucked by the sand, but ever rolling down,  
 The blood of bleating victims. One such lay,  
 A spotted goat, long-horned, its head bound back  
 With munjá grass ;<sup>30</sup> at its stretched throat the knife  
 Pressed by a priest, who murmured, "This, dread gods,  
 Of many yajnas<sup>31</sup> cometh as the crown  
 From Bímbsára :<sup>32</sup> take ye joy to see  
 The spirted blood, and pleasure in the scent  
 Of rich flesh roasting 'mid the fragrant flames ;  
 Let the King's sins be laid upon this goat,  
 And let the fire consume them burning it,  
 For now I strike."

But Buddha softly said,<sup>33</sup>

"Let him not strike, great King !" and therewith loosed  
 The victim's bonds, none staying him, so great  
 His presence was. Then, craving leave, he spake  
 Of life, which all can take but none can give,  
 Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,  
 Wonderful, dear and pleasant unto each,  
 Even to the meanest ; yea, a boon to all  
 Where pity is, for pity makes the world  
 Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.  
 Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent  
 Sad pleading words, showing how man, who prays  
 For mercy to the gods, is merciless,

Being as god to those ; albeit all life  
/ Is linked and kin, and what we slay have given  
Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set  
Fast trust upon the hands which murder them.  
Also he spake of what the holy books  
Do surely teach, how that at death some sink  
To bird and beast, and these rise up to man  
In wanderings of the spark which grows purged flame.  
So were the sacrifice new sin, if so  
The fated passage of a soul be stayed.  
Nor, spake he, shall one wash his spirit clean  
By blood ; nor gladden gods, being good, with blood ;  
Nor bribe them, being evil ; nay, nor lay  
Upon the brow of innocent bound beasts  
One hair's weight of that answer all must give  
For all things done amiss or wrongfully,  
• Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that  
The fixed arithmic of the universe,  
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,  
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts ;  
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved ;  
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.  
Thus spake he, breathing words so piteous  
With such high lordliness of ruth and right,  
• The priests drew back their garments o'er the hands  
Crimsoned with slaughter, and the King came near,  
Standing with clasped palms reverencing Buddh ;  
While still our Lord went on, teaching how fair  
This earth were if all living things be linked  
In friendliness and common use of foods,  
Bloodless and pure ; the golden grain, bright fruits,

Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters wan,  
Sufficient drinks and meats. Which when these heard,  
The might of gentleness so conquered them,  
The priests themselves scattered their altar flames  
And flung away the steel of sacrifice ;  
And through the land next day passed a decree  
Proclaimed by criers, and in this wise graved  
On rock and column : " Thus the King's will is :—  
There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice  
And slaying for the meat, but henceforth none  
Shall spill the blood of life nor taste of flesh,  
Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,  
And mercy cometh to the merciful."  
So ran the edict, and from those days forth  
Sweet peace hath spread between all living kind,  
Man and the beasts which serve him, and the birds,  
On all those banks of Gunga where our Lord  
Taught with his saintly pity and soft speech.

For aye so piteous was the Master's heart  
To all that breathe this breath of fleeting life,  
Yoked in one fellowship of joys and pains,  
That it is written in the holy books  
How, in an ancient age—when Buddha wore  
A Bráhmín's form, dwelling upon the rock  
Named Munda, by the village of Dálidd—  
Drought withered all the land : the young rice died  
Ere it could hide a quail ; in forest glades  
A fierce sun sucked the pools ; grasses and herbs  
Sickened, and all the woodland creatures fled  
Scattering for sustenance. At such a time,

Between the hot walls of a nullah, stretched  
On naked stones, our Lord spied, as he passed,  
A starving tigress. Hunger in her orbs  
Glared with green flame ; her dry tongue lolled a span  
Beyond the gasping jaws and shriveled jowl ;  
Her painted hide hung wrinkled on her ribs,  
As when between the rafters sinks a thatch  
Rotten with rains ; and at the poor lean dugs  
Two cubs, whining with famine, tugged and sucked,  
Mumbling those milkless teats which rendered nought.  
While she, their gaunt dam, licked full motherly  
The clamorous twins, yielding her flank to them  
With moaning throat, and love stronger than want,  
Softening the first of that wild cry wherewith  
She laid her famished muzzle to the sand  
And roared a savage thunder-peal of woe.  
Seeing which bitter strait, and heeding nought  
Save the immense compassion of a Buddh,  
Our Lord bethought, " There is no other way  
To help this murderess of the woods but one.  
By sunset these will die, having no meat :  
There is no living heart will pity her,  
Bloody with ravin, lean for lack of blood.  
Lo ! if I feed her, who shall lose but I,  
And how can love lose doing of its kind  
Even to the uttermost ? " So saying, Buddh  
Silently laid aside sandals and staff,  
His sacred thread,<sup>34</sup> turban, and cloth, and came  
Forth from behind the milk-bush on the sand,  
Saying, " Ho ! mother, here is meat for thee ! "  
Whereat the perishing beast yelped hoarse and shrill,

Sprang from her cubs, and, hurling to the earth  
 That willing victim, had her feast of him  
 With all the crooked daggers of her claws  
 Rending his flesh, and all her yellow fangs  
 Bathed in his blood : the great cat's burning breath  
 Mixed with the last sigh of such fearless love.

Thus large the Master's heart was long ago,  
 Not only now, when with his gracious ruth  
 He bade cease cruel worship of the Gods.  
 And much King Bimbsára prayed our Lord—  
 Learning his royal birth and holy search—  
 To tarry in that city, saying oft,  
 "Thy princely state may not abide such fasts ;  
 Thy hands were made for scepters, not for alms.  
 Sojourn with me, who have no son to rule,  
 And teach my kingdom wisdom, till I die,  
 Lodged in my palace with a beauteous bride."  
 But ever spake Siddârtha, of set mind,  
 "These things I had, most noble King, and left,  
 Seeking the Truth ; which still I seek, and shall ;  
 Not to be stayed though Sâkra's<sup>35</sup> palace ope'd  
 Its doors of pearl and Devis<sup>36</sup> wooed me in.  
 I go to build the Kingdom of the Law, —  
 Journeying to Gâya and the forest shades,  
 Where, as I think, the light will come to me ;  
 For nowise here among the Rishis comes  
 That light, nor from the Shâsters,<sup>37</sup> nor from fasts  
 Borne till the body faints, starved by the soul.  
 Yet there is light to reach and truth to win ;

And surely, O true Friend, if I attain  
I will return and quit thy love."

Thereat

Thrice round the Prince King Bímbsára paced,  
Reverently bending to the Master's feet,  
And bade him speed. So passed our Lord away  
Towards Uravilva,<sup>38</sup> not yet comforted,  
And wan of face, and weak with six years' quest.  
But they upon the hill and in the grove—  
Alára, Udra, and the ascetics five—  
Had stayed him, saying all was written clear  
In holy Shâsters, and that none might win  
Higher than *Sruti*<sup>39</sup> and than *Smṛiti*<sup>40</sup>—nay,  
Not the chief saints!—for how should mortal man  
Be wiser than the Jnana-Kánd,<sup>41</sup> which tells  
How Brahm is bodiless and actionless,  
Passionless, calm, unqualified, unchanged,  
Pure life, pure thought, pure joy? Or how should man  
Be better than the Karmma-Kánd,<sup>42</sup> which shows  
How he may strip passion and action off,  
Break from the bond of self, and so, unsphered,  
Be God, and melt into the vast divine,  
Flying from false to true, from wars of sense  
To peace eternal, where the silence lives?

But the Prince heard them, not yet comforted.

## Book the Sixth.

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THOU who wouldst see where dawned the light at last,  
North-westwards from the "Thousand Gardens"<sup>1</sup> go  
By Gunga's valley till thy steps be set  
On the green hills where those twin streamlets spring  
Nilájan and Mohána ; follow them,  
Winding beneath broad-leaved mahúa-trees,<sup>2</sup>  
'Mid thickets of the sansár<sup>3</sup> and the bír,<sup>4</sup>  
Till on the plain the shining sisters meet  
In Phalgū's bed, flowing by rocky banks  
To Gáya and the red Barábar hills.<sup>5</sup>  
Hard by that river spreads a thorny waste,  
Uruwela named in ancient days,  
With sandhills broken ; on its verge a wood  
Waves sea-green plumes and tassels 'thwart the sky,  
With undergrowth wherethrough a still flood steals,  
Dappled with lotus-blossoms, blue and white,  
And peopled with quick fish and tortoises.  
Near it the village of Senáni<sup>6</sup> reared  
Its roofs of grass, nestled amid the palms,  
Peaceful with simple folk and pastoral toils.

There in the sylvan solitudes once more  
Lord Buddha lived, musing the woes of men,

The ways of fate, the doctrines of the books,  
The lessons of the creatures of the brake,  
The secrets of the silence whence all come,  
The secrets of the gloom whereto all go,  
The life which lies between, like that arch flung  
From cloud to cloud across the sky, which hath  
Mists for its masonry and vapory piers,  
Melting to void again which was so fair  
With sapphire hues, garnet, and chrysoprase.  
Moon after moon our Lord sate in the wood,  
So meditating these that he forgot  
Ofttimes the hour of food, rising from thoughts  
Prolonged beyond the sunrise and the noon  
To see his bowl unfilled, and eat perforce  
Of wild fruit fallen from the boughs o'erhead,  
Shaken to earth by chattering ape or plucked  
By purple paroquet. Therefore his grace  
Faded ; his body, worn by stress of soul,  
Lost day by day the marks, thirty and two,<sup>7</sup>  
Which testify the Buddha. Scarce that leaf,  
Fluttering so dry and withered to his feet  
From off the sâl-branch,<sup>8</sup> bore less likeliness  
Of spring's soft greenery than he of him  
Who was the princely flower of all his land.

And once at such a time the o'erwrought Prince  
Fell to the earth in deadly swoon, all spent,  
Even as one slain, who hath no longer breath  
Nor any stir of blood ; so wan he was,  
So motionless. But there came by that way  
A shepherd-boy, who saw Siddârtha lie



With lids fast-closed, and lines of nameless pain  
Fixed on his lips—the fiery noonday sun  
Beating upon his head—who, plucking boughs  
From wild rose-apple trees, knitted them thick  
Into a bower to shade the sacred face.  
Also he poured upon the Master's lips  
Drops of warm milk, pressed from his she-goat's lag,  
Lest, being of low caste, he do wrong to one  
So high and holy seeming. But the books  
Tell how the jambu-branches,<sup>9</sup> planted thus,  
Shot with quick life in wealth of leaf and flower  
And glowing fruitage interlaced and close,  
So that the bower grew like a tent of silk  
Pitched for a king at hunting, decked with studs  
Of silver-work and bosses of red gold  
And the boy worshiped, deeming him some God ;  
But our Lord gaining breath, arose and asked  
Milk in the shepherd's lotá.<sup>10</sup> “ Ah, my Lord,  
I cannot give thee,” quoth the lad ; “ thou seest  
I am a Sudra, and my touch defiles ! ”  
Then the World-honored spake : “ Pity and need  
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,  
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,  
Which trickle salt with all ; neither comes man  
To birth with tilka-mark<sup>11</sup> stamped on the brow,  
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds  
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.  
Give me to drink, my brother ; when I come  
Unto my quest it shall be good for thee.”  
Thereat the peasant's heart was glad, and gave.

And on another day there passed that road  
 A band of tinseled girls, the nautch-dancers  
 Of Indra's temple<sup>13</sup> in the town, with those  
 Who made their music—one that beat a drum  
 Set round with peacock-feathers, one that blew  
 The piping bānsulī,<sup>14</sup> and one that twitched  
 A three-string sitār.<sup>15</sup> Lightly tripped they down  
 From ledge to ledge and through the chequered paths  
 To some gay festival, the silver bells  
 Chiming soft peals about the small brown feet,  
 Armlets and wrist-rings tattling answer shrill ;  
 While he that bore the sitār thrummed and twanged  
 His threads of brass, and she beside him sang—

*" Fair goes the dancing when the sitār's tuned ;  
 Tune us the sitār neither low nor high,  
 And we will dance away the hearts of men.*

*The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies ;  
 The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies ;  
 Tune us the sitār neither low nor high."*

So sang the nautch-girl to the pipe and wires,  
 Fluttering like some vain, painted butterfly  
 From glade to glade along the forest path,  
 Nor dreamed her light words echoed on the ear  
 Of him, that holy man, who sate so rapt  
 Under the fig-tree by the path. But Buddh  
 Lifted his great brow as the wantons passed,  
 And spake : " The foolish oft-times teach the wise ;  
 I strain too much this string of life, belike,

Meaning to make such music as shall save.  
Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,  
My strength is waned now that my need is most ;  
Would that I had such help as man must have,  
For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope."

Now, by that river dwelt a landholder  
Pious and rich, master of many herds,  
A goodly chief, the friend of all the poor ;  
And from his house the village drew its name—  
" Senáni." <sup>16</sup> Pleasant and in peace he lived,  
Having for wife Sujáta, <sup>17</sup> loveliest  
Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain ;  
Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,  
Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all  
And gladsome looks—a pearl of womanhood—  
Passing calm years of household happiness  
Beside her lord in that still Indian home,  
Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.  
Wherefore with many prayers she had besought <sup>18</sup>  
Lakshmi ; <sup>19</sup> and many nights at full-moon gone  
Round the great Lingam, <sup>20</sup> nine times nine, with gifts  
Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil,  
Praying a boy ; also Sujáta vowed—  
If this should be—an offering of food  
Unto the Wood-God, plenteous, delicate,  
Set in a bowl of gold under his tree,  
Such as the lips of Devs <sup>21</sup> may taste and take.  
And this had been : for there was born to her  
A beauteous boy, now three months old, who lay  
Between Sujáta's breasts, while she did pace

With grateful footsteps to the Wood-God's shrine,  
One arm clasping her crimson sári<sup>22</sup> close  
To wrap the babe, that jewel of her joys,  
The other lifted high in comely curve  
To steady on her head the bowl and dish  
Which held the dainty victuals for the God.

But Radhá, sent before to sweep the ground  
And tie the scarlet threads around the tree,<sup>23</sup>  
Came eager, crying, "Ah, dear Mistress ! look !  
There is the Wood-God sitting in his place,  
Revealed, with folded hands upon his knees.  
See how the light shines round about his brow !  
How mild and great he seems, with heavenly eyes !  
Good fortune is it thus to meet the gods."

So—thinking him divine,—Sujáta drew  
Tremblingly nigh, and kissed the earth and said,  
With sweet face bent, "Would that the Holy One  
Inhabiting this grove, Giver of good  
Merciful unto me his handmaiden  
Vouchsafing now his presence, might accept  
These our poor gifts of snowy curds, fresh-made,  
With milk as white as new-carved ivory !"

Therewith into the golden bowl she poured  
The curds and milk, and on the hands of Buddh  
Dropped attar from a crystal flask—distilled  
Out of the hearts of roses : and he ate,  
Speaking no word, while the glad mother stood  
In reverence apart. But of that meal

So wondrous was the virtue that our Lord  
 Felt strength and life return as though the nights  
 Of watching and the days of fast had passed  
 In dream, as though the spirit with the flesh  
 Shared that fine meat and plumed its wings anew,  
 Like some delighted bird at sudden streams  
 Weary with flight o'er endless wastes of sand,  
 Which laves the desert dust from neck and crest.  
 And more Sujáta worshiped, seeing our Lord  
 Grow fairer and his countenance more bright :  
 " Art thou indeed the God ? " she lowly asked,  
 " And hath my gift found favor ? "

But Buddh said,

" What is it thou dost bring me ? "

" Holy one ! "

Answered Sujáta, " from our droves I took  
 Milk of a hundred mothers, newly-calved,  
 And with that milk I fed fifty white cows,  
 And with their milk twenty and five, and then  
 With theirs twelve more, and yet again with theirs  
 The six noblest and best of all our herds.  
 That yield I boiled with sandal and fine spice  
 In silver lotás,<sup>24</sup> adding rice, well grown  
 From chosen seed, set in new-broken ground,  
 So picked that every grain was like a pearl.  
 This did I of true heart, because I vowed  
 Under thy tree, if I should bear a boy  
 I would make offering for my joy, and now  
 I have my son and all my life is bliss ! "

Softly our Lord drew down the crimson fold,  
 And, laying on the little head those hands

Which help the worlds, he said, "Long be thy bliss !  
And lightly fall on him the load of life !  
For thou hast holpen me who am no God,  
But one, thy Brother ; heretofore a Prince  
And now a wanderer, seeking night and day  
These six hard years that light which somewhere shines  
To lighten all men's darkness, if they knew !  
And I shall find the light ; yea, now it dawned  
Glorious and helpful, when my weak flesh failed  
Which this pure food, fair Sister, hath restored,  
Drawn manifold through lives to quicken life  
As life itself passes by many births  
To happier heights and purging off of sins.  
Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough  
Only to live ? Can life and love suffice ? "

Answered Sujáta, "Worshipful ! my heart  
Is little, and a little rain will fill  
The lily's cup which hardly moistens the field.  
It is enough for me to feel life's sun  
Shine in my Lord's grace and my baby's smile,  
Making the loving summer of our home.  
Pleasant my days pass filled with household cares  
From sunrise when I wake to praise the gods,  
And give forth grain, and trim the tulsí-plant,<sup>25</sup>  
And set my handmaids to their tasks, till noon,  
When my Lord lays his head upon my lap  
Lulled by soft songs and wavings of the fan ;  
And so to supper-time at quiet eve,  
When by his side I stand and serve the cakes.<sup>26</sup>  
Then the stars light their silver lamps for sleep,

After the temple and the talk with friends.  
How should I not be happy, blest so much,  
And bearing him this boy whose tiny hand  
Shall lead his soul to Swerga,<sup>n</sup> if it need ?  
For holy books teach when a man shall plant  
Trees for the travelers' shade, and dig a well  
For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,  
It shall be good for such after their death ;  
And what the books say that I humbly take,  
Being not wiser than those great of old  
Who spake with gods, and knew the hymns and charms,  
And all the ways of virtue and of peace.  
Also I think that good must come of good  
And ill of evil—surely—unto all—  
In every place and time—seeing sweet fruit  
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things  
From poison-stocks ; yea, seeing, too, how spite  
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace  
Even while we live ; and when 'tis willed we die  
Shall there not be as good a ' Then ' as ' Now ? ' <sup>l</sup>  
Haply much better ; since one grain of rice  
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,  
And all the starry champak's<sup>n</sup> white and gold  
Lurks in those little, naked, gray spring-buds.  
Ah, Sir ! I know there might be woes to bear  
Would lay fond Patience with her face in dust ;  
If this my babe pass first I think my heart  
Would break—almost I hope my heart would break !  
That I might clasp him dead and wait my Lord—  
In whatsoever world holds faithful wives—  
Duteous, attending till his hour should come.

But if Death called Senáni, I should mount  
The pile and lay that dear head in my lap,<sup>29</sup>  
My daily way, rejoicing when the torch  
Lit the quick flame and rolled the choking smoke.  
For it is written if an Indian wife  
Die so, her love shall give her husband's soul  
For every hair upon her head a cror<sup>30</sup>  
Of years in Swerga. Therefore fear I not.  
And therefore, Holy Sir ! my life is glad,  
Nowise forgetting yet those other lives  
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,  
Whereon the gods grant pity ! but for me  
What good I see humbly I seek to do,  
And live obedient to the law, in trust  
That what will come, and must come, shall come well.'

Then spake our Lord, "Thou teachest them who teach,  
Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.  
Be thou content to know not, knowing thus  
The way of right and duty : grow, thou flower !  
With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade—the light  
Of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves  
Which must spread broad in other suns and lift  
In later lives a crowned head to the sky.  
Thou who hast worshiped me, I worship thee !  
Excellent heart ! learned unknowingly,  
As the dove is which flieth home by love.  
In thee is seen why there is hope for man  
And where we hold the wheel of life at will.  
Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days !  
As thou accomplishest, may I achieve !  
He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this."



“May'st thou achieve,” she said, with earnest eyes  
Bent on her babe, who reached its tender hands  
To Buddh—knowing, belike, as children know,  
More than we deem, and reverencing our Lord ;  
But he arose—made strong with that pure meat—  
And bent his footsteps where a great Tree grew,  
The Bódhí-tree” (thenceforward in all years  
Never to fade, and ever to be kept  
In homage of the world), beneath whose leaves  
It was ordained that Truth should come to Buddh :  
Which now the Master knew ; wherefore he went  
With measured pace, steadfast, majestic,  
Unto the Tree of Wisdom. Oh, ye Worlds !  
Rejoice ! our Lord wended unto the Tree !

Whom—as he passed into its ample shade,  
Cloistered with columned dropping stems, and roofed  
With vaults of glistening green—the conscious earth  
Worshipped with waving grass and sudden flush  
Of flowers about his feet. The forest-boughs  
Bent down to shade him ; from the river sighed  
Cool wafts of wind laden with lotus-scents  
Breathed by the water-gods. Large wondering eyes  
Of woodland creatures—panther, boar, and deer—  
At peace that eve, gazed on his face benign  
From cave and thicket. From its cold cleft wound  
The mottled deadly snake, dancing its hood  
In honor of our Lord ; bright butterflies  
Fluttered their vans, azure and green and gold,  
To be his fan-bearers ; the fierce kite dropped  
Its prey and screamed ; the striped palm-squirrel raced

From stem to stem to see ; the weaver-bird  
Chirped from her swinging nest ; the lizard ran ;  
The koil<sup>32</sup> sang her hymn ; the doves flocked round ;  
Even the creeping things were 'ware and glad.  
Voices of earth and air joined in one song,<sup>33</sup>  
Which unto ears that hear said, " Lord and Friend !  
Lover and Savior ! Thou who hast subdued  
Angers and prides, desires and fears and doubts,  
Thou that for each and all hast given thyself,  
Pass to the Tree ! The sad world blesseth thee  
Who art the Buddh that shall assuage her woes.  
Pass, Hailed and Honored ! strive thy last for us,  
King and high Conqueror ! thine hour is come ;  
This is the Night the ages waited for ! "

Then fell the night even as our Master sate  
Under that Tree. But he who is the Prince  
Of Darkness, Mara<sup>34</sup>—knowing this was Buddh  
Who should deliver men, and now the hour  
When he should find the Truth and save the worlds—  
Gave unto all his evil powers command.  
Wherefore there trooped from every deepest pit  
The fiends who war with Wisdom and the Light,  
Arati,<sup>35</sup> Trishná,<sup>36</sup> Raga,<sup>37</sup> and their crew  
Of passions, horrors, ignorances, lusts,  
The brood of gloom and dread ; all hating Buddh,  
Seeking to shake his mind ; nor knoweth one,  
Not even the wisest, how those fiends of Hell  
Battled that night to keep the Truth from Buddh :  
Sometimes with terrors of the tempest, blasts  
Of demon-armies clouding all the wind,

With thunder, and with blinding lightning flung  
 In jagged javelins of purple wrath  
 From splitting skies ; sometimes with wiles and words  
 Fair-sounding, 'mid hushed leaves and softened airs  
 From shapes of witching beauty ; wanton songs,  
 Whispers of love ; sometimes with royal allures  
 Of proffered rule ; sometimes with mocking doubts,  
 Making truth vain. But whether these befell  
 Without and visible, or whether Buddh  
 Strove with fell spirits in his inmost heart,  
 Judge ye :—I write what ancient books have writ.

The ten chief Sins came—Mara's mighty ones,  
 Angels of evil—Attaváda first,  
 The Sin of Self, who in the Universe  
 As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,  
 And crying "I" would have the world say "I,"  
 And all things perish so if she endure.  
 "If thou be'st Buddh," she said, "let others grope  
 Lightless ; it is enough that thou art Thou  
 Changelessly ; rise and take the bliss of gods  
 Who change not, heed not, strive not." But Buddh spake  
 "The right in thee is base, the wrong a curse ;  
 Cheat such as love themselves." Then came wan Doubt<sup>2</sup>  
 He that denies—the mocking Sin—and this  
 Hissed in the Master's ear, "All things are shows,  
 And vain the knowledge of their vanity ;  
 Thou dost but chase the shadow of thyself ;  
 Rise and go hence, there is no better way  
 Than patient scorn, nor any help for man,  
 Nor any staying of his whirling wheel."

But quoth our Lord, "Thou hast no part with me,  
False Visikitcha, subtlest of man's foes."

And third came she who gives dark creeds their power,  
Silabbat-paramása, sorceress,

Draped fair in many lands as lowly Faith,

But ever juggling souls with rites and prayers ;

The keeper of those keys which lock up Hells

And open Heavens. "Wilt thou dare," she said,

"Put by our sacred books, dethrone our gods,

Unpeople all the temples, shaking down

That law which feeds the priests and props the realms ? "

But Buddha answered, "What thou bidd'st me keep

Is form which passes, but the free Truth stands ;

Get thee unto thy darkness." Next there drew

Gallantly nigh a braver Tempter, he,

Káma,<sup>88</sup> the King of passions, who hath sway

Over the gods themselves, Lord of all loves,

Ruler of Pleasure's realm. Laughing he came

Unto the Tree, bearing his bow of gold

Wreathed with red blooms, and arrows of desire

Pointed with five-tongued delicate flame which stings

The heart it smites sharper than poisoned barb :

And round him came into that lonely place

Bands of bright shapes with heavenly eyes and lips

Singing in lovely words the praise of Love

To music of invisible sweet cords,

So witching, that it seemed the night stood still

To hear them, and the listening stars and moon

Paused in their orbits while these hymned to Buddh

Of lost delights, and how a mortal man

Findeth nought dearer in the three wide worlds

Than are the yielded loving fragrant breasts  
Of Beauty and the rosy breast-blossoms,  
Love's rubies ; nay, and toucheth nought more high  
Than is that dulcet harmony of form  
Seen in the lines and charms of loveliness  
Unspeakable, yet speaking, soul to soul,  
Owned by the bounding blood, worshiped by will  
Which leaps to seize it, knowing this is best,  
This the true heaven where mortals are like gods,  
Makers and Masters, this the gift of gifts  
Ever renewed and worth a thousand woes.  
For who hath grieved when soft arms shut him safe,  
And all life melted to a happy sigh,  
And all the world was given in one warm kiss ?  
So sang they with soft float of beckoning hands,  
Eyes lighted with love-flames, alluring smiles ;  
In dainty dance their supple sides and limbs  
Revealing and concealing like burst buds  
Which tell their color, but hide yet their hearts.  
Never so matchless grace delighted eye  
As troop by troop these midnight-dancers swept  
Nearer the Tree, each daintier than the last,  
Murmuring " O great Siddârtha ! I am thine,  
Taste of my mouth and see if youth is sweet ! "  
Also, when nothing moved our Master's mind,  
Lo ! Kâma waved his magic bow, and lo !  
The band of dancers opened, and a shape  
Fairest and stateliest of the throng came forth  
Wearing the guise of sweet Yasôdhara.  
Tender the passion of those dark eyes seemed  
Brimming with tears ; yearning those outspread arms

Opened towards him ; musical that moan  
Wherewith the beauteous shadow named his name,  
Sighing " My Prince ! I die for lack of thee !  
What heaven hast thou found like that we knew  
By bright Rohini in the Pleasure-house,  
Where all these weary years I weep for thee ?  
Return, Siddârtha ! ah ! return. But touch  
My lips again, but let me to thy breast  
Once, and these fruitless dreams will end ! Ah, look !  
Am I not she thou lovedst ? " But Buddh said,  
" For that sweet sake of her thou playest thus,  
Fair and false Shadow ! is thy playing vain ;  
I curse thee not who wear'st a form so dear,  
Yet as thou art so are all earthly shows.  
Melt to thy void again ! " Thereat a cry  
Thrilled through the grove, and all that comely rout  
Faded with flickering wafts of flame, and trail  
Of vaporous robes.

Next under darkening skies  
And noise of rising storm came fiercer Sins,  
The rearmost of the Ten ; Patigha—Hate—  
With serpents coiled about her waist, which suck  
Poisonous milk from both her hanging dugs,  
And with her curses mix their angry hiss.  
Little wrought she upon that Holy One  
Who with his calm eyes dumb'd her bitter lips  
And made her black snakes writhe to hide their fangs.  
Then followed Rupa-raga—Lust of days—  
That sensual Sin which out of greed for life  
Forgets to live ; and next him Lust of Fame,  
Nobler Arupa-raga, she whose spell

Beguiles the wise, mother of daring deeds,  
 Battles and toils. And haughty Mano came,  
 The Fiend of Pride ; and smooth Self-Righteousness,  
 Uddhachcha ; and—with many a hideous band  
 Of vile and formless things, which crept and flapped  
 Toad-like and bat-like—Ignorance, the Dam  
 Of Fear and Wrong, Avidya, hideous hag,  
 Whose footsteps left the midnight darker, while  
 The rooted mountains shook, the wild winds howled,  
 The broken clouds shed from their caverns streams  
 Of levin-lighted rain ; stars shot from heaven,  
 The solid earth shuddered as if one laid  
 Flame to her gaping wounds ; the torn black air  
 Was full of whistling winds, of screams and yells,  
 Of evil faces peering, of vast fronts  
 Terrible and majestic, Lords of Hell  
 Who from a thousand Limbos led their troops  
 To tempt the Master.

But Buddh heeded not,  
 Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled  
 As is a stronghold by its gates and ramps ;  
 Also the Sacred Tree—the Bódhi-tree—  
 Amid that tumult stirred not, but each leaf  
 Glistened as still as when on moonlit eves  
 No zephyr spills the glittering gems of dew ;  
 For all this clamor raged outside the shade  
 Spread by those cloistered stems :

In the third watch,  
 The earth being still, the hellish legions fled,  
 A soft air breathing from the sinking moon.  
 Our Lord attained *Samma Sambuddh* ;<sup>20</sup> he saw

By light which shines beyond our mortal ken  
The line of all his lives in all the worlds,  
Far back and farther back and farthest yet,  
Five hundred lives and fifty. Even as one,  
At rest upon a mountain-summit, marks  
His path wind up by precipice and crag,  
Past thick-set woods shrunk to a patch ; through bogs  
Glittering false-green ; down hollows where he toiled  
Breathless ; on dizzy ridges where his feet  
Had well-nigh slipped ; beyond the sunny lawns,  
The cataract and the cavern and the pool,  
Backward to those dim flats wherefrom he sprang  
To reach the blue ; thus Buddha did behold  
Life's upward steps long-linked, from levels low  
Where breath is base, to higher slopes and higher  
Whereon the ten great Virtues<sup>40</sup> wait to lead  
The climber skyward. Also, Buddha saw  
How new life reaps what the old life did sow :  
How where its march breaks off its march begins ;  
Holding the gain and answering for the loss ;  
And how in each life good begets more good,  
Evil fresh evil ; Death but casting up  
Debit or credit, whereupon th' account  
In merits or demerits stamps itself  
By sure arithmic—where no tittle drops—  
Certain and just, on some new-springing life ;  
Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and deeds,  
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks  
Of lives foregone :

And in the middle watch  
Our Lord attained *Abhidjñā*<sup>41</sup>—insight vast



Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,  
 System on system, countless worlds and suns  
 Moving in splendid measures, band by band  
 Linked in division, one yet separate,  
 The silver islands of a sapphire sea  
 Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished, stirred  
 With waves which roll in restless tides of change,  
 He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds  
 By bonds invisible, how they themselves  
 Circle obedient round mightier orbs  
 Which serve profounder splendors, star to star  
 Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life  
 From centers ever shifting unto cirques  
 Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld  
 With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,  
 Cycle on epicycle, all their tale  
 Of Kalpas, Maha-kalpas<sup>49</sup>—terms of time  
 Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count  
 The drops in Gunga from her springs to the sea,  
 Measureless unto speech—whereby these wax  
 And wane ; whereby each of this heavenly host  
 Fulfills its shining life and darkling dies.  
 Sakwal by Sakwal,<sup>48</sup> depths and heights he passed  
 Transported through the blue infinitudes,  
 Marking—behind all modes, above all spheres,  
 Beyond the burning impulse of each orb—  
 That fixed decree at silent work which wills  
 Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,  
 To fullness void, to form the yet unformed,  
 Good unto better, better unto best,  
 By wordless edict ; having none to bid,

None to forbid ; for this is past all gods  
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,  
A Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,  
Ruling all things accordant to the rule  
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use.  
So that all things do well which serve the Power,  
And ill which hinder ; nay, the worm does well  
Obedient to its kind ; the hawk does well  
Which carries bleeding quarries to its young ;  
The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly,  
Globing together in the common work ;  
And man who lives to die, dies to live well  
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness  
And earnest will to hinder not, but help  
All things both great and small which suffer life.  
These did our Lord see in the middle watch.

But when the fourth watch came the secret came  
Of Sorrow, which with evil mars the law,  
As damp and dross hold back the goldsmith's fire.  
Then was the Dukha-satya<sup>44</sup> opened him  
First of the " Noble Truths ; " <sup>45</sup> how Sorrow is  
Shadow to life, moving where life doth move ;  
Not to be laid aside until one lays  
Living aside, with all its changing states,  
Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,  
Being and doing. How that none strips off  
These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks  
Knowledge to know them snares ; but he who knows  
Avidya—Delusion—sets those snares,  
Loves life no longer but ensues escape.

The eyes of such a one are wide, he sees  
Delusion breeds Sankhára, Tendency  
Perverse : Tendency Energy—Vidnnán—  
Whereby comes Namarúpa, local form  
And name and bodiment, bringing the man  
With senses naked to the sensible,  
A helpless mirror of all shows which pass.  
Across his heart : and so Vedaná grows—  
“Sense-life”—false in its gladness, fell in sadness,  
But sad or glad, the Mother of Desire,  
Trishná, that thirst which makes the living drink  
Deeper and deeper of the false salt waves  
Whereon they float, pleasures, ambitions, wealth,  
Praise, fame, or domination, conquest, love ;  
Rich meats and robes, and fair abodes, and pride.  
Of ancient lines, and lust of days, and strife  
To live, and sins that flow from strife, some sweet;  
Some bitter. Thus Life's thirst quenches itself  
With draughts which double thirst, but who is wise.  
Tears from his soul this Trishná, feeds his sense  
No longer on false shows, files his firm mind  
To seek not, strive not, wrong not ; bearing meek  
All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness,  
And so constraining passions that they die  
Famished ; till all the sum of ended life—  
The *Karmá*—all that total of a soul  
Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,  
The “Self” it wove—with woof of viewless time,  
Crossed on the warp invisible of acts—  
The outcome of him on the Universe,  
Grows pure and sinless ; either never more

Needing to find a body and a place,  
Or so informing what fresh frame it takes  
In new existence that the new toils prove  
Lighter and lighter not to be at all,  
Thus "finishing the Path;" free from Earth's cheats;  
Released from all the skandhas<sup>47</sup> of the flesh;  
Broken from ties—from Upadans<sup>48</sup>—saved  
From whirling on the wheel; aroused and sane  
As is a man wakened from hateful dreams.  
Until—greater than Kings, than Gods more glad!—  
The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—  
Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,  
Blessed NIRVANA<sup>49</sup>—sinless, stirless rest—  
That change which never changes!

Lo! the Dawn

Sprang with Buddh's Victory! lo! in the East  
Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth  
Through fleeting folds of Night's black drapery.  
High in the widening blue the herald-star  
Faded to paler silver as there shot  
Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam  
Across the gray. Far off the shadowy hills  
Saw the great Sun, before the world was 'ware,  
And donned their crowns of crimson; flower by flower  
Felt the warm breath of Morn and 'gan t' unfold  
Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass  
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light,  
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,  
Decking the earth with radiance, 'broidering  
The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe,

Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved  
Glad salutation ; darting beams of gold  
Into the glades ; touching with magic wand  
The stream to rippled ruby ; in the brake .  
Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes .  
And saying " it is day ; " in nested sleep .  
Touching the small heads under many a wing .  
And whispering, " Children, praise the light of day ! " .  
Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds ,  
The Koil's<sup>60</sup> fluted song, the Bulbul's<sup>61</sup> hymn ,  
The " morning, morning " of the painted thrush,  
The twitter of the sun-birds starting forth  
To find the honey ere the bees be out,  
The gray crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the strokes  
Of the green hammersmith, the myna's<sup>62</sup> chirp,  
The never finished love-talk of the doves :  
Yea ! and so holy was the influence  
Of that high Dawn which came with victory  
That, far and near, in homes of men there spread  
An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife ;  
The robber laid his plunder back ; the shroff  
Counted full tale of coins ; all evil hearts  
Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm  
Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.  
Kings at fierce war called truce ; the sick men leaped  
Laughing from beds of pain ; the dying smiled  
As though they knew that happy Morn was sprung  
From fountains farther than the utmost East ;  
And o'er the heart of sad Yasòdhara,  
Sitting forlorn at Prince Siddârtha's bed,  
Came sudden bliss, as if love should not fail

Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.  
So glad the World was—though it wist not why—  
That over desolate wastes went swooning songs  
Of mirth, the voice of bodiless Prets<sup>53</sup> and Bhúts<sup>54</sup>  
Foreseeing Buddh ; and Devas in the air  
Cried “ It is finished, finished ! ” and the priests  
Stood with the wondering people in the streets  
Watching those golden splendors flood the sky  
And saying “ There hath happed some mighty thing.”  
Also in Ran<sup>55</sup> and Jungle<sup>56</sup> grew that day  
Friendship amongst the creatures ; spotted deer  
Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,  
And cheetahs<sup>57</sup> lapped the pool beside the bucks,  
Under the eagle’s rock the brown hares scoured  
While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing ;  
The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam  
With deadly fangs in sheath ; the shrike let pass  
The nestling-finch ; the emerald halcyons  
Sate dreaming while the fishes played beneath,  
Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies—  
Crimson and blue and amber—flitted thick  
Around his perch ; the Spirit of our Lord  
Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,  
Even while he mused under that Bódhí-tree,<sup>58</sup>  
Glorified with the Conquest gained for all  
And lightened by a Light greater than Day’s.

Then ne arose—radiant, rejoicing, strong—  
Beneath the Tree, and lifting high his voice  
Spake this, in hearing of all Times and Worlds :—

*Anéka jdtisangsârang  
 Sandhdwissang anibhisang  
 Gahakdrakangawesanto  
 Dukkhdjdtipunappunang.*

*Gahakdrakadithôsi ;  
 Punagehang nakdhasi ;  
 Sabhdtaphdsukhdbhaggd,  
 Gahakûtangwisang khitang ;  
 Wisangkhdragatang chittang ;  
 Janhdnangkhayamajhagd.*

#### MANY A HOUSE OF LIFE

HATH HELD ME—SEEKING EVER HIM WHO WROUGHT  
 THESE PRISONS OF THE SENSES, SORROW FRAUGHT ;  
 SORE WAS MY CEASELESS STRIFE !

BUT NOW,

THOU BUILDER OF THIS TABERNACLE—THOU !  
 I KNOW THEE ! NEVER SHALT THOU BUILD AGAIN  
 THESE WALLS OF PAIN,  
 NOR RAISE THE ROOF-TREE OF DECEITS, NOR LAY  
 FRESH RAFTERS ON THE CLAY ;  
 BROKEN THY HOUSE IS, AND THE RIDGE-POLE SPLIT !  
 DELUSION FASHIONED IT !  
 SAFE PASS I THENCE—DELIVERANCE TO OBTAIN.<sup>49</sup>

## Book the Seventh.

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SORROWFUL dwelt the King Suddhōdana  
All those long years among the Sákya Lords  
Lacking the speech and presence of his Son ;  
Sorrowful sate the sweet Yasòdhara  
All those long years, knowing no joy of life,  
Widowed of him her living Liege and Prince  
And ever, on the news of some recluse  
Seen far away by pasturing camel-men  
Or traders treading devious paths for gain,  
Messengers from the King had gone and come  
Bringing account of many a holy sage  
Lonely and lost to home ; but nought of him  
The crown of white Kapilavastu's line,  
The glory of her monarch and his hope,  
The heart's content of sweet Yasódhara,  
Far-wandered now, forgetful, changed, or dead.

But on a day in the Wasanta-time,<sup>1</sup>  
When silver sprays swing on the mango-trees  
And all the earth is clad with garb of spring,  
The Princess sate by that bright garden-stream  
Whose gliding glass, bordered with lotus-cups,



Mirrored so often in the bliss gone by  
Their clinging hands and meeting lips. Her lids  
Were wan with tears, her tender cheeks had thinned ;  
Her lips' delicious curves were drawn with grief ;  
The lustrous glory of her hair was hid—  
Close-bound as widows use ; no ornament  
She wore, nor any jewel clasped the cloth—  
Coarse, and of mourning-white—crossed on her breast.  
Slow moved and painfully those small fine feet  
Which had the roe's gait and the rose-leaf's fall  
In old years at the loving voice of him.  
Her eyes, those lamps of love,—which were as if  
Sunlight should shine from out the deepest dark,  
Illumining Night's peace with Daytime's glow—  
Unlighted now, and roving aimlessly,  
Scarce marked the clustering signs of coming Spring  
So the silk lashes drooped over their orbs.  
In one hand was a girdle thick with pearls,  
Siddârtha's—treasured since that night he fled—  
(Ah, bitter Night ! mother of weeping days !  
When was fond Love so pitiless to love  
Save that this scorned to limit love by life ?)  
The other led her little son, a boy  
Divinely fair, the pledge Siddârtha left—  
Named Rahula—now seven years old, who tripped  
Gladsome beside his mother, light of heart  
To see the spring-blooms burgeon o'er the world.

So while they lingered by the lotus-pools  
And, lightly laughing, Rahula flung rice  
To feed the blue and purple fish ; and she

With sad eyes watched the swiftly-flying cranes,  
Sighing, "Oh ! creatures of the wandering wing,  
If ye shall light where my dear Lord is hid,  
Say that Yaśodhara lives nigh to death  
For one word of his mouth, one touch of him !"—  
So, as they played and sighed—mother and child—  
Came some among the damsels of the Court  
Saying, "Great Princess ! there have entered in  
At the south gate merchants of Hastinpur<sup>2</sup>  
Tripusha called and Bhalluk, men of worth,  
Long traveled from the loud sea's edge, who bring  
Marvelous lovely webs pictured with gold,  
Waved blades of gilded steel, wrought bowls in brass,  
Cut ivories, spice, simples, and unknown birds,  
Treasures of far-off peoples ; but they bring  
That which doth beggar these, for He is seen !  
Thy Lord,—our Lord,—the hope of all the land—  
Siddârtha ! they have seen him face to face,  
Yea, and have worshiped him with knees and brows,  
And offered offerings ; for he is become  
All which was shown, a teacher of the wise,  
World-honored, holy, wonderful ; a Buddh  
Who doth deliver men and save all flesh  
By sweetest speech and pity vast as Heaven :  
And, lo ! he journeyeth hither these do say."

Then—while the glad blood bounded in her veins  
As Gunga leaps when first the mountain snows  
Melt at her springs—uprose Yaśodhara  
And clapped her palms, and laughed, with brimming  
tears

Beading her lashes. "Oh ! call quick," she cried,  
" These merchants to my purdáh,<sup>3</sup> for mine ears  
Thirst like parched throats to drink their blessed news.  
Go bring them in,—but if their tale be true,  
Say I will fill their girdles with much gold,  
With gems that Kings shall envy : come ye too,  
My girls, for ye shall have guerdon of this  
If there be gifts to speak my grateful heart."

So went those merchants to the Pleasure-House,  
Full softly pacing through its golden ways  
With naked feet,<sup>4</sup> amid the peering maids,  
Much wondering at the glories of the Court.  
Whom, when they came without the purdáh's folds,<sup>5</sup>  
A voice, tender and eager, filled and charmed  
With trembling music, saying, " Ye are come  
From far, fair Sirs ! and ye have seen my Lord—  
Yea, worshiped—for he is become a Buddh,  
World-honored, holy, and delivers men,  
And journeyeth hither. Speak ! for, if this be,  
Friends are ye of my House, welcome and dear."

Then answer made Tripusha, " We have seen  
That sacred Master, Princess ! we have bowed  
Before his feet ; for who was lost a Prince  
Is found a greater than the King of kings.  
Under the Bódhi-tree<sup>6</sup> by Phalgū's bank  
That which shall save the world hath late been wrought  
By him—the Friend of all, the Prince of all—  
Thine most, High Lady ! from whose tears men win  
The comfort of this Word the Master speaks.

Lo ! he is well, as one beyond all ills,  
Uplifted as a god from earthly woes,  
Shining with risen Truth, golden and clear.  
Moreover as he entereth town by town,  
Preaching those noble ways which lead to peace,  
The hearts of men follow his path as leaves  
Troop to wind or sheep draw after one  
Who knows the pastures. We ourselves have heard  
By Gáya in the green Tchírníká' grove  
Those wondrous lips and done them reverence :  
He cometh hither ere the first rains fall."

Thus spake he, and Yasòdhara, for joy,  
Scarce mastered breath to answer, "Be it well  
Now and at all times with ye, worthy friends !  
Who bring good tidings ; but of this great thing  
Wist ye how it befell ?"

Then Bhalluk told\*

Such as the people of the valleys knew  
Of that dread night of conflict, when the air  
Darkened with fiendish shadows, and the earth  
Quaked, and the waters swelled with Mara's wrath.<sup>c</sup>  
Also how gloriously that morning broke  
Radiant with rising hopes for man, and how  
The Lord was found rejoicing 'neath his 'Tree.  
But many days the burden of release—  
To be escaped beyond all storms of doubt,  
Safe on Truth's shore—lay, spake he, on that heart  
A golden load ; for how shall men—Buddh mused—  
Who love their sins and cleave to cheats of sense,  
And drink of error from a thousand springs—

Having no mind to see, nor strength to break  
 The fleshly snare which binds them—how should such  
 Receive the 'Twelve Nidānas' and the Law  
 Redeeming all, yet strange to profit by,  
 As the caged bird oft shuns its opened door?  
 So had we missed the helpful victory  
 If, in this earth without a refuge, Buddh  
 Winning the way, had deemed it all too hard  
 For mortal feet, and passed, none following him.  
 Yet pondered the compassion of our Lord,  
 But in that hour there rang a voice as sharp  
 As cry of travail, so as if the earth  
 Moaned in birth-throe "*Nasyami aham bhū*  
*Nasyati lōka!*" SURELY I AM LOST,  
 I AND MY CREATURES: then a pause, and next,  
 A pleading sigh borne on the western wind,  
 "*Sruyatām dharma, Bhagwat!*" OH, SUPREME!  
 LET THY GREAT LAW BE UTTERED! Whereupon  
 The Master cast his vision forth on flesh,  
 Saw who should hear and who must wait to hear,  
 As the keen Sun gilding the lotus-lakes  
 Seeth which buds will open to his beams  
 And which are not yet risen from their roots;  
 Then spake, divinely smiling, "Yea! I preach!  
 Whoso will listen let him learn the Law."

Afterwards passed he, said they, by the hills  
 Unto Benāres, where he taught the Five,<sup>10</sup>  
 Showing how birth and death should be destroyed,  
 And how man hath no fate except past deeds,

No Hell but what he makes, no Heaven too high  
For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.  
This was the fifteenth day of Vaishya<sup>11</sup>  
Mid-afternoon and that night was full moon.

But, of the Rishís,<sup>12</sup> first Kaundinya  
Owned the Four Truths<sup>13</sup> and entered on the Paths ;  
And after him Bhadraka, Asvajit,  
Basava, Mahanáma ; also there  
Within the Deer-park, at the feet of Buddh,  
Yasad the Prince<sup>14</sup> with nobles fifty-four  
Hearing the blessed word our Master spake  
Worshiped and followed ; for there sprang up peace  
And knowledge of a new time come for men  
In all who heard, as spring the flowers and grass  
When water sparkles through a sandy plain.

These sixty—said they—did our Lord send forth,  
Made perfect in restraint and passion-free,  
To teach the Way ; but the World-honored turned  
South from the Deer-park and Isipatan  
To Yashti and King Bímbsára's realm,  
Where many days he taught ; and after these  
King Bímbsára and his folk believed,  
Learning the law of love and ordered life.  
Also he gave the Master, of free gift,—  
Pouring forth water on the hands of Buddh—  
The Bamboo-Garden, named Weluvana,  
Wherein are streams and caves and lovely glades ;  
And the King set a stone there, carved with this :—

*Yé dharma hetuppabhawa  
 Yesan hétun Tathágato ;  
 Aha yesan cha yo nirodhó  
 Ewan wadi Maha samano.*

“What life's course and cause sustain  
 These Tathágato made plain ;  
 What delivers from life's woe  
 That our Lord hath made us know.”

And, in that Garden—said they—there was held  
 A high Assembly, where the Teacher spake  
 Wisdom and power, winning all souls which heard,  
 So that nine hundred took the yellow robe—  
 Such as the Master wears,—and spread his Law ;  
 And this the gáthá<sup>18</sup> was wherewith he closed :—

*Sabba pápassa akaranan ;  
 Kusalassa upasampadd ;  
 Sa chitta pariyodapanan ;  
 Eten Budhdnusdsanan.*

“Evil swells the debts to pay,  
 Good delivers and acquits ;  
 Shun evil, follow good ; hold sway  
 Over thyself. This is the Way.”

Whom, when they ended, speaking so of him,  
 With gifts, and thanks which made the jewels dull,  
 The Princess recompensed. “But by what road  
 Wendeth my Lord ?” she asked : the merchants said,  
 “Yójans<sup>19</sup> three-score stretch from the city-walls

To Rájagriha, whence the easy path  
Passeth by Sona " hither and the hills.  
Our oxen, treading eight slow kos " a day,  
Came in one moon."

Then the King hearing word,  
Sent nobles of the Court—well-mounted lords—  
Nine separate messengers, each embassy  
Bidden to say, " The King Suddhōdana—  
Nearer the pyre by seven long years of lack,  
Wherethrough he hath not ceased to seek for thee—  
Prays of his son to come unto his own,  
The Throne and people of this longing Realm,  
Lest he shall die and see thy face no more."  
Also nine horsemen sent Yasōdhara  
Bidden to say, " The Princess of thy House—  
Rahula's mother "—craves to see thy face .  
As the night-blowing moon-flower's swelling heart "  
Pines for the moon, as pale asōka-buds "  
Wait for a woman's foot : if thou hast found  
More than was lost, she prays her part in this,  
Rahula's part, but most of all thyself."  
So sped the Sákya Lords, but it befell  
That each one, with the message in his mouth,  
Entered the Bamboo-Garden in that hour  
When Buddha taught his Law ; and—hearing—each  
Forgot to speak, lost thought of King and quest,  
Of the sad Princess even ; only gazed  
Eye-rapt upon the Master ; only hung  
Heart-caught upon the speech, compassionate,  
Commanding, perfect, pure, enlightening all,  
Poured from those sacred lips. Look ! like a bee



Winged for the hive, who sees the mográs<sup>22</sup> spread  
 And scents their utter sweetness on the air,  
 If he be honey-filled, it matters not ;  
 If night be nigh, or rain, he will not heed ;  
 Needs must he light on those delicious blooms  
 And drain their nectar ; so these messengers  
 One with another, hearing Buddha's words,  
 Let go the purpose of their speed, and mixed,  
 Heedless of all, amid the Master's train.  
 Wherefore the King bade that Udayi<sup>23</sup> go—  
 Chiefest in all the Court, and faithfulest,  
 Siddârtha's playmate in the happier days—  
 Who, as he drew anear the garden, plucked  
 Blown tufts of tree-wool<sup>24</sup> from the grove and sealed  
 The entrance of his hearing ; thus he came  
 Safe through the lofty peril of the place  
 And told the message of the King, and her's.

Then meekly bowed his head and spake our Lord  
 Before the people, "Surely I shall go !  
 It is my duty as it was my will ;  
 Let no man miss to render reverence  
 To those who lend him life, whereby come means  
 To live and die no more, but safe attain  
 Blissful Nirvána,<sup>25</sup> if ye keep the Law,  
 Purging past wrongs and adding nought thereto,  
 Complete in love and lovely charities.  
 Let the King know and let the Princess hear  
 I take the way forthwith." This told, the folk  
 Of white Kapilavastu and its fields  
 Made ready for the entrance of their Prince.

At the south gate a bright pavilion rose  
 With flower-wreathed pillars and the walls of silk  
 Wrought on their red and green with woven gold.  
 Also the roads were laid with scented boughs  
 Of neem<sup>36</sup> and mango,<sup>37</sup> and full masakhs<sup>38</sup> shed  
 Sandal and jasmine on the dust, and flags  
 Fluttered ; and on the day when he should come  
 It was ordained how many elephants—  
 With silver howdahs<sup>39</sup> and their tusks gold-tipped—  
 Should wait beyond the ford, and where the drums  
 Should boom "Siddârtha cometh !" where the lords  
 Should light and worship, and the dancing-girls  
 Where they should strew their flowers with dance and song  
 So that the steed he rode might tramp knee-deep  
 In rose and balsam, and the ways be fair ;  
 While the town rang with music and high joy.  
 This was ordained, and all men's ears were pricked  
 Dawn after dawn to catch the first drum's beat  
 Announcing, "Now he cometh !"

But it fell—

Eager to be before—Yasôdhara  
 Rode in her litter to the city-walls  
 Where soared the bright pavilion. All around  
 A beauteous garden smiled—Nigrodha<sup>40</sup> named—  
 Shaded with bel-trees<sup>41</sup> and the green-plumed dates,  
 New-trimmed and gay with winding walks and banks  
 Of fruits and flowers ; for the southern road  
 Skirted its lawns, on this hand leaf and bloom,  
 On that the suburb-huts where base-borns dwelt  
 Outside the gates, a patient folk and poor,  
 Whose touch for Kshatriya<sup>42</sup> and priest of Brahm

Were sore defilement. Yet those, too, were quick  
With expectation, rising ere the dawn  
To peer along the road, to climb the trees  
At far-off trumpet of some elephant,  
Or stir of temple-drum ; and when none came,  
Busied with lowly chares<sup>33</sup> to please the Prince ;  
Sweeping their door-stones, setting forth their flags,  
Stringing the fluted fig-leaves into chains,  
New furbishing the Lingam,<sup>34</sup> decking new  
Yesterday's faded arch of boughs, but aye  
Questioning wayfarers if any noise  
Be on the road of great Siddârtha. These  
The Princess marked with lovely languid eyes,  
Watching, as they, the southward plain, and bent  
Like them to listen if the passers gave  
News of the path. So fell it she beheld  
One slow approaching with his head close shorn,  
A yellow cloth over his shoulder cast,  
Girt as the hermits are, and in his hand  
An earthen bowl, shaped melonwise, the which  
Meekly at each hut-door he held a space,  
Taking the granted dole with gentle thanks  
And all as gently passing where none gave.  
Two followed him wearing the yellow robe,  
But he who bore the bowl so lordly seemed,  
So reverend, and with such a passage moved,  
With so commanding presence filled the air,  
With such sweet eyes of holiness smote all,  
That as they reached him alms the givers gazed  
Awestruck upon his face, and some bent down  
In worship, and some ran to fetch fresh gifts,

Grieved to be poor ; till slowly, group by group,  
 Children and men and women drew behind  
 Into his steps, whispering with covered lips,  
 " Who is he ? who ? when looked a Rishi<sup>35</sup> thus ? "  
 But as he came with quiet footfall on  
 Nigh the pavilion, lo ! the silken door  
 Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasòdhara  
 Stood in his path crying, " Siddārtha ! Lord ! "  
 With wide eyes streaming and with close-clàpsed hands,  
 Then sobbing fell upon his feet, and lay.

Afterwards, when this weeping lady passed  
 Into the Noble Paths,<sup>36</sup> and one had prayed  
 Answer from Buddha wherefore—being vowed  
 Quit of all mortal passion and the touch,  
 Flower-soft and conquering, of a woman's hands—  
 He suffered such embrace, the Master said :  
 " The greater beareth with the lesser love  
 So it may raise it unto easier heights.  
 Take heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds,  
 Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.  
 Free are ye rather that your freedom spread  
 By patient winning and sweet wisdom's skill.  
 Three eras of long toil bring Bodhisats<sup>37</sup>—  
 Who will be guides and help this darkling world—  
 Unto deliverance, and the first is named  
 Of deep ' Resolve,' the second of ' Attempt,'  
 The third of ' Nomination.' Lo ! I lived  
 In era of Resolve, desiring good,  
 Searching for wisdom, but mine eyes were sealed  
 Count the gray seeds on yonder castor-clump,

So many rains it is since I was Ram,  
A merchant of the coast which looketh south  
To Lanká<sup>38</sup> and the hiding place of pearls.  
Also in that far time Yasòdhara  
Dwelt with me in our village by the sea,  
Tender as now, and Lakshmi was her name.  
And I remember how I journeyed thence  
Seeking our gain, for poor the household was  
And lowly. Not the less with wistful tears  
She prayed me that I should not part, nor tempt  
Perils by land and water. 'How could love  
Leave what it loved?' she wailed; yet, venturing, I  
Passed to the Straits, and after storm and toil  
And deadly strife with creatures of the deep,  
And woes beneath the midnight and the noon,  
Searching the wave I won therefrom a pearl  
Moonlike and glorious, such as Kings might buy  
Emptying their treasury. Then came I glad  
Unto mine hills, but over all that land  
Famine spread sore; ill was I stead to live  
In journey home, and hardly reached my door—  
Aching for food—with that white wealth of the sea  
Tied in my girdle. Yet no food was there;  
And on the threshold she for whom I toiled—  
More than myself—lay with her speechless lips  
Nigh unto death for one small gift of grain.  
Then cried I, 'If there be who hath of grain,  
Here is a kingdom's ransom for one life:  
Give Lakshmi bread and take my moonlight pearl.  
Whereat one brought the last of all his hoard,  
Millet—three seers<sup>39</sup>—and clutched the beauteous thing.

But Lakshmi lived and sighed with gathered life,  
'Lo! thou didst love indeed!' I spent my pearl  
Well in that life to comfort heart and mind  
Else quite uncomforted, but these pure pearls,  
My last large gain, won from a deeper wave—  
The Twelve Nidánas<sup>40</sup> and the Law of Good—  
Cannot be spent, nor dimmed, and most fulfill  
Their perfect beauty being freeliest given.  
For like as is to Meru<sup>41</sup> yonder hill  
Heaped by the little ants, and like as dew  
Dropped in the footmark of a bounding roe  
Unto the shoreless seas, so was that gift  
Unto my present giving; and so love—  
Vaster in being free from toils of sense—  
Was wisest stooping to the weaker heart;  
And so the feet of sweet Yasòdhara  
Passed into peace and bliss, being softly led."<sup>42</sup>

But when the King heard how Siddârtha came  
Shorn, with the mendicant's sad-colored cloth,  
And stretching out a bowl to gather orts  
From base-borns' leavings, wrathful sorrow drove  
Love from his heart. Thrice on the ground he spat,  
Plucked at his silvered beard, and strode straight forth  
Lackeyed by trembling lords. Frowning he clomb  
Upon his war-horse, drove the spurs, and dashed,  
Angered, through wondering streets and lanes of folk,  
Scarce finding breath to say, "The King! bow down!"  
Ere the loud cavalcade had clattered by:  
Which—at the turning by the Temple-wall  
Where the south gate was seen—encountered full

A mighty crowd ; to every edge of it  
Poured fast more people, till the roads were lost,  
Blotted by that huge company which thronged  
And grew, close following him whose look serene  
Met the old King's. Nor lived the father's wrath  
Longer than while the gentle eyes of Buddh  
Lingered in worship on his troubled brows,  
Then downcast sank, with his true knee, to earth  
In proud humility. So dear it seemed  
To see the Prince, to know him whole, to mark  
That glory greater than of earthly state  
Crowning his head, that majesty which brought  
All men, so awed and silent, in his steps.  
Nathless the King broke forth, " Ends it in this  
That great Siddârtha steals into his realm,  
Wrapped in a clout, shorn, sandaled, craving food  
Of low-borns, he whose life was as a God's ?  
My son ! heir of this spacious power, and heir  
Of Kings who did but clap their palms to have  
What earth could give or eager service bring ?  
Thou should'st have come appareled in thy rank,  
With shining spears and tramp of horse and foot.  
Lo ! all my soldiers camped upon the road,  
And all my city waited at the gates ;  
Where hast thou sojourned through these evil years  
Whilst thy crowned father mourned ? and she, too, there  
Lived as the widows use, foregoing joys ;  
Never once hearing sound of song or string,  
Nor wearing once the festal robe, till now  
When in her cloth of gold she welcomes home  
A beggar spouse in yellow remnants clad.

Son ! why is this ? ”

“ My Father ! ” came reply,

“ It is the custom of my race.”

“ Thy race,”

Answered the King, “ counteth a hundred thrones  
From Mahásammat,<sup>45</sup> but no deed like this.”

“ Not of a mortal line,” the Master said,  
“ I spake, but of descent invisible,  
The Buddhas who have been and who shall be :  
Of these am I, and what they did I do.  
And this which now befalls so fell before  
That at his gate a King in warrior-mail  
Should meet his son, a Prince in hermit-weeds ;  
And that, by love and self-control, being more  
Than mightiest Kings in all their puissance,  
The appointed Helper of the Worlds should bow—  
As now do I—and with all lowly love  
Proffer, where it is owed for tender debts,  
The first-fruits of the treasure he hath brought ;  
Which now I proffer.”

Then the King amazed

Inquired “ What treasure ? ” and the Teacher took  
Meekly the royal palm, and while they paced  
Through worshiping streets—the Princess and the King  
On either side—he told the things which make  
For peace and pureness, those Four noble Truths<sup>46</sup>  
Which hold all wisdom as shores shut the seas,  
Those eight right Rules<sup>45</sup> whereby who will may walk—  
Monarch or slave—upon the perfect Path  
That hath its Stages Four<sup>46</sup> and Precepts Eight,<sup>47</sup>




Whereby whoso will live—mighty or mean,  
Wise or unlearned, man, woman, young or old—  
Shall soon or late break from the wheels of life  
Attaining blest Nirvána. So they came  
Into the Palace-porch, Suddhódana  
With brows unknit drinking the mighty words,  
And in his own hand carrying Buddha's bowl,  
Whilst a new light brightened the lovely eyes  
Of sweet Yasòdhara and sunned her tears;  
And that night entered they the Way of Peace.

## Book the Eighth.

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A BROAD mead spreads by swift Kohána's bank  
At Nagara ;<sup>1</sup> five days shall bring a man  
In ox-wain<sup>2</sup> thither from Benáres' shrines  
Eastward and northward journeying. The horns  
Of white Himala look upon the place,  
Which all the year is glad with blooms and girt  
By groves made green from that bright streamlet's wave.  
Soft are its slopes and cool its fragrant shades,  
And holy all the spirit of the spot  
Unto this time : the breath of eve comes hushed  
Over the tangled thickets, and high heaps  
Of carved red stones cloven by root and stem  
Of creeping fig, and clad with waving veil  
Of leaf and grass. The still snake glistens forth  
From crumbled work of lac and cedar-beams  
To coil his folds there on deep-graven slabs ;  
The lizard dwells and darts o'er painted floors  
Where kings have paced ; the gray fox litters safe  
Under the broken thrones ; only the peaks,  
And stream, and sloping lawns, and gentle air  
Abide unchanged. All else, like all fair shows  
Of life, are fled—for this is where it stood,



The city of Suddhōdana, the hill  
Whereon, upon an eve of gold and blue  
At sinking sun Lord Buddha set himself  
To teach the Law in hearing of his own.

Lo ! ye shall read it in the Sacred Books  
How, being met in that glad pleasaunce-place—  
A garden in old days with hanging walks,  
Fountains, and tanks, and rose-banked terraces  
Girdled by gay pavilions and the sweep  
Of stately palace-fronts—the Master sate  
Eminent, worshiped, all the earnest throng  
Catching the opening of his lips to learn  
That wisdom which hath made our Asia mild ;  
Whereto four hundred crors<sup>3</sup> of living souls  
Witness this day. Upon the King's right hand  
He sate, and round were ranged the Sākya Lords  
Ananda, Devadatta—all the Court.  
Behind stood Seriyut and Mugallan, chiefs  
Of the calm brethren in the yellow garb,  
A goodly company Between his knees  
Rahula smiled with wondering childish eyes  
Bent on the awful face, while at his feet  
Sate sweet Yasōdhara, her heartaches gone,  
Foreseeing that fair love which doth not feed  
On fleeting sense, that life which knows no age,  
That blessed last of deaths when Death is dead,  
His victory and hers. Wherefore she laid  
Her hand upon his hands, folding around  
Her silver shoulder-cloth his yellow robe,  
Nearest in all the world to him whose words

The Three Worlds waited for. I cannot tell  
A small part of the splendid lore which broke  
From Buddha's lips: I am a late-come scribe  
Who love the Master and his love of men,  
And tell this legend, knowing he was wise,  
But have not wit to speak beyond the books ;  
And time hath blurred their script and ancient sense,  
Which once was new and mighty, moving all.  
A little of that large discourse I know  
Which Buddha spake on the soft Indian eve.  
Also I know it writ that they who heard  
Were more—lakhs<sup>4</sup> more—crows more—than could be  
seen,  
For all the Devas and the Dead thronged there,  
Till Heaven was emptied to the seventh zone  
And uttermost dark Hells opened their bars ;  
Also the daylight lingered past its time  
In rose-leaf radiance on the watching peaks,  
So that it seemed Night listened in the glens  
And Noon upon the mountains ; yea, they write,  
The evening stood between them like some maid  
Celestial, love-struck, rapt ; the smooth-rolled clouds  
Her braided hair ; the studded stars the pearls  
And diamonds of her coronal ; the moon  
Her forehead-jewel, and the deepening dark  
Her woven garments. 'Twas her close-held breath  
Which came in scented sighs across the lawns  
While our Lord taught, and, while he taught, who heard—  
Though he were stranger in the land, or slave,  
High caste or low, come of the Aryan blood,  
Or Mlech<sup>5</sup> or Jungle-dweller—seemed to hear

What tongue his fellows talked. Nay, outside those  
 Who crowded by the river, great and small,  
 The birds and beasts and creeping things—'tis writ—  
 Had sense of Buddha's vast embracing love  
 And took the promise of his piteous speech ;  
 So that their lives—prisoned in shape of ape,  
 Tiger, or deer, shagged bear, jackal, or wolf,  
 Foul-feeding kite, pearled dove, or peacock gemmed,  
 Squat toad, or speckled serpent, lizard, bat ;  
 Yea, or of fish fanning the river-waves—  
 Touched meekly at the skirts of brotherhood  
 With man who hath less innocence than these ;  
 And in mute gladness knew their bondage broke  
 Whilst Buddha spake these things before the King :—

—o—

OM, 'AMITAYA !' measure not with words  
 Th' Immeasurable : nor sink the string of thought )  
 Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,  
 Who answers, errs. Say nought !

The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all,  
 And Brahm, sole meditating in that night :  
 Look not for Brahm<sup>o</sup> and the Beginning there !  
 Nor him, nor any light

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,  
 Or any searcher know by mortal mind ;  
 Veil after veil will lift—but there must be  
 Veil upon veil behind.

Stars sweep and question not. This is enough  
That life and death and joy and woe abide ;  
And cause and sequence, and the course of time,  
And Being's ceaseless tide,

Which, ever-changing, runs, linked like a river  
By ripples following ripples, fast or slow—  
The same yet not the same—from far-off fountain  
To where its waters flow

Into the seas. These, steaming to the Sun,  
Give the lost wavelets back in cloudy fleece  
To trickle down the hills, and glide again ;  
Having no pause or peace.

This is enough to know, the phantasms are ;  
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing  
them  
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress  
Which none can stay or stem.

Pray not ! the darkness will not brighten ! Ask  
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak !  
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains !  
Ah ! Brothers, Sisters ! seek

Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,  
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes ;  
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought ;  
Each man his prison makes.<sup>10</sup>

Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones ;  
Nay, for with Powers above, around, below,  
As with all flesh and whatsoever lives,  
Act maketh joy and woe.

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,  
Worse—better—last for first and first for last ;  
The Angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap  
Fruits of a holy past.

The devils in the underworlds wear out  
Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by.  
Nothing endures : fair virtues waste with time,  
Foul sins grow purged thereby.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince  
For gentle worthiness and merit won ;  
Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags  
For things done and undone.

Higher than Indrá's " ye may lift your lot,  
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat ;  
The end of many myriad lives is this,  
The end of myriads that.

Only, while turns this wheel invisible,  
No pause, no peace, no staying-place can be ;  
Who mounts will fall, who falls may mount ; the spokes  
Go round unceasingly !

I  
If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,  
And no way were of breaking from the chain,  
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,  
The Soul of Things fell Pain.

II  
Ye are not bound ! the Soul of Things is sweet,  
The Heart of Being is celestial rest ;  
Stronger than woe is will : that which was Good  
Doth pass to Better—Best.

III  
I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,  
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,  
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty !  
Ho ! ye who suffer ! know

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,  
None other holds you that ye live and die,  
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss  
Its spokes of agony,

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.  
Behold, I show you Truth ! Lower than hell,  
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,  
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

Before beginning, and without an end,  
As space eternal and as surety sure,  
Is fixed a power divine which moves to good,  
Only its laws endure.

This is its touch upon the blossomed rose,  
The fashion of its hand shaped lotus-leaves;



In dark soil and the silence of the seeds  
The robe of Spring it weaves ;

That is its painting on the glorious clouds,  
And these its emeralds on the peacock's train ;  
It hath its stations in the stars ; its slaves  
In lightning, wind, and rain.

Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man,  
Out of dull shells the pheasant's penciled neck ;  
Ever at toil, it brings to loveliness  
All ancient wrath and wreck.

The gray eggs in the golden sun-bird's nest  
Its treasures are, the bees' six-sided cell  
Its honey-pot ; the ant wots of its ways,  
The white doves know them well.

It spreadeth forth for flight the eagle's wings  
What time she beareth home her prey ; it sends  
The she-wolf to her cubs ; for unloved things  
It findeth food and friends.

It is not marred nor stayed in any use,  
All liketh it ; the sweet white milk it brings  
To mothers' breasts ; it brings the white drops, too,  
Wherewith the young snake stings.

The ordered music of the marching orbs  
It makes in viewless canopy of sky ;  
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold,  
Sards, sapphires, lazuli.

Ever and ever bringing secrets forth,  
It sitteth in the green of forest-glades  
Nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root,  
Devising leaves, blooms, blades.

It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved  
Except unto the working out of doom ;  
Its threads are Love and Life ; and Death and Pain  
The shuttles of its loom.

It maketh and unmaketh, mending all ;  
What it hath wrought is better than hath been ;  
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans  
Its wistful hands between.

This is its work upon the things ye see,  
The unseen things are more ; men's hearts and minds,  
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills,  
Those, too, the great Law binds.

Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,  
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm,  
Pity and Love are man's because long stress  
Molded blind mass to form.

It will not be contemned of any one ;  
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains ;  
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,  
The hidden ill with pains.

It seeth everywhere and marketh all :  
Do right—it recompenseth ! do one wrong—

The equal retribution must be made,  
Though DHARMA<sup>12</sup> tarry long.

It knows not wrath nor pardon ; utter-true  
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs ;  
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,  
Or after many days.

By this the slayer's knife did stab himself ;  
The unjust judge hath lost his own defender ;  
The false tongue dooms its lie ; the creeping thief  
And spoiler rob, to render.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,  
Which none at last can turn aside or stay ;  
The heart of it is Love, the end of it  
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey !

\*            \*    *†*            \*            \*

•The Books say well, my Brothers ! each man's life  
The outcome of his former living is ;  
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,  
The bygone right breeds bliss.

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields !  
The sesamum was sesamum,<sup>13</sup> the corn  
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew !  
So is a man's fate born.

He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,  
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth ;

And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar  
Him and the aching earth.

If he shall labor rightly, rooting these,  
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,  
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,  
And rich the harvest due.

If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,  
Endureth patiently, striving to pay  
His utmost debt for ancient evils done  
In Love and Truth alway ;

If making none to lack, he thoroughly purge  
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood ;  
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offense  
Nothing but grace and good ;

If he shall day by day dwell merciful,  
Holy and just and kind and true ; and rend  
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,  
Till love of life have end :

He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him  
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,  
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,  
So that fruits follow it.

No need hath such to live as ye name life ;  
That which began in him when he began  
Is finished : he hath wrought the purpose through  
Of what did make him Man.

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins  
 Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes  
 Invade his safe eternal peace ; nor deaths  
 And lives recur. He goes

Unto NIRVANA.<sup>14</sup> He is one with Life  
 Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.  
 OM,<sup>15</sup> MANI<sup>16</sup> PADME,<sup>17</sup> OM ! the Dewdrop slips  
 Into the shining sea !<sup>18</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

This is the doctrine of the KARMA.<sup>19</sup> Learn !  
 Only when all the dross of sin is quit,  
 Only when life dies like a white flame spent  
 Death dies along with it.

Say not " I am," " I was," or " I shall be,"  
 Think not ye pass from house to house of flesh  
 Like travelers who remember and forget,  
 Ill-lodged or well-lodged. Fresh

Issues upon the Universe that sum  
 Which is the lattermost of lives. It makes  
 Its habitation as the worm spins silk  
 And dwells therein. It takes

Function and substance as the snake's egg hatched  
 Takes scale and fang ; as feathered reed-seeds fly  
 O'er rock and loam and sand, until they find  
 Their marsh and multiply.

Also it issues forth to help or hurt.

When Death the bitter murderer doth smite,  
Red roams the unpurged fragment of him, driven  
On wings of plague and blight.

But when the mild and just die, sweet airs breathe ;  
The world grows richer, as if desert-stream  
Should sink away to sparkle up again  
Purer, with broader gleam.

So merit won winneth the happier age  
Which by demerit halteth short of end ;  
Yet must this Law of Love reign King of all  
Before the Kalpas<sup>90</sup> end.

What lets ?—Brothers ! the Darkness lets ! which breeds  
Ignorance, mazed whereby ye take these shows  
For true, and thirst to have, and, having, cling  
To lusts which work you woes.

Ye that will tread the Middle Road, whose course  
Bright Reason traces and soft Quiet smoothes ;  
Ye who will take the high Nirvána-way  
List the Four Noble Truths.

f The First Truth is of *Sorrow*. Be not mocked !  
Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony :  
Only its pains abide ; its pleasures are  
As birds which light and fly.

Ache of the birth, ache of the helpless days,  
Ache of hot youth and ache of manhood's prime ;

Ache of the chill gray years and choking death,  
These fill your piteous time.

Sweet is fond Love, but funeral-flames must kiss  
The breasts which pillow and the lips which cling  
Gallant is warlike Might, but vultures pick  
The joints of chief and King.

Beauteous is Earth, but all its forest-broods  
Plot mutual slaughter, hungering to live ;  
Of sapphire are the skies, but when men cry  
Famished, no drops they give.

Ask of the sick, the mourners, ask of him  
Who tottereth on his staff, lone and forlorn,  
"Liketh thee life?"—these say the babe is wise  
That weepeth, being born.

The Second Truth is *Sorrow's Cause*. What grief  
Springs of itself and springs not of Desire?  
Senses and things perceived mingle and light  
Passion's quick spark of fire :

So flameth Trishná, lust and thirst of things.  
Eager ye cleave to shadow, dote on dreams ;  
A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make  
A world around which seems

Blind to the height beyond, deaf to the sound  
Of sweet airs breathed from far past Indrá's sky ;  
Dumb to the summons of the true life kept  
For him who false puts by.

So grow the strifes and lusts which make earth's war,  
So grieve poor cheated hearts and flow salt tears ;  
So wax the passions, envies, angers, hates ;  
So years chase blood-stained years

With wild red feet. So, where the grain should grow,  
Spreads the birán-weed<sup>21</sup> with its evil root  
And poisonous blossoms ; hardly good seeds find  
Soil where to fall and shoot ;

And drugged with poisonous drink the soul departs,  
And fierce with thirst to drink Karmá returns ;  
Sense-struck again the sodden self begins,  
And new deceits it earns.

The Third is *Sorrow's Ceasing*. This is peace  
To conquer love of self and lust of life,  
To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,  
To still the inward strife ;

For love to clasp Eternal Beauty close ;  
For glory to be Lord of self, for pleasure  
To live beyond the gods ; for countless wealth  
To lay up lasting treasure

Of perfect service rendered, duties done  
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days :  
These riches shall not fade away in life,  
Nor any death dispraise.

Then Sorrow ends, for Life and Death have ceased ;  
How should lamps flicker when their oil is spent ?



The old sad count is clear, the new is clean ;  
Thus hath a man content.

\* \* \* \*

The Fourth Truth is *The Way*. It openeth wide,  
Plain for all feet to tread, easy and near,  
The *Noble Eightfold Path* ; it goeth straight  
To peace and refuge. Hear !

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks  
Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled ;  
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes  
Where breaks that other world.

Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,  
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast ;  
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge  
With many a place of rest.

So is the Eightfold Path which brings to peace ;  
By lower or by upper heights it goes.  
The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries. All  
Will reach the sunlit snows.

The First good Level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk  
In Fear of Dharma, shunning all offense ;  
In heed of Karmá, which doth make man's fate ;  
In lordship over sense.

The Second is *Right Purpose*. Have good-will  
To all that lives, letting unkindness die

And greed and wrath ; so that your lives be made  
Like soft airs passing by.

The Third is *Right Discourse*. Govern the lips  
As they were palace-doors, the King within ;  
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words  
Which from that presence win.

The Fourth is *Right Behavior*. Let each act  
Assoil a fault or help a merit grow :  
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads  
Let love through good deeds show.

Four higher roadways be. Only those feet  
May tread them which have done with earthly things ;  
*Right Purity, Right Thought, Right Loneliness,*  
*Right Rapture*. Spread no wings

For sunward flight, thou soul with unplumed vans !  
Sweet is the lower air and safe, and known  
The homely levels : only strong ones leave  
The nest each makes his own.

Dear is the love, I know, of Wife and Child ;  
Pleasant the friends and pastimes of your years :  
Fruitful of good Life's gentle charities ;  
False, though firm-set, its fears.

Live—ye who must—such lives as live on these ;  
Make golden stair-ways of your weakness ; rise  
By daily sojourn with those phantasies  
To lovelier verities.

So shall ye pass to clearer heights and find  
 Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,  
 And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,  
 Entering the Path. Who wins

To such commencement hath the *First Stage* touched  
 He knows the Noble Truths, the Eightfold Road ;  
 By few or many steps such shall attain  
 NIRVANA's blest abode.

Who standeth at the *Second Stage*, made free  
 From doubts, delusions, and the inward strife,  
 Lord of all lusts, quit of the priests and books,  
 Shall live but one more life.

Yet onward lies the *Third Stage* : purged and pure  
 Hath grown the stately spirit here, hath risen  
 To love all living things in perfect peace.  
 His life at end, life's prison

Is broken. Nay, there are who surely pass  
 Living and visible to utmost goal  
 By *Fourth Stage* of the Hoïy ones—the Buddhs—  
 And they of stainless soul.

Lo ! like fierce foes slain by some warrior,  
 Ten sins along these Stages lie in dust,  
 The Love of Self, False Faith, and Doubt are three,  
 Two more, Hatred and Lust.

Who of these Five is conqueror hath trod  
 Three stages out of Four : yet there abide

The Love of Life on Earth, Desire for Heaven,  
Self-Praise, Error, and Pride.

As one who stands on yonder snowy horn  
Having nought o'er him but the boundless blue,  
So, these sins being slain, the man is come  
NIRVANA'S verge unto.

Him the Gods envy from their lower seats ;  
Him the Three Worlds in ruin should not shake ;  
All life is lived for him, all deaths are dead ;  
Karmá will no more make

New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all ;  
Foregoing self, the Universe grows " I : "  
If any teach NIRVÁNA is to cease,  
Say unto such they lie.

If any teach NIRVÁNA is to live,  
Say unto such they err ;<sup>22</sup> not knowing this,  
Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamps,  
Nor lifeless, timeless bliss.

Enter the Path ! There is no grief like Hate !  
No pains like passions, no deceit like sense !  
Enter the Path ! far hath he gone whose foot  
Treads down one fond offense.

Enter the Path ! There spring the healing streams  
Quenching all thirst ! there bloom th' immortal flowers  
Carpeting all the way with joy ! there throng  
Swiftest and sweetest hours !

More is the treasure of the Law than gems ;  
Sweeter than comb its sweetness ; its delights  
Delightful past compare. Thereby to live  
Hear the *Five Rules* aright :—

Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay  
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none  
By greed, or force or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie ;  
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse ;  
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Soma juice.<sup>22</sup>

Touch not thy neighbor's wife, neither commit  
Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.



These words the Master spake of duties due  
To father, mother, children, fellows, friends ;  
Teaching how such as may not swiftly break  
The clinging chains of sense—whose feet are weak  
To tread the higher road—should order so  
This life of flesh that all their hither days  
Pass blameless in discharge of charities  
And first true footfalls in the Eightfold Path ;  
Living pure, reverent, patient, pitiful,  
Loving all things which live even as themselves ;

Because what falls for ill is fruit of ill  
Wrought in the past, and what falls well of good ;  
And that by howsomuch the householder  
Purgeth himself of self and helps the world,  
By so much happier comes he to next stage,  
In so much bettered being. This he spake,  
As also long before, when our Lord walked  
By Rájagriha in the bamboo-grove :  
For on a dawn he walked there and beheld  
The householder Singála, newly bathed,  
Bowing himself with bare head to the earth,  
To Heaven, and all four quarters ; while he threw  
Rice, red and white, from both hands.<sup>24</sup> " Wherefore thus  
Bowest thou, Brother ? " said the Lord ; and he,  
" It is the way, Great Sir ! our fathers taught  
At every dawn, before the toil begins,  
To hold off evil from the sky above  
And earth beneath, and all the winds which blow."  
Then the World-honored spake : " Scatter not rice,  
But offer loving thoughts and acts to all.  
To parents as the East where rises light ;  
To teachers as the South whence rich gifts come ;  
To wife and children as the West where gleam  
Colors of love and calm, and all days end ;  
To friends and kinsmen and all men as North ;  
To humblest living things beneath, to Saints  
And Angels and the blessed Dead above :  
So shall all evil be shut off, and so  
The six main quarters will be safely kept."

But to his own, them of the yellow robe—  
They who, as wakened eagles, soar with scorn

From life's low vale, and wing towards the Sun—  
 To these he taught the Ten Observances,  
 The *Dasa sil*,<sup>28</sup> and how a mendicant  
 Must know the *Three Doors*<sup>29</sup> and the *Triple Thoughts*;<sup>30</sup>  
 The *Sixfold States of Mind*;<sup>31</sup> the *Fivefold Powers*;<sup>32</sup>  
 The *Eight High Gates of Purity*;<sup>33</sup> the *Modes*  
*Of Understanding*;<sup>34</sup> *Iddhi*;<sup>35</sup> *Upeksha*;<sup>36</sup>  
 The *Five great Meditations*,<sup>37</sup> which are food  
 Sweeter than Amrit<sup>38</sup> for the holy soul;  
 The *Jhdnas*<sup>39</sup> and the *Three Chief Refuges*.<sup>40</sup>  
 Also he taught his own how they should dwell;  
 How live, free from the snares of love and wealth;  
 What eat and drink and carry—three plain cloths,—  
 Yellow, of stitched stuff, worn with shoulder bare—  
 A girdle, almsbowl, strainer.<sup>41</sup> Thus he laid  
 The great foundations of our Sangha<sup>42</sup> well,  
 That noble Order of the Yellow Robe  
 Which to this day standeth to help the World.

So all that night he spake, teaching the Law:  
 And on no eyes fell sleep—for they who heard  
 Rejoiced with tireless joy. Also the King,  
 When this was finished, rose upon his throne  
 And with bared feet bowed low before his Son  
 Kissing his hem; and said, "Take me, O Son!  
 Lowest and least of all thy Company."  
 And sweet Yasòdhara, all happy now—  
 Cried "Give to Rahula—thou Blessed One!  
 The Treasure of the Kingdom of thy Word  
 For his inheritance." Thus passed these Three  
 Into the Path.

Here endeth what I write  
 Who love the Master for his love of us.  
 A little knowing, little have I told  
 Touching the Teacher and the Ways of Peace.  
 Forty-five rains thereafter showed he those  
 In many lands and many tongues and gave  
 Our Asia light, that still is beautiful,  
 Conquering the world with spirit of strong grace :  
 All which is written in the holy Books,  
 And where he passed and what proud Emperors  
 Carved his sweet words upon the rocks and caves :  
 And how—in fullness of the times—it fell  
 The Buddha died, the great Tathágato,<sup>40</sup>  
 Even as a man 'mongst men, fulfilling all :  
 And how a thousand thousand crows since then  
 Have trod the path which leads whither he went  
 Unto NIRVANA where the Silence lives.



AH ! BLESSED LORD ! OH, HIGH DELIVERER !  
 FORGIVE THIS FEEBLE SCRIPT, WHICH DOTTH THEE WRONG,  
 MEASURING WITH LITTLE WIT THY LOFTY LOVE.  
 AH ! LOVER ! BROTHER ! GUIDE ! LAMP OF THE LAW !  
 I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY NAME AND THEE !  
 I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY LAW OF GOOD !  
 I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY ORDER ! OM !  
 THE DEW IS ON THE LOTUS !—RISE, GREAT SUN !  
 AND LIFT MY LEAF AND MIX ME WITH THE WAVE.  
 OM MANI PADME HUM,<sup>41</sup> THE SUNRISE COMES !  
 THE DEWDROP SLIPS INTO THE SHINING SEA !



## After Death in Arabia.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

HE who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends :

Faithful friends ! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow ;  
And ye say, " Abdallah's dead !"  
Weeping at the feet and head,  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers ;  
Yet I smile and whisper this,—  
" *I* am not the thing you kiss ;  
Cease your tears, and let it lie ;  
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends ! What the women lave  
For its last bed of the grave,  
Is but a hut which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage, from which, at last,  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room,—  
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume

Of the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from those splendid stars,  
Loving friends ! Be wise and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye,—  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one  
Out of which the pearl is gone ;  
The shell is broken, it lies there ;  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.  
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury,  
A mind that loved him ; let it lie !  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold shines in his store !

Allah glorious ! Allah good !  
Now thy world is understood ;  
Now the long, long wonder ends ;  
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
While the man whom ye call dead,  
In unspoken bliss, instead,  
Lives and loves you ; lost, 'tis true,  
By such light as shines for you ;  
But in the light ye cannot see  
Of unfulfilled felicity,—  
In enlarging paradise,  
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends ! Yet not farewell ;  
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.

I am gone before your face,  
A moment's time, a little space.  
When ye come where I have stepped  
Ye will wonder why ye wept ;  
Ye will know, by wise love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—  
Sunshine still must follow rain ;  
Only not at death,—for death,  
Now I know, is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,  
Viewed from Allah's throne above ,  
Be ye stout of heart, and come  
Bravely onward to your home !  
*La Allah illa Allah !* yea !  
Thou love divine ! Thou love alway !

He that died at Azan gave  
This to those who made his grave.

## "He and She."

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him; "come away;  
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;  
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gazed too much  
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well  
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face  
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—  
Which were the whitest no eye could choose—

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.  
"Come away!" they said; "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there  
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary ;  
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath till they left the room,  
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread  
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key  
And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she ; but she would not speak,  
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she ; yet she would not smile,  
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she ; still she did not move  
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said : "Cold lips and breasts without breath,  
Is there no voice, no language of death ?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,  
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense ?

"See now ; I will listen with soul, not ear ;  
What was the secret of dying, dear ?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all  
That you ever could let life's flower fall ?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel  
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal ?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep  
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep ?

"Did life roll back its records dear,  
And show, as they say it does, past things clear ?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss  
To find out so, what a wisdom love is ?

"O perfect dead ! O dead most dear,  
I hold the breath of my soul to hear !

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,  
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,  
To make you so placid from head to feet !

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,  
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed,—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid  
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,  
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing  
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world ; O most kind dead !  
Though he told me, who will believe it was said ?

Who will believe that he heard her say,  
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way :

" The utmost wonder is this,—I hear  
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear ;

" And am your angel, who was your bride,  
And know that, though dead, I have never died."





## RULES FOR PRONUNCIATION.

- A, unmarked like *u* in but.
- Ā, marked like *a* in father.
- E, like *a* in fate.
- I, unmarked like *i* in him.
- Ī, marked as *ee* in feel.
- O, marked or unmarked like *o* in gold.
- Ū, marked like *u* in rule.
- U, unmarked like *u* in gun.



## PREFACE TO NOTES.

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A FEW summer afternoon "Conversations" on the "Light of Asia," at the earnest request of the company who listened, are at last condensed into these notes. Interpretation rather than criticism has been my aim, neither have I thought it best to enter into any extended discussion of the merits of Buddhist doctrine presented or incidentally mentioned. A separate volume would be needed for that. Of necessity Mr. Arnold has been obliged to use Christian phraseology, and as a powerful artist, without being a Buddhist or any other sort of a heathen, he has made the most of his picture.

We find it as difficult to becloud Christian words with heathen ideas as the heathen find it difficult to attach to their theological terms, when used to explain Christianity, the truth, purity and clearness of Christian doctrine.

If the corresponding legends introduced in these notes shall give to any one a juster idea of the place Buddhist history holds in Oriental literature; if the translation of Hindu words and descriptions of Hindu customs shall add to the pleasure of any as they strive to comprehend Mr. Arnold's picture; if the fuller details of Brahminical and Buddhist beliefs shall give to any a clearer view of the darkness which Buddha with his candle of truth bravely strove to illumine; if any, reading these notes, shall love mankind more and Christianity not less, my aim is fulfilled.

Mrs. I. L. HAUSER.

Evanston, Ill., April 13, 1882.



## EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

EDWIN ARNOLD was the second son of Robert Coles Arnold, a magistrate in Sussex ; he was born June 10, 1831, and was educated at King's School, Rochester, and King's College, London ; and was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford. In 1852 he obtained the Newdigate prize for his English poem on the Feast of Belshazzar. In 1853 he was elected to address the Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the University. He graduated with honor in 1854, and became second master in King Edward the Sixth's school in Birmingham, and subsequently was appointed principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Poona, in Western India. He held the position until 1860, when he was compelled to leave his much-loved India, by the death of a child, and the illness of his young wife. For nearly twenty years since he has held the position of sub-editor, or editor-in-chief, of the *London Daily Telegraph*, where he has become greatly distinguished as a writer of powerful "leaders." Mr. Arnold has contributed largely to critical and literary journals, and is the author of "Griselda, a Drama ;" "Poems Narrative and Lyrical," "Education in India," "The Euterpe of Herodotus," a translation with notes ; a translation of the "Hitopodesh," or "Book of Good Counsels," a Sanskrit work ; "The History of Lord Dalhousie's Administration," "The Indian Song of Songs," and the "Light of Asia." This last work he began in September of 1878, and though his duties as editor of the *Daily Telegraph* were unremitting, he was able, within a year, to have it published on both sides the Atlantic. Later, Mr. Arnold has translated into verse two books from the Mahābhārata, "The Iliad of India."



## BUDDHA.

OF the real history of Buddha comparatively little was known in the Western world until within the present century. Whether he ever existed at all was a great question among the best scholars, but recent research and comparison of Buddhist works from Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Thibet, China and Sanskrit works in India seems to establish the fact beyond further question. As scholars in each of the countries where Buddhism prevails read the works, ancient or modern, that proclaimed the greatness and doctrines of Buddha, they found them so overgrown with legends and absurdities that it was impossible for them to decide which was truth and which falsehood ; but when these works were brought together in European studies, and a few earnest scholars set themselves to the task of comparison, it was found that on certain points of Buddha's life and doctrine there was practical agreement. These being gathered out of the mass of nonsense, we now have an intelligible history of Buddha. It should be remembered that commerce, or other intercourse between China, Thibet and India had been almost entirely suspended for nearly a thousand years, and the thought and traditions of one country had not been affected by that of the other ; hence it seems evident that a common origin in the spread of Buddhism, some fifteen or twenty centuries since, must account for the agreement of the Buddhist books of those countries on history and doctrine.

Nothing has been more uncertain about Buddha than the time of his life. Professor Wilson enumerates over twenty different dates given in Buddhist books, each as reliable as the other, and ranging over a thousand years previous to 453 B.C. ; but the most careful research, and the balance of Oriental authorities, places his birth about 620 B.C.

The story of Buddha's ante-natal existence is as firmly believed in by his followers as that of the recorded eighty years of his last appearance. He is said to have passed through an infinitude of births, in various characters, during ten millions of million and one hundred thousand millions of *kālpas*, or eternities. Appearing as a prince fifty-one times in the line of *Mahāsammata*, he was therefore fifty-one times his own ancestor. In every birth he

is represented as being possessed of rare moral excellence and great benevolence. It is said that when he was living as King Kanakavarná he gave to a Bodhisattwa—or candidate for Buddhahood—the last morsel of food which long famine had left for his sustenance. This act of charity was followed by rain and plenty. Again Buddha born as a Bráhmín gave his own body to feed a famished tigress and her cubs. After this marvel of charity he attained the rank of Bodhisattwa, which is only inferior to that of Buddha, and lived in the Tushíta heaven, where he taught his doctrine to innumerable millions of Bodhisattwas, or future Buddhas, and was glorified by many strange creatures of Hindu mythology. Another account places Buddha as one of the seven holy Rishís—saints—each one of whom awaits, in one of the seven stars of the Great Bear, final birth or incarceration. In other works the occasion of Buddha's birth is differently told. Vishnu, one of the Hindu trinity, saw that men, by their extraordinary strict practice of the doctrines and rites of the Vedas, threatened to prove rivals to the gods themselves. In order to destroy this power of men, or rather to rob them of it, Vishnu became incarnate as Buddha, that he might preach skepticism and heterodox doctrines, as atheism, and to destroy hope of immortality, that men might be reduced to their original weakness, and the fears and jealousy of the gods be removed.

The facts of his mortal life may be briefly told. His father had married sisters, Mahámáya and Maháprajápati. Mahámáya, having come to her forty-fifth year, was about to be delivered of her first child, and, in accordance with Hindu custom, had started for her father's home. On the way she rested under a satin tree, and there gave birth to her boy. Here legend steps in with marvels. Buddha at his birth was received by Mahá Bráhmá in a golden net, from which he was transferred to the guardians of the four quarters, who received him on a tiger's skin; from these he was received by the nobles, who wrapped him in folds of the finest and softest cloth; but at once Bodhisat descended from their hands to the ground, and looked to the four points, and the four half points; when he looked toward the north he proceeded seven steps in that direction, and exclaimed: "I am the most exalted in the world. I am chief in the world. I am the most excellent in the world. Hereafter there is to me no other birth!" Upon the death of his mother, seven days after, his aunt adopted him and nourished him. The story of the trial of his prowess and learning at the time of, or just after, his marriage, is probably the only authentic bit of his history, as a youth, that remains, and that is exaggerated beyond all belief. As a prince of the warrior, or Kshatriyá caste, his training had been in that direction, though he must have been a much more than ordinarily meditative



youth. The impressions made upon his mind by the sight of extreme age, suffering and death, do not seem at all improbable or unnatural. How often have similar sights made impressions on our hearts and lives that we shall never lose ! It is not wonderful that a man of such remarkably thoughtful and benevolent characteristics as Buddha possessed should have had the whole course of his life influenced by them. After Buddha's renunciation of earthly honors and family ties and love, he spent seven days in a mango grove, after which he spent some time at Rājāgriha ; from thence he went to the jungle near Uruvela, on a spur of the Vindhya range, where he spent six years in severe penances, until his fame spread, as the Burmese chronicle says, "like the sound of a great bell hung in the canopy of the skies." Here he found his long-sought quest, that peace of mind that comes from absolute surrender of selfish desires, after brave resistance of the powers of evil. His contest had been long and severe. He had much to lose, the way was dark, and the gain must have often seemed doubtful. Every earnest soul at some time in life, in a greater or less degree, is assailed by like temptations and doubts. The greater the man, the greater the conflict. Carlyle's description of his season of temptation when he was obliged to decide finally whether he should enter the ministry reads wonderfully like Buddha's struggle.

"I entered into my chamber, and closed the door. And around about me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire, from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery and Scoffing were there, and I wrestled with them in travail and agony of spirit. Thus it was, sir, for weeks. Whether I ate I know not, whether I drank I know not, whether I slept I know not. But I only know that when I came forth again beneath the glimpses of the moon it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical apparatus called a stomach."

Carlyle came forth to write, Buddha began to preach.

He went to the deer forest near Benāres, and before the rainy season closed had sixty converts. These he sent out two by two to propagate his doctrines. He now went to his old home, and after bringing over to his views his half brother, his son and others, he returned to Rājāgriha, where the King Bimbisāra gave him a bamboo grove and monastery. He spent the rainy seasons here, teaching those who gathered about him, and during the dry seasons itinerated within a radius of a hundred and fifty miles about Benāres. For forty-five years he taught and sent forth his missionaries. Death came at last to the old man of blameless life and found him tranquil, and looking peacefully forward to Nirvāna. Carefully had he followed in his own life the best light he

had, patiently he taught others truth, purity and humility, and who shall say that his earnest soul, passing from the imprisonment of the body, awoke not to those things which "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man?"

Buddha lived in an era of great moral reforms. Throughout the known world ritualism had superseded the old and pure faith of which scarcely more than the ancient traditions remained. Men were weary of forms. Within the two centuries which Buddha's life partly spanned, Confucius, with his wonderful code, appeared in China; in Persia, Zoroaster arose with reforms; at the court of Ahasuerus, Esther and Mordecai plead for justice, and their cry was heard from India to Ethiopia; in Babylon Daniel throughout a long life upheld in brilliant example the grandeur of righteous living; in Greece the Delphian temple sunk in ashes, and just laws supplanted the tripod; and in Palestine, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah and most of the lesser prophets declared against new moons, feasts and fasts, and foretold certain destruction for those who, in ceremonials, should forget equity and justice. The Great Father of all, who has not created any soul and left it in utter darkness, He who in tender compassion sent Jonah to preach repentance to the people of Nineveh who were at enmity with Him and His chosen people, cared also for the millions of India who knew not their right hand from their left, and sent Buddha to preach a purity and morality that should save the nation from destruction. Buddh selected out from the old faith that which was noblest and best, and presented it with rare power to such as would hear. But the lights of those times, brilliant as they shone in the surrounding darkness, paled before a later Light that leads on to perfect day. The burden of Buddha's doctrine is not to, not to, not to. Positive, heroic, stalwart righteousness he dared not teach. A hero himself, he found the battle harder than any but rare spirits bear, and he could offer men no help outside of themselves. Of a highly poetic and speculative nature, he looked eagerly into the future for those who should fulfill the law. Confucius, more practical and wanting in imagination, answered no questions as to the future. In the old faith Buddha found Nirvāna, absorption into Brahm, but his soul shrunk from contact with the unholy divinities of the Brāhmīns. In accordance with that law of the mind that causes the Mohammedan to look for heaven as a place of sensual enjoyments; that teaches the Greenlander to describe hell as a place of intense cold; that led the Jew, with his love of costly things, to picture heaven as built of gold and precious stones; that gives to the American Indian a hope of happy hunting grounds, Nirvāna, under Buddha's teaching, became a state free from irritation, action or even consciousness, a mere abstraction. The East Indian, under an enervating climate, where exer-

tion of mind or body, whether for good or ill, is a burden, can understand this. Its intense undisturbed selfishness has great attraction for him. Like all religionists, he seeks to begin his heaven here below. He cuts loose from family ties that he may be rid of its cares ; he takes the beggar's bowl and robe, that he may not be subject to the discomfort of providing even for himself ; he fixes his attention on the top of his nose, and in utter disregard of all claims, dreams his life away.

Buddha had a noble purpose, but long since its vitality and power to benefit mankind was exhausted. In his own words :  
" The lamp whose oil is spent flickers not. "



## NOTES.

### BOOK THE FIRST.

1. *Buddha* :—He by whom the truth is known. In India Wednesday is called Buddh-ka-din—the day of Buddh. Buddha lived to great age, hence his name is commonly used as an adjective noun in India, and applied to old people.

2. *Siddārtha* :—He by whom the end is accomplished, is the translation usually given of this name. Turnour translates it, the establisher. The occasion of Buddha's reception of this name occurred many ages before his birth as a Buddh. When sitting in his palace as a prince, in that far-off age, "having seen Dipankara Bodhisat carrying the almsbowl, he sent an attendant to inquire what was his business, when he was informed that he was seeking oil. On hearing this the prince called him to his palace, and filling a golden vessel with oil of white mustard seed, Sidhārtha put it upon his head, saying at the same time, 'By virtue of this act may I hereafter become a Buddh; and as this is sidhārtha oil, may my name in that birth be Sidhārtha.'"<sup>\*</sup> The Brāhmīns collected at the festival upon his birth said: "This prince will hereafter be a blessing to the world—sidhatta; to himself also will be great prosperity;" in consequence of which he was called Sidhārtha.

3. *Below the highest sphere four Regents sit* :—The following description of these spheres and their inhabitants, from Wilson's Vishnu Purāna, vol. ii, 261, gives the best idea of the Hindu heavens: "On the Lokāloka mountain reside the four holy protectors of the world, or Sudhāman and Sankhapād (the two sons of Kardamā), and Hirānyaroman, and Ketumat. Unaffected by the contrasts of existence, void of selfishness, active and unencumbered by dependents, they take charge of the spheres, themselves abiding on the four cardinal points of the Lokāloka mountain.

"On the south of Agastya, and south of the line of the Goat, exterior to the Vaiawanara path, lies the road of the Pitris. There

dwell the great Rishís—in Ursa Major—the officers of oblations with fire, reverencing the Vedas, after whose injunctions creation commenced, and who were discharging the duties of ministrant priests. For as the worlds are destroyed and renewed they institute new rules of conduct and re-establish the interrupted ritual of the Vedas. Mutually descending from each other, progenitor springing from descendant, and descendant from progenitor, in the alternating succession of births, they repeatedly appear in different houses and races—along with posterity, devout practices and instituted observances—residing to the south of the solar orb, as long as the moon and stars endure.

“The path of the gods lies to the north of the solar sphere, north of Nágavíthí—Aries and Taurus—and south of the seven Rishís—Ursa Major. There dwell Siddhas, of subdued senses, continent and pure, undesirous of progeny, and, therefore, victorious over death. Eighty-eight thousand of these chaste beings tenant the regions of the sky north of the sun, until the destruction of the universe; they enjoy immortality, for they are holy, exempt from covetousness and concupiscence, love and hatred; taking no part in the procreation of living beings; and detecting the unreality of the properties of elementary matter. By immortality is meant existence to the end of the kalpa. Life as long as the three regions—earth, sky and heaven—last is called exemption from reiterated death.

“The space between the seven Rishís and Dhruva—from Ursa Major to the polar star—the third region of the sky, is the splendid celestial path of Vishnu, and the abode of those sanctified ascetics who are cleansed from every evil, and in whom virtue and vice are annihilated. This is that excellent place of Vishnu to which those repair in whom all sources of pain are extinct, in consequence of the cessation of—the consequences of—piety or iniquity, and where they never sorrow any more. There abide Dharma, Dhruva and other spectators of the world, radiant with the superhuman faculties of Vishnu acquired through religious meditation; and there are fastened and inwoven, too, all that is, and all that ever shall be, animate or inanimate.”

4. *Thrice ten thousand years*:—A year of the seven Rishís is 3030 years. The sacred books do not agree in giving names of the Rishís. The Mahábhárata has three lists, each differing. Mr. Wilson mentions seven other authorities, each of which gives different names. Gotama name appears in some, but is omitted in others. The Vishnu Purána mentions three kinds of Rishís, divine Rishís—or sages who are demi-gods also, as Nárada—Bráhmín Rishís—or sages who are sons of Bráhmá or Bráhmíns, as Vasishtha and others—and royal Rishís, or princes who have adopted a life of devotion, as Viswamitra and Buddha, or Gotama.

5. *Five sure signs of birth*:—Mr. Spence Hardy mentions but four. "1. His garments lose their appearance of purity. 2. The garlands and ornaments on his body begin to fade. 3. The body emits a kind of perspiration, like a tree covered with dew. 4. The mansion in which he resided loses its attractiveness and beauty." The same signs, as distinguishing gods from men, are spoken of in the *Mahābhārata* that was composed many centuries before the Buddhist era. At the *Swayamvara*, or tournament of the beautiful *Damayanti*, "she glanced around her at the glittering crowd of suitors, and saw in her dismay that there were five *Nālas* in the hall, for each of the four bright gods had taken upon himself the form of *Nāla*. And *Damayanti* trembled with fear, and after a while she folded her hands in reverence to the gods, and said in sad and humble tones: 'Since I heard the language of the *awan* I have chosen *Nāla* for my lord, and have thought of no other husband. Therefore, O gods, I pray you that you resume your own immortal shapes and reveal *Nāla* to me, that I may choose him for my lord in the presence of all.' And the gods heard the piteous prayer of *Damayanti*, and they wondered at her steadfast truth and fervent love; and straightway they revealed the tokens of their godhead. Then *Damayanti* saw the four bright gods, and knew that they were not mortal heroes, for their feet touched not the earth, and their eyes winked not; and no perspiration hung upon their brows, nor dust upon their raiment, and their garlands were as fresh as if the flowers were just gathered. And *Damayanti* also saw the true *Nāla*, for he stood before her with shadow falling to the ground, and twinkling eyes, and drooping garland; and moisture was on his brow, and dust upon his raiment; and she knew that he was *Nāla*. Then she went in all maidenly modesty to *Nāla*, and took the hem of his garment, and threw a wreath of radiant flowers round his neck, and thus chose him for her lord." \*

6. *Devas*:—Gods, or bright ones.

7. *Sākya*:—This name has no place in Hindu mythology or geography; they are supposed to have been a people living on the border of *Nepāl*, and formerly called *Okkaka*.

8. *Suddhōdana*:—He whose food is pure.

9. *Mayā, the Queen*:—Illusion, sometimes called *Mahā Māya*—great illusion, or *Deve Māya*—Divine illusion.

10. *An elephant*:—In *Burmah* it is believed that *Buddha*, in his manifold transmigrations, must necessarily delight to abide for some time in that grand incarnation of purity which they consider represented by the white elephant. While the bonzes teach that there is no spot in the heavens above, or the earth below, or the

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\* *Wheeler's History of India*, vol. I, 484.

waters under the earth, which is not visited in the peregrinations of Buddha—whose every step or stage is toward purification—they hold that his tarrying may be longer in the white elephant than in any other abode, and that in possession of the sacred animal they may possess the presence of Buddha himself.

11. *Vahuka* :—The cow on whose horn the earth rests ; when tired she tosses her burden to the other horn, hence earthquakes. Hindu geography states that this cow stands on an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise, the tortoise on—"who knows?"

12. *And over half the earth a lovely light  
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook ; the waves  
Sank lulled ; all flowers that blow by day came forth  
As 'twere high noon ; down to the farthest hells  
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills  
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps  
A tender whisper pierced.*

Mr. Hardy, in the Manual of Buddhism, enumerates thirty-two great wonders that occurred at the time of conception. "The 10,000 sakwalas—systems of worlds—trembled at once ; there was in each a preternatural light, so that they were all equally illuminated at the same moment ; the blind from their birth received power to see ; the deaf heard the joyful noise ; the dumb burst forth into songs ; the lame danced ; the crooked became straight ; those in confinement were released from bonds ; the fires of all the hells were extinguished, so that they became cool as water, and the bodies of all therein were as pillars of ice ; the thirst of *pretas*—famished spirits—and the hunger of all other beings was appeased ; the fears of the terrified fled away ; the diseases of the sick were cured ; all beings forgot their enmity to each other ; bulls and buffaloes roared in triumph ; horses, asses and elephants joined in the acclaim ; lions sent forth the thunder of their voices ; instruments of music spontaneously uttered sounds ; the devas put on their most splendid ornaments ; in all countries lamps were lighted of themselves ; the winds were loaded with perfumes ; clouds arose though it was not the season of rain, and the whole of the 10,000 sakwalas were watered at once ; the earth opened, and fountains of water sprang up in various places ; the flight of the birds was arrested as they passed through the air ; the stream of the rivers was stopped, as if to look at Bodhisat ; the waves of the sea became placid, and its waters sweet ; the whole surface of the ocean was covered with flowers ; the buds upon the land and the water became fully expanded ; every creeper and tree was covered with flowers from the root to the top ; the rocks abounded with the seven species of water



lilies ; even beams of dry wood put forth flowers, so that the earth resembled one extensive garden ; the sky was covered as with a floral canopy, and flowers were showered from the heavens ; the 10,000 sakwalas were all thus covered alike ; and great favors were everywhere received."

Similar manifestations are frequently recorded in Hindu writings, with this difference, however: they are seldom narrated at such length as in Buddhist writings, and lack the all-pervading element of peace and happy accord. In either Vedic or Bráhmínical traditions, some enemy almost invariably appears to mar the harmony.

13. *The gray dream-readers* :—Bráhmíns who make the interpretation of dreams and the understanding of the mysteries of astrology specialties.

14. *The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun* :—The event occurred on the day of the full moon of the month Ēsála—July, August.

15. *Palsa* :—Satin tree.

*The marks, thirty and two, of blessed birth* :—Marks of Vishnu, some of them as follows: "The feet of Buddha were like two golden sandals. There was a chakra, or wheel, in the center of the sole. The palms and soles appeared like richly ornamented windows. His body did not collect dust or dirt, as the lotus is not defiled by the mud in the midst of which it grows. His teeth shone like the stars of a constellation. His tongue was so long that by putting it out he could touch his forehead, or the orifices of his ears. His eyes were blue, and sparkled like sapphires. Upon his forehead was a lock of hair curling toward the right."

16. *Palanquin* :—See illustration in Webster's Unabridged.

17. *Were the four Regents of the Earth, come down  
From Mount Sumeru.*

The Vedas name the following as regents of the four quarters : Kuverá, the regent of the North, and god of riches ; Yama, regent of the South, and judge of the dead ; Indrá, regent of the East, and god of the clouds or heaven ; Varuna, regent of the West, and god of the ocean or waters. In Buddhist writings their names are Dhrataráshtra, Wirudha, Wirupaksha and Waisrawana. The attendants of each number a hundred thousand times ten millions. Mount Sumeru is described in Hindu geography as a sacred mountain composed of gold and gems, situated somewhere in the center of the earth, which they suppose to be flat like a round table. Sumeru is the residence of the gods, is broader at the top than at the base, and is yet undiscovered by man. Around this mount is our earth, surrounded by an ocean of salt water of the same diameter as the earth. Surrounding this, in regular succession, always doubling the diameter, are seven circular islands and oceans: 1st ocean, salt water, 2d milk, 3d curds, 4th melted

butter, 5th sugar-cane juice, 6th honey, 7th fresh water. Hindu authorities differ greatly in descriptions of Mount Sumeru; no two agree as to its shape and dimensions. The Buddhists of Ceylon claim that Sumeru is of the same diameter throughout. Those of Nepál conceive it to be shaped like an Indian drum.

18. *Kumbhandas* :—One of the signs of the Indian Zodiac is Kumbhá, a white man holding a water jar. These are of immense size and disgusting form.

*Nágas* :—are serpent deities. The upper half of their bodies is of human form, the lower serpent. They dwell in Patála, below the earth, a place of sensual pleasures, and lighted by resplendent gems. The origin of the mythological Nágas is shrouded in much mystery. A powerful Scythian race in ancient times lived in the mountainous regions, and worshiped the snake as a national deity, adopting it as a national emblem; and from these circumstances seems to have been derived the name of Nágas or serpents. These Nágas made constant raids upon the Bráhmínical nations, inspiring them with terror and an abject fear, that led them to worship, in hope of appeasing, the god of their enemies. The Nágas as a people have almost entirely disappeared from India, but the myth and the old fear remain. In the latter part of August a day is held sacred to snakes and numerous religious fairs are held for their special worship. On that day the women pour milk into snake holes, the doors of houses are smeared with cow-dung and neem leaves as a preservative against poisonous snakes; and in Benáres is a well, called a snake well, where people bathe.

19. *Yakshas* :—Bráhmá, in one stage of the creation, produced beings hunger bitten, hideous and long-bearded. Some of these cried out, "Oh, preserve us!" and hence were called Rakshás, from rakh to preserve; others cried, "Let us eat!" and hence were termed Yakshas, from yaksh to eat. They are demi-gods with few peculiar attributes, and are regarded only as the companions or attendants of Kuverá, the god of wealth. Occasionally they appear as the imps of evil, but in general their character is inoffensive.

20. *For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake.* The legend says that the Mahá Brámás—chief divinities—of the 10,000 sakwalas—system of worlds—brought umbrellas twelve miles high, to be held over the infant's head as a canopy, and the gods and men of each of these systems brought flowers, golden cas-kets, tiaras, frontlets, perfumes, red sandal-wood, and other gifts, while they acknowledged Buddha's supremacy. The thirty-two wonders seen at the time of his conception were also repeated.

21. *Chakravartin* :—A wheel king, one of the twelve universal monarchs who arise at long distant periods to rule the entire

world. Professor Wilson translates it, "He who abides in, or rules over, an extensive territory called a chakra."

22. *The chakra-ratna* :—A chakra is a radlated metallic ring used as a missile weapon ; it was thrown while revolving rapidly on a rod, and was a most dangerous weapon in ancient warfare, as its sharp edge cut in pieces anything with which it came in contact. The chakra is the discus of Vishnu, his distinguishing weapon. Ratna signifies a gem, and is used adjectively, or as we sometimes say, "a gem of a horse," or "a gem of a wife." The chakravartin, having arrived at a suitable age, reflects upon the merit he has gained in former existences, when the seven gifts appear, one after another in the air, and having performed marvels, take up their abode in his palace. The chakra was ultimately converted into the prayer wheel of the Buddhists.

23. *Aswa* :—Horse.

24. *Hasti* :—Elephant.

25. *Istri* :—Wife.

26. — *the ways were swept* :—In the larger cities of India, gangs of men are constantly employed to sweep the principal streets daily, which they do for their entire length and breadth, with brooms about two feet long, made of bamboo splints and without handles. On the occasion of the advent of a prince or other notable, his route is ascertained beforehand and carefully swept. When the Governor General, Sir John Lawrence, entered Lucknow in 1867, the road for three miles between the depot and the Residency, the place of reception, was swept on the morning of his arrival, and sprinkled by men who carried the water in great skins on their backs. That rose odors were not added to the water, the natives would set down to what they consider the parsimony of the English, in making arrangements for display on court occasions.

27. — *lamps and flags* :—The lamps are usually tiny earthen saucers filled with oil and a lighted wick set in one side, or on grand occasions, talq bowls are half filled with water, on which floats oil and a lighted wick. Hundreds and thousands of the lights are used with wonderful effect. The flags are generally of gold or silver tinsel.

28.

— *while merry crowds  
Gaped on the sword-players.*

The itinerant tricksters who appear on such occasions perform in the open air, without screens or admission fee, hence all may witness the sports. Persons of wealth or rank frequently make it a point to see the performer, while the poorer spectators exclaim at their greatness and benevolence. The sword-players are simply marvelous in their dexterous use of sharp weapons. While performing, they wear only a turban, and a piece of cloth about the

loins. One of their principal feats is to keep four or five large butcher knives spinning in the air for five minutes or more. Each knife is caught in its descent and tossed with such accuracy that the distance between the flying knives differs scarcely a finger's breadth.

29. *The jugglers* :—seldom have more than two or three men in a company. They carry a couple of round shallow covered baskets swung on a pole. Their dress is scanty and without sleeves. They have neither curtains, nor tents, nor closets for retirement, and yet with their simple outfits they are able to perform wonders that would nonplus our western necromancers.

30. *The nautch-girls in their spangled skirts and bells*. Dancing girls. Their skirts are often brodered or sewn thick with gold or silver spangles, and their veils are frequently set close round the border with mirrors, each about an inch in diameter. Tiny bells in shape of fruits or blossoms are strung around their ankles, or worn on their toe rings.

31. *Bringing, on tidings of this birth, rich gifts  
In golden trays.*

It is a custom in India that none dare neglect to send presents to a family when a boy is first born. These are always carried on shallow trays, usually of brass, but, if possible, of richer metal.

32. *Goat-shawls* :—These shawls are made of the soft hair of the Cashmere goat, and are often of such fine and delicate texture that a shawl two yards square can be drawn through a finger ring.

33. *Nard* :—Spikenard, being a native of India, is much used as a perfume.

34. *Turkises* :—Turquois.

35. *Asita* :—is a name not common in Hindu mythology or history; it seems to have always been borne by men of more than average piety and understanding. In the Vishnu Purāna, Asita is said to have communicated to Janaka the following stanzas that were chanted by the earth. "How great is the folly of princes, who are endowed with the faculty of reason, to cherish the confidence of ambition, when they themselves are but foam upon the wave! Before they subdue themselves they seek to reduce their ministers, their servants, their subjects, under their authority; they then endeavor to overcome their foes. 'Thus,' say they, 'will we conquer the ocean-encircled earth;' and intent upon their project, behold not death, which is not far off. But what mighty matter is the subjugation of the sea-girt earth to one who can subdue himself? Emancipation from existence is the fruit of self-control. It is through infatuation that kings desire to possess me, whom their predecessors have been forced to leave, whom their fathers have not retained. Beguiled by the selfish love of

sway, fathers contend with sons, and brothers with brothers, for my possession. Foolishness has been the character of every king who has boasted, 'All this earth is mine—everything is mine—it will be my home forever;' for he is dead. How is it possible that such vain desires should survive in the hearts of his descendants, who have seen their progenitor, absorbed in the thirst of dominion, compelled to relinquish me, whom he called his own, and tread the path of dissolution? When I hear a king sending word to another, by his ambassador, 'This earth is mine; immediately resign your pretensions to it,' I am moved to violent laughter, at first, but it subsides in pity for the infatuated fool."

This wisdom, in truth, can scarcely be accredited to the Asita of the poem, but is certainly worthy of the man who, without fault, was prime minister to the king of one generation, the trusted adviser of the second, and saint, in the time of Buddha, of the third generation. If the legend were true, there would be small wonder that Asita heard Devas singing, deaf as he was; for it is said that at the time of Buddha's birth the Sekras brought conches one hundred and twenty cubits long, the blast of which rolled on without ceasing during four and a half months, and the Panchasikas brought harps twelve miles long.

36. ————— *thereupon he touched*  
*Eight times the dust.*

Before the supreme teachers obeisance must be made by the prostration of the body, with the application of eight parts: the forehead, eyes, breast, hands, knees and insteps of the feet, words and mind to the ground.

37. — *the rosy light* :—Aureole.

38. — *the foot-sole marks* :—The telling of fortunes in India by the lines upon the soles of the feet corresponds to palmistry in Europe and America; the fortunate signs are, a wheel with many spokes, an umbrella, an elephant's trunk, a lotus, Mount Meru, the sun, the moon, a tiger, mystic crosses and many other imaginary representations.

39. *The Sivastika* :—Mystical figure, the inscription of which on any person or thing is generally considered to be lucky. Wilson's Sanskrit Dictionary. In the Vishnu Purāna it is described as "a particular diagram used in mystical ceremonies." "This figure is found in many magical diagrams, and in Runic inscriptions and amulets; it is the hammer of Thor; it is seen on some ancient Etruscan vases that were dug up at Rome in 1817. It is also very commonly seen on the ancient coins that were struck by the Buddhist monarchs of India."\*

40. *The sacred primal signs thirty and two,  
The eighty lesser tokens.*

Mr. Hardy enumerates all these signs and tokens, also the larger part of two hundred and sixteen inferior marks. The repetition of these would be tedious and profitless. The following description of a Jain saint adequately conveys the idea: "Beauty of form, fragrance of his body, the white color of his blood, curling hair, and its non-increase, also that of the beard and nails, his exemption from all natural infirmities and decay; these qualities are born with him. He can collect around him millions of beings—gods, men and animals—in a comparatively small space; his voice is audible to a great distance, and his language, which is Arddha, Mágadhá, is intelligible to animals, men and gods. The back of his head is surrounded by a halo of light brighter than the disk of the sun. For an immense distance around him, wherever he moves, neither sickness, storms, war, nor troubles of any sort occur. Other attributes, or marks of Vishnu, are of a celestial origin, as the raining of flowers, perfumes, the sound of heavenly drums, and the menial offices rendered by Indrá and the gods."\*

41. *This is that Blossom on our human tree  
Which opens once in many myriad years.*

Buddhists and Hindus both believe that our earth has been created and destroyed many times. In the process of creation "the part where the sacred tree of Buddha is to appear is the first spot of earth that is found, as it is the last spot destroyed at the end of a kalpa. To point out this place a lotus appears; and if a Buddha is to be born in that kalpa a flower will be expanded; but if there is to be no Buddha there will be no flower.†

42. *— a sword must pierce  
Thy bowels for this boy.*

This is addressed to the father, and signifies that he must bear bitter disappointment in not seeing his son become a chakravartin, or universal monarch.

43. *— whilst thou, sweet Queen!  
Dear to all gods and men for this great birth,  
Henceforth art grown too sacred for more woe,  
And life is woe, therefore in seven days  
Painless thou shalt attain the close of pain.*

The reward of becoming the mother of a Buddha is to be translated in seven days thereafter to a highest heaven. The mothers of each of the thousands of Buddhas that are supposed to have appeared have all died on the seventh day after the birth.

\* Wilson's Essays on the Religion of the Hindus, vol. i, 289.

† Manual of Buddhism, p. 23.

44. *Trāyastriṃśas Heaven* :—The ultimate abode, whose dwellers are liberated and escaped from all dangers of earth.

45. *Māhāprajāpati* :—This princess and Mahāmāya were sisters, and both queens of Suddhōdana. On the day she was named, the diviners saw that she would be the mother or mother-in-law of a chakravartin, so called her Prajāpati—lord of the world. As children the sisters were of remarkable merit. No intoxicating liquor touched their lips; even in play they never told an untruth, or killed even an insect; as queens “they lived together like two srikantāwas in one lotus flower.” This princess was the first woman admitted to holy orders, and the first of Buddha's disciples to enter Nirvāna. The legend tells of a hundred royal wet-nurses, all without blemish and of perfect form, and a hundred and sixty thousand attendant princes.

46. *When the eighth year passed* :—The sons of Brāhmins and the ruling classes are invested with the sacred cord, and taught for the first certain sacred syllables and prayers when about nine years of age.

47. *Viṣvāmītra* :—The name of the author of the hymns in the third Rig Veda, composed about 1500 B.C. Another Viṣvāmītra was an ancient prince of the warrior caste who opposed Brāhminism.

48. *Gāyatrī* :—Sacred meter, peculiar to certain of the Vedas, or a verse from the Vedas. Williams' Sanskrit Grammar defines it “as consisting of a triplet of three divisions of eight syllables each, or six feet of four syllables each, and generally printed in one line; the quantity of each syllable is very irregular. The following verse exhibits the most usual quantities :

... | U—U. | .... | U—U. | .... U—U. | ”

The gāyatrī in the poem for three thousand years has held its place as the most sacred sentence in Hindu literature, and is the prayer recited daily by thousands of devout Hindus. The most usual translation is the following : “Om, earth, sky, heavens. We meditate on that adorable light of the resplendent sun, may it direct our intellects.” It occurs in the third book of the Rig Veda. The last hymn in this book consists of six prayers; the one containing the gāyatrī is as follows : “This new and excellent praise of thee, O splendid, playful sun, is offered by us to thee. Be gratified by this my speech. Approach this craving mind as a fond man seeks a woman. May that sun who contemplates and looks into all worlds be our protection. Let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine ruler; may it guide our intellects. Desirous of food, we solicit the gift of the splendid sun, who should be studiously worshiped. Venerable men, guided by understanding, salute the divine sun with oblations and praise.” \*

This gáyatrí is personified as the wife of Bráhmá. The Bráhmín who pronounces the gáyatrí is absolved from all sin. "By the sole repetition of the gáyatrí, a priest may indubitably attain beatitude, let him perform or not perform any other religious act."\* The woman, sudra—low caste person or barbarian—who should dare pronounce the sacred words of the gáyatrí, it is believed would bring upon herself the most signal punishment from heaven.

49. *Acharya* :—A religious teacher, "That priest who girds his pupil with the sacrificial cord, and afterwards instructs him in the whole Veda, with the law of sacrifice, and the sacred Upanishads, holy sages call an Acharya."†

50. *Nágrí* :—Language of the northern Hindus.

51. *Dakshin* :—Language of the southern Hindus.

52. *Ni* :—Language of the Peris.

53. *Mangal* :—Language of the Tartars.

54. *Parusha* :—Language of the Ancients.

55. *Yava* :—Language of Moderns.

56. *Tirthi* :—Language of the Pilgrims.

57. *Uk* :—Language of the Herons.

58. *Darad* :—Language of modern Cinnebar.

59. *Sikhyáni* :—Language of the Teachers.

60. *Mana* :—Language of the Sages.

61. *Madhyáchár* :—Intelligible to men and animals.

62. *And those who flame adore and the sun's orb* :—Persians.

63. *Lakh* :—100,000.

Any earthly method of computation would fail entirely to convey in figures the sums of the boy's numeration. All the matter of all the worlds counted in molecules could not express an asankya. The reader may obtain some idea of its magnitude by the following table :

10 dasa or decenniums.....	make...	1 sau or hundred
10 saus or hundreds.....	"	1 hazár or thousand
100 hazárs or thousands.....	"	1 lakh
100 lakhs.....	"	1 koti or kela
100 lakhs of kotis.....	"	1 prakoti
1 koti of prakotis.....	"	1 kotiprakoti
1 koti of kotiprakotis.....	"	1 nahuta
1 koti of nahutas.....	"	1 ninnahuta
1 koti of ninnahutas.....	"	1 hutannahuta
1 koti of hutannahutas.....	"	1 khamba
1 koti of khambas.....	"	1 wiskhamba
1 koti of wiskhambas.....	"	1 abada
1 koti of abadas.....	"	1 attata

\* Laws of Manu, No. 87.

† Laws of Manu, No. 140.



1 koti of attatas.....	make.....	1 ahaha
1 koti of ahahas.....	" .....	1 kumuda
1 koti of kumudas.....	" .....	1 gandhika
1 koti of gandhikas.....	" .....	1 utpala
1 koti of utpalas.....	" .....	1 pundarika
1 koti of pundarikas.....	" .....	1 paduma
1 koti of padumas.....	" .....	1 kathá
1 koti of kathás.....	" .....	1 maha kathá
1 koti of maha kathás.....	" .....	1 asankya*

An asankya could be represented by one hundred and twenty-nine figures.

64. *Antah-Kalpas* :—A kalpa is a measure of time indicating eternity. A kalpa represents a day and a night of the god Brahm, or the time of the creation of the world, and the time of its extinction until the creation of another world. The length of a kalpa is thus described : " Take a rock forming a cube of about sixteen miles, touch it once in a hundred years with the finest piece of cloth, and the rock will sooner be reduced to dust than a kalpa shall end." Another definition is : " A palya or kalpa is a period measured by the time in which a vast well, eight hundred miles every way, filled with minute hairs so closely packed that a river hurried over them without penetrating the interstices could be emptied at the rate of one hair a century.† Were the earth to increase in elevation one inch in a century, the elevation would extend to twenty-eight miles before an antah-kalpa would be concluded." " Twenty antah-kalpas make an asankya-kalpa ; four asankya-kalpas make a maha-kalpa."

65. *Vror* :—10,000,000.

66. *Paramanus* :—The invisible base of all aggregate bodies.

67. *Parasukshma* :—Fairy atom.

68. *Trasarene* :—Ten trasarenes make one particle of dust.

69. *Likhya* :—A stroke of the pen.

70. *Yuka* :—A louse.

71. *Mung* :—Pulse.

72. *A breath* :—The distance to which a cooly can carry the native yoke, with a load attached at either end, without putting down the burden.

73. *Gou* :—Two to two and a half miles.

74. *Yojana* :—The length of a yojana varies greatly—from four and a half miles to sixteen miles.

75. *Gárú* :—Master.

76. *Devadatta* :—Signifies god-given, a common name in India. This Devadatta is one of the five persons of whom it is recorded

\* Manual of Buddhism, p. 6.

† Wilson's Religions of the Hindus, vol. 1, 308.

they went to *naraka*—hell. His offense was that he tempted some of the followers of Buddha to forsake him, and fell into heresy.

77. *Divan* :—Court.

78. *A hooded snake* :—Cobra.

79. — *the pile flames for me* :—Cremation.

80. *In the mango-sprays* :—The mango is a spreading tree of rapid growth, thirty to forty feet in height, the stem only rising eight or ten feet before it divides into branches. The dark glossy leaves, about eight inches in length, have a sweet resinous smell, and are so densely set as to be impenetrable to the sun's burning rays, and form a most grateful shade. The fruit is abundant and highly prized.

81. *Sun-birds* :—Paroquets.

82. *Mynas* :—Indian robin.

83. *Egret* :—A dark, plain plumaged bird, that is a constant companion of the black, hairless, domestic buffalo.

84. *About the painted temple peacocks flew* :—The Hindu temples are built of brick and stuccoed over with a white cement. Its shining surface is gayly ornamented with outlined paintings of gods, saints, sacred animals and geometric designs. Peacocks are considered sacred, and often belong to temples.

85. *The blue doves cooed from every well* :—The wells are built up with wide masonry curbs, on the top of which are little shallows for resting the round water jars. The water gathers in these shallows, and from them the birds drink. In the temporary wells, dug in the sand, doves build their nests in the holes in the sides.

86. *Village drums* :—are the constant attendants of feasts, and are beaten almost without cessation, night and day, during the two, three or four days of feasting.

87. *Bulbul* :—Nightingale.

88. *Jambu-tree* :—In Jambudwipa, a fabulous country supposed to lie south of Mount Sumeru, is a wonderful tree called the jamba-tree. It is one thousand miles high, covers a space three thousand miles in circumference, and bears continually a golden fruit as large as a water vessel capable of holding sixteen gallons. "The fable probably arises in an exaggerated account of a pine tree—the deodar, god wood—found in the Himálaya mountains. It grows to great size, and bears catkins of a bright yellow color in great profusion. The wind shakes from these a golden dust that apparently sheets the ground with gold for some distance about the tree."\* The deodar pine, however, grows only on the mountains at an elevation of seven thousand feet or higher, and could not survive at Kapilavastu on the hot, dry plain. The introduction of the jambu-tree in the poem, though allowed by poetic license,

hardly accords with fact. A nimbu, or lemon tree, more probably shaded the young philosopher.

89. *Dhyāna* :—Contemplation, the first of the four stages toward Buddhahood.

90. *Rishis* :—Saints.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

1. *Champaks* :—Trees bearing gold colored flowers so exceedingly fragrant that the bees seldom alight on them. The timber is used in ship building. The tree is sacred to Vishnu. *Michelia champaca*.

2. *Subhā* :—Pleasant or spring palace.

3. *Suramma* :—Winter palace.

4. *Ramma* :—Summer palace.

5. *Mahārāja* :—Great prince.

6. *Barasingh* :—Great-horned deer.

7. ——— *Command a festival*

*Where the realm's maids shall be competitors*

*In youth and grace.*

In Vedic times the daughters of princes had the choice of a husband from a crowd of candidates for her hand, or was given as a prize to that warrior who proved most skillful in the use of the bow. In Buddha's case he seems to have been given the choice first, and showed his prowess afterward. This day of choice by a maiden was called her *Swayamvara*. The description of the young *Rājas*—princes—as they appeared at the *Swayamvara* of *Damayanti*, is a fine companion picture to Mr. Arnold's picture of the *Kapilavastu* maidens.

“ At length the day of happy omen, the great day of the *Swayamvara* of *Damayanti*, dawned upon the city of *Vidharba*. And all the *Rājas*, sick with love, passed through the glittering portals, and the court of great columns, and entered the Hall of State, like lions entering their mountain lairs. And all the *Rājas* were adorned with fragrant garlands, and rich earrings of costly gems were hanging from their ears. And some had long arms, robust and vigorous as the ponderous battle-mace; whilst others were soft and delicately rounded as a smooth serpent. With bright and flowing hair, and arched eyebrows, their faces were as radiant as the stars; and they filled the Hall of State, as the serpents fill the under world, or as tigers fill the caves in the mountains. But when *Damayanti* entered the hall, every eye was fixed, and every soul entranced, at her dazzling loveliness; and all the *Rājas* gazed upon her beauty and were stricken with deep and

passionate desire. Then the name of every Rája was proclaimed aloud, and Damayanti glanced around at the glittering crowd of suitors."\*

8. *Kapilavastu* :—Buddha's birthplace, situated a little north of Goruckpūr, in the eastern part of the province of Kosála. It was on the Rohiní river, that empties into the Raptí.

9. *Soorma-stick* :—Pencil of lead used to darken the eyelashes.

10. *Slender hands and feet new-stained  
With crimson.*

The women of India still follow the fashion of coloring the palms of their hands and soles of their feet with henna.

11. *Tilka-spots* :—A bit of gold tinsel, or a stamp of colored powder, worn between the eyebrows.

12. *Yasôdhara* :—was born on the same day as Buddha, and fore-ordained to be his queen. The horse Kantaka, the nobleman Channa, the personal attendant Ananda, and the messenger Udayi, were all born at the time of Buddha's birth.

13. *Parvati* :—was the wife of Shiv, one of the Hindn trinity. Her gait was like that of an elephant, gently swaying from side to side, a style that is greatly admired in India.

14. *Yamun* :—The river Jumna that flows past Agra and Delhi.

15. *Nandadevi* :—A sacred peak of the Himálayas.

16. *Ardjuna* :—Named for one of India's great warriors.

17. *Nanda* :—Named for a god.

18. *Maidán* :—Plain, or park.

19. *With music* :—The instruments accompanying wedding processions are mostly drums and horns. Of a list of thirty-five musical instruments given in an Indian hand-book, ten are varieties of drums, eleven are stringed instruments, mostly stringed gourds, and eight are horns or pipes; the remaining six are cymbals and smaller instruments. The singers all sing one part, as harmony is unknown to the Hindus; many of their melodies, however, are pleasing, and if introduced to the Western world, would become popular.

20. ——— *and with litters gaily dight,  
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned.*

The wedding color is red, usually that known as "Turkey red." The bride is, if possible, dressed in red silk; the palanquins are hung around with red, also the carriages. The horns of the oxen are gilded or colored with red; also their tails and hoofs; also the manes, tails and hoofs of horses that may be in the procession; bells are hung upon the carriage-wheels, and garlands of strung jasmine blossoms are put about the necks of the oxen.

21. *Ten gours* :—Twenty miles.

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\* Wheeler's History of India, vol. 1, 483.

22. *A coney-shell* :—Is about two-thirds of an inch in length.

23. *Gold sari* :—A largo veil nearly enwrapping the whole person.

24. *Sinhahámu's bow* :—The bow of his grandfather.

25. *Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow* :—The legend, with usual extravagance of description, says that Siddhârtha took "this bow that required the strength of a thousand men to bend it, and placing the lower end on the nail of the great toe of his right foot, without standing up, thrummed the string of the bow with his finger nail as easily as if it were merely the bow by which cotton is cleaned." The vibration rolled ten thousand miles. Then he placed four plantain trees at the corners of a square, and by one flight of the arrow pierced them all. Marvelous archery is a favorite theme in the mythology, history and poetry of India. In the Rāmāyan, the great epic poem of India, an archery feat even greater than this of Siddhârtha's is described. Rāma, the hero of the poem, at the winning of his wife Sita, used a bow which had required the combined strength of five thousand youths to fetch in its casket. Rāma

"Before the thousands of the court,  
The weapon by the middle raised,  
That all the crowd in wonder gazed.  
With steady arm the string he drew,  
Till burst the mighty bow in two.  
As snapped the bow in awful clang,  
Loud as the shriek of tempests rang,  
The earth affrighted shook amain,  
As when a hill is rent in twain ;  
Then senseless at the fearful sound,  
The people fell upon the ground ;  
None save the king, the princely pair,  
And the great saint the shock could bear."

In the Mahābhārata several\* wonderful feats of archery are described, but none can be more appropriately given in this connection than some extracts from the Swayamvara of Draupadi.

"And when they reached that city they found a vast number of Rājas encamped, with a great host of troops and elephants, and multitudes of Brāhmins, Kshatriyas, traveling merchants, showmen and spectators. And there was set apart without the city a large plain inclosed by barriers, in which the Rājas were to exhibit their skill in archery ; and around the plain were many glittering pavilions for the lodging of the more distinguished guests, and also raised galleries from which to behold the performances. And at one end of the plain was a tall pole, and on the top of this pole was a golden fish, and below the fish was a chakra ever whirling round ; and the rule of the Swayamvara was, that who-

\* Methodist Quarterly Review, Jan. 1880.

ever discharged an arrow through the *chakra* at the first shot, and struck the eye of the golden fish, that man should be the husband of the daughter of Rāja Draupada."

After sixteen days of feasting, "the moment arrived when the young Princess was to exhibit herself in all her loveliness to those who hoped to gain her for a bride, and the beautiful damsel was dressed in elegant array, and adorned with radiant gems, and led into the arena, carrying in her hand the garland which she was to throw over the neck of that fortunate hero who might have the fortune to win her to be his wife. Then the different choirs of Brāhmins chanted Vedic hymns to the glory and praise of the gods, and filled the heavens and the earth with the music of their prayers. After this, and amidst a universal silence, the Prince Dhrishṭa-dyumna, who was the brother of Draupadi, stood by the side of his resplendent sister, and proclaimed that whosoever shot the arrow through the *chakra* in the first attempt and struck the eye of the golden fish should have the Princess for his wife. Then the Prince told into the ears of Draupadi the name and lineage of every one of her suitors; and he also told her, in the hearing of all, that she must place the garland round the neck of the man who struck the fish, and accept him for her husband from that day. Dhrishṭa-dyumna then turned to the Rājas and chieftains and said, 'Here stands this lady, my sister; whoever feels confident in his skill and strength that he can hit the mark in a single trial, let him arise and fulfill the conditions of the Swayamvara.'

"At these words the Rājas arose from their seats and approached the pole on which the golden fish was fixed, and the *chakra* below it ever turning round, and they viewed the strong and heavy bow from which the arrow was to be discharged. Now every man was jealous of the other, and yet for a long while no chieftain would take up the bow, lest he should fail to bend it, and thus excite the laughter of the multitude. Presently a Rāja stepped before his fellows and tried to bend the bow, but could not, and another and yet another essayed in like manner to string the bow, but all were alike unable to do so because of its great size and strength. Then many of the Rājas made the attempt, and they strained themselves to the very uttermost, casting aside their robes and collars, and putting forth their whole strength, but not one amongst them could bend the bow.

"All this time the Pandavas—five brother princes—had been standing amongst the crowd disguised as Brāhmins, but suddenly Arjuna, one of the brothers, advanced and lifted the bow, and a cry of astonishment ran through the assembly at seeing a Brāhmin attempt to compete at a Swayamvara. Some there were who jeered at Arjuna, and said, 'Shall a Brāhmin do this great thing

which all the mighty Rájás have failed to do?' Others cried, 'Unless the Bráhmín knew his own skill and strength, he would not make the essay. And all the real Bráhmíns that were present were fearful lest the attempt should offend the Rájás, so that the Rájás should give them no gifts, and they entreated Arjuna to withdraw; but Arjuna was heedless alike of words of blame or words of encouragement, and he offered up a mental prayer to his tutor Drona, and then bent the bow and drew the cord, and fitting the arrow to the string, he discharged it through the center of the chakra, and struck the eye of the golden fish. Then a roar of acclamations arose from the vast assembly like the crash and roll of distant thunder, and the Bráhmíns waved their scarfs in the greatness of their delight, and the drums and trumpets filled the air with joyous music. And the beautiful Draupadi was filled with joy and wonder at the youth and grace of the hero who struck the golden fish, and she came forward as she had been commanded by her brother, and threw the garland round the neck of Arjuna and permitted him to lead her away, according to the rule of the Swayamvara." \*

To the single arrow test of the earlier centuries, other tests of strength and skill were subsequently added; but ultimately the Swayamvara was abandoned on account of the feuds and wars that arose from the jealousies and hatreds that these assemblies excited, and the custom of infant marriages was introduced, thus precluding such occasions of war.

26. *And clere a Talis-tree* :—Palm-tree.

27. *Six fingers thick* :—This must be understood as the *width* of six fingers laid one against another, not as six fingers' *length*.

28. *Syces* :—Grooms.

29. *Bhút* :—Evil spirit.

30. *Mogra* :—Double Arabian jasmine.

31. *Kusá grass* :—"Every law book and almost every poem in Sanskrit contains frequent allusion to the holiness of this plant, and in the fourth veda we have the following address to it at the close of a terrible incantation: 'Thee, O Dharba, the learned proclaim a divinity not subject to age or death; thee they call the armor of Indrá, the preserver of religions, the destroyer of enemies, a gem that giveth increase to the fields. At the time when the ocean resounded, when the clouds murmured, and the lightnings flashed, then was Dharba produced, pure as a drop of fine gold!' Some of the leaves taper to a most acute evanescent point, whence the Pandits often say of a very sharp-minded man, that his intellects are as acute as the point of a kusá leaf."† Pandits—Hindu teachers—say that the kusá grass is equal in sanctity to gold, as both

\* Wheeler's History of India, vol. i, 119.

† Sir Wm. Jones, vol. ii, Essay on Plants of India.

are produced from the earth, and as gold is the chief of metals, so is this of grasses. It is especially holy, and is in great demand in almost all the native offerings and religious ceremonies of the Hindus, particularly in presenting water to the manes of their ancestors. The reason of selecting it is, that the mouths of these ghosts are so small at first that the libation offered them can only enter by being poured along one of these fine sharp roots. It is considered very desirable that a man should die upon a bed of kusá, and it is consequently the duty of attendant relations to spread the grass on the floor, and after covering it with a cloth, to lay the dying man upon it, in order that he may emit his last breath in that hallowed position." \*

32. *Jheel* :—Marsh.

33. *Neem* :—Margosa, or bitter tree,—*Melia azadirachta*—or ash leaved bead tree; considered sacred, as it once had the honor of supporting the sun. An eminent saint visited another saint named Bháskara Achárya, who was supposed to have been an incarnation of the sun. The two saints were engaged in discussion until sunset, when Bháskara offered his guest food. Neither of them could eat after dark, so Bháskara stopped the further descent of the sun, and ordered him to take up his abode in a neighboring neem tree until the food should be cooked and eaten, and the sun obeyed.

34. *Mesha* :—The sign of Aries.

35. *Gadi* :—Cushion, throne or exalted seat.

36. *The arm-threads tied* :—This ceremony is conducted with more state and solemnity than any other during the marriage festival. It consists in fastening on the right wrist of the young man, and on the left of the girl, a bit of saffron, called the *kaukanam*.

37. *The rice and attar thrown* :—During the wedding ceremonies, which usually last about five days, two baskets, made of bamboo, are placed close together; the bride steps into one, the bridegroom into the other. Two other baskets are brought filled with ground rice; the husband empties one over the head of the bride, and she pours the other over him; this they repeat until they are weary or are admonished that it is enough. In the marriage of princes pearls and perfumes are sometimes used in place of rice.†

*The seven steps taken thrice around the fire* :—The sacred fire, and the three circuits which the young couple make around the fire, indicate the ratification of a mutual agreement between them, as there is nothing more solemn than what is transacted over this element, which, among the Hindus, is the most pure of

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\* Phillips' Missionary Vade Mecum, 221.

† Abbe Dubois' Works.



the deities, and therefore fitter than all others to ratify the solemn oaths of which it is the most faithful memorial." \*

38. *Mantras*:—are variously hymns, incantations, prayers or ascriptions of praise to the gods. It is with great reluctance that the Hindus communicate these to any other than those of their own caste. Mr. Wilson fully understood the dislike Hindus have of imparting these sacred words, and seriously doubted if they could be trusted even when they professed to impart them.

39. *Rohini*:—A river in the eastern part of Oude.

40. *Gunga*:—Ganges.

41. *Sál*:—A common timber tree, *Shorea robusta*.

42. *Ganthi flowers*:—Clusters of.

43. *Northwards soared*

*The stainless ramps of huge Himala's wall.*

This is a beautiful and most accurate description of the Himalaya mountains. The closing lines

—under these the plain

*Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot*

*Of those divinest altars*

are unsurpassed for truth and beauty. The combined views of the snowy range and the plains from the lower ranges—seven to ten thousand feet—are magnificent beyond description. The spectator, looking away to the snows a hundred miles distant on the one hand, and over the plains for thirty or forty miles on the other, with hill, mountain and valley rising and falling far away to the east and west, has such a view as no other place on earth affords.

44. *Radhá and Krishna and the sylvan girls*:—Krishna was one of the nine incarnations of Vishnu, and is one of the most worshiped gods of India. His life was so foul that no literal translation of his history could be published in this country, and yet the story is read to persons of all ages and both sexes in India. Many fine sayings are attributed to Krishna, and these Sanskrit scholars have given to the Western world; but the parts most attractive to uncultivated and carnal minds are necessarily suppressed. Radhá was the chief of his thirty thousand mistresses, and she, not his lawful wife, is always pictured and worshiped with him.

45. *Síta*:—was the beautiful wife that Ráma won when he broke the bow that five thousand youths could scarcely carry. Later, when Ráma's father would have placed this, his eldest son, on the throne, a second wife steps in and claims the fulfillment of a long-forgotten promise that her son should be heir to the throne. Ráma, to avoid discord, and upon the advice of his father, becomes a hermit. Síta insists on accompanying him, though he in the

most tender language beseeches her not to undertake such hardships and discomforts for his sake. Sita insists that "wherever the husband may be, the wife must dwell in the shadow of his foot," and for ten years they wander in the jungle. They visit the dwellings of the most celebrated hermits; a female hermit named Anasuya, talks to Sita, who tells Anasuya of her birth, and says:

"My preceptor taught me ever to reverence my mother earth, and to strive to be as pure and true and brave as she, and he called me Sita because I sprang out of a furrow of the ground." Anasuya says: "Thou hast indeed the courage of the brave earth mother, for thou hast not feared to face the scorching heat, and the biting winds, and the angry storm; and thou art so noble, too, Sita, for thou hast lavished thy beauty on the sorrowful, and hast sought to make even the path of exile sweet to thy beloved." Ráwan, the monstrous king of Ceylon, one day in the absence of Ráma made the beautiful Sita his most unwilling captive, and carried her through the air to his capital. Sita has naught but bitterness for her captor, and tells him that Ráma will deliver her and destroy him. Ráma instituted a search for her, and with the assistance of Hanúmán—the monkey god,—who took a flying leap of sixty miles from the mainland to Ceylon—found Sita. A mighty war ensued, the giant was slain, and Sita recovered. To prove her purity to Ráma, she passed through a fire ordeal, and ever since her name has been the synonym for wifely constancy and noble devotion.

46. *Draupadi*:—was the maiden won by Arjuna, who shot the fish through the whirling chakra. By the unfortunate exclamation of his mother, who, on being told by the brothers that they had made a fine acquisition, said, "Go and share it, you five brothers, amongst yourselves and eat it," she was compelled to be a wife for all of them. Her difficult place she filled with rare credit and honor.

47.

*God Ganesha*

*With disc and hook, to bring wisdom and wealth—  
Propitious sate, wreathing his sidelong trunk.*

Ganesh is the god of wisdom, eloquence and obstacles. The Abbe Dubois gives the following account of the cause of the remarkable elephant head which Ganesh bears: "The god Kumara, who had long entertained a grudge against Ganesh, finding him alone one day, cut off his head. Shiv, his father, was much grieved when he heard of the misfortune, and being desirous to repair it, he made a vow that he would cut off the head of the first living creature he should find with his head lying toward the north, and unite to the trunk of Ganesh. In acting on this design, the first animal he met with lying in this position was an elephant,

the head of which he cut off, and set on the neck of Ganesh, and thus restored him to life. The mother of Ganesh was terrified and agonized to find her son with such a deformity, but was pacified on being assured by Bráhmá that Ganesh should be the most worshiped of all gods. Ganesh, as the god of obstacles, though he has no temples, is more frequently invoked than any other God in India, as every undertaking, even the worship of the gods, must be prefaced with prayer to him. Every book in the Hindi and Sanskrit languages opens with an invocation to Ganesh, usually *Sri Ganesha náma*—to the honorable Ganesh respect." The following is an introduction to a treatise on geometry: "Having bowed to Ganesh, whose head is like an elephant, whose feet are adored by the gods, who, when called to mind, restores his votaries from embarrassment, and bestows happiness on his worshipers, I propound this easy method of computation."

48. *Nelumbo* :—Dark blue flowers.

49. *Of nakre* :—Silvery whiteness, or panes of mica.

50. *Purdih* :—Curtain.

51. *And silver vina-strings* :—The vina is one of the most ancient of the musical instruments of India. A hollow gourd is fastened near either end of a bar that is strung with three steel and four brass or silver wires; these are played with plectrums, usually fish scales fastened with springs or tied with thread to the little finger and two first fingers of the right hand. An English writer claims that "it is an instrument of the greatest capacity and power; and a really superior vina, in the hands of an expert performer, is perhaps little inferior to a fine-toned piano."

52. *To that great stature of fair sovereignty* :—To be a chakravartin.

### BOOK THE THIRD.

1. *Chitra* :—The name of the 14th mansion of the moon.

2. *Nullahs* :—Ravines.

3. *Muddán* :—Plain.

4. *Kos* :—About two miles.

5. *Crors* :—Ten millions.

6. *The water-carriers sprinkled all the streets  
From spirting skins.*

The water carriers of India bear water in goat-skins on the back. The neck of the skin is left open; this the carriers grasp with the left hand, and by a little dexterous movement, are able to throw the water in small streams quite a distance.

7. *Tulsi-bush* :—*Ocymum sanctum*, Sweet basil. The basil is considered sacred by the Hindus, and is constantly used in religious services. One tradition says that Tulsi was a nymph be-

loved by Krishna and by him metamorphosed into this plant. A more commonly received tradition is that Tulsí wished to become the wife of Vishnu, but was turned by the curse of Lakshmi, Vishnu's wife, into the basil or tulsí plant. Vishnu, not pleased with this, promised Tulsí that he would always continue with her in the form of the Salagram, or Ammonite stone, found in the rivers of Nepál. For this reason the Hindus who worship Vishnu keep leaves of the basil above and below a salagram in the temples, and adorn their temples and houses with pictures of the salagram and basil, the women paying particular attention to the cultivation of the latter. "By Tulsí's leaf the truth I speak" is a favorite mode of affirmation.

8. *Suryadeva* :—The sun god, who is represented in statuary as seated on a chariot drawn by seven horses.

9 *Came forth in painted car, which two steers drew* :—The pleasure carriages of the Hindus usually have two, sometimes four, heavy untired wheels. The floor of the carriage is made of interlaced bamboos, and is without springs or seats. On this the rider sits tailor fashion, or for a change with feet hanging in some convenient place among the wheels. The driver sits in front astride the cumbersome and ornamented tongue. The top of the carriage is dome-like in shape, and hung with fringed curtains of white cotton, or red silk, as the owner can afford. The oxen used for these carriages are as much objects of pride and care as carriage horses in the West. They are never used for labor, and are beautiful animals. They trot with considerable speed, and, on the ordinary country roads, are not excelled by the European horse and buggy.

10. *Bright-clad* :—Probably no people present a brighter appearance on a gala day than do the Hindus, of the north country particularly. The great majority of the men dress in white muslin coats and trousers, that, on such occasions, are marvelously white and clean. The turbans are of white, rose pink, pale green, lavender or other delicate shade, or often of turkey red with red kammarband, or waist-scarf. Priests and religious mendicants wear other colored garments; the native police have uniforms of rifle green with red turbans and kammarbands; the women generally wear skirts of dark blue or red, with large veils of white or bright colored muslin spangled or gayly bordered; and among the crowd is sure to be a sprinkling of grandees in silks, cashmere shawls, cloth of gold, or brilliant array of some sort, attended by white-robed servants, wearing scarlet sashes, swords and gay turbans.

11. *Jai! jai!* :—Hail, hail!

12. *Jálini* : Feminine for Galen.

13. *Hastá* :—Named for the 14th mansion of the moon

14. *Gautami* :—Feminine for Gotama.

15. *Gunga* :—Named for the Ganges.

16. "*Ah, Sweet,*" he said, "*such comfort that my soul Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end.*"

Compare this mournful, hopeless fear of love's decay, as seen from a heathen stand-point, with dear old "John Anderson, my Joe, John," the song of Christian lovers.

17. *Indra* :—was one of the original deities of India, and before the introduction of Bráhmínism, held in the Indian pantheon about the same relation as Jupiter in the Grecian.

18. *The ten great gifts of wisdom signify* :—Mr. Hardy enumerates these gifts as follows : "1. The wisdom that understands what knowledge is necessary for the right fulfillment of any particular duty, in whatsoever situation. 2. That which knows the result or consequence of karmá. 3. That which knows the way to the attainment of Nirvána. 4. That which sees the various sakwalas. 5. That which knows the thoughts of other beings. 6. That which knows that the organs of sense are not the self. 7. That which knows the purity produced by the exercise of the dhyanas. 8. That which knows where any one was born in all his former births. 9. That which knows where any one will be born in all future births. 10. That which knows how the results proceeding from karmá—action—may be overcome."

19. *Are those four fearless virtues* :—The first path or virtue is the awakening of the heart when it is perceived that pain is inseparable from existence, that all earthly good leads to sorrow; then he is awake and has entered upon the first stage. In the second he loses all impure desires, and all revengeful feelings; in the third he becomes free from evil desires, ignorance, doubt, heresy and unkindness and vexation; universal charity follows opening Nirvána.

20. *At Chandra's temple* :—The temple of the moon.

21. *Merchant's robe* :—The shop-keepers of India generally wear turbans of white, or pale colored muslin, that are made on light frames, in a very set fashion of many tiny folds, one over the other; the coat is a short waist jacket; about the loins is wrapped the dhoti (three or four yards of cloth that is folded to assume a trousers-like appearance, each leg being covered to below the knee), and about the shoulders an ample sheet is loosely thrown.

22. *Clerkly dress* :—The trousers for this dress are white, long and close-fitting; the white coat is long and narrow, surmounted by a short waist jacket, frequently made of colored muslin; the turban is of loose and ample folds of white muslin.

23. *The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain* :—Native stores in India have neither shelves, counters, chairs, stools, nor boxes or bins. Six or eight feet square of a verandah floor with a closet or two, is quite an establishment. The merchant spreads a few goods on the open side of his shop and sits on his heels in

the midst. The grain merchants spread their shoulder cloths on the ground, in the bazar square, and dump the grain upon them; from these they sell by weight, using balanced baskets. Large numbers of regular traders in spices, pottery, jewelry, toys and other wares simply spread a cloth on the ground, display the goods and sit cross-legged beside them.

24. *The buyers with their money in the cloth*:—A Hindu's garments are made without pockets; pocket-books are unknown, so a bit of cloth carried in the hand, or tucked in the waist-band, serves both purposes.

25. *The war of words to cheapen this or that*:—The seller always asks three or four times the sum he expects to receive for any article; the buyer understands this, and offers what he thinks right, what he can afford, or as small a sum as he thinks may be received. "The war of words" is indefinitely continued, and to a foreigner, when not exasperating, is extremely amusing.

26. *The shout to clear the road*:—As there are no sidewalks, and the hucksters lay their goods as near the road as possible when the trade and war over prices is fairly begun, every passing wagon must send forward some one to shout and shove, to make a passage and prevent injury. Persons of rank always send on a fore-runner on any road.

27. *The singing bearers with the palanquins*:—Four men bear a palanquin, and three or four run alongside for relief. It is necessary that the men carrying should keep step, both for their own ease, and the comfort of the person in the palanquin. To aid themselves they call back and forth, "Hu, hu, ho, ho," in a subdued tone. This call they vary, by chanting in measure, and in the same tone, remarks about the person they are carrying. Except as regards weight, these sentences are usually highly complimentary, and calculated to induce a larger gift of buckhsheesh.

28. *Hamals*:—Associate cattle.

29. *The housewives bearing water from the well  
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips  
The black-eyed babes.*

A chattie is a globular water jar, with a short neck on one side. The poorer women who go to the wells will carry two or three such jars, each holding from two to four gallons, one above the other, on their heads; also a jar in one arm resting on one hip, and a baby astride the other hip.

30. *The fly-scarmed sweetmeat shops*:—Candy stores are in about the same proportion to other stores in India as are liquor saloons to our stores in American cities. The sweetmeats are not adulterated with as hurtful materials as Western confectioners use, and they are seldom colored. Ghee, or clarified butter, is largely used in candies, making them distasteful to most Europeans.

81. *The weaver at his loom* :—The looms are worked by hand, and are most primitive, but by careful skill, fine textures and rich materials are produced from them.

82. *The cotton-bow twanging* :—The cotton-bow is a stout bow five or six feet in length, with a strong rawhide string. This is twanged sharply upon the heap of cotton, and by its vibration causes the dust and dirt to fly off, leaving the cotton clean and white. By striking the bow at different points a kind of music is produced.

33.

*The school*

*Where round their Gúrú, in a grave half-moon,  
The Sákya children sang the mantras through,  
And learned the greater and the lesser gods.*

In the school the teacher and scholars, boys only, sit cross-legged upon the floor, without desks or other school apparatus than a book, reed pens, ink and coarse paper. The instruction, until the introduction of English methods of instruction by that government, was almost entirely confined to religious precepts and stanzas, and histories of the gods and their worship.

84. *The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun* :—These cloths add greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene in the Indian bazar, as they hang and wave like great ribbons in the still air from floor to housetop, on horizontal poles set in gables, roofs, balconied windows or towers.

85. *The Bráhmín proud* :—The Bráhmíns are usually taller and fairer than other castes. For thousands of years their progenitors have been the best fed and most comfortably housed class. The result is everywhere apparent.

36. *The martial Kshatriya* :—Soldier caste.

37. *Súdra* :—The lower castes and laborers.

38. *Nág* :—Serpent.

39.

*—or charm the hooded death*

*To angry dances with drone of beaded gourd.*

The snake charmers capture the most fatally venomous of all snakes, the cobra, and carry them about in baskets for exhibition. The charmers seat themselves beside the baskets, in which the snakes lie apparently asleep, and begin to blow upon their gourds and pipes, that sound not unlike a Scotch bagpipe. Presently the snakes begin to stir, then to arise until they stand upon their bellies to a height of eighteen inches or more, when they expand their hoods, thrust out their tongues, and sway back and forth, as long as the music lasts.

40. *Or beg a boy next birth* :—A man's funeral ceremonies cannot be properly performed by any but a son, hence the great anxiety of parents for sons. A woman may be lawfully divorced if she have no sons, or her husband is expected to take a second wife,

frequently at the request of the first wife, that the name and honor of the house may be sustained.

41. *Lotās* :—Globular water vessels, usually about a quart measure.

42. *Striped murderer* :—Tiger.

43. *Karunda bush* :—Corinda, or carissa carandas.

44. *An earthen bowl with lighted coals* :—In ancient times when Agni, the god of fire, was worshiped, every householder was the family priest, and the sacred or sacrificial fire was kept continually burning on the hearth-stone. This has passed away, but remains of the old fire worship are still seen in many religious ceremonies among the Hindus. Carrying lighted coals in a bowl before the dead signifies that that on the family hearth-stone is out, and its remains are to be used in performing the last ceremonies of burning.

45. *The kinsmen shorn* :—Upon the death of a son, father or brother, the nearest male relatives are required to shave every part of the body.

46. *Rāma* :—A leading divinity; the hero of the epic poem, the Rāmāyan.

47. *To where a pile was reared beside the stream* :—Those who have borne the dead and lighted the funeral pile cannot return to their families or eat until they have bathed in flowing water, hence the dead are generally burned beside streams. Not unfrequently when the relatives cannot afford sufficient fuel to entirely consume the body it is thrust half burned into the stream, to become food for vultures and alligators. The funeral ceremonies are many, and vary in different parts of the country. Frequently years elapse before the last can be performed.

48. *Such is man's round* :—Transmigration of soul.

49. *Brahm* :—The divine essence, the original Creator; he from whom sprung the three principal gods, Bráhmá, Shiv and Vishnu.

#### BOOK THE FOURTH.

1. *Chaitra Shud* :—The full moon of March and April.

2. *Asóka buds* :—The vegetable world scarce exhibits a richer sight than an Asóka tree in full bloom; it is about as high as an ordinary cherry tree. The flowers grow in dense clusters, beautifully diversified with tints of orange scarlet, of pale yellow and of bright orange, which grows deeper every day, and forms a variety of shades according to the age of each blossom that opens in the cluster.\*

3. *Rāma's birthday comes* :—The birthday of Rāma is celebrated

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\* Sir William Jones' Works.



with great ceremonies and festivities. Near the larger towns open air theatricals are held representing the hermitage of Rāma, the theft of his wife Sita by Rāwan, the King of Ceylon, the war that followed, the retaking of Sita, and the triumphal return of Rāma. The play lasts two or three days, and is witnessed by thousands of eager spectators.

4. *Mudra* :—A seal, a signet.

5. *Angana* :—A court.

6. *Decis* :—Feminine for Devas, bright ones, or lesser gods.

7. *Lankā* :—Ceylon.

8. *The chuddah* :—A veil worn over the head and nearly enwrapping the whole person.

9. *Kanthā-stone* :—Precious stones worn in a necklace are called *kanthā*.

10. *Vishnu* :—The second deity of the Hindu triad is variously represented in paintings and sculpture, but is most commonly figured as a black or deep blue man, with four arms in which he holds a discus, a conch, a mace and an Egyptian lotus flower, emblematic of his attributes or power. He is the source of the greater part of Hindu incarnations. Nine of Vishnu have already appeared. The tenth, that is to bring in the golden age, is expected to appear in a temple in Sembhāl, a town near Moradabad. A few years since a long lease of this temple was for sale, and if the missionaries resident in the place had had money enough, they could have bought it for a preaching place.

11. *Shiva* :—The third of the Hindu trinity. In appearance he is always disgusting or frightful. In one form he appears as a white man, with three eyes (one in his forehead), a tiger skin barely covering his loins, and three snakes curled about his head and shoulders. From his miserable wickedness the famous Ling had its origin.

12. *Surya* :—The sun.

13. *So with his brow he touched her feet, and bent  
The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,  
Upon her sleeping face.*

Wherever, and in whatever form, this legend of the renunciation is found, it always betokens deepest, truest love yielding only to stern duty and greater benevolence. The legend of the Southern Buddhists says that the son was already born. "The Prince, in order that he might see his son, went to the apartment of Yasōdhara, and on opening the door he saw the Princess upon a couch, surrounded by flowers; but she was asleep, her hand embracing the infant, which was also asleep, and laid upon her bosom. Siddārtha perceived that in order to take up his son Rahula he must remove the mother's arm, which would probably cause her to awake, and as he knew that if she awoke she would

speak to him, which might shake his resolution, he remained upon the threshold, holding the door-post with his hand, but not proceeding any further. He thought, 'I can see my child after I become Buddha; were I, from parental affection, to endanger the reception of the Buddhiship, how could the various orders of being be released from the sorrows of existence?' Then resolutely, like a man attempting to root up Mount Sumeru, he withdrew his foot from the doorway, and descended to the court-yard." \* This decisive step taken, the legend again narrates the marvels that occurred at the time of Buddha's birth, wherein all nature puts forth freshness and beauty in honor of the great event.

14. *Numdah* :—Felt, or coarse woollen cloth formed without weaving, and used as a covering for horses, or to keep off rain.

15. *Suddah Devas* :—Demi-gods from Indra's heaven.

16. *Mohra-flowers* :—The mohra tree bears sweet-scented flowers, from whose petals a spirituous liquor is distilled; from the nuts an oil is extracted, *Bassia latifolia*.

17. *But when they reached the gate* :—The King, who had foreseen that his son would attempt to escape by stealth, had placed a thousand men as wardens. This marvelous horse Kantaka, eighteen cubits in length and of proportionate height, proud to assist his master at this time, to which the horse had so long looked forward, resolved that if the gate were not open he would leap the ramparts of the city with the Prince on his back, and Channa hanging to his tail. Channa, equally as loyal, resolved to leap the barrier with the horse on one shoulder and the Prince on the other; but the devas, knowing that through Buddha they too should obtain entrance to the city of peace—Nirvána—noiselessly opened the gate.

18. *Malwa* :—A province of India where fields of poppies are grown for opium.

19. *Anoma's wave* :—This name has two significations—illustrious and saltless.

20.

—and spake

*Full sweet to Channa.*

In India it is the custom for the grooms to run beside, or at least in full sight of, master and horse when on a journey. These men become remarkable for speed and endurance. Channa was evidently well trained, hence stood ready to take Siddārtha's horse at the close of the wonderful ride. Channa requested that he might be his master's companion in his asceticism, but Siddārtha besought him to return, that his father and wife might know whither he had gone. The horse, knowing that his service for his master was ended, became greatly distressed and fell dead. A temple was afterward erected to his memory on that spot.

## BOOK THE FIFTH.

1. *Rājagriha* :—A Prince's house. The town was formerly famous for beauty and wealth. It was the capital of Magadha. The place has been in ruins for centuries.

2. *Baibhāra* :—Distant gardens, the cultivated lands near a town.

3. *Sarauti* :—Thread of the gods, a little stream.

4. *Tapovan* :—Place of devotees.

5. *Sovereign earth-butter* :—Liquid bitumen.

6. *Saildgiri* :—Cool hill.

7. *Jujube trees* :—Native of Arabia.

8. —————*here*

*Lord Buddha sate.*

This place of meditation was chosen with strict regard to the rules laid down in the sacred books that say: "Curbing the senses and appetites, and breathing gently through the nostrils, while meditating the scholar should concentrate his thoughts. On a clean smooth spot, free from pebbles, from gravel, or from scorching sand, where the mind is tranquillized by pleasant sounds, by running water and grateful shade, with naught to offend the eye, let him apply himself to his task." Though Buddha sat "motionless as the fixed rock his seat," the old saint of the Mahābhārata beat him all hollow. "And the old Rishi had sat in one place so many years that a tree had grown up between his legs, and birds had built their nests upon the tree, and serpents had made their holes all round him. And the Rishi said that he had remained there during twenty Brāhmās, and had frequently seen the world come to a close and begin again." A day of Brāhmā is more than 4,000 millions of years.

In the effect of meditation the infant of the Vishnu Purāna excels both Buddha and the Rishi. "Dhruva, aged five years, performed a penance as enjoined by Marichi and the sages. He contemplated Vishnu, the sovereign of all gods, seated in himself. Whilst his mind was wholly absorbed in meditation, the mighty Ilari, identical with all beings and with all natures, took possession of his heart. Vishnu being thus present in his mind, the earth, the supporter of elemental life, could not sustain the weight of the ascetic. As he stood upon his left foot one hemisphere bent beneath him, and when he stood upon his right foot, the other half of the earth sunk down. When he touched it with his toes it shook with all its mountains and rivers, and the seas were troubled and the gods partook of the universal agitation." The celestials interfered with many stratagems, but could not induce him to forego his penances, until Ilari himself came to him and granted his wish that he should be above all worlds and creations.

9. *Thus would he muse from noontide:*—That a deep religious life was attained chiefly through contemplation seems to have been a ruling idea since very early times in India. The most ancient histories tell of devotees seeking union with Deity by contemplation. The sacred books prescribe various methods and attitudes to assist the mind in concentrating thought. "The devotee must attend to the gradual suppression of breathing, since the animal soul and the mind act in conjunction. In this work he must first endeavor to fix the understanding by some act of the senses : for example, he must place his sight and thoughts on the tip of his nose, by which he will perceive smell ; then bring his mind to the tip of his tongue, when taste will be realized ; and afterward fix his thoughts on the root of his tongue, by which sound will be suggested. After this, if the mind be full of the principle of grandness, and free from passion and ignorance, it will escape the waves of passion and become truly fixed. He who meditates on God, placing his mind on the sun, moon, fire, or any other luminous body, or within his heart, or at the bottom of his throat, or in the center of his skull, will, by afterward ascending from these gross images of the Deity to the glorious original, secure fixedness of thought." \*

The experience of an ex-devotee, as given by the Abbe Dubois, is not only curious but amusing. "I was a novice," said the devotee, "under a celebrated Sunyâsis, who had fixed his hermitage in a remote situation near Bellaburâm. As he prescribed, I devoted the great part of the night to watchfulness, and to endeavors to expel from my mind every thought whatever. Agreeably to other instructions daily repeated to me by my master, I exerted all my might to restrain my breathing as long as it could be possibly endured. I persisted in thus containing myself, continually, till I was nearly ready to faint away. Such violent efforts brought on the most profuse perspiration from all parts of my body. At length, one day while I was practicing as usual, I imagined I saw before me the full moon, very bright, but tremulous. At another time I was led to fancy, in broad day, that I was plunged into thick darkness. My spiritual guide, who had often predicted to me that the practice of penitence and contemplation would disclose to me very wonderful appearances, was quite delighted with my spiritual progress when I related to him what I had experienced. He then set me some new tasks. Wearied out at last with these tiresome follies, I gave them up, fearing they would altogether discompose my brain ; and I again betook myself to my old employment of a laborer."

10. *False-dawn:*—The slight stir and awakening that occurs

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\* Small's Sanskrit Literature.

about two o'clock in the morning. The only pure divinity in the whole Hindu pantheon is Ushas, or the dawn, represented as a beautiful maiden. The sun and the moon both wished to woo her, but she turned them into calves for their audacity, and only released them at the earnest request of their wives

11. — *the King*

*Of Life and Glory cometh!*

People brought up in the Christian faith, when reading of Buddha and his teachings, should constantly bear in mind the caution of W. Rhys Davids in his article on Buddhism in the *Cyclopedia Britannica*. He says, "Christian ideas must not be put into Buddhist expressions." In reading the above quotation our minds at once revert to God as the "King of Life and Glory," but the king intended is Surya, the Sun.

12. *After the manner of a Rishi, hailed*

*The rising orb.*

"Before the rising of the sun the devout Hindu must have rinsed his mouth, cleaned his teeth with a particular twig, in a particular attitude, and bathed in a stream or body of water, with repeated dippings, gesticulations and prayers. The *Gāyatrī*, held to be the most sacred verse in the Vedas—'Let us meditate on the sacred light of that divine sun, that it may illuminate our minds,'—must be repeated "mentally, as often as the worshiper can do it while he closes his mouth and nostrils, effecting the latter by rule. It is the most orthodox of gesticulations, and is performed by placing the two longest fingers of the right hand on the left nostril, inhaling through the right, closing the right with the thumb, and when the breathing can be no longer suspended raising the fingers and exhaling by the left nostril.\* After many prayers, addressed with proper gestures to the ten minds lodged in various parts of the body, to the four cardinal points of heaven; heaven, earth, himself, the elements, his prayer and the whole of the gods in a body, he addresses the following to the sun: 'Thou art *Brāhmā* when thou risest; *Siva* in thy middle course; *Vishnu* at thy setting: Thou art the precious stone of the air; king of day; observer of our deeds; the eye of the world; the measure of time; Lord of the nine planets; he that blotteth out the sins of those who honor him, and expels darkness on the return of the twenty-four hours; he who, in his chariot, bounds over the mountains of the north, which stretches ninety millions five hundred and ten *yōjanas*: Thee will I praise with my utmost strength; and do thou, in thy mercy, forgive all iniquities.' This prayer is closed with twelve, twenty-four or forty-eight obeisances to the

Sun." \* These seemingly senseless gesticulations and attitudes are followed with the thought that they assist in fixing the mind upon the object to be venerated, and drawing it away from the distractions of material life.

13. *Yogis* :—The term *Yogi* is applied to the followers of the Yoga school of philosophy, whose chief tenet is that it is possible, even in this life, to acquire entire command over elementary matter by means of certain ascetic practices. Their principal methods are, long-continued suppressions of the breath, of inhaling and exhaling in a particular manner, of sitting in eighty-four different attitudes, and of fixing the eyes on the top of the nose. They profess to be able to attain the power of performing miracles, which leads them into the cultivation of the arts of necromancy, until at present they are little better than traveling mountebanks. They carry with them trained goats, monkeys, or animals with some sort of *lapsus naturæ*, as a fifth leg, and beg and perform various tricks.

14. *Brahmacháris* :—A student class of mendicants.

15. *Bhikshus* :—A higher order of Buddhist ascetics.

16. *A gaunt and mournful band* :—No nation has devised so many painful methods of seeking final salvation as have the Hindus; the religious orders and sects are numerous, and are followed by men of all dispositions; the truly religious, who in darkness feel after God if haply they may find Him; the lazy, who had rather beg than work; the vain, who love to attract attention by their seeming holiness; and the vicious, who in a saint's robe find larger liberty for passion. A few of these sects as at present existing in India may be noticed. The *Khákis* are so called on account of their rubbing their bodies all over with ashes. They go about almost naked, and lead a wandering life. The *Visaktas* go bare-headed, and must have but one garment and one water pot. The *Sakhi Bharas* worship *Radhá*, the mistress of *Krishna*, so exclusively that they even clothe themselves as women, and follow their occupations. The *Sunyásis* are sturdy beggars bedaubed with ashes to make themselves hideous. The *Nágas* go entirely naked, and of all classes are the most worthless and profligate. They carry arms, and are a dangerous people. The *Akalis* go fully armed; they carry the *chakra* or discus, and are very expert in its use. They can throw it a hundred feet and cut off a man's head with unerring certainty. The *Mahansas* go naked in all weathers, and never speak or beg. They are almost entirely helpless; the people think it a merit to care for them. The *Aghorís*, a sect nearly rooted out by the English government, required human victims for their sacrifices. They carry a pole with a shoe, a water pot, a skull and

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\* Abbe Dubois, vol. ii.

human bones fastened on the top. They eat carrion and filth, and rub themselves with it to make themselves disgusting, thus compelling decent people to comply with their requests, that they may be rid of them. The Vakis believe in the great merit of personal torture; they distort their limbs, cause the nails to grow through the hand, or hold their hands above the head for years. The Vamacharis require flesh, fish, wine and women in their worship, that is conducted with great secrecy. Everywhere in India these mendicants may be seen wandering about in their filth or yellow robes colored with red ocher. They are at once objects of terror and veneration to the common people, who give of their hard-earned and scanty store to support these miserable creatures.

17. *Only great Brahm endures: the Gods but live*:—The great aim of Hindu devotees who enter upon their painful life from religious conviction is to obtain liberation from future terrestrial existence, and speedy absorption into great Brahm, the creative spirit. That this union will eventually occur is to them a settled matter, but as the time is tolerably far removed, they seek to hasten the event. "The elements of form developed from primary matter remain unaltered for a day of Brahm, an interval of 2,160,000,000 years. At the end of this period, Brahm sleeps. The material forms which then occupy the world and the lower spheres of the universe are then consumed by fire; the fire is extinguished by mighty rains, and the globe becomes a shoreless ocean. The sages, the gods, the elements survive, and when Brahm awakes and finds what mischief his slumbers have generated, he sets to work to repair it. With the materials ready to his hands he remanufactures the earth and its inhabitants, and this is what is intended by a secondary creation. This creation is repeated daily during the one hundred years of Brahm's existence. At the end of this term Bráhmá himself expires, and with him die all the gods and holy sages, and all forms whatever retrograde successively into their constituent elements, until the whole is finally merged into the single or double rudiment of being, universal spirit, or primary matter and primary spirit, according to the theories of the dualistic or non-dualistic philosophers. After a considerable interval, similar causes produce similar effects; nature and spirit are again in movement, the creation is renewed, and the universe thus eternally fluctuates between existence and non-existence, without any motive, without any end." \* This universal, unconscious spirit is known to most of the Hindu sects as Brahm, the creator of Bráhmá, who in turn creates the universe.

18. *Rájáputra*:—Prince's son.

19. *Malaya*:—The islands of the Indian Archipelago.

20. *Tola* :—Two ounces.  
 21. *Sona's distant stream* :—The river Golden.  
 22. *Conries* :—Small shells ; from one hundred to one hundred and twenty make the value of a cent.  
 23. — from the unwatched rice  
*Shiva's white bull fed free.*

In the temples of Shiv white bulls are kept as emblems of the god ; these are frequently turned loose in the streets, and none dare abuse them whatever they may do. The grain merchants have their stores dumped on cloths on the ground in a most convenient manner, as the bulls soon learn. The merchants, to save themselves from loss, when they see a bull approaching meet him with handfuls of grain and entice him beyond their stalls.

24. *Lotá* :—See note 41, Book the Third  
 25. *Sikra* :—Indrá.  
 26. *Devaráj* :—The prince god.  
 27. *Mantras* :—See note 38, Book the First.  
 28. *Of ghee* :—Clarified butter ; milky juice of the moon plant ; acid asclepias.

29. *Soma juice* :—This drink was very much used in ancient worship, but at present is almost unknown, and it is with difficulty that a priest can be found who understands its preparation. It is supposed to give health, wisdom, inspiration, even immortality, when received from the hands of a twice-born priest. Dr. Haug, an eminent Sanskrit scholar who resided some years in Western India, found a priest who, for a very mercenary consideration, consented to reproduce the ceremonies of the ancient sacrifices. He brewed Soma juice, of which Dr. Haug says : " The sap of the plant now used at Poona appears whitish, has a very stringent taste, is bitter, but not sour ; it is a very nasty drink, and has some intoxicating effect. I tasted it several times, but it was impossible for me to drink more than some spoonfuls."

30. *Munja grass* :—A grass of which roofs are made, also ropes and girdles. The laws of Manu require that a priest's girdle shall be made of Munja grass.

31. *Yajnas* :—Sacrifices.

32. *Bimbsára* :—The prince who became one of Buddha's earliest disciples, and who gave to him the Bamboo garden where he spent a large part of his life.

33. *But Buddha softly said* :—Though Buddhism as a religion has long since departed from India, the effects of Buddha's teachings remain in a most marked degree. Through his teachings sacrifices of blood and animals, that previously were considered indispensable, were almost entirely abandoned. The killing of animals, eating flesh and drinking iutoxicants were generally discontinued save by the lowest of the people. Buddhism left the



people of India vegetarians and total abstainers from spirituous liquors.

34. *His sacred thread* :—When young, boys of the Bráhmín, and some of the princes at nine years of age, are invested with the triplo cord. It consists of coarse cotton threads, that when a man marries is increased to nine.

The ceremonies of investiture last four days and are full of trifling detail, and very expensive. Hindus of every caste believe it to be a meritorious act to contribute to the necessary expenses. The cotton of which the cord is made is sown, watered, gathered and spun by Bráhmíns. The instant it is touched in any stage by a person of another caste it loses its sacredness and must be replaced. It is worn over the left shoulder, and hangs down to the right hip.

35. *Sikra* :—Indrá.

36. *Devis* :—Bright ones, goddesses.

37. *Shásters* :—Scriptural writings of the Bráhmíns.

38. *Uravítva* :—is situated on the northernmost spur of the Vindhya range.

39. *Sruti* :—Revealed Scriptures.

40. *Smriti* :—Traditional Scriptures.

41. *Jnana-Kánd* :—Theological portion of the Vedas.

42. *Karmma-Kánd* :—Ritual portion of the Vedas.

## BOOK THE SIXTH

1. *Thousand Gardens* :—See on the map of India in Colton's large Atlas-Hazareebagh.

2. *Mahua* :—Same as mohra ; see Note 16, Book the Fourth.

3. *Sinadr* :—Hemp.

4. *Bír* :—Fig trees.

5. *Barabar hills* :—The eastern portion of the Vindhya range. The origin of this range is given by the Hindus as follows : When Hanúmán, the monkey god, and his hosts were assisting Ráma to regain his wife Síta from the King of Ceylon, they were obliged to build a bridge from the main-land to Ceylon ; for this purpose they brought rocks from the Himálaya mountains, nearly 1,500 miles distant. When the bridge was completed word was sent back to the monkeys still coming with rocks that no more were needed, whereupon they cast down their loads, hence these hills. Between the main-land and Ceylon a rocky causeway still makes it necessary for ships to circumnavigate the island, instead of passing the channel.

6. *Village of Sendni* :—Named for the army general, who was at that time the peaceful head man of the place.

7. *The marks, thirty and two* :—See note 40, Book the First.

8. *Sâl-branch* :—See note 41, Book the Second.

9. *Jambu-branches* :—See note 88, Book the First.

10. *Milk in the shepherd's lotâ* :—In his drinking cup.

11. "*I am a Sudra, and my touch defiles*:"—Caste causes strange contradictions. Brâhmin and Sudra will take milk from one goat or cow, but not from the same cup, nor water from the same well or spring. The Brâhmin will take from the Sudra uncooked food, and fruit, but not cooked food. When I was traveling in the Himâlayas our coolies, dirty, lousy, ill-smelling fellows, would not take water from a spring in which any of our company had dipped our cups, or from the stream unless they could go some distance above and get the water higher up. They would travel thirsty for miles, rather than *defile* themselves.

12. *Tilka-mark* :—The tilka-mark and sacred thread are never given to any one of low birth. The tilka-mark varies in different castes and sects. One sect, the Kâmânujas, have two perpendicular white lines drawn from the root of the hair to the commencement of each eyebrow, and a transverse streak connecting them across the root of the nose; in the center is a perpendicular streak of red, made with a preparation of rice, turmeric, and lime with acid. They also have streaks on the breast and each upper arm. The marks are supposed to represent the shell, discus, club and lotus which Vishnu bears in his four hands, while the central streak is Lakshmî. Some have the objects carved on wooden stamps with which they impress the emblems on their bodies, and some even cicatrize themselves with heated metallic representations. Another sect wear two red perpendicular lines, meeting in a semicircle on the top of the nose, with a round spot of red between them; others mark the forehead with transverse lines of ashes, and others put the sign of worship and caste on the temples and ears.

13. ——— *the nautch-dancers,*

*Of Indrâ's temple.*

In families where there is a surplus of girls, one is frequently dedicated or married to the god of a temple. The girl has no choice whatever in the matter, and is usually very young when placed in the temple service. Her life is one of the lowest prostitution. They are taught to dance, a performance which in itself is not so indecent as the dances of Western nations, but the object is frankly admitted. They are also taught to read and several accomplishments to make them attractive—a fact that has stood greatly in the way when respectable women desired education, lest they should be set down in the same class.

14. *The piping bânsulî* :—A hollow bamboo played as a flute.

15. *A three-string sitâr* :—The introduction of the sitâr in this poem is something of an anachronism, as the sitâr was invented by

a Muhamedan over a thousand years later. *Sitár* is derived from the Persian *al*, three, and *tá*, string. It resembles a guitar with a hollow gourd for a body.

16. *Senáni* :—An army general.

17. *Sujáta* :—Nobly born.

18. *Wherefore with many prayers she had besought  
Lakshmi; and many nights at full-moon gone  
Round the great Lingam, nine times nine, with gifts  
Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil.*

On a certain moonlight night in mid winter, Shiv, or his emblem, the Lingam or Ling, is to be worshiped with jasmine flowers, and particular offerings are made to his bride by the women, of flowers, incense, lights and condiments, in hope of securing children. At this season, also, "women walk in the forests with a fan in one hand, and eat certain vegetables in hope of beautiful children."

Mr. Ward gives a fuller account of these observances: "The worship is performed by a Bráhmín, under the *vata* tree—*Fiscus Indica*—or under a branch of this tree planted in the house. At the time of this worship every woman of the village, dressed in her best clothes, with her face painted, her ornaments on, and her body anointed with oil, goes to the place of worship under the tree, taking in her hand an offering, over each of which the officiating Bráhmín performs the usual sacrifices. The offerings are sent to the house of the Bráhmín, or distributed to the eager bystanders. Among others who are eager to obtain some of these offerings are childless women, each of whom sits down pensively among the crowd, and opens the end of her garment to receive what the mothers are glad to bestow, when the giver says, 'May the blessing of Shasti be upon you, and next year may you bring offerings with a child in your arms.'"

19. *Lakshmi* :—Goddess of fortune and prosperity.

20. *Lingam* :—Carved representation of the male organs.

21. *Devi* :—Gods.

22. *Sári* :—Skirt and veil in one piece.

23. *And tie the scarlet threads around the tree* :—"On a day during a most popular festival held in March, the women worship the *Anala* tree—*Phyllanthus Emblica*—a kind of myrobalan. On this occasion libations are poured at the foot of the tree, a red or yellow thread is bound round the trunk, prayers are offered up for its fruitfulness, and the ceremony is concluded by a reverential inclination of the head to the ancient tree, whose branches bear the marks of village reverence and care."\*

24. *In silver lotis* :—See 41, Book the Third.

25. *Tulsi-plant* :—See 7, Book the Third.

26. *When by his side I stand and serve the cakes* :—No wife eats with her husband among the Hindus. She sets the meal before him, and eats what he sees fit to leave her.

27. *Swerga* :—The Swarga of the Hindus, and Bihisht of the Muhamedans, indicate Paradise as a place of luxury and sensual enjoyments, while Narak and Jahannam are those cares and pains that make a hell upon earth.

28. *Champak* :—See Note 1, Book the Second.

29. ———— *I should mount*

*The pile and lay that dear head in my lap.*

This refers to Suttee, or the practice of burning the living wife with her dead husband. Suttee was abolished in 1829, by Lord Bentinck, Governor General of India.

30. *Cror* :—Ten millions.

31. *Bódhi-tree* :—The peepul tree, or tree of wisdom. A few hundred yards west of the Nílajan river, in a plain of great extent, about five miles from Gáya Proper, there are remarkable remains, that now consist of a confused heap of brick and stone, exhibiting traces of having once been regularly arranged. There is a building called the temple of Buddha, built of brick, and lofty, now so honeycombed with age as to excite surprise that it continues erect. On the terrace behind the temple a peepul tree is growing, which the Hindus suppose to have been planted by Bráhmá. It is supposed by the Buddhists to be exactly in the center of the earth. In 1812, this tree was in full vigor, and appeared to be about one hundred years of age; a familiar one may have been in the place when the temple was entire.\* Miss Brittain gives an account of an old stone pillar which is said to be of Buddhist origin, and to have been built by Asóka, 240 B.C., for the purpose of inscribing upon it his edicts with regard to spreading the Buddhist religion. It was formerly the custom to place in front of these monuments a peepul tree.

This pillar had at one time such a tree beside it, but many years ago the tree was removed, and placed in an old temple near by. "You enter this temple, which is now only a dark cave, or grotto, and are led down a long, dark, narrow passage by a Bráhmin priest carrying a torch, the smell and smoke of which, combined with the damp fumes of the place, render a long visit impossible. At the end of the dark passage is a large square, which must formerly have been a court-yard; further on is the principal chamber of the temple. Here is the peepul tree. It is just the trunk of a tree separated near the ground into two large limbs or arms. These limbs are cut off short, so that the whole length of the tree is probably only ten or twelve feet. From this body and

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\* Manual of Buddhism.

arms there proceed a great many young sprouts ; these, however, are prevented from ever becoming larger by the number of pilgrims visiting this holy spot, who each carry away a leaf or twig. The leaves are perfectly white. It is a wonderful thing, this tree, thus living and growing for hundreds of years, under ground, and in utter darkness.

82. *The koil sang her hymn :—*The cuckoo.

83. *Voices of earth and air joined in one song :—*Oriental writers with glowing descriptions always represent all nature, celestial and terrestrial, as cognizant of, and acting in accord with, spiritual manifestations. When the Hindu King Bijála, in a moment of wickedness, commanded the eyes of two holy men to be put out, his fortune left him, and grievous signs followed : the crows crowed in the night, jackals howled by day, the sun was eclipsed, storms of wind and rain came on, the earth shook, darkness overspread the heavens, and the inhabitants of the city were filled with terror. In Persian writings the idea that nature is "ware and glad" though men, by the hardness of their hearts, may not perceive it, is constantly presented. The following is from the Gullstán, by Sheikh Sádi in the 13th century.

"Once I traveled to Hejaz along with some young men of virtuous disposition, who had been my intimate friends and constant companions. Frequently, in their mirth, they recited spiritual verses. There happened to be in the party an Abid, who thought unfavorably of the morals of Durweshes, being ignorant of their sufferings. At length we arrived at the grove of palm trees of Beni Hullál, when a boy of a dark complexion came out of one of the Arab families, and sung in such a strain as arrested the birds in their flight through the air. I beheld the Abid's camel dancing, and after flinging his rider, he took the road of the desert. I said : 'O Sheikh, those strains delighted the brutes, but made no impression on you : knowest thou what the nightingale of the morning said to me ? What kind of a man art thou, who art ignorant of love ? The camel is thrown into ecstasy by the Arabic verses, for which, if thou hast no relish, thou art a cross-grained brute. When the camel is captivated with ecstatic frenzy, that man who can be insensible is an ass. The wind blowing over the plains causes the tender branches of the fan-tree to bend before it, but affects not the hard stone. Everything that you behold is exclaiming the praises of God, as is well known to the understanding heart ; not only the nightingale and the rose bush are chanting praises to God, but every thorn is a tongue to extol him.'"

84. *But he who is the Prince  
Of Darkness, Mara.*

The legend says that Mara came to Siddártha as he was leaving his home and besought him to remain and enjoy life as a chakravart-

tin, but the Prince answered in a mighty voice : " A thousand or a hundred thousand honors such as these to which you refer would have no power to charm me to-day. I seek the Buddhaship. I want not the seven treasures of the chakravartin ; therefore, begone, hinder me not." Mara, perceiving that his kingdom would eventually become depopulated through Buddha's merit, left him, angrily declaring that he should not cease to tempt him by every device in his power. He kept his word, but on the day when the Prince should become Buddha, he assembled his hosts for the final battle. This is described in the curious, but tedious, extravagance of Buddhist writers in the legends, of which but a hint can be given. It is said that Mara mounted on an elephant one thousand miles high, and marched to the assault with an attendant army one hundred and sixty-four miles long, each warrior in the shape of some horrid monstrosity. He sent a mighty wind against Buddha, which hurled rocks thirty miles high, but it could not lift a hair of his head. He poured a rain whose drops were as big as palm trees, but their scattering spray could not touch Buddha. One hundred thousand burning mountains were transformed by the gentleness of the Buddhist spirit into flowers that fell at his feet. The result of the temptation was that one hundred and thirty-six burning hells opened, scattering the hosts of evil, when the elephant, with his trunk in his mouth and his tail between his legs, ran away. All this extravagant story was probably first given as an allegorical description of an enlightened mind struggling with the power of evil.

35. *Arati* :—Pain.

36. *Trishná* :—Avarice, desire, or thirst.

37. *Raga* :—Passion.

38. *Káma* :—The Indian Cupid, whose history bears much resemblance to the Cupid of Grecian mythology. In Shakespeare's "Hindustani Dictionary" the story is given as follows : *Káma* was consumed by the fiery rage of *Mahádeva* for interrupting him in his devotions, and *Ratí*, *Káma's* wife and *Venus* of the Hindus, being disconsolate for the loss of her husband, was informed by *Parvati*, the wife of the enraged *Mahádeva*, that he would be born in the house of *Krishna*, and would have the name of *Pradyumna* ; but that *Rája Sambara* would steal him away and cast him into the sea ; that thence he would be taken in the belly of a fish to the kitchen of *Sambara*, and she must go and wait for him there. Following this advice, she remained in the kitchen of the *Rája* till it happened that a large fish, on being opened by the cook, was found to contain another fish, and when this was opened a child issued from its belly. *Ratí*, by command of the *Rája*, reared this child. When *Káma* was grown she made him acquainted with what *Parvati* had told her, and advised him to kill

Sambhara and return with her to the house of Krishna where he was born. This was accomplished, and Rati was married to him on his return to his parents. Hence Rati is considered as both wife and mother of Kāma.

39. *Samma Sambuddh* :—To perceive thoroughly, with calm peace of mind.

40. *Ten great Virtues* :—or Dasa sil, are ten obligations binding upon a priest. They forbid : 1. The taking of life. 2. The taking of that which is not given. 3. Sexual intercourse. 4. The saying of that which is not true. 5. The use of intoxicating drinks. 6. The eating of solid food after midday. 7. Attendance upon dancing, singing, music and masks. 8. The adorning of the body with flowers and the use of perfumes and unguents. 9. The use of seats or couches above the prescribed height. 10. The receiving of gold and silver.

41. *Abhidjñā* :—The line of all his lives in all the worlds. Many volumes of Buddhist literature are given to the ante-natal life of Buddha. According to one author his retrospect of past lives extended through ten millions of millions and one thousand kalpas, the shortest of which was sixteen millions of years, the longest thirty-two millions.

42. *Kalpas—Mahakalpas* :—See Note 64, Book the First.

43. *Sakwal* :—"There are innumerable systems of worlds, each system having its own earth, sun, moon, etc. The space to which the light of the sun or moon extends is called a sakwala. Each sakwala includes an earth, with its continents, islands and oceans, and a mountain in the center called Mahā Meru, as well as a series of hells and heavens. The sakwalas are scattered throughout space, in sections of three and three. All the sakwalas in one section touch each other, and in the space between is the Lokantārika hell. Each sakwala is surrounded by a wall of rock called a sakwala-gala." \* These sakwalas are innumerable, but were all visible to Buddha and under the power of his teaching.

44. *Dukhya-sūtya* :—The power of sorrow.

45. *Noble Truths* :—Mr. Gogerly gives one of the most intelligible translations of these truths. They are : " 1. That every existent thing is a source of sorrow. 2. That continued sorrow results from a continued attachment to existing objects. 3. That a freedom from this attachment liberates from existence. 4. The path leading to this state containing eight sections."

46. *Karmā* :—is that which controls the destiny of all things, and includes both merit and demerit. This doctrine of Karmā constantly appears in both Buddhist and Brāhminical writings, with many shades of meaning and endless explanation. Buddha's

own definition is : " All sentient beings have their own individual Karmá, or the most essential property of all beings is karmá : karmá comes by inheritance, or that which is inherited—not from parentage, but from previous births, is karmá ; karmá is the cause of all good and evil, or they come by means of karmá, or on account of karmá ; karmá is a kinsman ; karmá is an assistant, or that which promotes the prosperity of any one is his good karmá ; it is the difference in the karmá, as to whether it be good or evil, that causes the difference in the lot of men, so that some are mean, and others are exalted, some are miserable and others happy." The listening disciple still found himself like a man with a bandage over his eyes, and unable to see the point, so he asked explanation at length ; after which he perceived that the differences in the lot of men, as at present seen, are produced by the karmá of different births.

47. *Skandhas* :—Elements of sentient existence.

48. *Upadanas* :—Subordinate duties, or the cleaving to existing objects.

49. *Nirvána* :—Buddhism, in common with all other religions, is divided into many sects, each holding their peculiar shades of doctrine and belief. The great subject with them for debate and speculation is Nirvána. Not more continuous or prolix are our disquisitions, or wordy and heated are our debates on the subject of future punishment, than are the treatises and discussions in bazar and temple, by Bráhmins as well as Buddhists, on Nirvána. The most generally accepted idea among Bráhmins is that of reunion with original spirit, Brahm. The Vedas say of the soul : " The soul is a portion of the Supreme Ruler, as a spark is of fire. The relation between them is not that of master and servant, ruler and subject, but both that of whole and part." Among some this idea prevails : " The living soul, at the death of the body, attended with all its faculties, retires within a rudiment body composed of light, with the rest of the five elements in a subtile state. In that condition the soul, united to a subtile elementary frame, conjoined with the vital faculties, remains till the dissolution of the world, when it merges in the Supreme Deity. That frame is imperceptible to those who see the death of the body. It is not injured by the burning of the body or anything else. It can be known by its heat as long as it remains in the gross body." The following extracts represent a few shades of opinion respecting Nirvána among Buddhists.

" Spence Hardy and Bigandet find in the modern Singhalese and Burmese books the same opinion concerning Nirvána as Alvis Gogerly, and especially Childers, have found in the more ancient authorities ; and though the modern books of the Northern Buddhists are doubtful, Eugene Burnouf has clearly proved that their



older texts contain only the same doctrines as that held in the south. Buddhism does not acknowledge the existence of a soul as distinct from the parts and powers of man which are dissolved at death, and the Nirvāna of Buddhism is simply extinction." \*

"Nirvāna is not extinction or going out of the soul, but it is the going out in the heart of the three fires of lust, anger and delusion, and the craving from which they come." †

The Buddhists of Burmah define Nirvāna or Nigban as freedom from old age, disease and death.

Professor Max Müller says: "According to the metaphysical tenets, if not of Buddha himself, at least of his sect, there is no reality anywhere, neither in the past nor in the future. True wisdom consists in perceiving the nothingness of all things, and in a desire to become nothing, to be blown out, to enter into Nirvāna. Emancipation is obtained by total extinction, not by absorption into Brahm, or by a recovery of the soul's true state. If to be is misery, not to be must be felicity; and this felicity is the highest reward which Buddha promised his disciples.

"One school believes that Nirvriti or Nirvāna is nature or substance in repose, another claims that it is annihilation. The earliest written works which we possess on Buddhism were composed by Buddha's pupils and friends; these teach that Nirvāna is annihilation, not absorption." ‡

Professor Wilson says that in the Saddharina Lankāvatara, Śākya is represented as confuting all the Brāhminical notions of Nirvāna, and concludes by expounding it to be the complete annihilation of the thinking principle, illustrating his doctrine by the comparison generally employed, of the exhaustion of the light of a lamp which goes out of itself. In the Brahmājāla, or Pāli Sutra, where again Śākya is made to confute sixty-two Brāhminical heresies, he winds up by saying: "Existence is a tree; the merit or demerit of the actions of men is the fruit of that tree, and the seed of future trees; death is the withering away of the old tree from which others have sprung; wisdom and virtue take away the germinating principle, so that when the tree dies there is no reproduction. This is Nirvāna."

50. *Koīl* :—Cuckoo.

51. *Bulbul* :—Nightingale.

52. *Myna* :—Indian robin.

53. *Prets* :—Evil spirits.

54. *Bhūts* :—Ghosts.

55. *Ran* :—Wilderness.

56. *Jungle* :—Wild country.

\* Cyclopædia Britannica.

† T. W. Rhys Davids, in *Fortnightly Review*.

‡ Chŭpe from a German Workshop.

57. *Cheetahs* :—Small hunting leopards.

58. *Bóddhi-tree* :—See Note 31, Book the Sixth.

59. *Many a House of Life, etc.* :—These stanzas are thus translated by Turnour : "Performing my pilgrimage through the eternity of countless existence, in sorrow have I unremittently sought in vain the abode of the passions (*i.e.*, the human frame). Now, O, artificer I art thou found. Henceforth no receptacle of sin shalt thou form, thy frames broken; thy ridge-pole shattered; thy soul—or mind—emancipated from liability to regeneration—by transmigration—has annihilated the dominion of the passions."

Mr. Gogerly translates thus:

"Through various transmigrations  
I must travel if I do not discover  
The builder whom I seek;—  
Painful are repeated transmigrations.  
I have seen the architect—and said—  
"Thou shalt not build me another house;  
Thy rafters are broken,  
Thy roof timbers scattered,  
My mind is detached from all existing objects;  
I have attained to the extinction of desire."

Mr. Hardy gives still another translation :

"Through many different births  
I have run (to me not having found)  
Seeking the architect of the desire resembling house.  
Painful are repeated births !  
O house-builder ! I have seen thee—  
Again a house thou canst not build for me.  
I have broken thy rafters,  
Thy central support is destroyed ;  
To Nirvána my mind is gone.  
I have arrived at the extinction of evil-desire."

Our minds, trained to the idea of a creating Deity, and the need of a knowledge of Him, naturally suppose that this architect, this "Builder of this Tabernacle," must refer to some divine person; but in so doing we make the mistake of putting "Christian ideas into Buddhist expressions." Mr. Gogerly's and Mr. Hardy's translations indicate that desire is the occasion of recreation, and in overcoming this, in blotting out desires, good or evil, the end is attained. Mr. Arnold in his translation says: "Delusion fashioned it." This interpretation would bring Buddha's meaning of architect in accord with the doctrine of *Mayá*, Illusion, or Delusion, one of the most ancient and popular doctrines of India. *Mayá* is personified in Hindu scriptures as the wife of Brahm. Brahm, after seventy-two ages of silence, desired to renew the world; his desire became manifest in a female form—*Mayá*, from whom all the mistaken notions current among mankind originate. The Hindu triad—*Bráhmá*, *Vishnu* and *Shiv*—were the offspring of Brahm and *Mayá*; Brahm disappears, and *Mayá*, de-

celving her own sons, becomes by them the mother of Saraswati, Lakshmi and Uma, whom she weds to her sons, and, establishing herself at Jwāla mukhi, leaves the three wedded pairs to frame the universe and give currency to the errors of practice and belief she has taught them. In the schools of philosophy it is asserted that "the illusive power of ignorance produces the universe from the eggs of Brahmin." It is also affirmed that matter exists not independent of perception, and that substances are indebted for their seeming reality to the ideas of the mind. Our intellects are purified by abstraction, and until we have attained a just appreciation of our own nature, and of that of universal spirit, our ideas are all wrong. Until the day of true knowledge dawns upon us we are asleep—in a dream; we misconceive of all we perceive, we take a rope for a snake; an oyster-shell for mother-of-pearl, mirage for real water. All that we see in our unilluminated condition is Mayá, deception, illusion. There are no two things in existence; there is but one in all. There is no second, no matter; there is spirit alone. The world is not God; there is nothing but God in the world. Nature is compelled to assume the corporeal form that the ends of Spirit may be fulfilled, namely, that it may be embodied, until by a series of transmigrations it has no longer need of such a state; it has attained knowledge, which is the cause of its liberation, and its connection with matter ceases."\*

"Soul desists," says the Sankhya Rarika, "because he has seen—or fully understood—nature. Nature ceases, or withdraws, because she has been seen."

"The union of spirit and matter, as the receiver and received, is without beginning. The origin of this union is Mayá. The perfection of spirit is to be attributed to liberation from this union, and this is sought in the acquisition of discriminating wisdom. Actions performed under the influence of Mayá are followed by eight millions of births in connection with some caste, with an appointed period of life, and subjection to the fruit of actions. This illusion, from whence arise the effects of actions, is to be destroyed by discriminating wisdom in reference to the Divine nature, leading to the reception of truth—God—and deliverance from the sorrows of transmigration." Another class of Hindu philosophers, in their subdivision of Sakti, or Mayá, into four qualities—knowledge, desire, energy and deception—show even more plainly what we are to understand by "the architect of the desire resembling house." They claim that the first Sakti, or knowledge, by its partial extension, produces pain and sleep; but the Sakti of Desire unfortunately obscures that of knowledge,

and hinders it from perceiving that there is no other deity but the material body, propagation, life and death. From this ignorant deviation, occasioned by Desire, the inclinations of men are derived. The truly wise man, who would acquire knowledge of truth and nature, must therefore renounce desire.

"But," asks a new proselyte of a sage, "as all individuals are so many deities, or rather modifications of the same god, why are they not all endowed with the same talents and equal penetration; why are the greater part devoid of sublime intelligence?" The sage answered, "The evil proceeds entirely from the fourth Sakti Mayá, or illusion. It is the cause of all deception, and makes men take what is false for what is true. It has misled men into the belief that there are gods; that there are such vicissitudes as living and dying pollution and purification. The only means of shunning the errors of Mayá is to cling to the doctrine of Buddhism."

### BOOK THE SEVENTH.

1. *Wasanta-time*:—A festival held in the spring in honor of Kámadeva, the god of love.

2. *Hastinápúr*:—Ancient Delhi, the remains of which still exist about fifty-seven miles north-east of the modern city, on the banks of the old channel of the Ganges.

3. *Purdáh*:—Curtain.

4. *With naked feet*:—The people of India never wear shoes in the house. They always slip them off on the verandah.

5. *When they came without the purdáh's folds*:—The women of India who are of high rank and caste are not allowed to go outside of their own apartments except they are closely veiled and attended, neither may any man save husband, father or brothers, go behind the curtains separating the women's rooms from the rest of the house. The curtains are made of long, fine splints of bamboo, and lined with gauze. The women can look through these into the lighter outer apartments, but those outside cannot look within. These merchants standing outside the curtain displayed their goods and told their news, but saw not Yasôdhara.

6. *Bódhi-tree*:—See Note 31, Book the Sixth.

7. *Tchíríka*:—A tree, *Pinus Longifolia*.

8. *Mara's wrath*:—See Note 34, Book the Sixth.

9. *Twelve Nidánas*:—Twelve treasures, or the eleven degrees of contemplation that lead to Nirvána the last and twelfth degree.

10. *He taught the Five*:—The five ascetics who were Buddha's companions during the six years he sought the truth.

11. *Vaishya*:—This month corresponds to half of April and May

12. *The Rishís*:—refers to the five ascetics, Buddha's former companions.

13. *Four Truths* :—See Note 45, Book the Sixth.

14. *Yasad the Prince* :—was the son of Sujāta, who gave to Buddha the food that refreshed him for his mighty conflict with Mara. Yasad went to Buddha by night to inquire the way; he became a priest and entered the first path. His fifty-four companions went to the monastery to induce him to return and play with them as usual, but when they saw his changed appearance they resolved to become priests also, and shortly entered the paths.

15. *Gāthā* :—A hymn not from the Vedas.

16. *Yojana* :—About ten miles.

17. *Sona* :—River Golden.

18. *Kos* :—A kos is two miles.

19. *Rahula's mother* :—A Hindu never calls his wife by name; before she becomes a mother she is known as "that one," or "ādmī," a person; afterward the husband always speaks of his wife as such a boy's mother. The woman also speaks of her husband as the son's father.

20. *As the night-blowing moon-flower's swelling heart* :—The moon-plant is a climber. The leaves, in shape, are like those of the convolvulus major, but much larger, and on the under side are covered with a silvery down. The flowers are white and like huge morning-glories, each one measuring from four to five inches across. They open only by moonlight.

21. —as pale asāka buds

Wait for a woman's foot.

The blossoms of the asāka tree (see Note 2, Book the Fourth) emit a delightful fragrance when wet with the dew just after sunset and before sunrise, or at the time when women step forth for air and exercise.

22. *Mogrās* :—Double Arabian jasmine.

23. *Udayi* :—Named for the great Eastern mountain behind which the sun is supposed first to rise. Udayi was born at the same time as Buddha, and his part in the renunciation was fore-ordained.

24. *Tree-wool* :—The cotton from the sembhāl, or cotton tree. Not all men were so profoundly impressed with Buddha's teaching. An old hymn of the Northern Buddhists tells how Buddha met, full of his newly-discovered mission, an acquaintance on the way as he was going to the Deer Forest the day after his attainment of Buddhahood to preach his doctrine to his old friends. He was struck with Buddha's appearance, and asked him what religion made him so glad and yet so calm. Buddha told him that he had now become free from all desires. His acquaintance apparently cared little for this, and asked him where he was going. The reply is striking. Buddha said: "I am now going to the city of Benāres, to establish there a kingdom of righteousness, to

give light to those enshrouded in darkness, to open the gate of immortality to men." His acquaintance sneered at his high-flown pretensions, and asked what he meant. Buddha replied : "I have completely conquered all evil passions, and am not tied down to material existence. I only live to be the prophet of perfect truth." "In that case," answered the man, "venerable Gotama, your way lies yonder, mine opposite," and left him. Probably most of us would have had the same feeling, if not the same words.

25. *Nirvāna* :—See Note 49, Book the Sixth.

26. *Neem* :—See Note 33, Book the Second.

27. *Mango* :—See Note 80, Book the First.

28. *Masakhs* :—Goat-skins in which Muhamedan water-carriers bear water.

29. *With silver howdahs* :—Chairs of state, made purposely to strap on the elephant's back.

30. *Nigrodha* :—Landscape garden.

31. *Bel-trees* :—Thorny Bengal quince.

32. *Kshatriya* :—Soldier caste.

33. *Chares* :—A nearly obsolete English word, signifying labors. The same word in India, used adjectively, has nearly the same meaning.

34. *Lingam* :—See Note 20, Book the Sixth.

35. *Rishī* :—Saint.

36. *Noble Paths* :—See page 227 of the poem.

37. *Bodhisats* :—Candidates for the Buddhahood.

38. *Lankā* :—Ceylon.

39. *Three seers* :—Six pounds.

40. *Twelve Nidānas* :—See Note 9, Book the Seventh.

41. *Meru* :—Same as Mount Sumeru. See Note 17, Book the First.

42. *And so the feet of sweet Yasôdhara  
Passed into peace and bliss, being softly led.*

The story of Yasôdhara's attainment of Nirvāna is very beautiful, as a few outlines will indicate. "When Siddārtha became an ascetic the Princess resolved upon following his example, but Suddhōdana, in order to prevent it, placed guards around the city, declaring to her that the Prince would return; he was also fearful that, as she was so extremely beautiful, unless she was well protected the Princes of other countries might hear of her situation and come and take her away by force. But although she was thus prevented from going to the forest, she resolved to keep the ordinances of the recluse in the palace; and for this purpose she had her head shaved, put on a yellow robe, and ate her food out of an earthen bowl. When Buddha visited Kapilavastu, after the attainment of his office, and on the second day after his arrival, she requested permission to become a priestess, but it

was not granted, as Buddha saw that the right of entrance into the order of the female priesthood belonged to the queen-mother Mahāprajāpati. . . . In due time Yasōdhara became the rightful inheritor of all that had belonged to Siddhādāna, Mahāmāyā, Mahāprajāpati, Siddārtha, Nanda, Rahula, Devadatta, and Suprabuddha, but she regarded the whole with aversion, even as if it had been a dead snake tied round her neck. She walked with her attendant princesses nearly five hundred miles to reside near Buddha, refusing all offers of assistance on the journey, as all the luxuries of the world had been renounced. While at Sewet, she sometimes went to hear Buddha preach, and sometimes to inquire after the health of Rahula. On the evening of a certain day, as Yasōdhara was sitting alone, she thought of all her friends who had already entered Nirvāna. 'I was born on the same day as Buddha, and in regular order ought to enter the city of peace upon the same day; but this would not be decorous to the great teacher. I am now seventy-eight years of age. In two years from this time Buddha will attain Nirvāna. I will therefore request permission to obtain this privilege from Buddha.' Accompanied by her attendants, she went to the monastery of Buddha, and asked forgiveness for the faults she might at any time have committed, and then presented her request. Buddha said, 'You are the most virtuous of women; but from the time you became an ascetic you have not performed any miracle, so that some persons have doubted whether you are arahat or not.' A great company assembled, but the Princess thought that on account of the extreme beauty of her person it would not be proper to perform a miracle in the same way as others, lest evil should arise in the minds of such of the faithful as were not yet free from evil desire. She therefore related the history of her former births, then rose in the air and worshipped Buddha. The discourse that she delivered was upon the seven kinds of wives there are in the world of men. When all this was concluded, she retired to her own residence, and in the same night, while passing from contemplation to contemplation, saw the city of peace."

43. *Mahāsammata* :—the first monarch of the world, of the race of the sun, received existence by the apparitional birth. The ancestry of Buddha is traced through individuals all of royal dignity, by Buddhist historians back to this monarch; these have evidently borrowed names or invented them, determined to shed all honor possible upon his name.

44. *Four noble Truths* :—See Note 45, Book the Sixth.

45. *Those eight right Rules* :—Right views, high aims, kindly speech, upright conduct, harmless livelihood, perseverance in well-doing, intellectual activity, earnest thought.

46. *Stages Four* :—Professor Max Müller thus describes the

effects of each stage: "Entering the first ensures freedom from sin, a knowledge of the nature of things, and leaves no desire except for Nirvāna. Pleasurable feelings and reasoning and discriminating powers remain. In the second stage these cease, leaving satisfaction arising from intellectual perfection, which is lost in the third stage; but self-consciousness remains. In the fourth stage this also vanishes, and Nirvāna is open. The Buddha now enters the infinity of space, then into the infinity of intelligence, and thence into the region of nothing. But even here there is no rest. There is still something left, the idea of nothing in which he rejoices. That also must be destroyed, and it is destroyed in the fourth and last region, where there is complete rest undisturbed by nothing, or what is not nothing."

47. *Precepts Eight*:—These precepts are most clearly expressed in the Buddhist Beatitudes. "Not to serve the foolish, but to serve the wise, to honor those worthy of love, this is the greatest blessing. To dwell in a pleasant land, good works done in a former birth, right desires in the heart, this is the greatest blessing. Much insight and education, self-control and pleasant speech, and whatever word be well-spoken, this is the greatest blessing. To bestow alms and live righteously, to give help to kindred, deeds which cannot be blamed, this is the greatest blessing. To support father and mother, and to cherish wife and child; to follow a peaceful calling, this is the greatest blessing. To abhor and cease from sin, abstinence from strong drink, not to be weary in well-doing, this is the greatest blessing. Reverence, lowliness, contentment and gratitude, the hearing of the Law at due seasons, this is the greatest blessing. Beneath the stroke of life's changes, the mind that shaketh not, without grief and passion. On every side are invincible those who do acts like these, on every side they walk in safety, and this is the greatest blessing."

## BOOK THE EIGHTH.

1. *At Nagara*:—A town lying about eighty miles almost directly north of Benâres.

2. *In ox-wain*:—Sixteen miles is an average day's journey for an ox-cart.

3. *Four hundred crors*:—According to all authorities a *cor* is ten millions; this would bring the number of living Buddhists to forty billions, an evident mistake. The values of weights, measures and stated quantities differs so greatly in different parts of India that it is possible that *cor* may have been used, where Mr. Arnold resided, to indicate a million, making his calculation of four hundred million living Buddhists correct.

4. *Lakhs*:—One hundred thousand.



5. *Mlech* :—A barbarian, not speaking Sanskrit, nor subject to Hindu institutions.

6. *The birds and beasts and creeping things* :—In all these listening animals were human souls in the progress of transmigration, awaiting the death of the animal, when possibly they might again be born in human form, and therein find Nirvāna attainable. One of the principal reasons the Hindus give for not killing any creature, however dangerous or loathsome, is that possibly the soul of some deceased friend or relative may be in the creature's body.

7. *Om* :—This sacred syllable occupies a distinguished place among the objects of careful and special meditation. The student must devoutly repeat it again and again, and fix his mind in intensest degree upon its several meanings. The Mandukya Upanishad declares them to be four in number. The A in it denotes Bráhmá in the form of Vaishwanar, the human soul in its waking state. The U refers to him as Taijasa, in the state of dreaming. The M represents him as Prajna, in the state of deep sleep. The combined syllable Om, i.e., AUM, denotes him at once as the Supreme invisible, blissful, without a second. The Sutras attribute to the syllable three elements of meaning, and declare the efficacy of its repetition to depend upon the sense in which it is viewed by the devotee. "He who meditates on all three, like a serpent which casts its skin, ascends at once to Bráhmá. After sharpening the arrow by devotion, fix to it that great weapon, the bow found in the Upanishad, and after drawing it, and carefully aiming at thy mark, pierce him, oh beloved, who is the imperishable." It is said that Om is the bow, the soul the arrow, and Bráhmá the mark.

8. *Amitaya* :—Immeasurable.

9. *Brahm* :—See Note 17, Book the Fifth.

10. *Pray not ! the Darkness will not brighten ! Ask  
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak !  
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains !  
Ah ! Brothers, Sisters ! seek*

*Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,  
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes ;  
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought ;  
Each man his prison makes.*

These stanzas against prayer are the saddest of all Buddha's teachings, and that with which his followers are the least able to comply. All passions, all desires they may subdue, but ever and ever the heart seeks in prayer some light, some release. No religionists pray so much, with so many repetitions, or by so many devices of rosaries, bells, wheels, machinery, or substitutes, as the Buddhists.

11. *Indrá* :—See Note 17, Book the Third.
  12. *Dharma* :—Law, the "Power divine."
  13. *Sesamum* :—was created on the 11th of February by Yama, the god of the lower regions, hence the day and plant are considered sacred. The oil of the sesamum seeds is very largely used in India for religious service, cooking and lights.
  14. *Nirvāna* :—See Note 49, Book the Sixth.
  15. *Om* :—See Note 7, Book the Eighth.
  16. *Mani* :—Sage.
  17. *Padme* :—Lotus or Golden Lotus.
  18. ————*the Dewdrop slips*  
*Into the shining sea.*
- This is a Bráhmínical, not a Buddhist, idea of Nirvāna, and is a favorite form of expression among them. The Buddhist phraseology is, that the soul is blown out like a lamp, or as blowing out is applied to a fire, or to a sage." \*
19. *Karmá* :—See Note 46, Book the Sixth.
  20. *Kalpas* :—See Note 64, Book the First.
  21. *Birán-weed* :—Foreign weed.
  22. *If any teach Nirvāna is to cease,*  
*Say unto such they lie.*  
*If any teach Nirvāna is to live,*  
*Say unto such they err.*

If any one hopes to arrive at a full understanding of this subject, let them be well forewarned of its impossibility. Mr. Hardy states that there are forty-four Buddhist sects, each holding different views of the future. 1—16. Those who hold a future state of conscious existence, and that it is either material, immaterial, a mixed state, or neither material or immaterial; that it is either finite, indefinitely extended, a mixture of both states, or neither one nor the other; or that its perceptions are either simple, discursive, limited, unlimited, happy, miserable, mixed or insensible. 17—24. Those who hold a future state of unconscious existence. 25—32. Those who hold a state between consciousness and unconsciousness. 33—39. Those who hold that death, at once, or ultimately, is annihilation. 40—44. Those who reason on the mode in which perfect happiness is to be obtained.

According to Buddha, the pure unmixed truth is not to be found anywhere but in his own preaching. To other teachers the truth may appear partially; but to him alone does it appear in unshrouded clearness and in its utmost amplitude. In him it is not acquisition gained by means of some mental process, nor is it a lesson taught by another. It is an intuitive underived power; a self-generated effulgence. By this unerring sage it is declared that none

of the above opinions are consistent with the truth. And yet death is not annihilation. We exist, and we do not exist. We die and we do not die. There will be a future state of existence, but not of the individuality that now exists; and though death is the dissolution of that which now exists, it is not annihilation of a potentiality inherent in that existence. \*

23. *Soma juice* :—See Note 29, Book the Fifth.

24. ——— *while he threw*

*Rice, red and white, from both hands.*

It is the duty of every Hindu householder to offer certain prayers with food and water each morning. Having bathed and put on clean clothes, he must devoutly offer libations, scattering water thrice for gods, also thrice for rishis, progenitors, friends and relatives and many others, accompanied by a lengthy prayer addressed to all manner of gods, men, animals, plants "and all creatures." After this, having rinsed his mouth, he makes offerings to the sun, household gods, residents of earth, air, heaven and hell, to parents, teachers, family, kinsmen near and remote, to the cardinal points, atmosphere, twilight etc., etc. Then taking other rice, let the householder at pleasure cast it upon a clean spot of ground, as an offering to all beings, repeating with collected mind this prayer: "May gods, men, animals, birds, saints, yakshas, serpents, demons, ghosts, goblins, trees, all that desire food given by me; may ants, worms, moths and other insects, hungered and bound in the bonds of acts, may all obtain satisfaction from the food left them by me, and enjoy happiness; may they who have neither father nor mother, nor relations, nor food, nor means of preparing it, be satisfied and pleased with the food presented for their contentment; may all beings that are comprehended in the fourteen orders of existent things be satisfied with the food bestowed by me for their gratification, and be delighted." Having uttered this prayer, let the devout believer cast the food upon the ground for the nourishment of all kinds of beings, for the householder is thus the supporter of them all. Let him scatter food upon the ground for dogs, outcasts, birds and all fallen and degraded persons.

25. *Dasa sil* :—See Note 40, Book the Sixth.

26. *Three Doors* :—There are three entrances, whence proceed that which is good, and that which is evil: 1. The body. 2. The speech. 3. The mind.

27. *Triple Thoughts* :—There are three subjects upon which the mind of the ascetic ought constantly to dwell: 1. Impermanency. 2. Sorrow. 3. Unreality.

28. *The Sixfold States of Mind* :—1. Evil desire. 2. Anger. 3. Ignorance. 4. Purity. 5. Buddhi. 6. Attention.

29. *Fivefold Powers* :—1. Purity. 2. Persevering action. 3. Ascertainment of truth. 4. Tranquillity. 5. Wisdom.

30. *Eight High Gates of Purity* :—1. Correct ideas upon religious subjects. 2. Correct thoughts. 3. Correct words. 4. Correct works. 5. Correct life. 6. Correct endeavors. 7. Correct judgment. 8. Correct tranquillity.

31. *Modes of Understanding* :—1. The meaning of any matter, in its separate divisions. 2. The doctrines of Buddha. 3. The power of the Buddhas to perceive all truth intuitively, without study and without the teaching of another. 4. The power of the ascetics to know the roots and the properties of things.

32. *Iddhi* :—The power of working miracles.

33. *Upeksha* :—is freedom from all kinds of desire.

34. *Five Great Meditations* :—1. Purity. 2. Persevering action. 3. The ascertainment of truth. 4. Tranquillity. 5. Wisdom.

35. *Amrit* :—The food of the gods that gives immortality. The lower people sometimes drink the water in which eminent Bráhmans have bathed their feet, calling it amrit.

36. *Jhānas* : Wisdom.

37. *The Three Chief Refuges* :—1. The benefits of the world of men. 2. The enjoyment of the dewa and bráhma-lokas. 3. Nirvāna.

38. *Strainer* :—A thin piece of cloth for straining water before it is drank. Some sects in India, particularly the Yains, still use a strainer, lest unknowingly they should swallow some insect, and thus take life. The mysteries revealed to them by the microscope amaze and perplex them greatly.

39. *Sangha* :—Society or community.

40. *Tathágato* :—Teacher.

41. *Om mani padme hum* :—is generally translated "Glory to the Lotus bearer, Hum." Hum is not here used with its original Sanskrit meaning, but has come to be used in the sense of praise. Among some of the Buddhists, the ascription is understood as "Om praise to the Golden Lotus Saint."

THE INDIAN  
SONG OF SONGS

BY  
EDWIN ARNOLD, C. S. I.

AUTHOR OF  
*"The Light of Asia," "Pearls of the Faith," etc.*



NEW YORK  
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER  
1883



# THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

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## PREFACE.

BEAUTIFUL flowers please, whatever their name and country; and so far as any brightness or fragrance may have been preserved from the Aryan original in this paraphrase, it will no doubt be recognized by the reader of intelligence. Yet being so exotic, the poem demands a word or two of introduction.

The "Gita Govinda," then, or "Song of Govind," is a Sanskrit idyl, or little pastoral drama, in which—under the form of KRISHNA, an incarnation of the god Vishnoo—the human soul is displayed in its relations alternately with earthly and celestial beauty. Krishna—at once human and divine—is first seen attracted by the pleasures of the senses (personified by the shepherdesses in the wood), and wasting his affections upon the delights of their illusory world. RADHA, the spirit of intellectual and moral beauty, comes to free him from this error by enkindling in his heart a desire for her own surpassing loveliness of form and character; and under the parable of a human passion—too glowingly depicted by the Indian poet for exact transcription—the gradual emancipation of Krishna from sensuous distractions, and his union with Radha in a high and spiritualized happiness, are portrayed. This general interpretation, at any rate, though disputed by certain au-

thorities, is maintained by Jones, Lassen, and others; and has been followed, not without occasional difficulty, in the subjoined version.

Lassen thus writes in his Latin *prolegomena*: "To speak my opinion in one word, Krishna is here the divinely-given soul manifested in humanity. . . . The recollection of this celestial origin abides deep in the mind, and even when it seems to slumber—drugged as it were by the fair shows of the world, the pleasures of visible things, and the intoxication of the senses—it now and again awakes, . . . full of yearning to recover the sweet serenity of its pristine condition. Then the soul begins to discriminate and to perceive that the love, which was its inmost principle, has been lavished on empty and futile objects; it grows a-wearied of things sensual, false, and unenduring; it longs to fix its affection on that which shall be stable, and the source of true and eternal delight. Krishna—to use the imagery of this poem—thrones Radha in his heart, as the sole and only one who can really satisfy his aspirations. . . .

"Radha is supreme in beauty, with a loveliness which is at once celestial, and yet enshrined in earthly mould. Her charms lift the mind to heavenly contemplations, and the God of Love, Kama, borrows his best weapons from them. She is forgiving and pitiful even towards her erring and lingering lover; she would meet him in returning if she could; she grieves more than she blames; and once reconciled, is beyond measure tender. . . . The remedy for the illusions of sense—*samsāra*—is placed by all Hindoo philosophers in the understanding of true existence, and Radha, in my judgment, represents this remedy—being the personified contemplation of the divine beauty and goodness. . . . Such contemplation flies from and disowns the mind possessed by sensual



objects, but goes to meet and gladly inhabit that which consecrates itself, as Krishna's does, to the higher love. . . . It bewails its separation from the soul, as that which was its natural dwelling-place before the changeful shows of mortal life banished it; and this is the mystery of mutual attraction between the mind and mental beauty, that the memory of the divine happiness does not die, but is revived by the recognition of truth, and returns to the perception of what things in love are worthless, and what are real and worthy. The affection of Radha is jealous, and grants not the full sight of her charms, until the soul of its own accord abandons its preoccupations, and becomes filled with the desire of the true love. But upon the soul thus returning she lavishes her utmost tenderness; whereof to be the recipient is to have all wishes fulfilled and nothing lacking—to be *tripta*—'well-contented.' Such, in my opinion, is the recondite significance of this poem, hidden under imagery but too luxuriant. The Indian poet seems, indeed, to have spent rather more labor in depicting the phases of earthly passion than of that intellectual yearning by which the mind is lifted to the contemplation of divine things; . . . but the fable of the loves of Govinda and Radha existing from antiquity, and being universally accepted, philosophy had to affix its doctrines to the story in such a way as that the vulgar amours of those popular deities might present themselves in a nobler aspect."

Nothing in the way of exposition needs to be added to these words.

The great variety of measure in the original has been indicated by frequently varying the metre of this paraphrase, without meanwhile attempting to imitate the many very fanciful alliterations, assonances, and recur-

ring choruses; of which last, however, two examples have been introduced. The "Gita Govinda," with these *refrains* and the musical accompaniments named and prescribed by the directions embodied in the text, must have been a species of Oriental opera. This raises the difficult and little-studied subject of ancient Hindoo music, upon which a passing word or two may not appear impertinent. Sir William Jones says, "When I first read the songs of Jayadeva, who has prefixed to each the name of the mode in which it was to be sung, I had hopes of procuring the original music; but the Pundits of the South referred me to those of the West, and the Brahmans of the West would have sent me to those of the North, while they of Nepal and Cashmere declared that they had no ancient music, but imagined that the notes of the 'Gita Govinda' must exist, if anywhere, where the poet was born" (Sir W. Jones, vol. i. p. 440).

Now the reason why this illustrious scholar could not find the score of the "Gita," was that music was always taught orally by the Hindoos, and therefore did not pass down from the old minstrels in any noted form. Yet there existed an elaborate science of melody among the ancient Indians; although, like the Greeks, they understood little or nothing of harmony. The distinguishing feature of Hindoo airs was, and still is, an extremely fine gradation of notes; the semitone could be accurately divided into demi-semitones by the ear and voice of a practised "Gundharb" or "Goonee." This even now imparts a delicacy to the otherwise monotonous temple-singing, which all musicians would recognize; and they might find in such treatises as the "Sungeet Durpun," "Ragavibodha," and "Râg-mala," or "Chaplet of Melodies," complete and curious explanations of the Hindoo

orchestra. In that fantastic system the old Aryan composers established six *ragas*, or divine fundamental airs, having each five wives or *raginees*, and each of these producing eight melodious children; so that the orthodox repertory contained two hundred and forty separate songs. These songs had their fixed occasion, subject, and season; all to be reverently observed; otherwise the deity presiding over each was not thought likely to attend and give perfect effect to the music. These lyric divinities are personified and described in such works as the "Ratnamala:" thus "Gurjjari"—a melody frequently indicated here by Jayadeva—is represented as a feminine minstrel of engaging mien, dressed in yellow bodice and red *saree*, richly bedecked with jewels and enthroned in a golden swing, as the third wife of the *Raga Megh*. Musical science was divided into seven branches—*Surudhyaya* or sol-fa-log, *rag* or melody, *tal* or time, *nrit* or rhythmical dancing, *aurth* or poetry, *bhav* or expression, and *hust*, answering to method, "touch." The gamut contained seven notes singularly named—*Su* was *suruji*, the scream of the peacock; *ri* was *rikhub*, the cry of the parrot; *gu* was *gundhur*, the bleat of the sheep; *mu* was *muddhun*, the call of the crane; *pu* stood for *punchum*, and the note of the Koll; *dhu* for *dhyout*, the neigh of the horse; and *ni* for *nikhad*, the trumpeting of the elephant. Endless subtleties characterized their musical terms—thus *tal* or "time," is a word made up of the first letters from *tand*, the dance of Mahadeo, and *tas*, the dance of Parvati, his consort; but these are mere etymological niceties, characteristic of the hard language in which one single word may be written in a hundred and eight ways. Enough has been said to show, from sources which are perhaps somewhat out of general reach, that

a special accompaniment of music was prescribed for the "Gita Govinda" when composed, which, could it be recovered, would add immensely to the interest of the Sanskrit Canticle; and indeed, even at present, any competent inquirer into the existing melodies of India, popular and sacred, might be rewarded by many exquisite airs worth the ear of European *maestri* themselves. The Indians of to-day have still their *dhoorpuds*, or heroic ballads; their *kheals*, *ghuzuls*, and *rekhtahs*, love-songs of Mogul derivation; their *dadras* and *nuktas*, serenades of Hindoo origio; the *tuppah*, hummed by Hindi and Punjabi camel-drivers; the *terana*, or "song without words;" the *palna*, or cradle-song; the *sohla*, or marriage-strain; the *stooti*, or eulogistic chants; and the *zikri*, which are hymns of morality. Probably among these some echoes of the antique melodies of Jayadeva may be preserved; at any rate, such a list—and it might be largely extended—shows that Indian music well merits professional study.

Jayadeva, a native of Kinduvilva or Kendôli, in Burdwan or Tirhoot (for the locality is doubtful), wrote, according to Lassen, about 1150 A.D. The theme of the Indian poet's musical mystery-play is found in the tenth section of the Bhâgavata, but Hindoo literature and daily talk are full of this half-divine, half-human Krishna; and in turning into a religious canticle the loves of "Govinda" and Radha, Jayadeva might be sure that every native audience, present and to come, would understand his matter. The "Gita" is to this hour very popular in India; but more so, doubtless, because of its melodious versification and its ardent love-pictures than the profound and earnest meanings, for the sake of which this imperfect attempt has been hazarded. Extremely imperfect it is, and for exact

Sanskrit scholars (among whose honorable number the Author has very slender claims to rank) of no account at all; yet something, however slight, may perhaps be done towards the closer acquaintance of England and India—an object always dear to the present writer—by this his second effort to popularize Indian classics. With the aid of Lassen (to whose labors and erudite guidance every grateful acknowledgment is here due) this “Song of Songs” goes, for the most part, fairly pace for pace with the Sanskrit text; although much has had to be modified, and the last Sarga omitted, in order to comply with the canons of Western propriety. An English dress cannot—alas!—fail to destroy something of the Asiatic grace of Radha; but in her own she is radiant, fascinating, and angelic, and seemed to teach a lesson so well worth repeating, that this imitation of Jayadeva has been ventured upon.

## INTRODUCTION.

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OM!

## REVERENCE TO GANESHA!

THE sky is clouded; and the wood resembles  
The sky, thick-arched with black Tamâla boughs;  
O Radha, Radha! take this soul that trembles  
In life's deep midnight, to Thy golden house."  
So Nanda spoke,—and, led by Radha's spirit,  
The feet of Krishna found the road aright;  
Wherefore in bliss which all high hearts inherit  
Together taste they Love's divine delight.

*He who wrote these things for thee,  
Of the Son of Wassoodce,  
Was the poet Jayadeva;  
Him Saraswati gave ever  
Fancies fair his mind to throng,  
Like pictures palace-walls along;  
Ever to his notes of love  
Lakshmi's mystic dancers move.  
If thy spirit seeks to brood  
On Hari glorious, Hari good;  
If it feeds on solemn numbers  
Dim as dreams and soft as slumbers,  
Lend thine ear to Jayadev,  
Lord of all the spells that save*

*Umapatidhara's strain  
Glowes like roses after rain;  
Sharan's stream-like song is grand,  
If its tide ye understand;  
Bard more wise beneath the sun  
Is not found than Govardhun;  
Dhoyi holds the listener still  
With his shlokes of subtle skill;  
But for sweet words suited well  
Jayadeva doth excel.*

*(What follows is to the Music MÂLAVA and the Mode  
RUPAKA.)*

## HYMN TO VISHNU.

O THOU that held'st the blessed Veda dry  
When all things else beneath the floods were hurled;  
Strong Fish-God! Ark of Men! *Jai!* Hari, *jai!*  
Hail, Keshav, hail! thou Master of the world!

The round world rested on thy spacious nape;  
Upon thy neck, like a mere mole, it stood:  
O thou that took'st for us the Tortoise-shape,  
Hail, Keshav, hail! Ruler of wave and wood!

The world upon thy curving tusk sate sure,  
Like the Moon's dark disc in her crescent pale;) *)*  
O thou who did'st for us assume the Boar,  
Immortal Conqueror! hail, Keshav, hail!

When thou thy Giant-Foe didst seize and rend,  
Fierce, fearful, long, and sharp were fang and nail;  
Thou who the Lion and the Man didst blend,  
Lord of the Universe! hail, Narsingh, hail!

Wonderful Dwarf!—who with a threefold stride  
Cheated King Bali—where thy footsteps fall  
Men's sins, O Wamuna! are set aside.

O Keshav, hail! thou Help and Hope of all!

The sins of this sad earth thou didst assoil,  
The anguish of its creatures thou didst heal;  
Freed are we from all terrors by thy toil:  
Hail, Purshuram, hail! Lord of the biting steel!

To thee the fell Ten-Headed yielded life,  
Thou in dread battle laid'st the monster low!  
Ah, Rama! dear to Gods and men that strife;  
We praise thee, Master of the matchless bow!

With clouds for garments glorious thou dost fare,  
Veiling thy dazzling majesty and might,  
As when Yamuna saw thee with the share,  
A peasant—yet the King of Day and Night.

Merciful-hearted! when thou camest as Boodh—  
Albeit 'twas written in the Scriptures so—  
Thou bad'st our altars be no more imbrued  
With blood of victims: Keshav! bending low

We praise thee, Wielder of the sweeping sword,  
Brilliant as curving comets in the gloom,  
Whose edge shall smite the fierce barbarian horde;  
Hail to thee, Keshav! hail, and hear, and come,

And fill this song of Jayadev with thee,  
And make it wise to teach, strong to redeem,  
And sweet to living souls. Thou Mystery!  
Thou Light of Life! Thou Dawn beyond the dream!

Fish! that didst outswim the flood;  
Tortoise! whereon earth hath stood;



Boar! who with thy tush held'st high  
 The world, that mortals might not die;  
 Lion! who hast giants torn;  
 Dwarf! who laugh'dst a king to scorn;  
 Sole Subduer of the Dreaded!  
 Slayer of the many-headed!  
 Mighty Ploughman! Teacher tender!  
 Of thine own the sure Defender!  
 Under all thy ten disguises  
 Endless praise to thee arises.

*(What follows is to the Music GURJARI and the Mode  
 NIHSARA.)*

Endless praise arises,  
 O thou God that liest  
 Rapt, on Kumla's breast,  
 Happiest, holiest, highest!  
 Planets are thy jewels,  
 Stars thy forehead-gems,  
 Set like sapphires gleaming  
 In kinolest anadems;  
 Even the great gold Sun-God,  
 Blazing through the sky,  
 Serves thee but for crest-stone,  
*Jai, jai! Hari, jai!*  
 As that Lord of day  
 After night brings morrow,  
 Thou dost charm away  
 Life's long dream of sorrow.)  
 As on Mansa's water  
 Brood the swans at rest,  
 So thy laws sit stately  
 On a holy breast.

O, Drinker of the poison!  
Ah, high Delight of earth!  
What light is to the lotus-buds,  
What singing is to mirth,  
Art thou—art thou that slayedst  
Madhou and Narak grim;  
That ridest on the King of Birds,  
Making all glories dim.  
With eyes like open lotus-flowers,  
Bright in the morning rain,  
Freeing by one swift piteous glance  
The spirit from Life's pain:  
Of all the three Worlds Treasure!  
Of sin the Putter-by!  
Of the Ten-Headed Victor!  
*Jai Hari! Hari! jai!*  
Thou Shaker of the Mountain!  
Thou Shadow of the Storm!  
Thou Cloud that unto Lakshmi's face  
Comes welcome, white, and warm!  
O thou,—who to great Lakshmi  
Art like the silvery beam.  
Which moon-sick chakors feed upon  
By Jumna's silent stream,—  
To thee this hymn ascendeth,  
That Jayadev doth sing,  
Of worship, love, and mystery;  
High Lord and heavenly King!  
And unto whoso hears it  
Do thou a blessing bring—  
Whose neck is gilt with yellow dust  
From lilies that did cling  
Beneath the breasts of Lakshmi,  
A girdle soft and sweet,

When in divine embracing  
 The lips of Gods did meet;  
 And the beating heart above  
 Of thee—Dread Lord of Heaven!—  
 She left that stamp of love—  
 By such deep sign be given  
 Prays Jayadev, the glory  
 And the secret and the spells  
 Which close-hid in this story  
 Unto wise ears he tells.

END OF INTRODUCTION.

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SARGA THE FIRST.

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SAMODADAMODARO.

THE SPORTS OF KRISHNA.

BEAUTIFUL Radhs, jasmine-bosomed Radha,  
 All in the Spring-time waited by the wood  
 For Krishna fair, Krishna the all-forgetful,—  
 Krishna with earthly love's false fire consuming—  
 And some one of her maidens sang this song:—

(*What follows is to the Music VARANTA and the Mode  
 YATI.*)

I know where Krishna tarries in these early days of  
 Spring,  
 When every wind from warm Malay brings fragrance  
 on its wing;

Brings fragrance stolen far away from thickets of the  
                  clove,

In jungles where the bees hum and the Koll flutes her  
                  love;

He dances with the dancers, of a merry morrice one,  
All in the budding Spring-time, for 'tis sad to be alone.

• I know how Krishna passes these hours of blue and  
                  gold,

When parted lovers sigh to meet and greet and closely  
                  hold

Hand fast in hand; and every branch upon the Vakul-  
                  tree

Droops downward with a hundred blooms, in every  
                  bloom a bee;

He is dancing with the dancers to a laughter-moving  
                  tone,

In the soft awakening Spring-time, when 'tis hard to  
                  live alone.

Where Kroona-flowers, that open at a lover's lightest  
                  tread,

Break, and, for shame at what they hear, from white  
                  blush modest red;

And all the spears on all the boughs of all the Ketuk-  
                  glades

Seem ready darts to pierce the hearts of wandering  
                  youths and maids;

'Tis there thy Krishna dances till the merry drum is  
                  done,

All in the sunny Spring-time, when who can live alone?

Where the breaking-forth of blossom on the yellow  
                  Keshra-sprays

Dazzles like Kama's sceptre, whom all the world obeys;

And Pâtal-buds fill drowsy bees from pink delicious  
bowls,  
As Kama's nectared goblet steeps in languor human  
souls;  
There he dances with the dancers, and of Radha think-  
eth none,  
All in the warm new Spring-tide, when none will live  
alone.

Where the breath of waving Mâdhvi pours incense  
through the grove,  
And silken Mogras lull the sense with essences of  
love,—  
The silken-soft pale Mogra, whose perfume fine and  
faint  
Can melt the coldness of a maid, the sternness of a  
saint—  
There dances with those dancers thine other self, thine  
Own,  
All in the languorous Spring-time, when none will live  
alone.

Where—as if warm lips touched sealed eyes and waked  
them—all the bloom  
Opens upon the mangoes to feel the sunshine come;  
And Atimuktas wind their arms of softest green about,  
Clasping the stems, while calm and clear great Jumna  
spreadeth out;  
There dances and there laughs thy Love, with damsels  
many and one,  
In the rosy days of Spring-time, for he will not live  
alone.

*Mark this song of Jayadev!  
Deep as pearl in ocean-tears*

*Lurketh in its lines a wonder  
 Which the wise alone will ponder :  
 Though it seemeth of the earth,  
 Heavenly is the music's birth ;  
 Telling darkly of delights  
 In the wood, of wasted nights,  
 Of witless days, and fruitless love,  
 And false pleasures of the grove,  
 And rash passions of the prime,  
 And those dances of Spring-time ;  
 Time, which seems so subtle-sweet,  
 Time, which pipes to dancing-feet,  
 Ah ! so softly—ah ! so sweetly—  
 That among those wood-maids featly  
 Krishna cannot choose but dance,  
 Letting pass life's greater chance*

Yet the winds that sigh so  
 As they stir the rose,  
 Wake a sigh from Krishna  
 Wistfuller than those ;  
 All their faint breaths swinging  
 The creepers to and fro  
 Pass like rustling arrows  
 Shot from Kama's bow :  
 Thus among the dancers  
 What those zephyrs bring  
 Strikes to Krishna's spirit  
 Like a darted sting.

And all as if—far wandered—  
 The traveller should hear  
 The bird of home, the Kofl,  
 With nest-notes rich and clear ;

And there should come one moment  
 A blessed fleeting dream  
 Of the bees among the mangoes  
 Beside his native stream;  
 So flash those sudden yearnings,  
 That sense of a dearer thing,  
 The love and lack of Radha  
 Upon his soul in Spring.

Then she, the maid of Radha, spake again;  
 And pointing far away between the leaves  
 Guided her lovely Mistress where to look,  
 And note how Krishna wantoned in the wood  
 Now with this one, now that; his heart, her prize,  
 Panting with foolish passions, and his eyes  
 Beaming with too much love for those fair girls—  
 Fair, but not so as Radha; and she sang

(What follows is to the Music RÂMAGIRÎ and the Mode  
 YATI.)

See, Lady! how thy Krishna passes these idle hours  
 Decked forth in fold of woven gold, and crowned with  
 forest-flowers;  
 And scented with the sandal, and gay with gems of  
 price—  
 Rubies to mate his laughing lips, and diamonds like his  
 eyes;—  
 In the company of damsels,\* who dance and sing and  
 play,  
 Lies Krishna laughing, toying, dreaming his Spring  
 away.

---

\* It will be observed that the "Gopis" here personify the five  
 senses. Lassen says, "*Manifestum est puellis istis nil aliud  
 significari quam res sensiles.*"

One, with star-blossomed champâk wreathed, woos him  
to rest his head  
On the dark pillow of her breast so tenderly outspread;  
And o'er his brow with roses blown she fans a fragrance  
rare,  
That falls on the enchanted sense like rain in thirsty  
air,  
While the company of damsels wave many an odorous  
spray,  
And Krishna laughing, toying, sighs the soft Spring  
away.

Another, gazing in his face, sits wistfully apart,  
Searching it with those looks of love that leap from heart  
to heart;  
Her eyes—afire with shy desire, veiled by their lashes  
black—  
Speak so that Krishna cannot choose but send the mes-  
sage back,  
In the company of damsels whose bright eyes in a ring  
Shine round him with soft meanings in the merry light  
of Spring.

The third one of that dazzling band of dwellers in the  
wood—  
Body and bosom panting with the pulse of youthful  
blood—  
Leans over him, as in his ear a lightsome thing to  
speak,  
And then with leaf-soft lip imprints a kiss below his  
cheek;  
A kiss that thrills, and Krishna turns at the silken touch  
To give it back—ah, Radha! forgetting thee too much.



And one with arch smile beckons him away from Jumna's  
banks,  
Where the tall bamboos bristle like spears in battle-  
ranks,  
And plucks his cloth to make him come into the mango-  
shade,  
Where the fruit is ripe and golden, and the milk and  
cakes are laid:  
Oh! golden-red the mangoes, and glad the feasts of  
Spring,  
And fair the flowers to lie upon, and sweet the dancers  
sing.

Sweetest of all that Temptress who dances for him now  
With subtle feet which part and meet in the Râs-meas-  
ure slow,  
To the chime of silver bangles and the beat of rose-leaf  
hands,  
And pipe and lute and cymbal played by the woodland  
bands;  
So that wholly passion-laden—eye, ear, sense, soul o'er)  
come—  
Krishna is theirs in the forest; his heart forgets its home.

*Krishna, made for heavenly things,  
'Mid those woodland singers sings;  
With those dancers dances featly,  
Gives back soft embraces sweetly;  
Smiles on that one, toys with this,  
Glances for glance and kiss for kiss;  
Meets the merry damsels fairly,  
Plays the round of folly rarely,  
Lapped in milk-warm spring-time weather,  
He and those brown girls together.*

And this shadowed earthly love,  
In the twilight of the grove,  
Dance and song and soft caresses,  
Meeting looks and tangled tresses,  
Joyden the same hath writ,  
That ye might have gain of it,  
Sagely its deep sense conceiving  
And its inner light believing;  
How that Love—the mighty Master,  
Lord of all the stars that cluster  
In the sky, swiftest and slowest,  
Lord of highest, Lord of lowest—  
Manifests himself to mortals,  
Winning them toward the portals  
Of his secret House, the gates  
Of that bright Paradise which waits  
The wise in love. Ah, human creatures!  
Even your phantasies are teachers.  
Mighty Love makes sweet in seeming  
Even Krishna's woodland dreaming;  
Mighty Love sways all alike  
From self to selflessness. Oh! strike  
From your eyes the veil, and see  
What Love willeth him to be  
Who in error, but in grace,  
Sitteth with that lotus-face,  
And those eyes whose rays of heaven  
Unto phantom-eyes are given;  
Holding feasts of foolish mirth  
With these Visions of the earth;  
Learning love, and love imparting;  
Yet with sense of loss upstarting:—  
For the cloud that veils the fountains  
Underneath the Sandal mountains,

*How—as if the sunshine drew  
 All its being to the blue—  
 It takes flight, and seeks to rise  
 High into the purer skies,  
 High into the snow and frost,  
 On the shining summits lost !  
 Ah ! and how the Koils' strain  
 Smites the traveller with pain,—  
 When the mango blooms in spring,  
 And " Koo-hoo," " Koo-hoo," they sing—  
 Pain of pleasures not yet won,  
 Pain of journeys not yet done,  
 Pain of toiling without gaining,  
 Pain, 'mid gladness, of still paining.*

But may He guide us all to glory high  
 Who laughed when Radha glided, hidden, by,  
 And all among those damsels free and bold  
 Touched Krishna with a soft mouth, kind and cold;  
 And like the others, leaning on his breast,  
 Unlike the others, left there Love's unrest;  
 And like the others, joining in his song,  
 Unlike the others, made him silent long

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Gorinda entitled  
 SAMODADAMODARO.)*

## SARGA THE SECOND.

## KLESHAKESHAVO.

## THE PENITENCE OF KRISHNA.

THUS lingered Krishna in the deep, green wood,  
 And gave himself, too prodigal, to those;  
 But Radha, heart-sick at his falling-off,  
 Seeing her heavenly beauty slighted so,  
 Withdrew; and, in a bower of Paradise—  
 Where nectarous blossoms wove a shrine of shade,  
 Haunted by birds and bees of unknown skies—  
 She sate deep-sorrowful, and sang this strain,

(*What follows is to the music GURJARI and the Mode  
 YATL*)

Ah, my Beloved! taken with those glances,  
 Ah, my Beloved! dancing those rash dances,  
 Ah, Minstrel! playing wrongful strains so well;  
 Ah, Krishna! Krishna, with the honeyed lip!  
 Ah, Wanderer into foolish fellowship!  
 My Dancer, my Delight!—I love thee still.]

O Dancer! strip thy peacock-crown away,  
 Rise! thou whose forehead is the star of day,  
 With beauty for its silver halo set;  
 Come! thou whose greatness gleams beneath its shroud  
 Like Indra's rainbow shining through the cloud—  
 Come, for I love thee, my Beloved! yet.

Must love thee—cannot choose but love thee ever,  
My best Beloved—set on this endeavor,

To win thy tender heart and earnest eye  
From lips but sadly sweet, from restless bosoms,  
To mine, O Krishna with the mouth of blossoms!  
To mine, thou soul of Krishna! yet I sigh

Half hopeless, thinking of myself forsaken,  
And thee, dear Loiterer, in the wood o'ertaken

With passion for those bold and wanton ones  
Who knit thine arms as poison-plants gripe trees  
With twining cords—their flowers the braveries

That flash in the green gloom, sparkling gauds and  
stones.

My Priuce! my Lotus-faced! my woe! my love! .  
Whose broad brow, with the tilka-spot above,

Shames the bright moon at full with fleck of cloud;  
Thou to mistake so little for so much!  
Thou, Krishna, to be palm to palm with such!

O Soul made for my joys, pure, perfect, proud! ♪

Ah, my Beloved! in thy darkness dear;  
Ah, Dancer! with the jewels in thine ear,

Swinging to music of a loveless love;  
O my Beloved! in thy fall so high  
That angels, sages, spirits of the sky  
Linger about thee, watching in the grove.

I will be patient still, and draw thee ever,  
My one Beloved, sitting by the river

Under the thick Kadambas with that throng:  
Will there not come an end to earthly madness?  
Shall I not, past the sorrow, have the gladness?

Must not the love-light shine for him ere long?

*Shine, thou Light by Radha given,  
 Shine, thou splendid star of heaven!  
 Be a lamp to Krishna's feet,  
 Show to all hearts secrets sweet,  
 Of the wonder and the love  
 Jayadev hath writ above.  
 Be the quick Interpreter  
 Unto wisest ears of her  
 Who always sings to all, "I wait,  
 He loveth still who loveth late."*

For (sang on that high Lady in the shade)  
 My soul for tenderness, not blame, was made;  
 Mine eyes look through his evil to his good;  
 My heart coins pleas for him; my fervent thought  
 Prevents what he will say when these are naught,  
 And that which I am shall be understood.

Then spake she to her maiden wistfully—

(*What follows is to the Music MÂLAVAGAUDA and the Mode  
 EKATÂLÎ.*)

Go to him,—win him hither,—whisper low  
 How he may find me if he searches well;  
 Say, if he will—joys past his hope to know  
 Await him here; go now to him, and tell  
 Where Radha is, and that henceforth she charms  
 His spirit to her arms.

Yes, go! say, if he will, that he may come—  
 May come, my love, my longing, my desire;  
 May come forgiven, shriven, to me his home,  
 And make his happy peace; nay, and aspire  
 To uplift Radha's veil, and learn at length  
 What love is in its strength.

Lead him; say softly I shall chide his blindness,  
And vex him with my angers: yet add this,  
He shall not vainly sue for loving-kindness,  
Nor miss to see me close, nor lose the bliss  
That lives upon my lip, nor be denied  
The rose-throne at my side.

Say that I—Radha—in my bower languish  
All widowed, till he find the way to me;  
Say that mine eyes are dim, my breast all anguish,  
Until with gentle murmured shame I see  
His steps come near, his anxious pleading face  
Bend for my pardoning grace.

While I—what, did he deem light love so tender,  
To tarry for them when the vow was made  
To yield him up my bosom's maiden splendor,  
And fold him in my fragrance, and unbraid  
My shining hair for him, and clasp him close  
To the gold heart of his Rose,

And sing him strains which only spirits know,  
And make him captive with the silk-soft chain  
Of twinned-wings brooding round him, and bestow  
Kisses of Paradise, as pure as rain;  
My gems, my moonlight-pearls, my girdle-gold,  
Cymbaling music bold?

While gained for ever, I shall dare to grow  
Life to life with him, in the realms divine;  
And—Love's large cup at happy overflow,  
Yet ever to be filled—his eyes and mine  
Shall meet in that glad look, when Time's great gate  
Closes and shuts out Fate.

*Listen to the unsaid things  
 Of the song which Radha sings,  
 For the soul draws near to bliss,  
 As it comprehendeth this.  
 I am Jayadev, who write  
 All this subtle-rich delight  
 For your teaching. Ponder, then,  
 What it tells to Gods and men.  
 Err not, watching Krishna gay,  
 With those brown girls all at play;  
 Understand how Radha charms  
 Her wandering lover to her arms,  
 Waiting with divinest love  
 Till his dream ends in the grove.*

For even now (she sang) I see him pause,  
 Heart-stricken with the waste of heart he makes  
 Amid them;—all the bows of their bent brows  
 Wound him no more: no more for all their sakes  
 Plays he one note upon his amorous lute,  
 But lets the strings lie mute.

Pensive, as if his parted lips should say—

“ My feet with the dances are weary,  
 The music has dropped from the song,  
 There is no more delight in the lute-strings,  
 Sweet Shadows! what thing has gone wrong?  
 The wings of the wind have left fanning  
 The palms of the glade;  
 They are dead, and the blossoms seem dying  
 In the place where we played.

“ We will play no more, beautiful Shadows!  
 A fancy came solemn and sad,



More sweet, with unspeakable longings,  
 Than the best of the pleasures we had:  
 I am not now the Krishna who kissed you;  
 That exquisite dream,—  
 The Vision I saw in my dancing—  
 Has spoiled what you seem.

“ Ah! delicate phantoms that cheated  
 With eyes that looked lasting and true,  
 I awake,—I have seen her,—my angel—  
 Farewell to the wood and to you!  
 Oh, whisper of wonderful pity!  
 Oh, fair face that shone!  
 Though thou be a vision, Divinest!  
 This vision is done.”

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled KLESH-  
 AKESHAVO.)*

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### SARGA THE THIRD.

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### MUGDHAMADIHUSUDANO.

#### KRISHNA TROUBLED.

THEREAT,—as one who welcomes to her throne  
 A new-made Queen, and brings before it bound  
 Her enemies,—so Krishna in his heart  
 Throned Radha; and—all treasonous follies chained—  
 He played no more with those first play-fellows;  
 But, searching through the shadows of the grove  
 For loveliest Radha,—when he found her not

Faint with the quest, despairing, lonely, lorn,  
 And pierced with shame for wasted love and days,  
 He sate by Jumna, where the canes are thick,  
 And sang to the wood-echoes words like these:

(*What follows is to the Music GURJJARI and the Mode  
 YATL.*)

Radha, Enchantress ! Radha, queen of all !  
 Gone—lost, because she found me sinning here;  
 And I so stricken with my foolish fall,  
 I could not stay her out of shame and fear;  
 She will not hear:  
 In her disdain and grief vainly I call.

And if she heard, what would she do? what say ?  
 How could I make it good that I forgot?

What profit was it to me, night and day,

To live, love, dance, and dream, having her not  
 Soul without spot !

I wronged thy patience, till it sighed away

Sadly I see the truth. Ah! even now

Remembering that one look beside the river,  
 Softer the vexed eyes seem, and the proud brow

Than lotus-leaves when the bees make them quiver.

My love forever!

Too late is Krishna wise—too far art thou!

Yet all day long in my deep heart I woo thee,

And all night long with thee my dreams are sweet;

Why, then, so vainly must my steps pursue thee?

Why can I never reach thee to entreat,

Low at thy feet,

Dear vanished Splendor! till my tears subdue thee?

Surpassing One! I knew thou didst not brook  
Half-hearted worship, and a love that wavers;  
Hah! there is the wisdom I mistook,  
Therefore I seek with desperate endeavors;  
That fault dissevers  
Me from my heaven, astray—condemned—forsook!

And yet I seem to feel, to know, thee near me;  
Thy steps make music, measured music, near;  
Radha! my Radha! will not sorrow clear me?  
Shine once! speak one word pitiful and dear!  
Wilt thou not hear?  
Canst thou—because I did forget—forsake me?

Forgive! the sin is sinned, is past, is over;  
 No thought I think shall do thee wrong again;  
 Turn thy dark eyes again upon thy lover,  
 Bright Spirit! or I perish of this pain.  
 Loving again!  
 In dread of doom to love, but not recover.

So did Krishna sing and sigh  
By the river-bank; and I,  
Jayadev of Kinduritra,  
Resting—as the moon of silver  
Sits upon the solemn ocean—  
On full faith, in deep devotion;  
Tell it that ye may perceive  
How the heart must fret and grieve;  
How the soul doth tire of earth,  
When the love from Heav'n hath birth.

For (sang he on) I am no foe of thine,  
There is no black snake, Kama! in my hair:

Blue lotus-leaves, and not the poisoned brine,  
 Shadow my neck; what stains my bosom bare,  
     Thou God unfair!  
 Is sandal-dust, not ashes; nought of mine

Makes me like Shiva that thou, Lord of Love!  
 Shouldst strain thy string at me and fit thy dart;  
 This world is thine—let me one breast thereof  
     Which bleeds already, wounded to the heart  
         With lasting smart,  
 Shot from those brows that did my sin reprove.

Thou gavest her those black brows for a bow,  
     Arched like thine own, whose pointed arrows seem  
 Her glances, and the underlids that go—  
     So firm and fine—its string? Ah, fleeting gleam!  
         Beautiful dream!  
 Small need of Kama's help hast thou, I trow,

To smite me to the soul with love;—but set  
     Those arrows to their silken cord! enchain  
 My thoughts in that loose hair! let thy lips, wet  
     With dew of heaven as bimba-buds with rain,  
         Bloom precious pain  
 Of longing in my heart; and, keener yet,

The heaving of thy lovely, angry bosom,  
     Rant to my spirit things unseen, unsaid; ✕  
 But if thy touch, thy tones, if the dark blossom  
     Of thy dear face, thy jasmine-odors shed  
         From feet to head,  
 If these be all with me, canst thou be far—be fled?

*So sang he, and I pray that whoso hears  
 The music of his burning hopes and fears,*

*That whoso sees this vision by the River  
 Of Krishna, Hari, (can we name him ever?)  
 And marks his ear-ring rubies swinging slow,  
 As he sits still, unheedful, bending low  
 To play this tune upon his lute, while all  
 Listen to catch the sadness musical;  
 And Krishna wotteth nought, but, with set face  
 Turned full toward Radha's, plays on in that place;  
 May all such souls—prays Jayadev—be wise  
 To learn the wisdom which hereunder lies.*

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gêta Gorinda entitled  
 MUGDHAMADHUSUDANO.)*

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#### SARGA THE FOURTH.

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#### SNIGDHAMADHUSUDANO.

#### KRISHNA CHEERED.

• THEN she whom Radha sent came to the canes—  
 The canes beside the river where he lay  
 With listless limbs and spirit weak from love;—  
 And she sang this to Krishna wistfully.

*(What follows is to the Music KARNĀTA and the Mode  
 EKATĀLĪ.)*

Art thou sick for Radha? she is sad in turn,  
 Heaven foregoes its blessings, if it holds not thee;  
 All the cooling fragrance of sandal she doth spurn,  
 Moonlight makes her mournful with radiance silvery;

Even the southern breeze blown fresh from pearly seas,  
Seems to her but tainted by a dolorous brine;  
And for thy sake discontented, with a great love over-  
laden,  
Her soul comes here beside thee, and sitteth down  
with thine.

Her soul comes here beside thee, and tenderly and true  
It weaves a subtle mail of proof to ward off sin and  
pain;  
A breastplate soft as lotus-leaf, with holy tears for dew,  
To guard thee from the things that hurt; and then 'tis  
gone again  
To strew a blissful place with the richest buds that grace  
Kama's sweet world, a meeting-spot with rose and jas-  
mine fair,  
For the hour when, well-contented, with a love no  
longer troubled,  
Thou shalt find the way to Radha, and finish sorrows  
there.

But now her lovely face is shadowed by her fears;  
Her glorious eyes are veiled and dim like moonlight in  
eclipse  
By breaking rain-clouds, Krishna! yet she paints you in  
her tears  
With tender thoughts—not Krishna, but brow and  
breast and lips  
And form and mien a King, a great and god-like thing;  
And then with bended head she asks grace from the  
Love Divine,  
To keep thee discontented with the phantoms thou for-  
swearest,  
Till she may win her glory, and thou be raised to thine.

Softly now she sayeth,  
 " Krishna, Krishna, come!"  
 Lovingly she prayeth,  
 " Fair moon, light him home."  
 Yet if Hari helps not,  
 Moonlight cannot aid;  
 Ah! the woeful Radha!  
 Ah! the forest shade!

Ah! if Hari guide not,  
 Moonlight is as gloom;  
 Ah! if moonlight help not,  
 How shall Krishna come?  
 Sad for Krishna grieving  
 In the darkened grove;  
 Sad for Radha weaving  
 Dreams of fruitless love!

*Strike soft strings to this soft measure,  
 If thine ear would catch its treasure;  
 Slowly dance to this deep song,  
 Let its meaning float along  
 With grave paces, since it tells  
 Of a love that sweetly dwells  
 In a tender distant glory,  
 Past all faults of mortal story.*

(What follows is to the Music DESHÂGA and the Mode  
 EKATÂLÎ.)

Krishna, till thou come unto her, faint she lies with love  
 and fear!  
 Even the jewels of her necklet seem a load too great to  
 bear.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, all the sandal and the  
flowers  
Vex her with their pure perfection though they grow in  
heavenly bowers.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, fair albeit those bowers  
may be,  
Passion burns her, and love's fire fevers her for lack of  
thee.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, those divine lids, dark  
and tender,  
Droop like lotus-leaves in rain-storms, dashed and heavy  
in their splendor.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, that rose-couch which  
she hath spread  
Saddens with its empty place, its double pillow for one  
head.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, from her palms she will  
not lift  
The dark face hidden deep within them like the moon in  
cloudy rift.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, angel though she be,  
thy Love  
Sighs and suffers, waits and watches—joyless 'mid those  
joys above.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, with the comfort of thy  
kiss  
Deeper than thy loss, O Krishna! must be loss of Radha's  
bliss.



Krishna, while thou didst forget her—her, thy life, thy  
gentle fate—  
Wonderful her waiting was, her pity sweet, her patience  
great.

Krishna, come! 'tis grief untold to grieve her—shame to  
let her sigh;  
Come, for she is sick with love, and thou her only  
remedy.

*So she sang, and Jayadeva  
Prays for all, and prays for ever,  
That Great Hari may bestow  
Utmost bliss of loving so  
On us all;—that one who wore  
The herdsman's form, and heretofore,  
To save the shepherd's threatened flock,  
Up from the earth reared the huge rock—  
Bestow it with a gracious hand,  
Albeit, amid the woodland band,  
Clinging close in fond caresses  
Krishna gave them ardent kisses,  
Taking on his lips divine  
Earthly stamp and woodland sign.*

(Here ends that *Sarga* of the *Gita Govinda* entitled  
SNIGDHAMADHUSUDANO.

## SARGA THE FIFTH.

## SAKANDKSHAPUNDARIKAKSHO.

## THE LONGINGS OF KRISHNA.

" SAY I am here! oh, if she pardons me,  
Say where I am, and win her softly hither,"  
So Krishna to the maid; and willingly  
She came again to Radha, and she sang

(*What follows is to the Music DESHIVARÂDÎ and the Mode  
RUPAKA.*)

Low whispers the wind from Malaya  
Overladen with love;  
On the hills all the grass is burned yellow;  
And the trees in the grove  
Droop with tendrils that mock by their clinging  
The thoughts of the parted;  
And there lies, sore-sighing for thee,  
Thy love, altered-hearted.

To him the moon's icy-chill silver  
Is a sun at midday;  
The fever he burns with is deeper  
Than starlight can stay:  
Like one who falls stricken by arrows,  
With the color departed  
From all but his red wounds, so lies  
Thy love, bleeding-hearted.

To the music the banded bees make him  
 He closeth his ear;  
 In the blossoms their small horns are blowing  
 The honey-song clear;  
 But as if every sting to his bosom  
 Its smart had imparted,  
 Low lies by the edge of the river,  
 Thy love, aching-hearted.

By the edge of the river, far wandered  
 From his once beloved bowers,  
 And the haunts of his beautiful playmates,  
 And the beds strewn with flowers;  
 Now thy name is his playmate—that only!—  
 And the hard rocks upstarted  
 From the sand make the couch where he lies,  
 Thy Krishna, sad-hearted.

*Oh may Hari fill each soul,  
 As these gentle verses roll  
 Telling of the anguish borne  
 By kindred ones asunder torn!  
 Oh may Hari unto each  
 All the lore of loving teach,  
 All the pain and all the bliss;  
 Jayadeva prayeth this!*

Yea, Lady! in the self-same spot he waits  
 Where with thy kiss thou taught'st him utmost love,  
 And drew him, as none else draws, with thy look;  
 And all day long, and all night long, his cry  
 Is "Radha, Radha," like a spell said o'er;  
 And in his heart there lives no wish nor hope  
 Save only this, to slake his spirit's thirst  
 For Radha's love on Radha's lips; and find  
 Peace in the immortal beauty of thy brow

(*What follows is to the Music GURJARI and the Mode  
EKATÂLI.*)

Mistress, sweet and bright and holy!  
Meet him in that place;  
Change his cheerless melancholy  
Into joy and grace;  
If thou hast forgiven, vex not;  
If thou lovest, go;  
Watching ever by the river,  
Krishna listens low:

Listens low, and on his reed there  
Softly sounds by name,  
Making even mute things plead there  
For his hope: 'tis shame  
That, while winds are welcome to him,  
If from thee they blow,  
Mournful ever by the river  
Krishna waits thee so!

When a bird's wing stirs the roses,  
When a leaf falls dead,  
Twenty times he recomposes  
The flower-seat he has spread:  
Twenty times, with anxious glances  
Seeking thee in vain,  
Sighing ever by the river,  
Krishna droops again,

Loosen from thy foot the bangle,  
Lest its golden bell,  
With a tiny, tattling jangle,  
Any false tale tell:

If thou fearest that the moonlight  
Will thy glad face know,  
Draw those dark braids lower, Lady!  
But to Krishna go.

Swift and still as lightning's splendor  
Let thy beauty come,  
Sudden, gracious, dazzling, tender,  
To his arms—its home:  
Swift as Indra's yellow lightning,  
Shining through the night,  
Glide to Krishna's lonely bosom,  
Take him love and light.

Grant, at last, love's utmost measure,  
Giving, give the whole;  
Keep back nothing of the treasure  
Of thy priceless soul:  
Hold with both hands out unto him  
Thy chalice, let him drain  
The nectar of its dearest draught,  
Till not a wish remain.

Only go—the stars are setting,  
And thy Krishna grieves;  
Doubt and anger quite forgetting,  
Hasten through the leaves:  
Wherefore didst thou lead him heav'nward  
But for this thing's sake?  
Comfort him with pity, Radha!  
Or his heart must break.

*But while Jayadeva writes  
This rare tale of deep delights—  
Jayadev, whose heart is given  
Unto Hari, Lord in Heaven—*

*See that ye too, as ye read,  
With a glad and humble heed,  
Bend your brows before His face,  
That ye may have bliss and grace.*

And then the Maid, compassionate, sang on—

Lady, most sweet!  
For thy coming feet  
He listens in the wood, with love sore-tried;  
Faintly sighing,  
Like one a-dying,  
He sends his thoughts afoot to meet his bride.

Ah, silent one!  
Sunk is the sun,  
The darkness falls as deep as Krishna's sorrow;  
The chakor's strain  
Is not more vain  
Than mine, and soon gray dawn will bring white  
morrow.

And thine own bliss  
Delays by this;  
The utmost of thy heaven comes only so  
When, with hearts beating  
And passionate greeting,  
Parting is over, and the parted grow

One—one for ever!  
And the old endeavor  
To be so blended is assuaged at last;  
And the glad tears raining  
Have nought remaining  
Of doubt or 'plaining; and the dread has passed

Out of each face,  
In the close embrace,  
That by-and-by embracing will be over;  
The ache that causes  
Those mournful pauses  
In bowers of earth between lover and lover:

To be no more felt,  
To fade, to melt  
In the strong certainty of joys immortal;  
In the glad meeting,  
And quick sweet greeting  
Of lips that close beyond Time's shadowy portal.

And to thee is given,  
Angel of Heaven!  
This glory and this joy with Krishna. Go!  
Let him attain,  
For his long pain,  
The prize it promised,—see thee coming slow.

A vision first, but then—  
By glade and glen—  
A lovely, loving soul, true to its home;  
His Queen—his Crown—his All,  
Hast'ning at last to fall  
Upon his breast, and live there. Radha, come!

*Come! and come thou, Lord of all,  
Unto whom the Three Worlds call;  
Thou, that didst in angry might,  
Kansa, like a comet, smite;  
Thou, that in thy passion tender,  
An incarnate spell and splendor,  
Hung on Radha's glorious face—  
In the garb of Krishna's grace—*

*As above the bloom the bee,  
 When the honeyed revelry  
 Is too subtle-sweet an one  
 Not to hang and dally on ;  
 Thou that art the Three Worlds' glory  
 Of life the light, of every story  
 The meaning and the mark, of love  
 The root and flower, o' the sky above  
 The blue, of bliss the heart, of those,  
 The lovers, that which did impose  
 The gentle law, that each should be  
 The other's Heav'n and harmony.*

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled  
 SAKANDKSHAPUNDARIKAKSHO.)*

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SARGA THE SIXTH.

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DHRISHTAVAIKUNTO.

KRISHNA MADE BOLDER.

BUT seeing that, for all her loving will,  
 The flower-soft feet of Radha had not power  
 To leave their place and go, she sped again—  
 That maiden—and to Krishna's eager ears  
 Told how it fared with his sweet mistress there.

*(What follows is to the Music GONDAKIRI and the Mode  
 RUPAKA.)*

Krishna! 'tis thou must come, (she sang)  
 Ever she waits thee in heavenly bower;  
 The lotus seeks not the wandering bee,  
 The bee must find the flower.



All the wood over her deep eyes roam,  
 Marvelling sore where tarries the bee,  
 Who leaves such lips of nectar unsought  
 As those that blossom for thee.

Her steps would fail if she tried to come,  
 Would falter and fail, with yearning weak;  
 At the first of the road they would falter and pause,  
 And the way is strange to seek.

Find her where she is sitting, then,  
 With lotus-blossom on ankle and arm  
 Wearing thine emblems, and musing of nought  
 But the meeting to be—glad, warm.

To be—"but wherefore tarrieth he?"  
 "What can stay or delay him?—go!  
 See if the soul of Krishna comes,"  
 Ten times she sayeth to me so;

Ten times lost in a languorous swoon,  
 "Now he cometh—he cometh," she cries;  
 And a love-look lights her eyes in the gloom,  
 And the darkness is sweet with her sighs.

Till, watching in vain, she sinks again  
 Under the shade of the whispering leaves,  
 With a heart too full of its love at last  
 To heed how her bosom heaves.

*Shall not these fair verses tell  
 The number of the wise who dwell  
 In the realm of Kama's bliss?*  
*Jayadev prayeth this,  
 Jayadev, the bard of Love,  
 Servant of the Gods above.*

For all so strong in Heaven itself  
Is Love, that Radha sits drooping there,  
Her beautiful bosoms panting with thought,  
And the braids drawn back from her ear.

And—angel albeit—her rich lips breathe  
Sighs, if sighs were ever so sweet;  
And—(if spirits can tremble—she trembles now  
From forehead to jewelled feet,

And her voice of music sinks to a sob,  
And her eyes, like eyes of a mated roe,  
Are tender with looks of yielded love,  
With dreams dreamed long ago;

Long—long ago, but soon to grow truth,  
To end, and be waking and certain and true;  
Of which dear surety murmur her lips,  
As the lips of sleepers do:

And, dreaming, she loosens her girdle-pearls,  
And opens her arms to the empty air,  
Then starts, if a leaf of the champâk falls,  
Sighing, "O leaf! is he there?"

Why dost thou linger in this dull spot,  
Haunted by serpents and evil for thee?  
Why not hasten to Nanda's House?  
It is plain, if thine eyes could see.

*May these words of high endeavor—  
Full of grace and gentle favor—  
Find out those whose hearts can feel  
What the message did reveal,*

*Words that Radha's messenger  
Unto Krishna took from her,  
Slowly guiding him to come  
Through the forest to his home,  
Guiding him to find the road  
Which led—though long—to Love's abode.*

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gīta Govinda entitled  
DHRIŚHTAVAIKUNTO.)*

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### SARGA THE SEVENTH.

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VIPRALABDHAVARNANE  
NAGARANARAYANO.

#### KRISHNA SUPPOSED FALSE.

MEANTIME the moon, the rolling moon, clomb high,  
And over all Vrindāvana it shone;  
The moon which on the front of gentle night  
Gleams like the chundun-mark on beauty's brow;  
The conscious moon which hath its silver face  
Marred with the shame of lighting earthly loves:

And while the round white lamp of earth rose higher,  
And still he tarried, Radha, petulant,  
Sang soft impatience and half-earnest fears.

*(What follows is to the Music MĀLAVA and the Mode YATI.)*

"Tis time!—he comes not!—will he come?

Can he leave me thus to pine?

*Yami hē kam sharanam!*

Ah! what refuge then is mine?

For his sake I sought the wood,  
Threaded dark and devious ways;  
*Yami hē kam sharanam!*  
Can it be Krishna betrays?

Let me die then, and forget  
Anguish, patience, hope, and fear;  
*Yami hē kam sharanam!*  
Ah, why have I held him dear?

Ah, this soft night torments me,  
Thinking that his faithless arms—  
*Yami hē kam sharanam!*—  
Clasp some shadow of my charms.

Fatal shadow—foolish mock!  
When the great love shone confessed;—  
*Yami hē kam sharanam!*  
Krishna's lotus loads my breast;

'Tis too heavy, lacking him;  
Like a broken flower I am—  
Necklets, jewels, what are ye?  
*Yami hē kam sharanam!*

*Yami hē kam sharanam!*  
The sky is still, the forest sleeps;  
Krishna forgets—he loves no more;  
He fails in faith, and Radha weeps.

*But the poet Jayadev—  
He who is great Hari's slave,  
He who finds asylum sweet  
Only at great Hari's feet;  
He who for your comfort sings  
All this to the Vina's strings—*

*(Prays that Radha's tender moan  
In your hearts be thought upon,  
And that all her holy grace  
[Live there like the loved one's face])*

Yet, if I wrong him (sang she)—can he fail?  
Could any in the wood win back his kisses?  
Could any softest lips of earth prevail  
To hold him from my arms? any love-blisses

Blind him once more to mine? O Soul, my prize!  
Art thou not merely hindered at this hour?  
Sore-wearied, wandering, lost? how otherwise  
Shouldst thou not hasten to the bridal-bower?

But seeing far away that Maiden come  
Alone, with eyes cast down and lingering steps,  
Again a little while she feared to hear  
Of Krishna false; and her quick thoughts took shape  
In a fine jealousy, with words like these—

Something then of earth has held him  
From his home above,  
Some one of those slight deceivers—  
Ah, my foolish love!

Some new face, some winsome playmate,  
With her hair untled,  
And the blossoms tangled in it,  
Woos him to her side.

On the dark orbs of her bosom—  
Passionately heaved—  
Sink and rise the warm, white pearl-strings,  
Oh, my love deceived!

Fair? yes, yes! the rippled shadow  
Of that midnight hair  
Shows above her brow—as clouds do  
O'er the moon—most fair:

And she knows, with wilful paces,  
How to make her zone  
Gleam and please him; and her ear-rings  
Tinkle love; and grown

Coy as he grows fond, she meets him  
With a modest show;  
Shaming truth with truthful seeming,  
While her laugh—light, low—

And her subtle mouth that murmurs,  
And her silken cheek,  
And her eyes, say she dissembles  
Plain as speech could speak.

Till at length, a fatal victress,  
Of her triumph vain,  
On his neck she lies and smiles there:—  
Ah, my Joy!—my Pain!

*But may Radha's fond annoy,  
And may Krishna's dawning joy,  
Warm and waken love more fit—  
Jayadeva prayeth it—  
And the griefs and sins assuage  
Of this blind and evil age.*

O Moon! (she sang) that art so pure and pale,  
Is Krishna wan like thee with lonely waiting?  
O lamp of love! art thou the lover's friend,  
And wilt not bring him, my long pain abating?

O fruitless moon! thou dost increase my pain;  
O faithless Krishna! I have striven in vain.

And then, lost in her fancies sad, she moaned—

(*What follows is to the Music GURJJARĪ and the Mode  
EKATĀLĪ.*)

In vain, in vain!  
Earth will of earth! I mourn more than I blame;  
If he had known, he would not sit and paint  
The tilka on her smooth black brow, nor claim  
Quick kisses from her yielded lips—false, faint—  
False, fragrant, fatal! Krishna's quest is o'er  
By Jumna's shore!

Vain—it was vain!  
The temptress was too near, the heav'n too far;  
I can but weep because he sits and ties  
Garlands of fire-flowers for her loosened hair,  
And in its silken shadow veils his eyes  
And buries his fond face. Yet I forgave  
By Jumna's wave!

Vainly! all vain!  
Make then the most of that whereto thou'rt given,  
Feign her thy Paradise—thy Love of loves;  
Say that her eyes are stars, her face the heaven,  
Her bosoms the two worlds, with sandal groves  
Faint-scented, and the kiss-marks—ah, thy dream  
By Jumna's stream!

It shall be vain!  
And vain to string the emeralds on her arm  
And hang the milky pearls upon her neck.

Saying they are not jewels, but a swarm  
Of crowded, glossy bees, come there to suck  
The rosebuds of her breast, the sweetest flowers  
Of Jumna's bowers.

That shall be vain!  
Nor wilt thou so believe thine own blind wooing,  
Nor slake thy heart's thirst even with the cup  
Which at the last she brims for thee, undoing  
Her girdle of carved gold, and yielding up,  
Love's uttermost: brief the poor gain and pride  
By Jumna's tide

Because still vain  
Is love that feeds on shadow; vain, as thou dost,  
To look so deep into the phantom eyes  
For that which lives not there; and vain, as thou must,  
To marvel why thy painted pleasure flies,  
When the fair, false wings seemed folded for ever  
By Jumna's river.

And vain! yes, vain!  
For me too is it, having so much striven,  
To see this fine snare take thee, and thy soul  
Which should have climbed to mine, and shared my  
heaven,  
Spent on a lower loveliness, whose whole  
Passion of love were but a parody  
Of that kept here for thee.

Ahaha! vain!  
For on some isle of Jumna's silver stream  
He gives all that they ask to those dull eyes,  
While mine which are his angel's, mine which gleam  
With light that might have led him to the skies—  
That almost led him—are eclipsed with tears  
Wailing my fruitless prayers.



But thou, good Friend,  
 Hang not thy head for shame, nor come so slowly,  
 As one whose message is too hard to tell;  
 If thou must say Krishna is forfeit wholly—  
 Wholly forsworn and lost—let the grief dwell  
 Where the sin doth,—except in this sad heart,  
 Which cannot shun its part.

*O great Hari! purge from wrong  
 The soul of him who writes this song;  
 Purge the souls of those that read  
 From every fault of thought and deed;  
 With thy blessed light assuage  
 The darkness of this evil age!  
 Jayadev the bard of love,  
 Serrant of the Gods above,  
 Prays it for himself and you—  
 Gentle hearts who listen!—two.*

Then in this other strain she wailed his loss —

(*What follows is to the Music DESHAVARÂDÎ and the Mode  
 RUPAKA.*)

She, not Radha, wins the crown  
 Whose false lips were dearest;  
 What was distant gain to him  
 When sweet loss stood nearest?  
 Love her, therefore, lulled to loss  
 On her fatal bosom;  
 Love her with such love as she  
 Can give back in the blossom.  
 Love her, O thou rash lost soul!  
 With thy thousand graces;  
 Coin rare thoughts into fair words  
 For her face of faces;

Praise it, fling away for it  
Life's purpose in a sigh,  
All for those lips like flower-leaves,  
And lotus-dark deep eye.

Nay, and thou shalt be happy too  
Till the fond dream is over;  
And she shall taste delight to hear  
The wooing of her lover;  
The breeze that brings the sandal up  
From distant green Malay,  
Shall seem all fragrance in the night,  
All coolness in the day.

The crescent moon shall seem to swim  
Only that she may see  
The glad eyes of my Krishna gleam,  
And her soft glances he;  
It shall be as a silver lamp  
Set in the sky to show  
The rose-leaf palms that cling and clasp,  
And the breast that beats below.

The thought of parting shall not lie  
Cold on their throbbing lives,  
The dread of ending shall not chill  
The glow beginning gives;  
She in her beauty dark shall look—  
As long as clouds can be—  
As gracious as the rain-time cloud  
Kissing the shining sea.

And he, amid his playmates old,  
At least a little while,  
Shall not breathe forth again the sigh  
That spoils the song and smile;

Shall be left wholly to his choice,  
 Free for his pleasant sin,  
 With the golden-girdled damsels  
 Of the bowers I found him in.

For me, his Angel, only  
 The sorrow and the smart,  
 The pale grief sitting on the brow  
 The dead hope in the heart;  
 For me the loss of losing,  
 For me the ache and dearth;  
 My king crowned with the wood-flowers!  
 My fairest upon earth!

*Hari, Lord and King of love!  
 From thy throne of light above  
 Stoop to help us, deign to take  
 Our spirits to thee for the sake  
 Of this song, which speaks the fears  
 Of all who weep with Radha's tears.*

But love is strong to pardon, slow to part,  
 And still the Lady, in her fancies, sang—

Wind of the Indian stream!  
 A little—oh! a little—breathe once more  
 The fragrance like his mouth's! blow from thy shore  
 A last word as he fades into a dream;

Bodiless Lord of love!  
 Show him once more to me a minute's space,  
 My Krishna, with the love-look in his face,  
 And then I come to my own place above;

I will depart and give  
 All back to Fate and her · I will submit  
 To thy stern will, and bow myself to it,  
 Enduring still, though desolate, to live.

If it indeed be life,  
 Even so resigning, to sit patience-mad,  
 To feel the zephyrs burn, the sunlight sad,  
 The peace of holy heaven, a restless strife.

Haho! what words are these?  
 How can I live and lose him? how not go  
 Whither love draws me for a soul loved so?  
 How yet endure such sorrow?—or how cease?

Wind of the Indian wave!  
 If that thou canst, blow poison here, not nard;  
 God of the five shafts! shoot thy sharpest hard,  
 And kill me, Radha,—Radha who forgave!

Or, bitter River,  
 Yamûn! be Yama's sister! be Death's kin!  
 Swell thy wave up to me and gulf me in,  
 Cooling this cruel, burning pain forever.

*Ah! if only visions stir  
 Grief so passionate in her,  
 What divine grief will not take,  
 Spirits in heaven for the sake  
 Of those who miss love? Oh, be wise!  
 Mark this story of the skies;  
 Meditate Govinda ever,  
 Sitting by the sacred river,  
 The mystic stream, which o'er his feet  
 Glides slow, with murmurs low and sweet,  
 Till none can tell whether those be  
 Blue lotus-blooms, seen veiledly  
 Under the wave, or mirrored gems  
 Reflected from the diadems*

*Bound on the brows of mighty Gods,  
Who lean from out their pure abodes,  
And leave their bright felicities  
To guide great Krishna to his skies.*

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Giat Gotinda entitled  
VIPRALABDHAVARNANE NAGARANABAYANO.)*

### SARGA THE EIGHTH.

## KHANDITAVARNANE VILAKSHALAKSHMIPATI.

### THE REBUKING OF KRISHNA.

For when the weary night had worn away  
In these vain fears, and the clear morning broke,  
Lo, Krishna! lo, the longed-for of her soul  
Came too!—in the glad light he came, and bent  
His knees, and clasped his hands; on his dumb lips  
Fear, wonder, joy, passion, and reverence  
Strove for the trembling words, and Radha knew  
Joy won for him and her; yet none the less  
A little time she chided him, and sang,

*(What follows is to the Music BHAIRAVI and the Mode  
YATI.)*

Krishna!—then thou hast found me!—and thine eyes  
Heavy and sad and stained, as if with weeping!  
Ah! is it not that those which were thy prize  
So radiant seemed that all night thou wert keeping

Vigils of tender wooing?—have thy Love!  
Here is no place for vows broken in making;  
Thou Lotus-eyed! thou soul for whom I strove!  
Go! ere I listen, my just mind forsaking.

Krishna! my Krishna with the woodland-wreath!  
Return, or I shall soften as I blame;  
The while thy very lips are dark to the teeth  
With dye that from her lids and lashes came,  
Left on the mouth I touched. Fair traitor! go!  
Say not they darkened, lacking food and sleep  
Long waiting for my face; I turn it—so—  
Go! ere I half believe thee, pleading deep;

But wilt thou plead, when, like a love-verse printed  
On the smooth polish of an emerald,  
I see the marks she stamped, the kisses dinted  
Large lettered, by her lips? thy speech withheld  
Speaks all too plainly; go,—abide thy choice!  
If thou dost stay, I shall more greatly grieve thee;  
Not records of her victory?—peace, dear voice!  
Hence with that godlike brow, lest I believe thee.

For dar'st thou feign the saffron on thy bosom  
Was not implanted in disloyal embrace?  
Or that this many-colored love-tree blossom  
Shone not, but yesternight, above her face?  
Comest thou here, so late, to be forgiven,  
O thou, in whose eyes Truth was made to live?  
O thou, so worthy else of grace and heaven?  
O thou, so nearly won? Ere I forgive,

Go, Krishna! go!—lest I should think, unwise,  
Thy heart not false, as thy long lingering seems,  
Lest, seeing myself so imaged in thine eyes,  
I shame the name of Pity—turn to dreams

The sacred sound of vows; make Virtue grudge  
 Her praise to Mercy, calling thy sins light;  
 Go therefore, dear offender! go! thy Judge  
 Had best not see thee to give sentence right.\*

*But may he grant us peace at last and bliss  
 Who heard,—and smiled to hear,—delays like this,  
 Delays that dallied with a dream come true,  
 Fond wilful angers; for the maid laughed too  
 To see, as Radha ended, her hand take  
 His dark robe for her veil, and Krishna make  
 The word she spoke for parting kindest sign  
 He should not go, but stay. O grace divine,  
 Be ours too! Jayadev, the Poet of love  
 Prays it from Hari, lordliest above.*

(Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled  
 KHANDITAVARNANE VILAKSHALAKSHMIPATI.)

## SARGA THE NINTH.

### KALAHANTARITAVARNANE MUGDHAMUKUNDO.

#### THE END OF KRISHNA'S TRIAL.

YET not quite did the doubts of Radha die,  
 Nor her sweet brows unbend; but she, the Maid—  
 Knowing her heart so tender, her soft arms  
 Aching to take him in, her rich mouth sad  
 For the coming of his kiss, and these fears false—  
 Spake yet a little in fair words like these,

---

\* The text here is not closely followed.

(What follows is to the *Music* GURJJARĪ and the *Mode*  
YATĪ.)

The lesson that thy faithful love has taught him  
He has heard;  
The wind of spring, obeying thee, hath brought him  
At thy word;  
What joy in all the three worlds was so precious  
To thy mind?  
*Mā kooroo mānini mānamayl,\**  
Ah, be kind!

No longer from his earnest eyes conceal  
Thy delights;  
Lift thy face, and let the jealous veil reveal  
All his rights;  
The glory of thy beauty was but given  
For content;  
*Mā kooroo mānini mānamayl,*  
Oh, relent!

Remember, being distant, how he bore thee  
In his heart;  
Look on him sadly turning from before thee  
To depart;  
Is he not the soul thou lovedst, sitting lonely  
In the wood?  
*Mā kooroo mānini mānamayl,*  
'Tis not good!

He who grants thee high delight in bridal-bower  
Pardons long;  
What the gods do love may do at such an hour  
Without wrong;

---

\* My proud one! do not indulge in scorn.



Why weepest thou? why keepest thou in anger  
Thy lashes down?

*Mā kooroo mānini mānamayē,*  
Do not frown!

Lift thine eyes now, and look on him, bestowing,  
Without speech;

Let him pluck at last the flower so sweetly growing  
In his reach;

The fruit of lips, of loving tones, of glances  
That forgive;

*Mā kooroo mānini mānamayē,*  
Let him live!

Let him speak with thee, and pray to thee, and prove  
thee

All his truth;

Let his silent loving lamentation move thee  
Asking ruth;

How knowest thou? Ah, listen, dearest Lady,  
He is there;

*Mā kooroo mānini mānamayē,*  
Thou must hear!

*O rare voice, which is a spell  
Unto all on earth who dwell!  
O rich voice of rapturous love,  
Making melody above!  
Krishna's, Hari's—one in two,  
Sound these mortal verses through!  
Sound like that soft flute which made  
Such a magic in the shade—  
Calling deer-eyed maidens nigh,  
Waking wish and stirring sigh,*

*Thrilling blood and melting breasts,  
Whispering love's divine unrests,  
Winning blessings to descend,  
Bringing earthly ills to end;—  
Be thou heard in this song now  
Thou, the great Enchantment, thou!*

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled  
KALAHANTARITAVARNANE MUGDHAMUKUNDO.)*

---

SARGA THE TENTH.

---

MANINIVARNANE  
CHATURACHATURBHUJO.

KRISHNA IN PARADISE.

BUT she, abasing still her glorious eyes,  
And still not yielding all her face to him,  
Relented, till with softer upturned look  
She smiled, while the Maid pleaded; so thereat  
Came Krishna nearer, and his eager lips  
Mixed sighs with words in this fond song he sang,

*(What follows is to the Music DESHĪTAVARĀDĪ and the  
Mode ASHTATĀLĪ.)*

O angel of my hope! O my heart's home!  
My fear is lost in love, my love in fear;  
This bids me trust my burning wish, and come,  
That checks me with its memories, drawing near:  
Lift up thy look, and let the thing it saith  
End fear with grace, or darken love to death.

Or only speak once more, for though thou slay me,  
Thy heavenly mouth must move, and I shall hear  
Dulcet delights of perfect music sway me  
Again—again that voice so blest and dear;  
Sweet Judge! the prisoner prayeth for his doom  
That he may hear his fate divinely come.

Speak once more! then thou canst not choose but show  
Thy mouth's unparalleled and honeyed wonder  
Where, like pearls hid in red-lipped shells, the row  
Of pearly teeth thy rose-red lips lie under;  
Ah me! I am that bird that woos the moon,  
And pipes—poor fool! to make it glitter soon.

Yet hear me on—because I cannot stay  
The passion of my soul, because my gladness  
Will pour forth from my heart,—since that far day  
When through the mist of all my sin and sadness  
Thou didst vouchsafe—Surpassing One!—to break,  
All else I slighted for thy noblest sake.

Thou, thou hast been my blood, my breath, my being;  
The pearl to plunge for in the sea of life;  
The sight to strain for, past the bounds of seeing;  
The victory to win through longest strife;  
My Queen! my crownèd Mistress! my spherèd bride!  
Take this for truth, that what I say beside

Of bold love—grown full-orbed at sight of thee—  
May be forgiven with a quick remission;  
For, thou divine fulfilment of all hope!  
Thou all-undreamed completion of the vision!  
I gaze upon thy beauty, and my fear  
Passes as clouds do, when the moon shines clear.

So if thou'rt angry still, this shall avail,  
Look straight at me, and let thy bright glance wound  
me;

Fetter me! gyve me! lock me in the gaol  
Of thy delicious arms; make fast around me  
The silk-soft manacles of wrists and hands,  
Then kill me! I shall never break those bands.

The starlight jewels flashing on thy breast  
Have not my right to hear thy beating heart;  
The happy jasmine-buds that clasp thy waist  
Are soft usurpers of my place and part;  
If that fair girdle only there must shine,  
Give me the girdle's life—the girdle mine!

Thy brow like smooth Bandhûka-leaves; thy cheek  
Which the dark-tinted Madhuk's velvet shows;  
Thy long-lashed Lotus eyes, lustrous and meek;  
Thy nose a Tila-bud; thy teeth like rows  
Of Kunda-petals! he who pierceth hearts  
Points with thy loveliness all five darts.

But Radiant, Perfect, Sweet, Supreme, forgive!  
My heart is wise—my tongue is foolish still:  
I know where I am come—I know I live—  
I know that thou art Radha—that this will  
Last and be heaven: that I have leave to rise  
Up from thy feet, and look into thine eyes!

And, nearer coming, I ask for grace  
Now that the blest eyes turn to mine;  
Faithful I stand in this sacred place  
Since first I saw them shine:  
Dearest glory that stills my voice,  
Beauty unseen, unknown, unthought!  
Splendor of love, in whose sweet light

Darkness is past and nought;  
 Ah, beyond words that sound on earth,  
 Golden bloom of the garden of heaven!  
 Radha, enchantress! Radha, the queen!  
 Be this trespass forgiven—  
 In that I dare, with courage too much  
 And a heart afraid,—so bold it is grown—  
 To hold thy hand with a bridegroom's touch,  
 And take thee for mine, mine own.\*

*So they met and so they ended  
 Pain and parting, being blended  
 Life with life—made one for ever  
 In high love; and Jayadeva  
 Hasteneth on to close the story  
 Of their bridal grace and glory.*

(Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled  
 MANINIVARMANE CHATURACHATURDHUJO.)

## SARGA THE ELEVENTH.

### RADHIKAMILANE SANANDADAMODARO.

#### THE UNION OF RADHA AND KRISHNA.

Thus followed soft and lasting peace, and griefs  
 Died while she listened to his tender tongue,  
 Her eyes of antelope alight with love;  
 And while he led the way to the bride-bower  
 The maidens of her train adorned her fair  
 With golden marriage-cloths, and sang this song,

\* Much here also is necessarily paraphrased.

(*What follows is to the Music VASANTA and the Mode YATI.*)

Follow, happy Radha! follow,—  
 In the quiet falling twilight—  
 The steps of him who followed thee  
 So steadfastly and far;  
 Let us bring thee where the Banjulas  
 Have spread a roof of crimson,  
 Lit up by many a marriage-lamp  
 Of planet, sun, and star:  
 For the hours of doubt are over,  
 And thy glad and faithful lover  
 Hath found the road by tears and prayers  
 To thy divinest side;  
 And thou wilt not now deny him  
 One delight of all thy beauty,  
 But yield up open-hearted  
 His pearl, his prize, his bride.

Oh, follow! while we fill the air  
 With songs and softest music;  
 Lauding thy wedded loveliness,  
 Dear Mistress past compare!  
 For there is not any splendor  
 Of Apsarasas immortal—  
 No glory of their beauty rich—  
 But Radha has a share;  
 Oh, follow! while we sing the song  
 That fills the worlds with longing,  
 The music of the Lord of love  
 Who melts all hearts with bliss;

For now is born the gladness  
That springs from mortal sadness,  
And all soft thoughts and things and hopes  
Were presages of this.

Then, follow, happiest Lady!  
Follow him thou lovest wholly;  
The hour is come to follow now  
The soul thy spells have led;  
His are thy breasts like jasper-cups,  
And his thine eyes like planets;  
Thy fragrant hair, thy stately neck,  
Thy queenly sumptuous head;  
Thy soft small feet, thy perfect lips,  
Thy teeth like jasmine petals,  
Thy gleaming rounded shoulders,  
And long caressing arms,  
Being thine to give, are his; and his  
The twin strings of thy girdle,  
And his the priceless treasure  
Of thine utter-sweetest charms.

So follow! while the flowers break forth  
In white and amber clusters,  
At the breath of thy pure presence,  
And the radiance on thy brow;  
Oh, follow where the Asokas wave  
Their sprays of gold and purple,  
As if to beckon thee the way  
That Krishna passed but now;  
He is gone a little forward!  
Though thy steps are faint for pleasure,  
Let him hear the tattling ripple

Of the bangles round thy feet;  
 Moving slowly o'er the blossoms  
 On the path which he has shown thee,  
 That when he turns to listen  
 It may make his fond heart beat.

And loose thy jewelled girdle  
 A little, that its rubies  
 May tinkle softest music too,  
 And whisper thou art near;  
 Though now, if in the forest  
 Thou should'st bend one blade of Kusha  
 With silken touch of passing foot,  
 His heart would know and hear;  
 Would hear the wood-buds saying,  
 "It is Radha's foot that passes;"  
 Would hear the wind sigh love-sick,  
 "It is Radha's fragrance, this;"  
 Would hear thine own heart beating  
 Within thy panting bosom,  
 And know thee coming, coming,  
 His—ever,—ever—his!

"*Mine!*"—hark! we are near enough for hearing—  
*"Soon she will come—she will smile—she will say*  
*Honey-sweet words of heavenly endearing;*  
*O soul! listen; my Bride is on her way!"*

Hear'st him not, my Radha?  
 Lo, night bendeth o'er thee—  
 Darker than dark Tamâla-leaves—  
 To list thy marriage-song;  
 Dark as the touchstone that tries gold,  
 And see now—on before thee—  
 Those lines of tender light that creep  
 The clouded sky along:



O night! that trieth gold of love,  
This love is proven perfect!  
O lines that streak the touchstone sky,  
Flash forth true shining gold!  
O rose-leaf feet, go boldly!  
O night!—that lovest lovers—  
Thy softest robe of silence  
About these bridals fold!

See'st thou not, my Radha?  
Lo, the night, thy bridesmaid,  
Comes!—her eyes thick-painted  
With soorma of the gloom—  
The night that binds the planet-worlds  
For jewels on her forehead,  
And for emblem and for garland  
Loves the blue-black lotus-bloom;  
The night that scents her breath so sweet  
With cool and musky odors,  
That joys to spread her veil of shade  
Over the limbs of love;  
And when, with loving weary,  
Yet dreaming love, they slumber,  
Sets the far stars for silver lamps  
To light them from above.

So came she where he stood, awaiting her  
At the bower's entry, like a god to see,  
With marriage-gladness and the grace of heaven.  
The great pearl set upon his glorious head  
Shone like a moon among the leaves, and shone  
Like stars the gems that kept her gold gown close:  
But still a little while she paused—abashed  
At her delight, of her deep joy afraid—  
And they that tended her sang once more this,

(*What follows is to the Music VARÂDI and the Mode  
RUPAKA.*)

Enter, thrice-happy! enter, thrice-desired!  
And let the gates of Hari shut thee in  
With the soul destined to thee from of old.

Tremble not! lay thy lovely shame aside;  
Lay it aside with thine unfastened zone,  
And love him with the love that knows not fear;

Because it fears not change; enter thou in,  
Flower of all sweet and stainless womanhood!  
For ever to grow bright, for ever new;

Enter beneath the flowers, O flower-fair!  
Beneath these tendrils, Loveliest! that entwine  
And clasp, and wreath and cling, with kissing stems;

Enter, with tender-blowing airs of heaven  
Soft as love's breath and gentle as the tones  
Of lover's whispers, when the lips come close:

Enter the house of Love, O loveliest!  
Enter the marriage-bower, most beautiful!  
And take and give the joy that Hari grants.

Thy heart has entered, let thy feet go too!  
Lo, Krishna! lo, the one that thirsts for thee!  
Give him the drink of amrit from thy lips.

Then she, no more delaying, entered straight;  
Her step a little faltered, but her face  
Shone with unutterable quick love; and—while

The music of her bangles passed the porch—  
 Shame, which had lingered in her downcast eyes,  
 Departed shamed \* . . . and like the mighty deep,  
 Which sees the moon and rises, all his life  
 Uprose to drink her beams.

(Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled  
 RADHIKAMILANE SANANDADAMODARO.)

---

Hari keep you! He whose might,  
 On the King of Serpents seated,  
 Flashes forth in dazzling light  
 From the Great Snake's gems repeated:  
 Hari keep you! He whose graces,  
 Manifold in majesty,—  
 Multiplied in heavenly places—  
 Multiply on earth—to see  
 Better with a hundred eyes  
 Her bright charms who by him lies.

---

What skill may be in singing,  
 What worship sound in song,  
 What lore be taught in loving,  
 What right divined from wrong :  
 Such things hath Jayadava—  
 In this his Hymn of Love,  
 Which lauds Govinda ever,—  
 Displayed ; may all approve!

---

\* This complete anticipation (*salajjā lajjāpi*) of the line—

“Upoo whose brow shame is ashamed to sit”

—occurs at the close of the Sarga, part of which is here perforce omitted, along with the whole of the last one.



# PEARLS OF THE FAITH

OR

## ISLAM'S ROSARY

BEING

THE NINETY-NINE BEAUTIFUL NAMES OF ALLAH

(ASMÂ-EL-HUSNÂ)

With Comments in Verse from various Oriental Sources

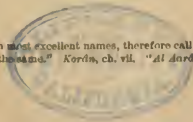
(AS MADE BY AN INDIAN MUSSULMAN)

BY

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA"; "THE INDIAN  
SONG OF SONGS"; ETC.

"Allah hath most excellent names, therefore call upon Him by  
the same." *Korân*, ch. vii. "*Al Dardj*"



NEW YORK

JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER

1883



## PEARLS OF THE FAITH.

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### PREFACE.

IT is a custom of many pious Muslims to employ in their devotions a three-stringed chaplet, each string containing thirty-three beads, and each bead representing one of the "ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah," whenever this—among many other religious uses—is made of it. The Korân bids them "celebrate Allah with an abundant celebration," and on certain occasions—such as during the intervals of the Tarâwih night service in Ramadhân—the Faithful pass these ninety-nine beads of the rosary through their fingers, repeating with each "Name of God" an ejaculation of praise and worship. Such an exercise is called *Zikr*, or "remembrance," and the rosary *Masba'hah*.

In the following pages of varied verse I have enumerated these ninety-nine "beautiful names," and appended to each—from the point of view of an Indian Moham-medan—some illustrative legend, tradition, record, or comment, drawn from diverse Oriental sources; occasionally paraphrasing (as closely as possible) from the text of the Korân itself, any particular passage containing the sacred Title, or casting light upon it. In this way it seemed possible to present the general spirit of Islâm under a new and not unacceptable form; since almost every religious idea of the Korân comes up in

the long catalogue of attributives. Tender, as well as terrible; lofty in morality, albeit grim and stern in dogma, the "Perspicuous Book" is still, and must always be, replete with interest for Christendom, since, if Islâm was born in the Desert, with Arab Sabæanism for its mother and Judaism for its father, its foster-nurse was Eastern Christianity, and Muhammad's attitude towards Christ, and towards the religion which bears His name, is ever one of profound reverence and grateful recognition. Nor are the differences between the older and younger creed really so great as their similitudes in certain aspects. The soul of Islâm is its declaration of the unity of God: its heart is the inculcation of an absolute resignation to His will. Not more sublime, therefore, in religious history appears the figure of Paul the tent-maker, proclaiming the "Unknown God" at Athens, than that of the camel-driver Muhammad, son of Abdallah and Aminah, abolishing all the idols of the Arabian Pantheon, except their chief—ALLAH TA'ALAH, "God the Most High"—and under that ancient and well-received appellation establishing the oneness of the origin, government, and life of the universe. Thereby that marvellous and gifted Teacher created a vast empire of new belief and new civilization, and prepared a sixth part of humanity for the developments and reconciliations which later times will bring. For Islâm must be conciliated; it cannot be thrust scornfully aside or rooted out. It shares the task of the education of the world with its sister religions, and it will contribute its eventual portion to

"that far-off divine event,  
Towards which the whole creation moves."

Composed amid Scotch mountains during a brief



summer-rest from politics, and with no library near at hand for references, my book has need to ask indulgence from the learned. It does but aim, however, to suggest (in poetic form) juster thoughts than sometimes prevail of Islâm, of its founder, and of its votaries; employing the language of one among them, and thinking with his thoughts, since this alone permits the necessary sympathy.

I have thus at length finished the Oriental Trilogy which I designed. In my "Indian Song of Songs" I sought to transfer to English poetry a subtle and lovely Sanskrit idyll of the Hindoo theology. In my "Light of Asia" I related the story and displayed the gentle and far-reaching doctrines of that great Hindoo prince who founded Buddhism. I have tried to present here, in the simple, familiar, and credulous, but earnest spirit and manner of Islâm—and from its own points of view—some of the thoughts and beliefs of the followers of the noble Prophet of Arabia.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

GLENGYLE, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND,  
*September, 1882.*



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"ALLAH!" BI-'SMI-'LLAH! SAY THAT GOD IS ONE,  
LIVING, ETERNAL; AND BESIDES HIM NONE.





*Say Ar-Rahmân! "The Merciful" Him call;  
For He is full of mercy unto all.*

ONCE on a day, in Paradise,  
Discourse indignant did arise  
Amongst the Angels, seeing how  
The sons of Adam sinned below;  
Albeit Allah's grace had sent  
Prophets with much admonishment.  
"Heedless and guilty race," they cried,  
"Whose penitence is set aside  
At each temptation! Truth and Right  
Ye know not!" Then a wondrous light  
Fell on their brows—a mighty word  
Sounded—the Presence of the Lord  
Spake: "Of your number choose ye two  
To go among mankind and do  
'Justice and Right,' teaching them these."  
Therewith, from those bright companies,  
Harût went and Marût went down  
On earth, laying aside their crown  
Of rays, and plumes of rainbow feather;  
And on the judgment-seat together  
Many long years they sate, and wrought  
Just judgment upon each cause brought.

Until, before that justice-seat  
There came a woman, fair and sweet,  
So ravishing of form and mien  
That great Soharah, who is queen  
Of the third planet, hath not eyes  
As soft, nor mouth made in such wise.  
And one whom she did wrong, besought  
Sentence against her: she had nought  
Of plea, but in her dazzling grace  
Stood fearless in the audience-place;  
Consuming hearts with hot desire  
By subtle Beauty's searching fire.  
Then said Hârut, forgetting Heaven,  
"Pardon to such must, sure, be given."  
Whispered Mârut, "If thou wilt be  
Leman of mine, thou shalt go free."  
And for her love those two contended,  
Till the false scene was sorely ended  
With earthquake, and with lightning-flash,  
And rolling thunder's wrathful crash,  
"Midst which the city and the folk  
Passed from their ken, and a Voice spoke:  
"Come unto judgment, ye who called  
Allah too merciful!"

Appalled  
Harût lay and Marût lay prone  
In Paradise, before the Throne;  
Hearing that doom of God, which said:  
"Until My trumpet calls the dead,  
Dwell on the earth, where ye have learned  
The just may unto sin be turned."

---

*Merciful One and just! we bless  
Thy name, and crave forgiveness.*

## 3

*Say Ar-Raheem! call Him "Compassionate,"  
For He is pitiful to small and great.*

'Tis written that the serving-angels stand  
Beside God's throne, ten myriads on each hand,  
Waiting, with wings outstretched and watchful eyes,  
To do their Master's heavenly embassies.  
Quicker than thought His high commands they read,  
Swifter than light to execute them speed;  
Bearing the word of power from star to star  
Some hither and some thither, near and far.  
And unto these nought is too high or low,  
To mean or mighty, if He wills it so;  
Neither is any creature, great or small,  
Beyond His pity; which embraceth all,  
Because His eye beholdeth all which are;  
Sees without search, and counteth without care,  
Nor lies the babe nearer the nursing-place  
Than Allah's smallest child to Allah's grace;  
Nor any ocean roll so vast that He  
Forgets one wave of all that restless sea.

Thus it is written; and moreover told  
How Gabriel, watching by the Gates of gold,  
Heard from the Voice Ineffable this word  
Of two-fold mandate uttered by the Lord:  
"Go earthward! pass where Solomon hath made  
His pleasure-house, and sitteth there arrayed.

Goodly and splendid—whom I crowned the king—  
For at this hour My servant doth a thing  
Unfitting: out of Nisibis there came  
A thousand steeds with nostrils all a-flame  
And limbs of swiftmess, prizes of the fight;  
Lo! these are led, for Solomon's delight,  
Before the palace, where he gazeth now  
Filling his heart with pride at that brave show;  
So taken with the snorting and the tramp  
Of his war-horses, that Our silver lamp  
Of eve is swung in vain, Our warning Sun  
Will sink before his sunset-prayer's begun;  
So shall the people say, 'This king, our lord,  
Loves more the long-maned trophies of his sword  
Than the remembrance of his God?' Go in!  
Save thou My faithful servant from such sin."

"Also, upon the slope of Arafat,  
Beneath a lote-tree which is fallen flat,  
Toileth a yellow ant who carrieth home  
Food for her nest, but so far hath she come  
Her worn feet fail, and she will perish, caught  
In the falling rain; but thou, make the way naught,  
And help her to her people in the cleft  
Of the black rock."

Silently Gabriel left  
The Presence, and prevented the king's sin,  
And help the little ant at entering in.

---

*O Thou whose love is wide and great,  
We praise Thee, "The Compassionate."*

4

*Call Him "Al-Malik," King of all the kings,  
Maker and Master of created things.*

The Sultan of Damascus found asleep  
The potter Ebn Solûl,  
And bore him to the palace, where he waked  
In garments beautiful.

Consider! if a king should call thee "friend,"  
And lead thee to his court,  
Roofed large with lazulite, and paved  
With flow'rs, on green floors wrought;

If he should bid thee sit at meat; and spread  
A table, served so fine  
There lacked not any pleasant food or fruit  
But came at call of thine;

If he hung high a glorious golden lamp  
To shine where thy feet tread;  
And stretched black 'broidered hangings, sown with  
gems,  
For curtains to thy bed;

If for thy heats he bade soft zephyrs blow;  
Sent, at thy thirst, sweet rains; -  
And filled the groves with minstrels, gayly garbed,  
To charm thee with their strains;

If, past the confines of his palace-grounds,  
He showed thee spacious seas,  
Where, wafted o'er the dancing foam, might sail  
Thou and thine argosies;

If, for society in that fair place,  
He gave glad companies,  
Kinsmen and friends and helpmates, and the bliss  
Of beauty's lips and eyes;

With wisdom's scroll to study, and the ways  
Of wondrous living things;  
And lovely pleasure of all ornaments  
That Nature's treasure brings,

Coral and pearl; turkis, and agate stones  
Milk-white or rosy-veined;  
Amber and ivory; jade; shawls wove with gold,  
Scarves with sea-purple stained;

If the king gave thee these, and only wrote  
Upon his inner door:  
"Serve me and honor me and keep my laws,  
And thus live evermore

In better bliss, when ye shall pass hereby,—  
As surely pass ye must:—"  
Who is there would not praise that monarch's name  
With forehead in the dust?

. . . . .

Lo! but He doeth this—Allah our King,  
His sky is lazulite;  
His earth is paved with emerald-work; its stores  
Are spread for man's delight;



His sun by day, His silver stars by night,  
 Shine for our sakes, His breeze  
 Cools us and wafts our ships; His pleasant lands  
 Are girdled with the seas

Which send the rain, and make the crystal bridge  
 Whereby man roams at will  
 From court to court of Allah's pleasure-house;  
 Seeing that writing still

Upon the inner gate—which all must pass,—  
 "Love me and keep my laws  
 That ye may live, since there is greater life  
 Beyond these darkened doors."

. . . . .

If Ebn Solûl, the potter, loved Him not . . .  
 Whose kindness was so strong;  
 If Ebn Solûl kept not the palace laws,  
 Had not that Sultan wrong?

---

*O Sovereign Giver of good things,  
 We praise Thee, "Mâlik," King of kings.*

## 5

*Allah-al-Kuddûs—the "Holy One" He is;  
But purify thy speech, pronouncing this;*

For even Israfil,  
Who waits in Heaven still  
Nearest the Throne, and hath the voice of sweetness,  
Before his face doth fold  
The wings of feathered gold,  
Saying "Al-Kuddûs;" and in supreme completeness

Of lowly reverence stands,  
Laying his angel-hands  
Over his lips, lest Allah's holiest name  
Be lightly breathed on high;  
And that white mystery  
Pass, as if that and others were the same.

\*Iblis—'tis written—when  
He heareth among men  
The name of "Allah" spoken, shrinks and flies;  
But at the sound of this,  
Uttered in realms of bliss,  
The Djins and Angels, in their ranks, arise.

And what believer dares  
Begin his morning prayers

---

\*Cf. Korân, cxiv. chapter "Of men."

Without "wuzu'h"—th' ablution? who is seen  
His Korân to rehearse  
But hath in mind its verse,  
"Let none me touch, save such as are made clean?"

Lol if with streams or sands  
Ye lave the earnest hands  
Lifted in prayer; and if ye wash the mouth  
Which reads the sacred scroll,  
Dare ye with sullied soul  
Meditate this dread word, that shrines the truth

Of Allah's purity? \*  
Bethink! His great eyes see  
The hearts of men unto their inmost core!  
Make clean your hearts within;  
Cast forth each inmost sin;  
Then with bowed brows, say this name, and adore.

---

*Forgive, Thou Pure One!—Whom we bless—  
Of our good deeds the sinfulness.*

## 6

*Thou Who art "Peace," and unto peace dost bring,  
Allah-as-Salâm! we praise Thee, Judge and King!*

WHEN th' unshunn'd Day arriveth, none of men shall  
doubt it come; \*  
Into Hell some it will lower, and exalt to Heaven  
some.

When the earth with quakenings quaketh, and the  
mountains crumble flat,  
Quick and dead shall be divided threefold; on this side,  
and that,

The Companions of the right hand (ah! how joyful  
they will be!)  
The Companions of the left hand (oh! what misery to  
see!)

Such, moreover, as of old time, loved the truth and  
taught it well,  
First in faith, they shall be foremost in reward: the  
rest to Hell!

But those souls attaining Allah,—ah, the Gardens of  
good cheer  
Kept to lodge them! yea, besides the "Faithful,"  
many will be there.

Lightly lying on soft couches, beautiful with broïdered gold,  
Friends with friends, they shall be served by youths immortal, who will hold

*Akidd, abareek*—cups and goblets—brimming with celestial wine—  
Wine which hurts nor head nor stomach—this and fruits of Heaven which shine

Bright, desirable; and rich flesh of what birds they relish best;  
Yea, and feasted, there shall soothe them damsels fairest, stateliest—

Damsels having eyes of wonder, large black eyes like hidden pearls,  
*Lulu-'l-maknûn*, Allah grants them, for sweet love, those matchless girls.

Never in that Garden hear they speech of folly, sin, or dread;  
Only "Peace"—*As-Salâm* only—that one word for ever said,

"Peace! Peace! Peace!" and the Companions of the right hand (ah! those bowers!)  
They shall roam in thornless lote-groves, under *mawz*-trees hung with flowers;

Shaded, fed by flowing waters; near to fruits which never cloy,  
Hanging always ripe for plucking; and at hand the tender joy

Of those maids of Heaven, the Houris: lo! to them We  
gave a birth  
Specially creating, lo! they are not as the wives of  
earth;

Ever virginal and stainless, how so often they embrace,  
Always young and loved and loving these are; neither  
is there grace

Like the grace and bliss the Black-eyed keep for you in  
Paradise,  
O Companions of the right hand! O ye others that were  
wise!\*

---

*Giver of peace! when comes that day,  
Set us within Thy sight, we pray.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, lvi. chapter "Of the Inevitable."

## 7

*Al-Maumin ! " Faithful," fast, and just is He,  
And loveth such as live in verity.*

IBN SÂWA, Lord of Bahrein, in the field  
Captured a Sheikh, an Arab of the hills,  
Sayid-bin-Tayf; and the king's oath was passed  
That each tenth man of all the captives die  
Together with their chieftains, for the war  
Waxed fierce, and hearts of men were turned to flame.  
So led they Sayid forth before the camp  
At Azan; and a eunuch of the guard,  
Savage and black, stood with his haick uprolled  
Back to the armpit, and the scimeter's edge  
Naked to strike.

But suddenly the king  
Inquired, " Art thou not he gave me to drink,  
Hunting gazelles, before the war began?"  
" Yea, I am he!" said Sayid.

Quoth the king,  
" Ask not thy life, but ask some other boon,  
That I may pay my debt."

Sayid replied,  
" Death is not terrible to me who die  
Red with this unbelieving blood of thine;  
But there hath come a first-born in my tent;

Fain would I see my son's face for a day,  
Before mine eyes are sealed. Lend me my life,  
To hold as something borrowed from thy hand,  
Which I will bring again."

"Ayl" laughed the king,  
"If one should answer for it with his own.  
Show me thy hostage!"

"Let me stand his bond,"  
Spake one on whom the lot of mercy fell—  
Ishâk of Tayf, a gallant youth and fair—  
"I am his sister's son; bind ye my arms,  
And set free Sayid, that he ride at speed,  
And see his first-born's face, and come again."

So Sayid went free again, seeking his home.  
But in the camp they mocked that faithful friend,  
Saying, "Lo! as a fool thou diest now,  
Staking thy life upon an Arab's word.  
Why should he haste, to abide the bitter blade?  
Will the scared jackal try the trap again;  
The hawk once limed return unto the snare?  
Cry to the desert-wind to turn and come,  
But call not Sayid."

Ishâk only smiled,  
And said, "He is a Muslim, he will come!"

The days passed, Sayid came not, and they led  
The hostage forth, for Ishâk now must die;  
But still he smiled, saying, "Till sunset's hour  
Slay me not, for at sunset he will come."

So fell it, for the sun had touched the palms,  
And that black swordsman stood again in act



To strike, when Sayid's white mare, galloping in,  
Drew steaming breath before the royal tent;  
And Sayid, leaping from the saddle, kissed  
His kinsman's eyes, and gently spake to all,  
" *Labbayki!* I am here."

Then said the king,  
" Never before was known a deed like this  
That one should stake his life upon a word;  
The other ride to death as to a bride.  
Live, and be friends of Ibn Sâwa, but speak!  
Whence learned ye these high lessons?"

Ishâk spake,

" We are believers in the book which saith,  
' Fulfil your covenants, if ye covenant;  
For God is witness! break no word with men  
Which God hath heard; and surely he hears all.' " \*

That verse the king bade write in golden script  
Over the palace gate; and he and his  
Followed the Faith.

---

*Ya! Allah-al-Maumin!*  
*In truthfulness of act be our faith seen.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, xvi. chapter " Of the Bee."

## 8

*Call Him Muhaimin. "Help in danger's hour,"  
Protector of the true who trust His power.*

THE spider and the dove!—what thing is weak  
If Allah makes it strong?  
The spider and the dove!—if He protect,  
Fear thou not foeman's wrong.

From Mecca to Medina fled our Lord,  
The horsemen followed fast;  
Into a cave to shun their murderous rage,  
Muhammad, weary, passed.

Quoth Abu Bekr, "If they see, we die!"  
Quoth Ebn Foheir, "Away!"  
The guide Abdallah said, "The sand is deep,  
Those footmarks will betray."

Then spake our Lord, "We are not four, but Five;  
'He who protects' is here.  
Come! Al-Muhaimin now will blind their eyes;  
Enter, and have no fear."

The band drew nigh; one of the Koreish cried,  
"Search ye out yonder cleft,  
I see the print of sandalled feet which turn  
Thither, upon the left!"

BÚt when they drew unto the cavern's mouth,  
Lo! at its entering-in,  
A ring-necked desert dove sate on her eggs;  
The mate cooed soft within.

And right athwart the shadow of the cave  
A spider's web was spread;  
The creature hung upon her net at watch;  
Unbroken was each thread.

"By Thammuz' blood," the unbelievers cried,  
"Our toil and time are lost;  
Where doves hatch and the spider spins her snare  
No foot of man hath crossed!"

Thus did a desert bird and spider guard  
The blessed Prophet then;  
For all things serve their Maker and their God  
Better than thankless men.

---

*Allah-al-Muhaimin! shield and save  
Us, for his sake within that cave.*

## 9

*Say Al-Hathim! He is the Mighty One!  
Praise Him, and hear the great "Verse of the Throne."*

"ALLAH! there is none other God but He,  
The Living God, the Self-subsistent One;  
Weariness cometh not to Him, nor sleep;  
And whatso is belongs to Him alone  
In heaven and earth; who is it intercedes  
With Him, save if He please? He is aware  
What is before them and what after them,  
And they of all His knowledge nothing share  
Save what He will vouchsafe. His throne's foundation  
Sits splendid, high above the earth and sky.  
Which to sustain gives Him no meditation:  
Mightiest He is, Supreme in Majesty."

---

*Ayatu-'l-Koorsiy! this we Muslims grave  
On polished gem and painted architrave;  
But thou, write its great letters on thy heart,  
Lauding the Mighty One, whose work thou art.*

## 10

*The "All-Compelling!" golden is that verse,  
Which doth His title—Al-Jabbâr—rehearse.*

SURA the nine and fiftieth: "Fear ye God,  
O true believers! and let every soul  
Heed what it doth to-day, because to-morrow  
The same thing it shall find gone forward there  
To meet and make and judge it. Fear ye God,  
For He knows whatsoever deeds ye do.  
Be not as those who have forgotten Him,  
For they are those who have forgot themselves;  
They are the evil-doers: not for such,  
And for the heritors of Paradise,

Shall it be equal; Paradise is kept  
For those thrice blessed who have ears to hear.

Lo! had we sent "the Book" unto Our hills,  
Our hills had bowed their crests in reverence,  
And opened to the heart their breasts of rock  
To take Heaven's message. Fear ye Him who knows  
Present, and Past, and Future: fear ye Him  
Who is the Only, Holy, Faithful Lord,  
Glorious and good, compelling to His will  
All things, for all things He hath made and rules.

---

*So rule, Al-Jabbâr; make our wills  
Bend, though more stubborn than the hills.*

## 11

*Al-Mutakabbir! all the heavens declare  
His majesty, Who makes them what they are.*

AZAR, of Abraham the father, spake  
Unto his son, "Come! and thine offerings make  
Before the gods whose images divine  
In Nimrūd's carved and painted temple shine.  
Pay worship to the sun's great orb of gold;  
Adore the queen-moon's silver state; behold  
Otâred, Moshtari, Sohayl, in their might,  
Those stars of glory, those high lords of light.  
These have we wrought, as fitteth gods alone,  
In bronze and ivory and chiselled stone.  
Obey, as did thy sires, these powers of Heaven  
Which rule the world, throned in the circles seven."

But Abraham said, "Did they not see the sun  
Sink and grow darkened, when the days were done;  
Did not the moon for them, too, wax and wane,  
That they should pay her worship, false and vain?  
Lo! all these stars have laws to rise and set—  
Otâred, Moshtari, Sohayl—wilt thou yet  
Bid me praise gods who humbly come and go,  
Lights that a Greater Light hath kindled? No!  
I dare not bow the knee to one of these;  
My Lord is He who (past the sky man sees)  
Waxeth and waneth not, Unchanged of all,  
Him only 'God,' Him only 'Great,' I call."

---

*Well spak'st thou, Friend of Allāh! none  
Is "great" except the Greatest One.*

## 12

*Praise the "Creator!" He who made us live,  
Life everlasting unto us can give.*

By the glorious Book We have sent! do they wonder a  
warner is come

Out from among themselves? do the misbelievers say  
"This is a marvellous thing! what! when we are dead  
and dust

To live! to arise! see now, this hope is a hope far  
away!"

But what the grave shall consume, and what of the  
man it shall leave,

We know, for a roll is with Us where each soul's  
order is set.

Will they call the truth a lie when it cometh to them,  
and dwell

Wrangling and foolish and fearful, confounding the  
matter? But yet

The heaven is above them to see how fair We have  
builded its arch,

Painted it golden and blue, finished it perfect and  
clear;

And the earth how We spread it forth, and planted the  
mountains thereon;

And made all the manifold trees and the beautiful  
blossoms appear.

Memorials are these to the wise, and a message to him  
who repents;

Moreover We drop from the clouds the blessing of  
water, the rain,

Whereby the cool gardens do grow, and the palms  
soaring up to the sky

With their date-laden branches and boughs, one over  
the other; and grain

To nourish the children of men. Lo! thus We have  
quicken'd dead clay

On the bosom of earth, and beneath her so, too, shall  
a quickening be.

. . . . .

What! deem they it wearied God to create?—that His  
power was spent?

They are fools, and they darken their eyes to that  
which He willeth them see.

We have fashioned man, and we know the thoughts of  
his innermost heart;

We are closer to him than his blood, more near than  
the vein of his throat;

At the right of ye all sits a watcher, a watcher sits at  
your left;

And whatso each speaketh or thinketh, those two  
have known it and note.

---

*Al-Khálík! Fashioner Divine!*  
*Finish Thy work and make us Thine!*



## 13

*Al-Bâri ! Moulder of each form and frame,  
Pots praise the Potter, when we speak this name.*

PRAISE be to God, the Designer, Builder of earth and  
of Heaven!

Fashioned His Angels He hath, making them mes-  
sengers still;

Two wings to some and four wings to some, and to  
some He hath given

Six and eight silver wings, making what marvels  
He will.

Verily mighty is He, and what He bestoweth of  
blessing

None can withhold; and none what He withholdeth  
can send;

Children of men ! remember the mercies of Allah to-  
wards ye,

Is there a Maker save this, is there another such  
Friend?

---

*No others another one, we see,  
Wondrous "Artificer !" like Thee.*

## 14

*Al-Muzawwir ! the "Fashioner !" say thus ;  
Still lauding Him who hath compounded us.*

WHEN the Lord would fashion men,  
Spake He in the Angels' hearing,  
"Lo! Our will is there shall be  
On the earth a creature bearing  
Rule and royalty. To-day  
We will shape a man from clay."

Spake the Angels, "Wilt Thou make  
Man who must forget his Maker,  
Working evil, shedding blood,  
Of Thy precepts the forsaker?  
But Thou knowest all, and we  
Celebrate Thy majesty."

Answered Allah, "Yea! I know  
What ye know not of this making;  
Gabriel ! Michael ! Israfil !  
Go down to the earth, and taking  
Seven clods of colors seven,  
Bring them unto Me in Heaven."

Then those holy Angels three  
Spread their pinions and descended;  
Seeking clods of diverse clay,  
That all colors might be blended;

Yellow, tawny, dun, black, brown,  
White and red, as men are known.

But the earth spake, sore afraid,  
    "Angels ! of my substance take not;  
Give me back my dust, and pray  
    That the dread Creator make not  
Man, for he will sin, and bring  
Wrath on me and suffering."

Therefore empty-handed came  
    Gabriel, Michael, Israfil,  
Saying, "Lord ! Thy earth imploreth  
    Man may never on her dwell;  
'He will sin and anger thee,  
Give me back my clay!' cried she."

Spake the Lord to Azrael,  
    "Go thou, who of wing art surest.  
Tell my earth this shall be well;  
    Bring those clods, which thou procurest  
From her bosom, unto Me;  
Shape them as I order thee."

Thus 'tis written how the Lord  
    Fashioned Adam for His glory,  
Whom the Angels worshipped,  
    All save Ibils; and this story  
Teacheth wherefore Azrael saith,  
"Come thou!" at man's hour of death.

---

*Allah ! when he doth call us, take !  
We are such clay as Thou did'st make.*

## 15

*Al-Ghaffâr, the "Forgiver," praise thereby.  
Thy Lord who is so full of clemency.*

ONCE, it is written, Abraham, "God's Friend,"  
Angered his Lord; for there had ridden in  
Across the burning yellow desert-flats  
An aged man, haggard with two days' drouth.  
The water-skin swung from his saddle-fork  
Wrinkled and dry; the dust clove to his lids,  
And clogged his beard; his parched tongue and black  
lips

Moved to say, "Give me drink," yet uttered nought;  
And that gaunt camel which he rode upon,  
Sank to the earth at entering of the camp,  
Too spent except to lay its neck along  
The sand, and moan.

To whom when they had given  
The cool wet jar, asweat with diamond-drops  
Of sparkling life, that way-worn Arab laved  
The muzzle of his beast, and filled her mouth;  
Then westward turned with blood-shot, worshipping  
eyes,

Pouring forth water to the setting orb:  
Next, would have drunk, but Abraham saw, and said,  
"Let not this unbeliever drink, who pours  
God's gift of water forth unto the sun,  
Which is but creature of the living Lord."

But while the man still clutched the precious jar,  
Striving to quaff, a form of grace drew nigh,  
Beauteous, majestic. If he came afoot,  
None knew, or if he glided from the sky.  
With gentle air he filled a gourd and gave  
The man to drink, and Abraham—in wrath  
That one should disobey him in his tents—  
Made to forbid; when full upon him smote  
Eyes of divine light, eyes of high rebuke—  
For this was Michael, Allah's messenger—  
“Lo! God reproveth thee, thou Friend of God!  
Forbiddest thou gift of the common stream  
To this idolater, speut with the heat,  
Who, in his utmost need, watered his beast,  
And bowed the knee in reverence, ere he drank?  
Allah hath borne with him these threescore years,  
Bestowed upon him corn and wine, and made  
His household fruitful and his herds increase;  
And find'st thou not patience to pity him  
Whom God hath pitied, waiting for the end,  
Since none save He wotteth what end will come,  
Or who shall find the light. Thou art rebuked!  
Seek pardon! for thou hast much need to seek.”

Thereat the Angel vanished, as he came;  
But Abraham, with humbled countenance,  
Kissed reverently the heathen's hand, and spake—  
Leading him to the chief seat in the tent—  
“God pardon me, as He doth pardon thee!”

---

*Long-suffering Lord! ah, who should be  
Forgiven, if Thou wert as we?*

## 16

*Al-Kahhâr call Him—"Dominant," the King,  
Who maketh, knoweth, ruleth everything.*

THE "Chapter of the Cattle : " \* Heaven is whose,  
And whose is earth ? Say Allah's, That did choose  
On His own might to lay the law of mercy.  
He, at the Resurrection, will not lose

One of His own. What falleth, night or day,  
Falleth by His Almighty word away.

Wilt thou have any other Lord than Allah,  
Who is not fed, but feedeth all flesh ? Say !

For if He visit thee with woe, none makes  
The woe to cease save He ; and if He takes  
Pleasure to send thee pleasure, He is Master  
Over all gifts ; nor doth His thought forsake

The creatures of the field, nor fowls that fly ;  
They are " a people " also : " These, too, I  
Have set," the Lord saith, " in My book of record ;  
These shall be gathered to Me by and by."

With Him of all things secret are the keys ;  
None other hath them, but He hath ; and sees  
Whatever is in land, or air, or water,  
Each bloom that blows, each foam-bell on the seas.

---

\* Cf. Korân, vi. chapter " Of the Cattle."

Nor is there any little hidden grain  
Swelling beneath the sod, nor in the main  
Any small fish or shell, nor of the earth  
Green things or dry things upon hill or plain,

But these are written in th' unerring Book:  
And what ye did by day, and when ye took  
Your slumbers, and the last sleep; then to Him  
Is your return, and the account's there!—look!

---

*Al-Kahhâr! All-embracing One!*  
*Our trust is fixed on Thee alone.*

## 17

*Praise "the Bestower:" unto all that live  
He giveth, and He loveth those who give.*

THE Imâm Ali, Lion of the Faith,  
Have ye not heard his giving? what he had  
The poor had, for he held his gold and goods  
As Allah's almoner. Ali it was  
Who in the Mecca mosque at evening prayer—  
Being entreated by some needy one—  
Would not break off, yet would not let the man  
Ask him in vain for what he asked of God,  
Favor and aid; wherefore—amid the words—  
He drew his emerald, carved with Allah's praise,  
From his third finger, giving it; and prayed  
With face unturned.

If he had pieces ten,  
He succored five score; if one dinar, then  
Into ten dirhems he divided that,  
And fed ten "people of the bench." Our Lord  
(On whom be peace!) in all men's hearing said,  
"This is the Prince of Givers!"

Once it fell,  
Being sore hungered in his house, he cried,  
"Fatmeh! thou daughter of the Prophet of God,  
Find me to eat, if thou hast any food."



And Fatmeh said, "Father of Hassan! here  
Not a dry date is left—not one—I swear  
By Him besides Whom is none other God;  
But in the corner of the tomb I laid  
Six silver akchas: take them, if thou wilt,  
And buy thee in the market food, and bring  
Fruits for our boys, Hassan and Hussain." Thus  
Ali departed. On his way he spied  
Two Mussulmans, of whom one rudely hailed  
The other, crying, "Pay thy debt, or come  
Unto the prison where the smiter waits."  
And he who owed had nought, and wept amain,  
Sighing, "Alas the day!" But Ali asked,  
"What is thy debt, my brother?" Then he moaned,  
"Six akchas, for the lack of which the chains  
Must load me." "Nay!" spake Ali, "they are here;  
Take them and pay the man, and go in peace."  
So went that debtor free, but Ali came  
Empty in hand and belly home again  
Unto his door, where Fatmeh and the sons,  
Hassan and Hussain, seeing him approach,  
Ran joyous forth, crying, "He bringeth us  
Dates now, and honey, and new camels' milk;  
Soon shall we feast." But when they saw his cloth  
Hang void, and troubled eyes, and heard him say,  
"Upon my road I met a poorer man  
Who, for six akchas, should have borne the chains;  
To him I gave them, and I bring ye nought,"  
Then the lads wept; but Fatmeh smiled and spake:  
"Well hast thou done, O servant of the Lord!  
Weep not, ye sons of Ali, though we fast;  
Who feedeth Allah's children, feasts His own:  
He, the 'Bestower,' will provide for us."

But Ali turned, heart-sore because the boys  
Lacked meat, and Fatmeh's lovely eyes were sunk  
Hollow with hunger. "I will go," thought he,  
"Unto the blessed Prophet, for, if one  
Be burdened with a thousand woes, his word  
Dismisses them and makes the sorrow joy."  
So bent he mournful steps thither, to tell  
The Lord Muhammad of this strait, when—lo!  
An Arab in mid path encountered him,  
Of noble bearing, with a chieftain's mien,  
Leading a riding-camel by her string,  
Black, with full teeth, the best beast ever foaled.  
"Buy Wurdah!—buy my desert rose," quoth he;  
"One hundred akchas make her thine, so thou  
Shalt own the best in Hedjaz, or at choice  
Sell her for double money." Ali said,  
"The beast is excellent! fain would I buy,  
But have not in my scrip thy price." "Go to,"  
The Sheikh replied; "take her and bring thy gold,  
When Allah pleaseth, to the western gate;  
I will await thee."

Ali nodded; took  
The nose-string, turning to the left to seek  
The camel-merchants that should buy the beast;  
Whom at the very entry of the Khan  
Another Arab in the desert garb,  
Lordly and gracious like his fellow, met,  
And quick saluted, saying, "Peace with thee!  
God send thee favor! wilt thou sell me now  
Thy riding-camel with the great stag-eyes?  
Here be three hundred akchas counted down,  
Silver and gold, good money! Such an one

I sought, but found not, till I saw thee here."  
"If thou wilt buy," quoth Ali, "be it so!"  
And thereupon that Bedawee counted out  
Dinars and dirhems—little suns and moons  
Of glittering gold and silver—in his cloth,  
And took the beast; but Ali, with one piece  
Bought food and fruits, and, hastening home again,  
Heard his lads laugh with joy to see the store  
Poured forth;—white cakes and dates and amber  
grapes—  
And smiled himself to mark Fatmeh's soft eyes  
Gladden; then, having eaten, blessed the Lord,  
Giver of gifts, "Bestower."

So, once more  
Made he to go unto the western gate  
To pay his seller; but upon the street  
The Prophet met him. Lightly smiled our Lord,  
(On whom be comfort!) lightly questioned he,  
Saying, "O Ali! who was he did sell  
Thy riding-camel, and to whom didst thou  
Sell her again?" Quoth Ali, "Only God  
Knoweth, except thou knowest!" Spake our Lord,  
"Yea, but I know! that was great Gabriel,  
Chief messenger of Heaven, from whom thou bought'st;  
And he to whom thou sold'st was Israfil,  
His heavenly fellow; and that beast did come  
Forth from the pleasure-fields of Paradise,  
And thither back is gone; for—look! my son,  
Allah hath recompensed thee fifty times  
The goodly deed thou didst, giving thine all  
To free the weeping debtor. Oh, He sees  
And measures and bestows; but what is kept,

Beyond gifts here, for kindly hearts that love,  
God only wotteth, and the Eternal Peace."

---

*Bestower ! grant us grace to see  
Our gain is what we lose for Thee.*

## 18

*Al-Razdk!* the "Provider!" thus again  
Praise Him who, having formed thee, doth sustain.

By the high dawn,  
When the light of the sun is strong!  
By the thick night,  
When the darkness is deep and long!  
He hath not forsook thee, nor hated!  
By his mercies, I say,  
The life which will come shall be better  
Than the life of to-day.

In the latter days  
The Lord thy "Provider" shall give;  
When thou knowest His gift  
Thou wilt not ask rather to live;  
Look back! thou wert friendless and frameless,  
He made thee from nought;  
Look back! thou wert blinded and wandering,  
To the light thou art brought!  
Consider! shall Allah forego thee  
Since thus He hath wrought? \*

---

*The favor of thy Lord perpend,  
And praise His mercies without end.*

---

\* Cf. Korán, xciii. chapter "Of the Forenoon."

## 19

*Al-Fattâ'h ! praise the " Opener ! " and recite  
The marvels of that " Journey of the Night. " \**

OUR Lord Muhammad lay upon the hill  
Safâ, whereby the holy city stands,  
Asleep, wrapped in a robe of camels' wool.  
Dark was the night—that Night of grace—and still;  
When all the seven spheres, by God's commands,  
Opened unto him, splendid and wonderful!

For Gabriel, softly lighting, touched his side,  
Saying, " Rise, thou enwrapped one! come and see  
The things which be beyond. Lo! I have brought  
Borak, the horse of swiftness; mount and ride!"  
Milk-white that steed was, with embroidery  
Of pearls and emeralds in his long hair wrought.

Hooved like a mule he was, with a man's face;  
His eyes gleamed from his forelock, each a star  
Of lucent hyacinth; the saddle-cloth  
Was woven gold, which priceless work did grace!  
The lightning goeth not so fast or far  
As those broad pinions which he fluttered forth.

One heel he smote on Safâ, and one heel  
On Sinai—where the dint is to this day.

---

\* Cf. Korân, xvii. chapter " Of the Night Journey. "

Next at Jerusalem he neighed. Our Lord,  
 Descending with th' Archangel there, did kneel  
 Making the midnight prayer; afterwards they  
 Tethered him to the Temple by a cord.

"Ascend!" spake Gabriel; and behold! there fell  
 Out of the sky a ladder bright and great,  
 Whereby, with easy steps, on radiant stairs,  
 They mounted—past our earth and heaven and hell—  
 To the first sphere, where Adam kept the gate,  
 Which was of vaporous gold and silvery squares.

Here thronged the lesser Angels: some took charge  
 To fill the clouda with rain and speed them round,  
 And some to tend live creatures; for what's born  
 Hath guardians there in its own shape: a large  
 Beauteous white cock crowed matins, at the sound  
 Cocks in a thousand planets hailed the morn.

Unto the second sphere by that white slope  
 Ascended they, whereof Noah held the key;  
 And two-fold was the throng of Angels here;  
 But all so dazzling glowed its fretted cope,  
 Burning with beams, Muhammad could not see  
 What manner of celestial folk were there.

The third sphere lay a thousand years beyond  
 If thou should'st journey as the sun-ray doth,  
 But in one *Flûtiyah* clomb they thitherward.  
 David and Solomon in union fond  
 Ruled at the entrance, keeping Sabaoth  
 Of ceaseless joy. The void was paven hard

With paven work of rubies—if there be  
 Jewels on earth to liken unto them

Which had such color as no goldsmith knows—  
And here a vast Archangel they did see,  
“Faithful of God” his name, whose diadem  
Was set with peopled stars; wherefrom arose

Lauds to the glory of God, filling the blue  
With lovely music, as rose-gardens fill  
A land with essences; and young stars, shaking  
Tresses of lovely light, gathered and grew  
Under his mighty plumes, departing still  
Like ships with crews and treasure, voyage-making.

So came they to the fourth sphere, where there sate  
Enoch, who never tasted death; and there  
Behind its portal awful Azrael writes;  
The shadow of his brows compassionate  
Made night across all worlds; our Lord felt fear,  
Marking the stern eyes and the hand which smites.

For always on a scroll he sets the names  
Of new-horn beings, and from off the scroll  
He blotteth who must die; and holy tears  
Roll down his cheeks, recording all our shames  
And sins and penalties; while of each soul  
Monker and Nakir reckon the arrears.

Next, at the fifth sphere's entry, they were 'ware  
Of a door built in sapphire, having graven  
Letters of flashing fire, the faith unfolding,  
“THERE IS NO GOD SAVE GOD.” Aaron sate there  
Guarding the “region of the wrath of Heaven;”  
And Israfil behind, his trumpet holding,

His trumpet holding—which shall wake the dead  
And slay the living—all his cheek puffed out,



Bursting to blow; for none knows Allah's time,  
Nor when the word of judgment shall be said:  
And darts, and chains of flame, lay all around,  
Terrible tortures for th' ungodly's crime.

When to the sixth sphere passed they, Moses sped  
Its bars of chrysoprase, and kissed our Lord,  
And spake full sweet, "Prophet of Allah! thou  
More souls of Ismael's tribes to truth hast led,  
Than I of Isaak's " Here the crystal sword  
Of Michael gave the light they journeyed through.

But at the seventh sphere that light which shone  
Hath not an earthly name, nor any voice  
Can tell its splendor, nay, nor any ear  
Learn, if it listened; only he alone  
Who saw it, knows how there th' elect rejoice,  
Isa, and Ibrahim, and the souls most dear.

And he, the glorious regent of that sphere,  
Had seventy thousand heads; and every head  
As many countenances; and each face  
As many mouths; and in each mouth there were  
Tongues seventy thousand, whereof each tongue said,  
Ever and ever, "Praise to Allah! praise!"

Here, at the bound, is fixed that lotus tree  
SEDRA, which none among the Angels pass;  
And not great Gabriel's self might farther wend:  
Yet, led by presences too bright to see,  
Too high to name, on paths like purple glass  
Our Lord Muhammad journeyed to the end.

Alone! alone! through hosts of Cherubim  
Crowding the infinite void with whispering vans,

From splendor unto splendor still he sped;  
 Across the "Lake of Gloom" they ferried him,  
 And then the "Sea of Glory:" mortal man's  
 Heart cannot hold the wonders witness'd.

So to the "Region of the Veils" he came,  
 Which shut all times off from eternity,  
 The bars of being where thought cannot reach:  
 Ten thousand thousand are they, walls of flame  
 Lambent with loveliness and mystery,  
 Ramparts of utmost heaven, having no breach.

Then he SAW GOD! our Prophet saw THE THRONE!—  
 O Allah! let these weak words be forgiven!—  
 Thou, the Supreme, "the Opener," spake at last;  
 The Throne! the Throne! he saw;—our Lord alone!  
 Saw it and heard!—but the verse falls from heaven  
 Like a poised eagle, whom the lightnings blast,

. . . . .

And Gabriel waiting by the tree he found;  
 And Borak, tethered to the Temple porch;  
 He loosed the horse, and 'twixt its wings ascended.  
 One hoof it smote on Zion's hallowed ground,  
 One upon Sinai; and the day-star's torch  
 Was not yet fading when the journey ended.

---

*Al-Fâttd'h! "Opener!" we say  
 Thy name, and worship Thee alway.*

## 20

*Al-'Alim! the "All-Knower!" by this word  
Praise Him Who sees th' unseen, and hears th' unheard.*

If ye keep hidden your mind, if ye declare it aloud,  
Equally God hath perceived, equally known is each  
thought:  
If on your housetops ye sin, if in dark chambers ye  
shroud,  
Equally God hath beheld, equally judgment is  
wrought.

He, without listing, doth know how many breathings  
ye make;  
Numbereth the hairs of your heads, wotteth the beats  
of your blood;  
Heareth the feet of the ant when she wanders by night  
in the brake;  
Counteth the eggs of the snake and the cubs of the  
wolf in the wood.

Mute the Moakkibât\* sit this side and that side of men,  
One on the right noting good, and one on the left  
noting ill;  
Each hath those Angels beside him who write with in-  
visible pen  
Whatso he doeth, or sayeth, or thinketh, recording it  
still.

---

\* These are the "Successors," or Angels of Record, who relieve each other in the duty of registering human actions, etc.

Vast is the mercy of God, and when a man doeth aright,  
Glad is the right-hand Angel, and setteth it quick on  
the roll;  
Ten times he setteth it down in letters of heavenly  
light,  
For one good deed ten deeds, and a hundred for ten  
on the scroll.

But when one doeth amiss the right-hand Angel doth  
lay  
His palm on the left-hand Angel and whispers, "For-  
bear thy pen!  
Peradventure in seven hours the man may repent him  
and pray;  
At the end of the seventh hour, if it must be, witness  
it then." \*

---

*Al-'Alim! Thou Who knowest all,  
With hearts unveiled on Thee we call.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, xiii. chapter "Of thunder."

## 21

*Yakbuzu wa Yabutu! heaven and hell  
He closeth and uncloseth—and doth well! \**

IN gold and silk and robes of pride  
An evil-hearted monarch died;  
Pampered and arrogant his soul  
Quitted the grave. His eyes did roll  
Hither and thither, deeming some  
In that new world should surely come  
To lead his spirit to a seat  
Of state, for kingly merit meet.  
What saw he? 'twas a hag so foul  
There is no Afrit, Djinn, or Ghoul  
With countenance as vile, or mien  
As fearful, and such terrors seen  
In the fierce voice and hideous air,  
Blood-dripping hands and matted hair.  
"Allah have mercy!" cried the king,  
"Whence and what art thou, hateful thing?"  
"Dost thou not know—who gav'st me birth?"  
Replied the form; "thy sins on earth  
In me embodied thus behold.  
I am thy wicked work! unfold  
Thine arms and clasp me, for we two  
In hell must live thy sentence through."

---

\* Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Cow."

Then with a bitter cry, 'tis writ,  
The king's soul passed unto the pit.

---

*Al-Kabiz! so He bars the gate  
Against the unregenerate.*

## 23

*Yet He who shuts the gate, just wrath to wreak,  
Unbars it, full of mercy, to the meek.*

THERE died upon the Miraj night,  
A man of Mecca, Amru height;  
Faithful and true, patient and pure,  
Had been his years; he did endure  
In war five spear-wounds, and in peace  
Long journeying for his tribe's increase;  
And ever of his gains he gave  
Unto poor brethren—kind as brave:  
But these forsook, and age and toil  
Drained the strong heart as flames drink oil;  
Till, lone and friendless, gray and spent—  
A thorn-tree's shadow for his tent,  
And desert sand for dying-bed—  
Amru the camel-man lay dead.

What is it that the 'Hadlth saith?  
Even while the true eyes glazed in death,  
And the warm heart wearied, and beat  
The last drum of its long defeat,  
An Angel, lighting on the sand,  
Took Amru's spirit by the hand,  
And gently spake, "Dear brother, comel  
A sore road thou didst journey home;

But life's dry desert thou hast passed,  
And Zem-Zem sparkles nigh at last."  
Then with swift flight those twain did rise  
Unto the gates of Paradise,  
Which opened, and the Angel gave  
A golden granate, saying, "Cleave  
This fruit, my brother!" But its scent  
So heavenly seemed, and so intent,  
So rapt was Amru, to behold  
The great fruit's rind of blushing gold  
And emerald leaves—he dared not touch,  
Murmuring, "O Mâlik! 'tis too much  
That I am here, with eyes so dim,  
And grace all fled." Then bade they him  
Gaze in the stream which glided stilly,  
'Mid water-roses and white lily,  
Under those lawns and smiling skies  
That make delight in Paradise;  
When, lo! the presence imaged there  
Was of such comeliness, no peer  
Among those glorious Angels stood  
To Amru, mirrored in the flood.

"I! is it I?" he cried in gladness,  
"Am I so changed from toil and sadness?"  
"This was thy hidden self," replied  
The Angels. "So shalt thou abide  
By our bright river evermore;  
And in that fair fruit's secret core—  
Which on the Tree of Life hath grown—  
Another marvel shall be shown.  
Ah, happy Amru! cleave!" He clove:—  
Sweet miracle of bliss and love!



Forth from the pomegranate there grew,  
As from its bud a rose breaks through,  
A lovely, stately, lustrous maid,  
Whose black orbs long silk lashes shade,  
Whose beauty was so rich to see  
No verse can tell it worthily;  
Nor is there found in any place  
One like her for the perfect grace  
Of soft arms wreathed and ripe lips moving  
In accents musical and loving;  
For thus she spake: "Peace be to thee,  
My Amru!" Then, with quick cry, he:  
"Who art thou, blessed one? what name  
Wearest thou? teach my tongue to frame  
This worship of my heart." Said she,  
"Thy good deeds gave me being: see,  
If in my beauty thou hast pleasure,  
How the Most High doth truly treasure  
Joy for his servants. Murziel I—  
She that doth love and satisfy—  
And I am made by Allah's hand  
Of ambergris and musk, to stand  
Beside thee, soothing thee, and tending  
In comfort and in peace unending."

So hand in hand, 'tis writ, they went  
To those bright bowers of high content.

---

*Al-Bâsit! thus He opens wide  
His mercies to the justified.*

## 23

*Al-Khâfiz ! the "Abaser !" praise hereby  
Him Who doth mock at earthly majesty.*

HEARD ye of Nimrûd? Cities fell before him;  
Shinar, from Accad to the Indian Sea,  
His garden was; as God, men did adore him;  
Queens were his slaves, and kings his vassalry.

Eminent on his car of carven brass,  
Through foeman's blood nave-deep he drave his wheel;  
And not a lion in the river-grass  
Could keep its shaggy fell from Nimrûd's steel.

But he scorned Allah, schemed a tower to invade Him;  
Dreamed to scale Heaven, and measure might with  
God;  
Heaped high the foolish clay wherefrom We made him,  
And built thereon his seven-fold house of the clod.

Therefore, the least Our messengers among,  
We sent;—a gray gnat dancing in the reeds:  
Into his ear she crept, buzzing,—and stung.  
So perished mighty Nimrûd and his deeds.

---

*O Thou Abaser of all pride!  
Mighty Thou art, and none beside.*

## 24

*Ar-Rafi! the "Exalter!" laud Him so  
Who loves the humble and lifts up the low.*

WHOM hath He chosen for His priests and preachers,  
Lords who were eminent, or men of might?  
Nay, but consider how He seeks His teachers,  
Hidden, like rubies unaware of light.

Ur of the Chaldees! what chance to discover  
Th' elect of Heaven in Azar's leathern tent?  
But Allah saw his child, and friend, and lover,  
And Abraham was born, and sealed, and sent.

The babe committed to th' Egyptian water!  
Knew any that the tide of Nilus laved  
The hope of Israel there? yet Pharaoh's daughter  
Found the frail ark, and so was Moses saved.

Low lies the Syrian town behind the mountain  
Where Mary, meek and spotless, knelt that morn,  
And saw the splendid Angel by the fountain,  
And heard his voice, "Lord Isa shall be born!"

Nay, and Muhammad (blessed may he be),  
Abdallah's and Aminah's holy son,  
Whom black Hattmah nursed, the Bedawee,  
Where lived a lonelier or a humbler one?

Think how *he* led the camels of Khadijah,  
Poor, but illumined by the light of Heaven;  
Mightier than Noah, or Enoch, or Elijah,  
Our holy Prophet to Arahia given.

Man knew him not, wrapped in his cloth, and weeping  
Lonely on Hirâ all that wondrous night;  
But Allah for his own our Lord was keeping:—  
“Rise, thou enwrapped one!” Gabriel spake, “and  
write.”

---

*Save God there is none high at all,  
Nor any low whom He doth call.*

## 25

*Al-Muhizz! by this title celebrate  
The "Honorer" Whose favor maketh great.*

SAY "God," say "Lord of all!  
Kingdoms and kings Thou makest and unmakest,  
This one Thou takest, that one Thou forsakest;  
Alike are great and small;  
Into Thy hand they fall."

"In Thy dread hand they rest;  
Their nights and days, their waking and their sleeping,  
Their birth, and life, and death lie in Thy keeping;  
'Be thus' to each Thou say'st,  
And thus to be is best,

"Though it seem good or ill.  
Islâm!—to Thee our souls we do resign,  
Turning our faces to the blessed shrine;  
Seeking no honor still  
Save from Thy will."\*

---

*Al-Muhizz! only this we pray  
To learn Thy will and to obey.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

## 26

*O, Al-Muzil! what if it be Thy will,  
Having made man, to lead him into ill?*

SAITH the Perspicuous Book: "All things which be are  
of God;

Neither, except by His word, falleth a leaf to the  
ground;

If He will open He openeth, and whom He hath blinded  
He blindeth,

Leading, misleading; to none liable, blamable,  
bound."\*

Saith the Perspicuous Book: "Tied on the neck of a  
man

Hangeth the scroll of his fate, not a line to be gain-  
said or grudged;

When the trumpet of Isra'îl thunders, the Angels will  
show it and say,

Read there what thine own deeds have written;  
thyselves by thyselves shall be judged."†

Wilt thou be wiser than God Who knoweth beginning  
and end?

Wilt thou be juster than He whose balance is turned  
by a sigh?

---

\* Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

† Cf. Korân, xvii. chapter "Of the Night Journey."

He sayeth, "It shall not be equal for the doers of right and of wrong."

"It shall not be equal," He sayeth, "for them that accept and deny." \*

---

*Al-Muzil! lead us not astray!  
Teach us to find the perfect way.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, *eodem loco*.

## 27

*As-Samî'h! O Thou Hearer! none can be  
So far, his crying doth not come to Thee.*

WRITES in his Mesnevi, Jelâlu-'d-deen:  
There came a man of Yaman, poor and old,  
To Mecca, making pilgrimage; untaught,  
A shepherd of the hills. Humble he trod  
The six mikât, the stages of the Hadj;  
Humbly indued the ihrâm, garb of faith  
Which hath no seam; made due ablutions, kissed  
The black stone; then three times with hastening feet  
Circled the Kaabah, and four times paced  
With slackened gate the tawâf, as is due,  
(For such observances the Mollah taught).  
But, when he bowed before the Holy Place,  
Thus brake his soul from him, knowing no prayer,  
Full of God's love, though ignorant of God:  
"O Master! O my Sheikh! where tarriest Thou?  
Show me Thy face that I may worship Thee,  
May toil Thy servant, which I am in heart:  
Ah! let me sew Thy shoes, anoint Thine hair,  
Wash Thy soiled robes, and serve Thee daily up  
My she-goats' freshest milk—I love thee so!  
Where hidest Thou, that I may kiss Thine hand,  
Chafe Thy dear feet, and ere Thou takest rest—  
In the gold sky, beside Thy sun, belike,



Among the soft-spread fleeces of Thy clouds—  
Sweep out Thy chamber, O my joy, my King!"

Which hearing, they who kept the shrine, incensed,  
Had haled him to the gateway, crying, "Dog!  
What blasphemy is this thou utterest,  
Saying such things of Him 'That hath no needs  
Of nourishment, nor clothing, nor repose,  
Nor hands, nor feet, nor any form or frame;  
That thou, base keeper of the silly herd,  
Shouldst proffer service to the All-Powerful?  
Meet were it that we stoned thee dead with stones,  
Who art accursed and injurious.  
Beyond! these holy walls are not for thee."

So, sore abashed, that shepherd made to go,  
Silent and weeping; but our Prophet marked,  
And with mild eyes smiled on the man; then spake  
To those that drave him forth: "Ye, when ye pray  
Outside this holy place, in distant lands,  
Whither turn ye your faces?" Each one said,  
"Unto the Kaabah." "And when ye pray,  
Within the blessed precincts, pilgrims here,  
Which way lies Mecca?" "All is sacred here,"  
They answered, "and it matters nought which way."  
"Lo! now ye reason well," replied our Lord;  
"Inside the Kaabah it matters nought  
Whither men turn; and in the secret place  
Of perfect love for God, words are as breath  
And will is all. This simple shepherd's prayer  
Came unto Allah's ears clearer than yours,  
Nathless his ignorance, because his heart—  
Not tongue, not understanding—uttered it.

Make room for God's poor lover nighest me;  
Good fellowship hath any man with him  
To whom Heaven's ear as quick inclines itself  
As doth a mother's when her babe lisps love."

Then were they sore ashamed in that hour.

---

*Hearer of hearts! As-Samî'h! so  
Our love inspire, and Thine bestow.*

*Al-Bazîr ! O Thou Seer ! great and small  
Live in Thy vision, which embraceth all.*

WERE it one wasted seed of water-grass,  
Blown by the wind, or buried in the sand,  
He seeth and ordaineth if it live;  
Were it a wild bee questing honey-buds,  
He seeth if she find, and how she comes  
On busy winglets to her hollow tree.  
The seeing of His eyes should not be told,  
Though all the reeds in all the earth were cut  
To writing-sticks, and all the seven seas  
Were seven times multiplied, flowing with ink,  
And seventy angels wrote. He beholds all  
Which was, or is, or will be: yea, with Him  
Is present vision of five secret things:  
The day of Judgment; and the times of rain;  
The child hid in the womb—is quickening,  
And whether male or female;—what will fall  
To-morrow (as ye know what did befall  
Yesterday); and where every man shall die.\*

“Where every man shall die.” Al Beidhâwi  
Presenteth how there sate with Solomon  
A prince of India, and there passed them by  
Azrael, Angel of Death, on shadowy plumes;

---

\* Cf. Korân, xxxi. chapter “Of Lokman.”

With great eyes gazing earnestly, as one  
Who wonders, gazing. And, because the prince  
Sate with the king, he saw what the king saw,  
The Djins and Angels, and saw Azrael  
Fixing on him those awful searching eyes.  
“What name, I pray thee, wears yon messenger?”  
So asked he of the king; and Solomon  
Made answer, “It is Azrael, who calls  
The souls of men.” “He seemed,” whispered the  
prince,

“To have an errand unto me;—bid now  
That one among thy demon ministers  
Waft me, upon the swiftest wing that beats,  
To India, for I fear him.” Solomon  
Issued command, and a swift Djin sprang forth  
Bearing the prince aloft, so that he came  
To Coromandel, ere the fruit—which fell  
Out of the fig—had touched the marble floor.

Thereupon Azrael said to Solomon,  
“I looked thus earnestly upon the man  
In wonder, for my Lord spake, ‘Take his soul  
In India;’ yet behold he talked with thee  
Here in Judæa! Now, see! he hath gone  
There where it was commanded he should die.”

Then followed Azrael. In that hour the prince  
Died of a hurt, sitting in India.

---

*With Thee, Lord, be the time and place,  
So that we die in Thy dear grace.*

## 29

*Al-Hâkim! think upon the Day of Doom,  
And fear "the Judge" before Whom all must come.*

WHEN the sun is withered up,  
And the stars from Heaven roll;  
When the mountains quake,  
And ye let stray your she-camels, gone ten months in foal;  
When wild beasts flock  
With the people and the cattle  
In terror, in amazement,  
And the seas boil and rattle;  
And the dead souls  
For their bodies seek;  
And the child vilely slain  
Is bid to speak,  
Being asked, "Who killed thee, little maid?  
Tell us his name!"  
While the books are unsealed,  
And crimson flame  
Flayeth the skin of the skies,  
And Hell breaks ablaze;  
And Paradise  
Opens her beautiful gates to the gaze;—  
Then shall each soul  
Know the issues of the whole,  
And the balance of its scroll.\*

---

\* Cf. Korân, lxxxi. chapter "Of the Folding Up."

Shall We swear by the stars  
 Which fade away?  
 By the Night drowned in darkness,  
 By the dead Day?  
 We swear not! a true thing is this;  
 It standeth sure,  
 He saw it and he heard, and Our word  
 Will endure!

. . . . .

When the sky cleaves asunder,  
 And the stars  
 Are scattered; and in thunder  
 All the bars  
 Of the seas burst, and all the graves are emptied  
 Like chests upturned,  
 Each soul shall see her doings, done and undone,  
 And what is earned.  
 The smiting, the smiting  
 Of that Day!  
 The horror, the splendor,  
 Who shall say? \*  
 The Day when none shall answer for his brother;  
 The Day which is with God, and with none other.

---

*Al-Hâkim! Judge! Save by Thy power,  
 Who might abide that awful hour?*

---

\* Cf. Korân, lxxxii. chapter "Of Cleaving Asunder."

## 80

*Al-Hādū! O "Just Lord!" we magnify  
Thy righteous Law, which shall the whole world try.*

God will roll up, when this world's end approacheth,  
The broad blue spangled hangings of the sky,  
Even as As-Sigill \* rolleth up his record,  
And seals and binds it when a man doth die.

Then the false worshippers, and what they follow,  
Will to the pit, like "stones of hell," descend;  
But true believers shall hear Angels saying,  
"This is your day; be joyous without end." †

In that hour dust shall lie on many faces,  
And many faces shall be glad and bright; ‡  
Ye who believe, trust and be patient always,  
Until God judges, for He judges right. §

---

*Give us to pass before Thy throne  
Among the number of Thine own!*

---

\* A name of the Angel of Registration.

† Cf. Korān, xxi. chapter "Of the Prophets."

‡ Cf. Korān, lxxx. chapter "Of the Frown."

§ Cf. Korān, x. chapter "Of Jonas."

## 81

*Dread is His wrath, but boundless is His grace,  
Al-Latif! Lord! show us Thy "favoring" face!*

Most quick to pardon sins is He:  
Who unto God draws near  
One forward step, God taketh three  
To meet, and quit his fear.

If ye will have of this world's show,  
God grants, while Angels weep;  
If ye for Paradise will sow,  
Right noble crops ye reap.\*

---

*Ah, Gracious One, we toil to reap:  
The soil is hard, the way is steep!*

---

\* Cf. Korân, xlii. chapter "Of Counsel."



*Al-Khabîr ! Thou Who art "aware" of all,  
By this name also for Thy grace we call.*

ONE moralog in Medina walked our Lord  
Among the tombs: glad was the dawn, and broad  
On headstones and on footstones sunshine lay;  
Earth seemed so fair, 'twas hard to be away.  
"O people of the graves!" Muhammad said,  
"Peace be with you! Your caravan of dead  
Hath passed the defile, and we living ones  
Forget what men ye were, of whom the sons,  
And what your merchandise and where ye went;  
But Allah knows these things! Be ye content  
Since Allah is 'aware.' Ah! God forgive  
Those that are dead, and us who briefly live."

---

*Yes! pardon, Lord, since Thou dost know  
To-morrow, now, and long ago.*

## 33

*Al-Hálím ! "Clement" is our Lord above ;  
Magnify Allah by this name of love.*

YE know the ant that creeps upon the fig,  
The *dharra*, made so small,  
Until she moveth in the purple seeds  
She is not seen at all.

If, on the judgment-day, holding the scales—  
When all the trial's done—  
The Angel of the Balance crieth, "Lord!  
The good deeds of this one

Outweigh his evil deeds, justly assessed,  
By half one *dharra's* weight;"  
Allah will say, "Multiply good to him,  
And open Heaven's gate!"

Not if thy work be worth a date-stone's skin  
Shall it be overpast;  
Thus it is written in the Sacred Book,\*  
Thus will it be at last.

---

*Faithful and just, Al-Hálím ! we  
Take refuge in Thy clemency.*

---

\* Cf. Korán, iv. chapter "Of Women."

## 84

*Al-'Azis! "Strong and Sovereign" God, Thy hand  
Is over all Thy works, holding command.*

MAKER of all ye truly call the Strong and Sovereign  
One,  
Yet have ye read that verse which saith whereto His  
work was done?  
Open "the Book," and, heedful, look what weighty  
words are given  
(The Chapter of Al-Akhâf) concerning Earth and  
Heaven.

"The Heavens and earth," Al-Akhâf saith, "and  
whatso is between,  
Think ye that We made these to be, and then—not to  
have been?  
Think ye We fashioned them in jest, without their  
times, and plan,  
And purpose? Nay! accurst are they who judge of  
God by man."\*

---

*O Higher, Wiser, than we know,  
Let not Thy creatures judge Thee so.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, xiv. chapter "Of Al-Akhâf."

## 85

*He is the "Pardoner," and his Scripture hath—  
"Paradise is for them that check their wrath,  
And pardon sins; so Allah doth with souls;  
He loveth best him who himself controls." \**

KNOW ye of Hassan's slave? Hassan the son  
Of Ali. In the camp at Ras-al-hadd  
He made a banquet unto sheikhs and lords,  
Rich dressed and joyous; and a slave bore round,  
Smoking with new-cooked pillaw, Badhan's dish  
Carved from rock-crystal, with the feet in gold,  
And garnets round the rim; but the boy slipped  
Against the tent-rope, and the precious dish  
Broke into shards of beauty on the board,  
Scalding the son of Ali. One guest cried,  
"Dog! wert thou mine, for this thing thou shouldst  
howl!"

Another, "Wretch! thou meritest to die."  
And yet another, "Hassan! give me leave  
To smite away this swine's head with my sword!"  
Even Hassan's self was moved; but the boy fell  
Face to the earth and cried, "My lord! 'tis writ,  
'Paradise is for them that check their wrath,'"  
" 'Tis writ so," Hassan said; "I am not wroth."  
"My lord!" the boy sobbed on, "also 'tis writ,  
'Pardon the trespasser.' " Hassan replied,

---

\* Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

"'Tis written—I remember—I forgive."  
"Now is the blessing of the Most High God  
On thee, dear master!" cried the happy slave,  
"For He—'tis writ—'*loves the beneficent.*'"  
"Yea! I remember, and I thank thee, slave,"  
Quoth Hassan;—"better is one noble verse  
Fetched from 'the Book,' than gold and crystal brought  
From Yaman's hills. Lords! he hath marred the dish,  
But mended fault with wisdom. See, my slave!  
I give thee freedom, and this purse to buy  
The robe and turban of a Muslim freed."

---

*Al-Ghâfir! pardon us, as we  
Forgive a brother's injury.*

*"Grateful"—Ash-Shâkir—is He; praise Him so  
Who thanketh men for that He did bestow.*

So much hast thou of thy hoard  
As thou gavest to thy Lord;  
Only this will bring thee in  
Usance rich and free from sin:  
Send thy silver on before,  
Lending to His sick and poor.  
Every dirhem dropped in alms  
Touches Allah's open palms,  
Ere it fall into the hands  
Of thy brother. Allah stands  
Begging of thee, when thy brother  
Asketh help. Ah! if another  
Proffered thee, for meat and drink,  
Food upon Al-Kâuthar's brink,\*  
Shining Kâuthar which doth flow  
Sweet as honey, cool as snow,  
White as milk, and smooth as cream,  
Underneath its banks, which gleam—  
Green and golden chrysolite,  
In the Gardens of delight,  
Whence who drinks never again  
Tasteth sorrow, age, or pain—

---

\* Cf. Korân, cviii.

Who would not make merchandise,  
Buying bliss in Paradise,  
Laying up his treasure where  
Stores are safe and profits clear?  
But ye lend at lower cost,  
Whilst Ash-Shâkir offers most,  
Good returning seven times seven,  
Paying gifts of earth with Heaven.

---

*Allah, Who dost reward so well,  
What maketh man in sin to dwell?*

## 37

*Al-'Hali ! O believers, magnify  
By this great name, Allah, our Lord " Most High."*

HE willed, and Heaven's blue arch vaulted the air;  
" Be ! " said He—Earth ! \* and the round earth was  
made ;

See ! at the hour of late and early prayer  
The very shadows worship Him, low laid.

*Most High ! the lengthening shadows teach  
Morning and evening prayer to each.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, xvi. chapter " Of the Bee."



## 89

*Praise Him, Al-Kabîr, seated on "the Throne,"  
The "Very Great," the High-exalted One.*

SEVEN Heavens Allah made:

First "Paradise," the *Jennat-al-Firdaus*;

The next, *Al Huld*, "Gate of Eternity;"

The third, *Dar-as-Sulâm*, the "Peaceful House;"

The fourth, *Dar-al-Kurâr*, "Felicity;"

The fifth was *Aidenn*, "Home of Golden Light;"

The sixth, *Al Na'hîm*, "Garden of Delight;"

The seventh, *Al-Hilliyân*, "Footstool of the Throne;"

And, each and every one,

Sphere above sphere, and treasure over treasure,

The great decree of God made for reward and pleasure.

Saith the Perspicuous Book: \*

"Look up to Heaven! look!

Dost thou see flaw or fault

In that vast vault,

Spangled with silvery lamps of night,

Or gilded with glad light

Of sunrise, or of sunset, or warm noon?

Rounded He well the moon?

Kindled He wisely the red Lord of Day?

Look twice! look thrice, and say!"

---

\* Cf. Korân, lxvii. chapter "Of the Kingdom."

Thy weak gaze fails;  
Eyesight is drowned in yon abyss of blue;  
Ye see the glory, but ye see not through:  
God's greatness veils  
Its greatness by its greatness—all that wonder  
Lieth the lowest of those Heavens under,  
Beyond which Angels view  
Allah, and Allah's mighty works, asunder;  
The thronged clouds whisper of it when they thunder.

---

*Allah Kabir ! in silence we  
Meditate on Thy majesty.*

## 89

*Al-Hâfiz ! O " Preserver !" succor us  
Who humbly trustful, cry unto Thee thus.*

By the Sky and the Night star!  
By Al-Târek the white star!  
    Shining clear—  
When darkness covers man and beast—  
    To proclaim dawn near,  
And the gold sun hastening from the east,  
We have set a guard upon you, every one;  
    Be ye not afraid!  
Of seed from loins, and milk from bosom-bone,  
    Ye were made:  
We are able to remake you, when ye die,  
    For cold death  
Cometh forth from Us, as warm life cometh  
    And gift of breath.  
Do the darkness and the terror plot against you?  
    We also plan:  
They that love you are stronger than your haters.  
    Trust God, O man! \*

---

*" Ya Hâfiz ! " on your doors ye grave ,  
In your hearts, too, these scriptures have !*

---

\* Cf. Korân lxxxvi. chapter " Of the Night Star."

## 40

*Praise Al-Mukit, the great "Maintainer!" He  
Made us, and makes our sustenance to be.*

THE chapter of the "Inevitable:"\* We gave  
The life ye live; why doubt ye We can save  
What once hath been from wasting—if We will—  
When, like dry corn, man lieth in his grave?

Did ye cause seed to grow, or was it We,—  
Wherefrom spring all the many lives that be?  
Who stirred the pulse which couples man and maid,  
And in the fruit hid that which forms the tree?

Ye go afield to scatter grain, and then  
Sleep, while We change it into bread for men;  
Have ye bethought why seed should shoot, not sand,  
Granite, or gravel? Why the gentle rain

Falleth so clean and sweet from out Our sky,  
Which might be salt and black and bitter? Why  
The soft clouds gather it from off the seas  
To spread it o'er the pastures by and by?

The flame ye strike rubbing Afâr and Markh,†  
Have ye considered that strange yellow spark?  
Did ye conceive such marvel, or did We  
Grant it, to warm and cheer men in the dark?

---

\* Korân, lvi.

† The woods used by the ancient Arabs to kindle fire.

Not now, but when the soul comes to the neck,  
The meaning of those mercies each shall reck.

Then are We nearest, though ye see it not;  
Can ye that summoned spirit order back?

---

*Nay, Al-Mukit! in life and death  
Thine are we: Truth Thy Scripture saith.*

## 41

*Laud Him as "Reckoner," casting up th' account,  
And making little merits largely mount.*

GIVE more than thou takest:  
If one shall salute thee,  
Saying, "Peace be upon thee,"  
The salute which thou makest,  
Speak it friendlier still,  
As beseemeth goodwill;  
Saying, "Peace, too, and love  
From Allah above  
Be with thee:"—for heard  
Is each brotherly word;  
And it shall not be lost  
That thou gavest him most.\*

---

*Ya Hasib! praise to Thee; for all  
Our good deeds needs must be so small.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, iv. chapter "Of Women."

## 43

*Al-Jamīl ! "the Benign ;" ah, name most dear,  
Which bids us love and worship without fear.*

Too much ye tremble, too much fear to feel  
That yearning love which Allah's laws reveal;  
Too oft forget—your troubled journey through—  
He who is Power, is Grace and Beauty too,  
And Clemency, and Pity, and Pure Rest,  
The Highest and the Uttermost and Best;  
Sweeter than honey, and more dear to see  
Than any loveliness on land or sea  
By bard or lover praised, or famed in story;  
For these were shadows of His perfect glory;  
Which is not told, because, who sees God near  
Loseth the speech to speak, in loving fear,  
So joyous is he, so astonish'd.

Hath there come to ye what the Dervish said  
At Kaisareya, in the marble shrine,  
Who woke from vision of the love divine?  
"I have seen Allah!" quoth he—all a-glow  
With splendor of the dream which filled him so—  
"Yea! I have paced the Garden of Delight,  
And heard and known!"

His fellows cried. "Impart to us thy light,"

He paused, and smiled, and spake:  
"Fain would I say it, brothers, for your sake

For I have wandered in a sphere so bright,  
Have heard such things, and witnessed such a sight,  
That now I know whither all nature turns,  
And what the love celestial is which burns,  
At the great heart of all the world, ensuring  
That griefs shall pass and joy be all enduring.  
Yet ask me not! I am as one who came  
Where, among roses, one bush, all aflame  
By fragrant crimson blossoms, charged the air  
With loveliness and perfume past compare.  
Then had I thought to load my skirt with roses,  
That ye might judge what wealth that land discloses;  
And filled my robe, plucking the peerless blooms;  
But ah! the scent so rich, so heavenly, comes;  
So were my senses melted into bliss  
With the intoxicating breath of this;  
I let the border of my mantle fall—  
The roses slipped! I bring ye none at all."

---

*Brothers! with other eyes must we  
Behold the Roses on that Tree.*



## 43

*Allah-al-Karîm ! Bountiful Lord ! we bless  
By this good name Thy loving kindnesses.*

O MAN! what hath beguiled,  
That thou shouldst stray  
From the plain easy way  
Of Allah's service, being Allah's child?  
When thou wert not,  
And when thou wast a clot,  
He did foresee thee, and did fashion thee  
From heel to nape,  
Giving thee this fair shape,  
Composing thee in wondrous symmetry—  
More than thy mother—in the form thou wearest;  
Nearer to thee than what on earth is nearest.  
Kinder than kin is He—  
Wilt thou forgetful be? \*

---

*Ya Karîm ! since Thou lovest thus,  
Quicken, ah, quicken love in us.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, lxxxii. chapter "Of Cleaving Asunder."

## 44

*Allah-al-Rakib ! praise ye " the Watchful One,"  
Who noteth what men do and leave undone.*

THE book of the wicked is in Sijjîn,  
A close-writ book:  
A book to be unfolded on the Awful Day,  
The day whereto men would not look.

What Sijjîn is  
Who shall make thee know?  
The Black Gaol. Under *Jehannum*,  
Under *Lathâ*, the " red glow,"  
Under *Hutamâh*, " the fires which split;"  
Beneath *Sa'hîr*, the " Yellow Hell,"  
And scorching *Sakar*, lieth it,  
And *Jahîm*, where devils dwell:  
Lower from light and bliss  
Than *Hâwiye*h, " the abyss:"  
Sijjîn is this.

But the books of the righteous are in Hilliyûn,  
And what shall make thee see  
The glory of that region, nigh to God,  
Where those records be?  
Joy shall make their portion: they shall lie  
With the light of delight upon their faces,  
On soft seats reclining  
In peaceful places;

Drinking wine, pure wine, sealed wine,  
Whose seal is musk and rose;  
Allayed by the crystal waves that shine  
In Tasmin, which flows  
From the golden throne of God:—at its brink  
Angels drink.\*

---

*O "Watcher!" grant our names may be  
In that Book lying near to Thee.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, lxxxiii, chapter "Of Short Weight."

## 45

*Allah-al-Mujīb, Who biddest men to pray,  
And hearest prayer; thus praise we Thee alway.*

OUR Lord the Prophet (peace to him!) doth write—  
Sura the seventeenth, intituled “Night:”—  
“Pray at the noon, pray at the sinking sun,  
In night-time pray; but most when night is done,  
For daybreak’s prayer is surely borne on high  
By Angels changing guard within the sky.”  
And in another verse, “Dawn’s prayer is more  
Than the wide world with all its treasured store.”

Therefore the Faithful, when the growing light.  
Gives to discern a black hair from a white.  
Haste to the mosque, and, bending Mecca-way,  
Recite *Al-Fātihah* while ’tis scarce yet day:  
*Praise be to Allah, Lord of all that live.*  
*Merciful King and Judge, to Thee we give*  
*Worship and honor! Succor us and guide*  
*Where those have walked who rest Thy Throne beside;*  
*The way of peace, the way of truthful speech,*  
*The way of righteousness. So we beseech.”*  
He who saith this, before the east is red,  
A hundred prayers of Azan hath he said.

Hear now this story of it—told, I ween,  
For your soul’s comfort by Jelalu’d-deen

In the great pages of the Mesnevi;  
 For therein, plain and certain, shall ye see  
 How precious is the prayer at break of day  
 In Allah's ears, and in His sight alway  
 How sweet are reverence and gentleness  
 Done to His creatures:—"Ali" (whom I bless!),  
 The son of Abu Talib—he, surnamed  
 "Lion of God," in many battles famed,  
 The cousin of our Lord the Prophet (grace  
 Be his!), uprose betimes one morn, to pace,  
 As he was wont, unto the mosque, wherein  
 Our Lord (bliss live with him!) watched to begin  
*Al-Fütühah*. Darkling was the sky, and strait  
 The lane between the city and mosque-gate,  
 By rough stones broken and deep pools of rain;  
 And therethrough toilsfully, with steps of pain,  
 Leaning upon his staff an old Jew went  
 To synagogue, on pious errand bent;  
 For those be "People of the Book," and some  
 Are chosen of Allah's will who have not come  
 Unto full light of knowledge; therefore, he,  
 Ali, the Caliph of proud days to be—  
 Knowing this good old man, and why he stirred  
 Thus early, ere the morning mills were heard—  
 Out of his nobleness and grace of soul  
 Would not thrust past, though the Jew blocked the  
     whole  
 Breadth of the lane, slow hobbling. So they went,  
 That ancient first; and, in soft discontent,  
 After him Ali, noting how the sun  
 Flared near, and fearing prayer might be begun;  
 Yet no command upraising, no harsh cry  
 To stand aside, because the dignity

Of silver hairs is much, and morning praise  
 Was precious to the Jew, too. Thus their ways  
 Wended the pair; great Ali, sad and slow,  
 Following the graybeard, while the east, a-glow,  
 Blazed with bright spears of gold athwart the blue,  
 And the Muezzin's call came, "*Illahu!*  
*Allah-ül-Allah!*"

In the mosque, our Lord  
 (On whom be peace) stood by the mimbar-board,  
 In act to bow and *Fâtihah* forth to say.  
 But, while his lips moved, some strong hand did lay  
 Over his mouth a palm invisible,  
 So that no voice on the assembly fell.  
*Ya! Rabbi 'lalamîna*—thrice he tried  
 To read, and thrice the sound of reading died,  
 Stayed by this unseen touch. Thereat amazed,  
 Our Lord Muhammad turned, arose, and gazed,  
 And saw—alone of all within the shrine—  
 A splendid Presence, with large eyes divine  
 Beaming, and golden pinions folded down,  
 Their speed still tokened by the fluttered gown:  
 Gabriel he knew, the Spirit who doth stand  
 Chief of the Sons of Heav'n, at God's right hand;  
 "Gabriel! why stay'st thou me?" the Prophet said,  
 "Since at this hour *the Fâtihah* should be read."  
 But the bright Presence, smiling, pointed where  
 Ali towards the outer gate drew near,  
 Upon the threshold shaking off his shoes,  
 And giving "alms of entry," as men use.  
 "Yea!" spake th' Archangel, "sacred is the sound  
 Of morning praise, and worth the world's great round,  
 Though earth were pearl and silver; therefore I  
 Stayed thee, Muhammad, in the act to cry.

Lest Ali, tarrying in the lane, should miss,  
For his good deed, its blessing and its bliss."  
Thereat the Archangel vanished, and our Lord  
Read *Fātiḥah* forth beneath the mimbar-board.

---

*Us, too, Mujib ! in hearing keep;  
Better is prayer than food or sleep!*

## 46.

*"All-Comprehending One," Al-Wasi'h ! we  
By this name also praise and honor Thee.*

TURN, wheresoe'er ye be, to Mecca's stone,  
For this is holy, and your Lord doth hear;  
Thitherwards turn!—so hath all Islâm one  
Heart to its thought and harbor of its prayer.

But Allah's house eastwards and westwards lies,  
Northwards and southwards. He is everywhere:  
Whithersoever way ye bend your eyes,  
Face to face are ye with Al-Wasi'h there.

It is not righteousness to kneel aright  
Fronting the *Kiblah*; but to rightly hold  
Of God, and of His judgment, and the bright  
Bands of His Angels; and what truth is told

In the sure Korân by God's holy Prophet;  
To succor orphans, strangers, suppliants, kin;  
Your gold and worldly treasure—to give of it  
Ransom for captives, alms which mercy win:

To keep your covenants when ye covenant;  
Your woes and sufferings patiently to bear,  
Being the will of God:—this is to front  
Straight for the *Kiblah*: this is faith and fear.\*

---

*Abounding Lord! in every place  
Is built the Mecca of Thy grace.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Cow."



## 47

*Al-Hâkim! Judge of all the judges! show  
Mercy to us and make us justice know.*

ONLY one Judge is just, for only One  
Knoweth the hearts of men; and hearts alone  
Are guilty or are guiltless. That which lied  
Was not the tongue—he is a red dog tied.

And that which slew was not the hand ye saw  
Grasping the knife—she is a slave whose law  
The master gives, seated within the tent;  
The hand was handle to the instrument;

The dark heart murdered. O believers! leave  
Judgment to Heav'n—except ye do receive  
Office and order to accomplish this;  
Then honorable, and terrible, it is.

The Prophet said: \* “At the great day of doom  
Such fear on the most upright judge shall come  
That he shall moan, ‘Ahl would to God that I  
Had stood for trial, and not sate to try!’”

He said: “The Angels of the Scales will bring  
Just and unjust who judged before Heav'n's King,  
Grasping them by the neck; and, if it be,  
One hath adjudged his fellows wickedly,

---

\* Cf. the *Mishkât-al-Mâsûbîn*.

"He shall be hurled to hell so vast a height  
'Tis forty years' fierce journey ere he light;  
But if one righteously hath borne the rod,  
The Angels kiss those lips which spake for God."

---

*Lord ! make us just, that we may be  
A little justified with Thee.*

## 48

*"The Loving"—Al-Wadood! ah, title dear,  
Whereby Thy children praise Thee, free of fear.*

SWEET seem your wedded days; and dear and tender  
Your children's talk; brave 'tis to hear the tramp  
Of pastured horses; and to see the splendor  
Of gold and silver plunder; and to camp

With goats and camels by the bubbling fountain;  
And to drink fragrance from the desert wind,  
And to sit silent on the mighty mountain;  
And all the joys which make life bright and kind.

But ye have heard of streams more brightly flowing  
Than those whereby ye wander; of a life  
Glorious and glad and pure beyond earth's knowing;  
Love without loss, and wealth without the strife.

Lol we have told you of the golden Garden  
Kept for the Faithful, where the soil is still  
Wheat-flour and musk and camphire, and fruits harden  
To what delicious savor each man will

Upon the Tooba tree; which bends its cluster  
To him that doth desire, bearing all meat;  
And of the sparkling fountains which out-lustre  
Diamonds and emeralds, running clear and sweet,

Tasmin and Salsabil, whose lucent waters  
Are rich, delicious, undistracting wine;  
And of the Houris, pleasure's perfect daughters,  
Virgins of Paradise, whose black eyes shine

Soul-deep with love and languor, having tresses  
Night-dark, with scents of the gold-blooming date  
And scarlet roses; lavishing caresses  
That satisfy, but never satiate;

Whose looks refrain from any save their lover,  
Whose peerless limbs and bosoms' ivory swell  
Are like the ostrich egg which feathers cover  
From stain and dust, so white and rounded well:

Dwelling in marvellous pavilions, builded  
Of hollow pearls, wherethrough a great light shines—  
Cooled by soft breezes and by glad suns gilded—  
On the green pillows where the Blest reclines.

A rich reward it shall be, a full payment  
For life's brief trials and sad virtue's stress,  
When friends with friends, clad all in festal raiment,  
Share in deep Heaven the Angels' happiness;

Nay, and full payment, though ye give those pleasures  
Which make life dear, to fight and die for faith,  
Rendering to God your wives and flocks and treasures,  
That He may pay you tenfold after death.

For, if the bliss of Paradise, transcending  
Delights of earth, should win ye to be hold,  
Yet know, this glory hath its crown and ending  
In Allah's grace, which is the Joy untold,

The Utmost Bliss. Beyond the Happy River  
The justified shall see God's face in Heaven,  
Live in His sweet goodwill,\* and taste for ever  
Al-Wadood's † love, unto His children given.

---

*Yea! for high Heaven's felicity  
Is but the shadow, Lord, of Thee.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, ix. chapter "Of Repentance."

† Cf. Korân, lxxxv. chapter "Of Zodiacal Signs."

## 49

*Al-Majid ! Glorious Lord upon the Throne,\*  
With this great name we praise Thee, Sovereign One !*

By the Heavens, walled with silver signs and towers!  
By the Promised Day!  
By the Witness and the Witnessed; and the Way  
Of righteousness!—this glorious Book of ours  
Lieth treasured up in Heaven,  
As 'twas given  
On the mighty "Night of Powers;"  
And its easy bond is this,  
The which to keep is bliss:  
"None save Glorious Allah serve;  
Never from His precepts swerve;  
Honor teacher, father, mother;  
Unto him who is thy brother,  
Unto kindred, friends also,  
Orphans, suppliants, sad ones, show  
Gentleness and help; to each  
Speak with kind and courteous speech.  
Give in alms that thou may'st spare,  
And be constant in thy prayer." \*

*Allah al-Majid ! Thy favor grant,  
That we may keep this covenant.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, lxxxv. chapter "Of Celestial Signs,"

† Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer."

## 50

*Al-Bâkhith ! Opener of the Tombs ! we praise  
Thy power, which unto life the dead can raise.*

IBLIS spake to Abraham :

" What is this thy Lord hath told thee?  
Shall the Resurrection be  
When the mouldering clods enfold thee?  
Nay! and if a man might rise,  
Buried whole, in heedful wise,  
See yon carcass, tempest-beaten—  
Part the wandering fox hath eaten,  
Part by fishes hath been torn,  
Part the sea-fowl hence have borne;  
Never back those fragments can  
Come to him who was a man."

Abraham spake unto his Lord:\*

" Show me how is wrought this wonder;  
Can Thy resurrection be  
When a man's dust lies asunder?"

" Art thou therefore not believing,"

Allah said, " because deceiving  
Ibليس fills with lies thy heart?"

" Nay," he answered, " but impart  
Knowledge, Mightiest One and Best!  
That my heart may be at rest."

---

\* Cf. Korân, ii. chapter " Of the Heifer."

God said: "Take, thou doubting one!  
Four birds from among My creatures;  
Sever each bird's head, and so  
Mingle feathers, forms, and features,  
That the fragments shall not be  
Knowable to such as ye.  
Into four divide the mass,  
Then upon the mountains pass,  
On four peaks a portion lay,  
And, returning homeward, say,  
'By the name and power of God—  
Who hath made men of the clod,  
And hath said the dead shall rise—  
Birds! fly hither in such wise  
As ye lived.' And they shall come,  
Perfect, whole, and living, home."

Thereupon Al-Khalil took  
A raven, eagle, dove, and cock;  
From their bodies shore the heads,  
Cut the four fowl into shreds,  
Mingled all their mass together,  
Blood and bone, and flesh and feather;  
Then dividing this four-wise,  
Laid it where four peaks did rise  
Two to south and two to north.  
Then the dove's head held he forth,  
Crying, "Come!" Lo! at the word  
Cooed at his feet the slaughtered bird.  
"Come, raven!" spake he: as he spoke,  
On glossy wing, with eager croak,  
Flew round the raven. Then he said,  
"Return! thou cock:" the cock obeyed.



Lastly the eagle summoned he,  
Which circling came, on pinious free,  
Restored and soaring to the sky,  
With perfect plumes and undimmed eye.

So in the Holy Book 'tis writ  
How Abraham's heart at rest was set.

---

*Why should we fear to yield our breath,  
To Thee That art the Lord of Death?*

## 51

*Ash-Shahîd ! God is "Witness !" and He took  
Witness of us, ye People of the Book !*

THE spirits of the Prophets came at morn  
To Sinai, summoned by their Lord's command,  
Singers and seers;—those born and those unborn,  
The chosen souls of men, a solemn band.

The noble army ranged, in viewless might,  
Around that mountain peak which pierces heaven;  
Greater and lesser teachers, sons of light;  
Their number was ten thousand score and seven.

Then Allah took a covenant with His own,  
Saying, "My wisdom and My word receive;  
Speak of Me unto men, known or unknown,  
Heard or unheard; bid such as will, believe."

"And there shall come apostles, guiding ye,  
Jesus, Muhammad: follow them and aid!  
Are you resolved, and will you war for Me?"  
"We are resolved, O Lord of all!" they said.

"Bear witness then!" spake Allah, "souls most dear,  
I am your Lord and ye heralds of Mine."  
Thenceforward through all lands His Prophets bear  
The message of the mystery divine.\*

---

*Allah-ash-Shahîd ! make us to hear  
The errand that Thy children bear.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

## 52

*O Thou, the Truth! when so Thy name we call,  
All's said that need be said, sith Thou art all.*

TRUTH and all truth He is! serve Him alone  
Who hath none other by nor near His Throne;  
Unto all sins is Allah's pardon given  
Except what giveth Him partners in Heaven,\*  
Being Apart, Exalted, Truth and Light,  
Only and wholly—hold thou this aright!

---

*Ya Hakk! true God! never with Thee  
Can other or can equal be.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, iv. chapter "O", "Women."

## 53

*Alai kul shay Wakîl! \* Guardian of all!  
By this name trustfully on Thee we call.*

VERILY God is guard!  
What other hath created you, and made  
Men gone before, and earth's foundations laid  
So broad and hard,  
To be your dwelling-place;  
And Heaven's star-jewelled face  
Arched for your roof-top; and the tender rain  
Sent down at the due season, whereby grain  
Groweth, and clustered gold  
Of dates, and grapes that hold  
The purple and the amber honey-juice?  
These for your use  
Your Lord and "Agent" gave.  
Make Him no peers, nor other guardian have.

---

*Allah-al-Wakîl! Thy wards are we;  
Have us in Thy fidelity.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer."

54

*Thou mighty One ! Whose mercy hath upraised  
Mankind to praise Thee, be Thou hereby praised !*

CONSIDER them that serve  
The false gods, how they lay in golden dishes  
Honey and fruits and fishes  
Before their idols ; and the green fly comes,  
Shoots through the guarded gates, and hums  
Scorn of their offering, stealing what she will ;  
And none of these great gods the thief can kill,  
    So swift she is and small :  
    And none of all  
Can make one little fly, for all their state ;  
So feeble are they, and so falsely great.\*  
Ye people of the stocks and stones ! herein  
A parable is set against your sin.  
But Allah high doth rule  
Whose hand made all things, being " Powerful."

---

*Al Kâuf ! King of power and might !  
Be Thy hand o'er us day and night !*

---

\* Cf. Korân, xxii. chapter " Of Believers."

## 55

*Allah-al-Mateen ! " Firm" is our Lord and fast ;  
Praise Him Who doth uphold Thee to the last.*

By the Angels ranged in ranks,  
And the Rain-cloud Drivers,  
And the Reciters of the word, " Thy God is one,"  
Firm is our Lord!  
Of the heavens the tent-pole,  
*Al-Watad* ; and of earth  
*Habl-al-Mateen*, the sure Cord :\*  
By this thy soul  
Holdeth, from birth :  
Fast is the cord, and sure ;  
They only shall endure  
Who dwell beneath the mighty tent upholden  
By *Al-Watad*,† the Golden.

---

*Stay of Thy servants, Al-Mateen !  
In Thee is strong deliverance seen.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, iii. chapter " Of the Family of Imran."

† Cf. Korân, lxxviii. chapter " Of the Information."

## 56

*Al-Walî ! Nearest of all friends, and Best,  
So praise your Lord, Whose help is mightiest.*

CLOSE is He always to His faithful ones,  
But closer dwelt they in the times of old.  
Hath it come to ye what Al-Baidhâwl  
Presenteth of the days of Abraham,  
Whom Allah called His " Friend," and like a friend  
Softly entreated,\* stooping out of Heaven  
To help and comfort him so dear to God?  
Ofttimes the Angels of his Lord would light  
Familiarly, with folded wings, before  
The curtain of his tent, conversing there;  
Ofttimes, on thorny flats of wilderness,  
Or in the parched pass, or the echoing cave,  
The very voice of God would thrill his ears;  
And he might answer, as a man with man,  
Hearing and speaking things unspeakable.  
Wherefore, no marvel that he gave his son  
At Allah's bidding, and had back his son—  
Patient and safe—when the wild goat came down  
And hung amid the nebbuk by his horns,  
On Thablr, nigh to Mecca, in the vale  
Of Mina;† and the kulfe of Abraham  
Reddened with unwept blood.

---

\* Cf. Korân, iv. chapter " Of Women."

† Cf. Korân, xxvii. chapter " Of the Ranged."

There had fall'n drought  
Upon the land, and all the mouths he fed  
Hungered for meal; therefore Al-Khalil sent  
Messengers unto Egypt—to a lord  
Wealthy and favorable, having store  
Of grain and cattle by the banks of Nile.  
"Give unto Abraham," the message said,  
"A little part for gold, yet more for love—  
(As he had given, if the strait were thine)  
Meal of the millet, lentil, wheat, and bean,  
That he and his may live; for drought hath come  
Upon our fields and pastures, and we pine."  
Spake the Egyptian lord, "Lo! now ye ask  
O'ermuch of me for friendliness, and more  
Than gold can buy, since dearth hath also come  
Over our fields, and nothing is to spare.  
Yet had it been to succor Abraham,  
And them that dwell beneath his tent, the half  
Of all we hold had filled your empty sacks.  
But he will feed people we wot not of,  
Poor folk, and hungry wanderers of the waste:  
The which are nought to us, who have of such,  
If there were surplusage. Therefore return;  
Find food elsewhere!"

Then said the messengers  
One to another, "If we shall return  
With empty sacks, our master's name, so great  
For worship in the world, will suffer shame,  
And men will say he asked and was denied."  
Therefore they filled their sacks with white sea-aand  
Gathered by Gaza's wave, and sorrowfully  
Journeyed to Kedar, where lay Abraham,  
To whom full privately they told this thing,



Saying, "We filled the sacks with snow-white sand,  
Lest thy great name be lessened 'mongst the folk,  
Seeing us empty-handed; for the man  
Denied thee corn; since thou wouldst give, quoth he,  
To poor folk and to wanderers of the waste,  
And there are hungry mouths enough by Nile."

Then was the heart of Abraham sore, because  
The people of his tribe drew round to share  
The good food brought, and all the desert trooped  
With large-eyed mothers and their pining babes,  
Certain of succor if the sheikh could help.  
So did the spirit of Al-Khall sink  
That into swoon he fell, and lay as one  
Who hath not life. But Sarai, his wife—  
That knew not—bade her maidens bring a sack,  
Open its mouth, and knead some meal for cakes.  
And when the sack was opened, there showed flour,  
Fine, three times bolted, whiter than sea-sand;  
Which in the trough they kneaded, rolling cakes,  
And baking them over the crackling thorns;  
So that the savor spread throughout the camp  
Of new bread smoking, and the people drew  
Closer and thicker, as ye see the herds  
Throng—horn, and wool, and hoof—at watering-time,  
When after fiery leagues, the wells are reached.

But Abraham, awaking, smelled the bread:  
"Whence," spake he unto Sarai, "hast thou meal,  
Wife of my bosom? for the smell of bread  
Riseth, and lo! I see the cakes are baked."  
"By God! Who is the only One," she said,  
"Whence should it come save from thy friend who  
sent,  
The lord of Egypt?" "Nay!" quoth Abraham,

And fell upon his face, low-worshipping,  
“But this hath come from the dear mighty hands  
Of Allah—of the Lord of Egypt's lords—  
My ‘Friend,’ and King, and Helper: now my folk  
Shall live and die not. Glory be to God!”

---

*He that hath Allah for a friend,  
To want and woe hath put the end.*

## 57

*Rich to reward your Lord is; oh, do ye  
Praise Al-Hamid, the " Ever-praiseworthy !"*

PRAISE him by alms; and when ye help believers,  
Mar not your gifts with grudging word or will;  
Since ye at Allah's hands are free receivers,  
Freely bestow. A garden on a hill

Is as a likeness of that fair compassion  
Shown for the sake of God: the heavy rain  
Descendeth, and the dew; and every fashion  
Of good seed springs tenfold in fruit and grain.

The likeness of the evil heart, bestowing  
That men may praise, is as the thin-clad peak,  
Wherefrom the rain washes all soil for growing,  
Leaving the hard rock naked, fruitless, bleak.

Say, will ye plant on rock or plenteous garden?  
Grow nought, or grow green vines that shade afford?—  
Forgive your brethren as ye ask for pardon;  
Give as ye have received, and praise your Lord!\*

---

*Allah-al-Hamid! what tongue can tell  
Thy goodness, ever-laudable?*

---

\* Cf. Korân ii. chapter " Of the Heifer."

## 58

*Al-Múhsi! The "Accountant!" laud Him so  
Who reckoneth up the deeds men do below.*

"IN GOD'S NAME, MERCIFUL, COMPASSIONATE!"

---

WHEN Earth shall quake with quaking,\*  
And cast her burden forth  
Of corpses; and live men  
Shall ask—with terror shaking—  
"What aileth Earth?" that day  
She shall reply, and say  
    That which her Lord commands:  
    And men shall come in bands,  
This side and that side, ranged to show  
Their works, and the account to know.  
And he that wrought of good a red ant's weight  
    Shall see it writ:  
And who did evil, aye! as the skin of a date,  
    Shall witness it.

---

*Al-Múhsi! dread Accountant! look  
In mercy on our judgment-book.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, xcix. chapter "Of the Earthquake."

## 59

*Al-Mubdi! praise Him by this holy name,  
Who gave to all the spark which lights life's flame.*

WHENCE came ye; and the people of the groves;  
The streams, the seas, the wilderness, the air;  
Beasts, fishes, fowl; each with their lives and loves,  
Each glad to be, each in its kind so fair?

"Begotten of their like?" Yea! but "their like,"  
Who did devise that, and the hidden charm  
Whereby—as flame from torch to torch doth strike—  
The light of life shines on, bright, joyous, warm?

Al Mubdi hath devised it! His decree  
In the beginning shaped and ordered each,  
Saying to all these things foreseen, "So be!"  
And so they were, obeying Allah's speech.

---

*Al-Mubdi! "Great Beginner!" take  
Our praises, for life's pleasant sake!*

## 60

*He made life—and He takes it—but instead  
Gives more ; praise the Restorer, Al-Mu'hid !*

HE who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort faithful friends.

Faithful friends ! it lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow ;  
And ye say, " Abdullah's dead !"  
Weeping at my feet and head ;  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your cries and prayers ;  
Yet I smile, and whisper this—  
" I am not that thing you kiss ;  
Cease your tears, and let it lie ;  
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends ! what the women lave,  
For its last bed in the grave,  
Is a tent which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room ;  
The wearer, not the garb ; the plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye;  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
'Tis an empty sea-shell, one  
Out of which the pearl is gone;  
The shell is broken, it lies there;  
The pearl, and all, the soul, is here.  
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of His treasury,  
A mind which loved Him; let it lie!  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah Mu'hid, Allah most good!  
Now thy grace is understood;  
Now my heart no longer wonders  
What Al-Barsakh \* is, which sunders  
Life from death, and death from Heaven;  
Nor the "Paradises Seven"  
Which the happy dead inherit;  
Nor those "birds" which bear each spirit  
Towards the Throne, "green birds and white,"  
Radiant, glorious, swift their flight!  
Now the long, long darkness ends,  
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,  
While the man whom ye call "dead"  
In unbroken bliss instead  
Lives, and loves you; lost, 'tis true  
By any light which shines for you;  
But in light ye cannot see  
Of unfulfilled felicity,

---

\* Cf. Korân, xxiii. chapter "Of Believers."

And enlarging Paradise,  
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;  
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.  
I am gone before your face  
A heart-beat's time, a gray ant's pace.  
When ye come where I have stepped,  
Ye will marvel why ye wept,  
Ye will know, by true love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,  
Sunshine still must follow rain!  
Only not at death, for death—  
Now I see—is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, that is of all life centre.

Know ye Allah's law is love,  
Viewed from Allah's Throne above:  
Be ye firm of trust, and come  
Faithful onward to your home!  
“*La Allah illa Allah!*” Yea,  
Mu'bid! Restorer! Sovereign!” say!

---

*He who died at Azan gave  
This to those that made his grave.*



## 61

*Al-Mo'hyî! the "Quickener!" hereby  
Praise Him Whom Angels praise eternally.*

"AND of His signs is this," \* saith the Great Book;  
"Under the angry sun the slain earth—look!—  
Dries up to dust; dies every growing thing;  
Then blow we breaths of southern wind which bring  
Rain-dropping clouds, and see! the dead earth lives,  
And stirs, and swells; and every herb revives.  
So shall the dead be quickened by His breath,  
This is Al-Mo'hyî's sign," the Great Book saith.

---

*O thou believer! shall it be  
He saves the green thing, and not thee?*

---

\* Cf. Korân, xli. chapter "Of Signs Explained."

## 62

*He quickeneth, but "He killeth;" blessed they  
Who may abide in trust that final day!*

YEA! some have found right good to hear the summons  
of their Lord,  
And gone as glad as warriors proud, who take up spear  
and sword  
At sounding of the song of fight; as light of heart as  
those  
For whom the bride unveileth her mouth of pearl and  
rose.

Jelalu-'d-'Din, Er-Rumi, the saint of Balkh, the son  
Of him surnamed "Flower of the Faith," this was a  
chosen one,  
To whom Death softly showed himself, Heaven's gentle  
call to give;  
For what word is it bids us die, save that which made  
us live?

Sick lay he there in Konya; 'twas dawn; the golden  
stream  
Of light, new springing in the east, on his thin lips did  
gleam—

Those lips which spake the praise of God all through  
his holy years,  
And murmured now, with faith and hope unchanged,  
the morning prayers.

Then one who watched beside his bed, heard at the  
inner gate  
A voice cry, "*Aftah* / 'open !' from far I come, and  
wait  
To speak my message to Jelâl—a message that will  
bring  
Peace and reward to him who lies the *Fatihah* mur-  
muring."

Thereat the watcher drew the bar which closed the  
chamber-door,  
Wondering and 'feared, for ne'er was heard upon this  
earth before  
Accents so sweet and comforting, nor ever eyes of men  
Saw presence so majestic as his who entered then.

Entered with gliding footsteps a bright celestial youth,  
Splendid and strange in beauty, past words to speak its  
truth;  
Midnight is not so dark and deep as was his solemn  
gaze,  
By love and pity lighted, as the night with silvery  
rays.

"What is thy name?" the watcher asked, "that I may  
tell my lord,  
Thou fair and dreadful messenger! whose glance is as  
a sword;

Whose face is like the Heaven unveiled; whose tender  
searching voice  
Maketh the heart cease beating, but bids the soul  
rejoice."

"AZRAEL ANA," spake the shape, "I am the Spirit of  
Death;  
And I am sent from Allah's throne to stay thy master's  
breath."  
"Come in! come in! thou Bird of God," cried joyously  
Jelâl,  
"Fold down thy heavenly plumes and speak!—Islâm!  
what shall be, shall."

"Thou blessed one!" the Angel said, "I bring thy  
time of peace;  
When I have touched thee on the eyes, life's latest ache  
will cease;  
God bade me come as I am seen amid the heavenly  
host,  
No enemy of awful mould, but he who loveth most."

"Dear Angel! do what thou art bid," quoth Jelâl,  
smilingly,  
"God willing, thou shalt find to-day a patient one in  
me;  
Sweet is the cup of bitterness which cometh in such  
wise!"  
With that he bowed his saintly brow,—and Azrael  
kissed his eyes.

---

*Al-Mumît! "Slayer!" send Him thus,  
In love, not anger, unto us.*

## 63

*Praise Him, Al-Haiy! the "Ever-living" King,  
Who to eternal life His own doth bring.*

SARTH the Book: "Count not as dead \*  
Such as for the Faith have bled;  
Stark and red their bodies lie,  
But their souls are in the sky,  
Resident with God, who grants  
All for which the spirit pants.  
Joyful are they, resting there  
Free from sorrow, pain, or fear;  
Watching us who, left in life,  
Are not quit, as yet, of strife;  
But shall soon attain, to share  
Allah's mercies, and declare—  
Side by side with those—that He  
Showeth grace eternally,  
And withholdeth not the pay  
At the ending of the day.

---

*Ya-Haiy! Thou ever-living Lord,  
Be ours such work and such reward.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

## 64

*Magnify Him, Al-Kaîyum; and so call  
The "Self-subsisting" God Who judgeth all.*

WHEN the trumpet shall sound,  
    On that day,\*  
The wicked, slow-gathering,  
    Shall say,  
"Is it long we have lain in our graves?  
    For it seems as an hour!"  
Then will Israfil call them to judgment;  
    And none shall have power  
To turn aside, this way or that;  
    And their voices will sink  
To silence, except for the sounding  
    Of a noise, like the noise on the brink  
Of the sea, when its stones  
    Are dragged with a clatter and hiss  
Down the shore, in the wild breakers' roar:  
    The sound of their woe shall be this!  
  
Then they who denied  
    That He liveth Eternal, "Self-made,"  
Shall call to the mountains to crush them;  
    Amazed and affrayed.

---

*Thou Self-subsistent, Living Lord!  
Thy grace against that day afford.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, xx. chapter "Of T. H."

## 65

*Al-Wajid ! praise hereby that Watchful One  
Whose eyes see all things underneath the sun.*

By the Ten holy eyes and the Dawns of gold! \*  
By the One and the Manifold!  
By the deepening of the Darkness of the night!  
(And these be oaths of might:)  
Hast thou considered what with Ad God wrought,  
And whereunto He brought  
Proud Iram of the pillared throne,  
Whose like no other land did own;  
And Thamûd's race, which hewed houses of rocks;  
And Pharaoh, strong for shocks  
As is a tent with tent-pegs driven deep? †  
Lo! these their haughty state did keep,  
And multiply their wickedness;  
Till Allah, who long-suffering hath,  
Laid upon them the scourges of His wrath.

Verily, as a "watch-tower" is your Lord.  
Lo! if ye knew this, would ye shut your board  
When the poor cry; devour the weak; and love  
Your riches more than treasures stored above?

---

\* Cf. Korân, lxxxix. chapter "Of Daybreak."

† The Arabic word *Wafad* bears this signification.

Ho! when the earth's bones crack,  
And, rank on rank, the angels gather,  
And hell's black gates fly back,  
How will each say, "Would God in life's fair weather,  
I had bethought me of this storm of hell!"

But then it shall be well  
For thee, thou soul! to-day uncomforted,  
Who know'st that Allah sees;  
And patiently awaitest till He please  
Call thee to comfort, praising Him and praised.  
Joyous thou shalt be raised  
To Paradise, hearing His angels say,  
"Enter, and be exceeding glad to-day!"

---

*Al-Wájid ! "Watcher I" save by grace,  
Who shall attain that happy place?*



## 66

*Wâhid ! Tho "One I" ye faithful, say herein  
Sura Al-I'hlâs,\* cleansing souls from sin.*

"IN GOD'S NAME, MERCIFUL, COMPASSIONATE!"

SAY: "He is God alone,  
Eternal on the Throne.  
Of none begotten, and begetting none,  
Who hath not like unto Him any one !" †

---

*Ya Wâhid ! Holy ! Only ! we  
Thus do declare Thy unity.*

---

\* This name is given to the Sura as "clearing oneself" from heresy.

† Cf. Korân, cxii. chapter "Of Unity."

## 67.

*As-Samad! the "Eternal!" by this name  
Laud Him Who will be, was, and is the same.*

OF Heaven's prodigious years man wotteth nought;  
The "Everlasting!"—hast thou strained thy thought  
Searching that depth, which numbs the seeking mind  
As too much light the eager gaze doth blind?  
The years of men are measured by the sun,  
And were not, until he his course begun;  
And will not be, when his gold dial dies:  
But God lived while no sun shone in the skies;  
And shall be living when all worlds are dead:  
Yet hereof, though ye see the truth is said,  
Ye take no more the meaning than one takes  
Measure of ocean by the cup that slakes  
His thirst, from rillet running to the sea.

Behind—before ye, shines Eternity,  
Visible as the vault's fathomless blue,  
Which is so deep the glance goes never through,  
Though nothing stays save depth: so is it seen  
That Allah must be ever, and hath been;  
Seen, but not comprehended—for man's wit  
Knows this, yet knows—not understanding it.

Mete ye not Allah's times by man's: life gives  
No measure of the Life Divine which lives

Unending, uncommenced, having no stay  
Of yesterday, to-morrow, or to-day;  
Being forever one unbroken Now  
Where past and future come not.

Heard'st thou how,

What time fair Zion was given to sword and flame,  
Ozair\* the Jew upon his camel came  
Over those hills which ring the sea of Lot,†  
So that one footstep and—ye see her not,  
And then another—and the city comes  
Full upon view with all her milk-white domes.  
But the Chaldean now had spoiled the place,  
And desolate and waste was Zion's face,  
Her proud abodes unpeopled, and her ways  
Heaped with charred beams and lintels. Ozair says,  
"O Lord! who promised to Jerusalem  
Comfort and peace; and for her sons, to them  
A glad return, how shall Thy word be kept  
When fire and steel over these roofs have swept,  
And she, that was a queen, lies dead and black,  
A smoking ruin, where the jackals pack?  
A hundred years were not enough to give  
Life back to Zion! Can she ever live?"

But while he spake, the Angel of the Lord  
Laid on his doubting front a fiery sword,  
And Ozair in that lonely desert spot  
Fell prone, and lay—breathing and moving not—  
One hundred years, while the great world rolled on,  
And Zion rose, and mighty deeds were done.

\* Identified by some commentators with Ezra of Scripture.

† The Dead Sea.

And when the hundred years were flown, God said,  
"Awake, Ozair! how long hast tarried,  
Thinkest thou, here?" Ozair replied, "A day,  
Perchance, or half." The awful Voice said, "Nay!  
But look upon thy camel." Of that beast  
Nought save white bones was left: no sign, the least,  
Of flesh, or hair, or hide: the desert grass  
Was matted o'er its shanks, and roots did pass  
From a gnarled fig-tree through the eye-pits twain,  
And in and out its ribs grew the vervain.  
But 'mid the moulderings of its saddle-bags  
And crimson carpet, withered into rags,  
A basket, full of new-picked dates, stood there  
Beside a cruise of water, standing where  
He set them fresh, twice fifty years ago;  
And all the dates were golden with the glow  
Of yestreen's sunset, and the cruise's rim  
Sparkled with water to the very brim.  
"Ozair!" the awful Voice spake, "look on these!  
He maketh and unmaketh what shall please;  
Saves or destroys, restores or casts away;  
And centuries to Him are as a day;  
And cities all as easy to revive  
As this thy camel here, which now shall live."

Thereon the skull and bones together crept  
From tangled weed and sand where they had slept;  
The hide and hair came, and the flesh filled in,  
The eyes returned their hollow pits within,  
The saddle-bags upon its haunches hung,  
The carpet on the saddle-borns was flung,  
The nose-rope from the muzzle fell. The beast  
Rose from its knees, and would have made to feast

On the green herbage where its bones had lain,  
But that it heard bells of a caravan  
Coming from Kedron, and with glad cry roared.  
Then Ozair looked, and saw—newly restored—  
Zion's fair walls and temples, and a crowd  
Of citizens; and traffic rich and loud  
In her white streets; and knew time should not be  
Reckoned 'gainst Him who hath eternity.

---

*As-Samad! Everlasting One!*  
*Thy times are good: Thy will be done.*

## 68

*Al-Kadar! He is "Providence!" hereby  
The Lord of all things living magnify.*

WHEN ye say *Kismet*, say it wittingly,  
O true believers! under Allah's throne  
Place is not left for those accursed three,  
"Destiny," "Fortune," "Chance." Allah alone

Ruleth His children: *Kismet* ye shall deem  
Each man's "allotted portion," from of old  
Fixed for his part in the Eternal scheme  
By those great Hands which all the worlds enfold.

Sayeth "the Book:" "There passeth no man's soul  
Except by God's permission, and the Speech  
Writ in the scroll determining the whole,  
The times of all men, and the times for each."\*

Also it sayeth: "If a man shall choose  
This world's reward, to him it shall be given;  
And if a man shall dare his life to lose  
For Paradise, he shall be paid in Heaven."†

---

*Ya Kadar! "Ruler!" teach us still,  
Islâm, submission to Thy will.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

† Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Cow."

## 69

*Al-Muktadir! the "Powerful!" by this  
Praise we the Word, whence cometh woe and bliss.*

VERILY, all things—saith "the Book"—We made,  
Decreeing; and Our bidding was one word,  
Quick, as the twinkling of an eye; and all,  
Whatever things men do, stands in the scrolls,  
Where great and small alike are written down;  
And then shall surely come the Hour—the Hour!  
And bitter for the sinners it will be  
When they are dragged, upon their faces, down  
To hell, and taste the touch of fire; but sweet  
Will it be for the pious—these shall sit  
'Mid streams and gardens in the seat of truth,  
Happy, near Muktadir, the Mighty One.

---

*Grant us that seat of truth to see,  
Almighty Allah! nigh to Thee.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, liv. chapter "Of the Moon."

## 70, 71

*Mukaddim ! Muwakhir ! by these names still  
Praise Him Who hath forewarned, and doth fulfil.*

WHEN the trumpet shall be ringing,  
Then the threatened Day hath come,  
Every soul to judgment bringing.\*

Each soul shall itself deliver  
With two Angels, unto doom,  
With a Witness and a Driver.

He that driveth shall say, "Vainly  
Warned we thee, till this upholding  
Of the veil: now thou seest plainly."

And the Witness by his side,  
He shall say, a scroll unfolding,  
"This is what I testified."

Loud shall sound th' award eternal:  
"Hurl to hell the misbelievers,  
Sinners, liars;—let infernal

"Torments seize perverse transgressors!"  
Then will speak the wan deceivers,  
Seeking pleas and intercessors.

But the awful Voice shall thunder,  
"Wrangle not in Allah's hearing!  
Many a sign and many a wonder

---

\* Cf. Korân, l. chapter "Of K."



"Did forewarn ye of repentance; \*  
Time is past for more forbearing;  
Not with Us is change of sentence."

Heaven shall say to Hell that morning,  
"Art thou full?" Hell shall inquire,  
"Hast thou others?" blackly yawning

With choked gullet. But believing  
Souls will see, brought nigh and nigher,  
Paradise's gates, receiving

Those to whom We promised Heaven.  
"Patient ones! for ever striving  
Towards the Merciful! forgiven

Are your falterings; enter ye  
Into peace; now is arriving  
The great Day of eternity."

---

*Forewarner and Fulfiller! we  
Confess with dread Thine equity.*

---

\* The text is, "I put forth unto you the menace."

## 72, 73, 74, 75

*Awwal! Akhir! Thâhir! Batin! these four  
Be "Mothers of the Names;" \* thy Lord adore,  
Speaking such words as do Him truly call  
Essence and Substance, First and Last in all.*

SURA the seven and fiftieth: † there is writ  
The holy verse which keeps the charge of it;  
The verse which all the names of Allah holdeth  
As in one sky the silver stars all sit.

The chapter "of the Iron!"—and this script  
Set on its forefront, as a hilt is tipped  
With four-fold gold; or as a helm of steel  
By some far-sparkling crest-gem is equipped.

"He is the First and Last"—this scripture shows—  
"Outer and Inner, That which doth disclose,  
And That which hides Itself; the Manifest,  
The Secret; and all things and thoughts He knows."

"In six days earth and heaven He made alone,  
Then reascended the Eternal Throne;  
What entereth earth and issueth thence He sees,  
And what goes up and down the sky is known"

---

\* These four divine titles are known by the technical appellation of "The Mothers of the Names," being regarded as fundamental and all-comprehensive.

† Cf. Korân, lvii. chapter "Of Iron," v. 3.

"To Allah, Who is nigh where'er ye be,  
And whatsoever deeds ye do doth see;  
His is the kingdom of the earth and heaven;  
All things return to Allah finally."

---

*Beginning ! End ! Without ! Within !  
We celebrate Thy praise herein.*

## 76

*Laud Him who governs governors and kings,  
Angels, and Djins, and men, and living things.*

Wot ye of Solomon's signet, graved of a sapphire in  
gold,

Graved with the great name of God, writ on the blue  
of the stone?

Wisdom and riches and power had he who that treasure  
did hold;

Safe in the strength of the signet he sate on his ivory  
throne.

Only King Solomon knew how the dread letters did  
flow,

What was the breathing of *Aleph*, where came the  
whispering *Yod*;

When he spake the ineffable Word, the sea-winds at  
bidding would blow;

And the hills yield their iron, and jewels, and gold,  
at the naming of God.

And out of the void of the sky, and up from the gulfs  
and the capes,

And forth from the caverns of earth, and down from  
the mountains of flame,

Flocked Demons with wonderful wings, and Ifreet of  
horrible shape,

And Djins, with red eyes, made of fire; Divs, Peris,  
and Giants, they came.

They came, at the call of *the name*, from Kâf, that engirdles the seas;

From the gloom of the tombs in the graveyard, from ruins on desolate ground;

From the pool and the marsh and the forest; from poisonous blossoms and trees;—

Monstrous or dwarfish,—constrained, enchained, subdued, by a sound;

The sound of the title of Allah, spoken so as the Angels speak:—

Nor spirits uncomely only, and evil; ethereal bands

Thronged down from their heavenly houses, the Great King's service to seek,

Hearing that nameless Name which all things living commands.

And the fowl and the beasts were fain to gather, each creature by each,

When Solomon summoned hereby, pronouncing the mystical words.

Moreover, their dumb mouths opened, and the fly and the bee had a speech;

And he knew the heart of the lions, and learned the mind of the birds.

Thus is it writ how he marched by Tayf from the Syrian land

Through the "Valley of Ants" and heard the cry of that people of clay,

"Hide yet hide in the earth! for there passeth Solomon's band;

We are many and wise, but we die, if the king's foot cometh this way."

And he laughed, but leaped to the ground, and bowed  
his forehead and said,

“O Lord God! grant me to learn from the ant the  
wit to be meek.

I am many and strong, and a king; yet Thou canst in-  
stantly tread

The pride of this earth to dust, and the strongest to  
Thee are but weak!”

Then he viewed the birds, and cried, “I see not  
amongst ye here

*Al-Hudhud*, the crested lapwing; what doth she to  
linger away?

Ill shall it fall for her, who seeketh us water clear,

If she find not a fountain for prayers before the end-  
ing of day!

But they tarried not long until the whirr of her speckled  
wings

Brought unto Solomon’s feet the crested lapwing,  
who spake,

“I have seen a queen that is greater than any save thee,  
O King!

In Seba she reigneth majestic, and glorious kingship  
doth make.

“There hath she a marvellous throne of silver, figured  
with gold,

And the head of the throne is a moon in a jasper and  
emerald curve,

For her people worship the moon.” And Solomon  
answered, “Behold!

Little bird! if thou liest not, this queen shall the  
Merciful serve!”

Thereafter the message went from the servant of God,  
the king:

"Solomon, son of David, to Balkis, queen of the  
south:

Peace be to them that follow the Name upon Solomon's  
ring;

Yield thee, and worship Allah; cursed is the idola-  
trous mouth."

Then Balkis sent him gifts, of gold bricks, yellow and  
red;

And beautiful slaves five hundred, with amber and  
musk; and a gem

Drilled with a crooked hole, which never a goldsmith  
could thread;

And a topaz of price, unpierced, and a diamond  
diadem.

He bade the sea-worm eat a way through the unpierced  
stone;

And the little ant carry a thread through the ruby's  
crooked drill.

"Doth she offer to Solomon gifts?" quoth he, on his  
ivory throne,

"We are richer than Seba's kingdom! By Allah!"  
said he, "I will

"That one of my slaves bring hither Queen Balkis'  
jewelled seat;

Thereby she shall learn that the glory is ours, and  
the knowledge and might."

Then Asaf the wise commanded, and a Djin spread  
his pinions fleet,

And brought the moon-throne thither, and set it be-  
fore them aright.

In a guarded house she had shut it, which a thousand  
bowmen kept,

But when she was come to Salem, lo! Solomon the  
king

Sate there on her own gold seat, and Balkis bowed her  
and wept,

Saying, "I pray thee, teach me the Name on thy  
signet ring!

"We have sinned against our souls, following lower  
Lords;

Our kingdom we give, and our goods, and our lives.  
and our spirits to thine."

. . . . .

Such worship had he of old who knew *Al-Wâlî's* words  
Which rule the rulers, and knew the sound of the  
Name Divine.\*

---

*Ya Wâlî ! Gracious Lord ! impart  
True knowledge of Thee, as Thou art.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, xxvii. chapter "Of the Ant."



## 77

*Praise Him, Al-Mutâhâli! Whose decree  
Is wiser than the wit of man can see.*

"Tis written in the chapter "of the Cave," \*  
An Angel of the Lord, a minister,  
Had errands upon earth, and Moses said,  
"Grant me to wend with thee, that I may learn  
God's ways with men." The Angel, answering, said,  
"Thou canst not bear with me; thou wilt not have  
Knowledge to judge; yet if thou followest me,  
Question me not, whatever I shall do,  
Until I tell thee."

Then they found a ship  
On the sea-shore, wherefrom the Angel struck  
Her boards and brake them. Moses said, "Wilt drown  
The mariners? this is a strange thing wrought?"  
"Did I not say thou couldst not bear with me?"  
The Angel answered—"be thou silent now!"

Yet farther, and they met an Arab boy:  
Upon his eyes with mouth invisible  
The Angel breathed; and all his warm blood froze,  
And, with a moan, he sank to earth and died.  
Then Moses said, "Slayest thou the innocent  
Who did no wrong? this is a hard thing seen"  
"Did I not tell thee," said the Minister,  
Thou wouldst not bear with me? question me not!"

---

\* Cf. Korân, xviii.

Then came they to a village, where there stood  
A lowly hut; the garden-fence thereof  
Topped to fall: the Angel thrust it down,  
A ruin of gray stones, and lime, and tiles,  
Crushing the lentils, melons, saffron, beans,  
The little harvest of the cottage folk.  
“What hire,” asked Moses, “hadst thou for this deed,  
Seeming so evil?”

Then the Angel said,  
“This is the parting betwixt me and thee;  
Yet will I first make manifest the things  
Thou couldst not bear, not knowing; that my Lord—  
‘Exalted above all reproach’—be praised.  
The ship I broke serveth poor fisher-folk  
Whose livelihood was lost, because there came  
A king that way seizing all boats found whole;  
Now have they peace. Touching the Arab boy  
In two moons he had slain his mother’s son,  
Being perverse; but now his brother lives,  
Whose life unto his tribe was more, and he  
Dieth blood-guiltless. For the garden wall:  
Two goodly youths dwell there, offspring of one  
That loved his Lord, and underneath the stones  
The father hid a treasure, which is theirs.  
This shall they find, building their ruin up,  
And joy will come upon their house! But thou,  
Journey no more with me, because I do  
Nought of myself, but all by Allah’s will.

---

*Al-Mutâhâl! Maker of men,  
Exalted art Thou past our ken.*

## 78

*Praise Him, Al-Barr! Whose goodness is so great;  
Who is so loving and compassionate.*

PITY! for He is Pitiful;—a king  
Is likest Allah, not in triumphing  
'Mid enemies o'erthrown, nor seated high  
On stately gold, nor if the echoing sky  
Kings with his name, but when sweet mercy sways  
His words and deeds. The very best man prays  
For Allah's help, since feeble are the best;  
And never shall man reach th' angelic rest  
Save by the vast compassion of Heaven's King.  
Our Prophet once, Ayesha answering,  
Spake this: "I shall not enter that pure place,  
Even I, except through Allah's covering grace."  
Even our Lord (on him be peace!); oh, see!  
If he besought the Sovereign Clemency.  
How must we supplicate it? Truly thus  
Great need there is of Allah's grace for us,  
And that we live compassionate!

Hast seen

The record written of Salah-ud-Deen  
The Sultan? how he met, upon a day,  
In his own city on the public way,  
A woman whom they led to die. The veil  
Was stripped from off her weeping face, and pale  
Her shamed cheeks were, and wild her dark fixed eye,  
And her lips drawn with terror at the cry

Of the harsh people, and the rugged stones  
Borne in their hands to break her, flesh and bones;  
For the law stood that sinners such as she  
Perish by stoning, and this doom must be;  
So went the wan adulteress to her death.  
High noon it was, and the hot khamseen's breath  
Blew from the desert sands and parched the town.  
The crows gasped, and the kine went up and down  
With lolling tongues; the camels moaned; a crowd  
Pressed with their pitchers, wrangling high and loud,  
About the tank; and one dog by a well,  
Nigh dead with thirst, lay where he yelped and fell,  
Glaring upon the water out of reach,  
And praying succor in a silent speech,  
So piteous were its eyes. Which when she saw,  
This woman from her foot her shoe did draw,  
Albeit death-sorrowful, and looping up  
The long silk of her girdle, made a cup  
Of the heel's hollow, and thus let it sink  
Until it touched the cool black water's brink;  
So filled th' embroidered shoe, and gave a draught  
To the spent beast, which whined, and fawned, and  
quaffed  
Her kind gift to the dregs; next licked her hand,  
With such glad looks that a'll might understand  
He held his life from her; then, at her feet  
He followed close, all down the cruel street,  
Her one friend in that city.

But the king,  
Riding within his litter, marked this thing,  
And how the woman, on her way to die,  
Had such compassion for the misery

Of that parched hound: "Take off her chain, and  
place

The veil once more above the sinner's face,  
And lead her to her house in peace!" he said,  
"The law is that the people stone thee dead  
For that which thou hast wrought; but there is come,  
Fawning around thy feet, a witness dumb,  
Not heard upon thy trial; this brute beast  
Testifies for thee, sister! whose weak breast  
Death could not make ungentle. I hold rule  
In Allah's stead, who is 'the Merciful,'  
And hope for mercy; therefore go thou free—  
I dare not show less pity unto thee!"

---

*As we forgive—and more than we—  
Ya Barr! good God! show clemency.*

## 79

*Praise Him, Al-Tawwâb; if a soul repents,  
Seven times and seventy times thy Lord relents.*

At the gates of Paradise,  
Whence the angry Angels drave him,  
Adam heard in gentle wise  
Allah's whisper, which forgave him:  
"Go," it said, "from this fair place,  
Ye that sinned; yet not despairing;  
Haply there shall come a grace  
And a guidance; and in fearing  
Me, and following My will,  
Blessed shall your seed be still." \*

Know ye not that God receives  
Gladly back the soul which grieves?  
Know ye not that He relents  
Ere the sinner well repents?  
Terribly His justice burns,  
Easily His anger turns. †

Spake our Lord: "If one draw near  
Unto God—with praise and prayer—  
Half a cubit, God will go  
Twenty leagues to meet him so.

---

\* Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer," v. 35.

† Cf. Korân, ix. chapter "Of Repentance."

He who walketh unto God,  
God will run upon the road,  
All the quicklier to forgive  
One who learns at last to live."

---

*Ya Tawedd! for Thy mercy's sake,  
Us to sweet peace and pity take.*

80, 81

*"Forgiver!" and "Avenger!" worship Him  
By these two names, Ghafoor and Muntakim.*

\* O MEN, of dry clay moulded, as the potter moulds the  
jars;  
O Djins, that We have fashioned from the smokeless  
fire of stars:

*What terror of the Lord will ye abide?*

He is Lord of east and west, He is Lord of south  
and north;  
And the seas obey the limits which He set them, pour-  
ing forth:

*What terror of the Lord will ye abide?*

Their white pearls, large and small, are the handiwork  
of Him;  
And the ships, with towering sails, by His winds and  
waters swim:

*Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?*

But the earth and all her creatures shall die and be de-  
cayed;

Only the face of Allah will never change nor fade:

*Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?*

---

\* Cf. Korân, iv. chapter "Of the Merciful."



The face of Allah ruling in glorious array;  
For all things look unto Him, and He governs day by  
day:

*Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?*

Yet will He find good leisure, ye twain! ye Djins and  
Men,  
To judge you at the judgment, O Clay and Flame! what  
then?

*Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?*

If ye can pass His gateways, east, west, and south and  
north—  
Which shut in earth and heaven—hasten ye! pass ye  
forth:

*Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?*

But Life and Death enclose ye; by no way shall ye  
pass;  
A fence of flame shall stay ye, and a moat of molten  
brass:

*Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?*

And when the sky is rended, red like a new-ripped  
hide,

There shall be no accusing, admitted or denied:

*Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?*

No yea nor nay! no questions! the sinner's brand is  
sin;

Thereby shall he be known, and flung Hell's blazing  
walls within:

*Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?*

Flung by the forelock and the feet: " 'This Hell existed not,'

Ye said. Now broil! and when ye thirst, drink sulphur scalding hot:"

*Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?*

But sweet for him who was faithful, and feared the face of his God,

Are the Gardens of joy preparing, and the gates of the Golden Ahode:

*Which bounty of his Lord will he deny?*

With leafy branching fruit-trees are set those Gardens twain,

And softly the streamlets warble, and brightly the fountains rain:

*Which bounty of his Lord will he deny?*

And the fruit of the Golden Gardens swings delicate, near to reach.

Where they rest on their 'broidered couches, hearing delightful speech:

*Which bounty of their Lord will they deny?*

Therein are the shy-faced maidens, refraining their night-black eyes

From any save that glad lover whose joy is their Paradise:

*Which bounty of their Lord will they deny?*

From any but that glad lover, that happy lord for whom  
Their mouths of pearl rain kisses, their lips of ruby bloom:

*Which bounty of their Lord will they deny?*

Shall the wages of righteous doing be less than the promise given?

Nay! but by God, the Glorious, the debt shall be paid in heaven!

*What bounty of their Lord shall they deny?*

---

*O man! fear Him, magnify Him;  
Al-Ghafoor and Al-Muntakim.*

## 82

*Praise Him, Al-Rawûf, Just and Kind always,  
Who knoweth how He made us of the clay.*

SAY, "Lord of all, to Thee  
Goeth our road;  
Require not of our souls  
Too much, dear God!  
Thou wilt not! what was earned  
Thou dost defray;  
And what was done amiss  
That we must pay;  
But ah! be not extreme  
With what's forgot,  
With error, or small sin.  
And load us not  
With burdens which we cannot carry, Lord!  
But favor, help, forgiveness afford." \*

Tender His answers are:—  
(The "Chapter of the Star." †  
*Ayat* the Thirty-Third): "The heavens and earth  
To Us pertain, and We  
Will deal, assuredly,  
Well with the good, but with the ill in wrath.  
Yet not for each offence,  
Errors of flesh or sense,

---

\* Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer."

† Cf. Korân. liii.

Shall there be judgment, children of the loam!  
Our mercy reacheth far;  
We know ye what ye are,  
And knew ye while ye lay clots in the womb;  
Sin, and be sorry, and amend:  
Who seeketh God shall find Him in the end."

---

*E'er-indulgent Maker! we  
Praise for these words Thy clemency.*

*King of all kingdoms! only Thou art crowned,  
Whose throne is heaven, and earth Thy footstool's round.*

*Ya Málík! Ya Kuddús! wa ya Salám!  
O King! O Holy One! O Peace-giver!  
Ya Aziz! Ya Muhaimín! Ya Múmin!  
O Mighty! O Protector! Faithful ever!  
Ya Jabbár! O Thou Sovereign, All-compelling!  
Ya Mutakabbír! O Thou Lord excelling!*

Exalted art Thou over utmost praise;  
Accurst are those who graven idols raise  
Beside Thee; unto them fall plagues and shames!  
To Thee alone belong "the comely names."\*

---

*King of all kings! we celebrate  
With endless praise Thy glorious state.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, lix. chapter "Of the Emigration."

## 84

*O " Lord of awfulness and honor !" we  
Lack wit and words in fitly naming Thee.*

ALL things shall die and decay, but the kingdom of  
Allah endureth,  
Changeless in honor and might, changeless in glory  
and grace;  
Blessed be He who is Lord, possessed of all beauty and  
greatness;  
All things die and decay; only endureth His face.\*

---

*Dhu'l jalâl wa'l ikrâm! thus ever  
Praise we Thy Throne which fadeth never.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, iv. chapter "Of the Merciful," vv. 26, 78.

## 85

*Al-Muksit ! " Equitable !" make us know,  
As men have wrought, they shall be wrought with so.*

THREE days before our Lord Muhammad passed,  
They bore him to the mosque, where he uprose—  
Painfully leaning upon Omar's neck—  
The fever burning in his cheeks, his mouth  
Dry with the wind of death, and that knit brow  
Shadowed with Azrael's overhanging wings.  
One thin hand on the mimbar-rail he laid,  
Speaking sweet words of guidance, precious words,  
The last which ever fell from those lit lips,  
Teaching his Faithful.

Then he gazed around,  
And said, " Ye men of Mecca, where I lived,  
Going and coming, testifying God,  
I shall die soon; I pray ye answer me,  
Is there among ye here one I have wronged?  
I have borne rule, judging in Allah's name,  
That am a man and sinful; have I judged  
Unrighteously, or wrathfully, or pressed  
Too hard in the amend? Let who saith ' Yea,'  
Make his ' Yea ' good before my people here,  
And I will bare my back that he may smite.  
I have borne testimony for the truth,  
Not sparing sinners; speak, if there be here  
One visited unjustly; let him shame



His Prophet now, telling the sin I wrought  
Before the assembly. I have gathered dues;  
Declare if I defrauded any here  
Buying or selling."

And no answer came,  
Except the sound of sobs and falling tears  
From stern breasts and the eyes of bearded men,  
Because our Lord would pass.

But one arose,  
A hamal, with his cord across his back  
And porter's knot, who cried, "Abdallah's son!  
Three drachms of silver owest thou to me  
For wood I bore thee after 'Ramadhan!'"

"Good friend, I thank thee," softly said our Lord,  
"Because thou didst demand thy money here,  
And not before the judgment seat of God:  
Ill is it if men thither carry debts!"  
Therewith he paid his debt, kissing the hand  
Wherein the dirhems dropped; and so went home  
To die upon the lap of Ayesha,  
With glad face fixed on high, and holy lips  
That murmured, "Allah! pardon me my sins!"

O ye believers! if our Lord did thus,  
Consider well! leave no unrighted wrongs  
Against the ill time when the Angels come,  
Monker and Nakir, gliding through the dark,  
And set ye up for question in the grave;  
When Israfil his dreadful trumpet blows,  
Summoning to judgment; when the skies roll back  
Like a scorched scroll, and o'er the gulf of hell  
Al-Sirât stretches, "thinner than a hair

And sharper than a sword," and yet to cross!  
Ah, then! what good one wrought, he hath of help  
Even to a date-stone; what of ill he wrought,  
Of hindrance, to a date-stone; for your God  
Is righteous, and the distribution just.

---

*O just "Distributor!" incline  
Our hearts to keep Thy laws divine.*

## 86

*Al-Jami'h! praise "the Gatherer," Who divides  
Evil and good unto their proper sides.*

Ye who believe, stand ye steadfast in justice,  
Witnessing true though it be to displease;  
Heed not your patrons, nor parents, nor kinsmen,  
Allah is nearer and richer than these.

Sit ye not down in the seat of the scornful,  
Hear not the tales which the hypocrites tell;  
On the day when His children are folded together  
Al-Jami'h shall scatter the sinners to hell.\*

---

*We take Thee for our Shepherd; keep  
Safe in the fold Thy foolish sheep.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, iv. chapter "Of Women," v. 139.

*We praise Thee; but no need of praise Thou hast,  
Al-Ghaní! in Thy glory bright and vast.*

MIGHTY is He and forgiving.\*  
One soul did He first create,  
Then He made therefrom a mate:  
And to help man in his living,  
Gave him herds, each with the other,  
Camels, oxen, goats and sheep.  
Think how Allah wakes from sleep  
The babe, close folded in its mother!  
In three darknesses He shrouds it;  
Wonder upon wonder clouds it.  
He is Maker: can ye see  
All these tokens and still be  
Thankless? Yet, if so ye are,  
Not beholden to your care  
Is Al-Ghaní: self-sufficing  
Lives high Allah, recognizing  
Gladly all His creatures' love  
In a changeless peace above.  
Judge ye each for each; with God  
No man bears another's load.  
Unto Him is your return,  
Then shall every spirit learn

---

\* Cf. Korán, xxxix. chapter "Of Troops."

What it wrought, and what is due;  
For He knows the hearts of you.

---

*Ah, Self-sufficing One! we seek  
To praise Thee well, but words are weak.*

*He is sufficient, and He makes suffice;  
Praise thus again thy Lord, mighty and wise.*

GOD is enough! thou, who in hope and fear  
Toilest through desert-sands of life, sore-tried,  
Climb trustful over death's black ridge, for near  
The bright wells shine: thou wilt be satisfied.

GOD doth suffice! O thou, the patient one,  
Who puttest faith in Him, and none beside,  
Bear yet thy load; under the setting sun  
The glad tents gleam: thou wilt be satisfied.

By God's gold Afternoon! \* peace ye shall have:  
Man is in loss except he live aright,  
And help his fellow to be firm and brave,  
Faithful and patient: then the restful night!

---

*Al-Mughnâ! best Rewarder! we  
Endure; putting our trust in Thee.*

---

\* Cf. Korân, ciii. chapter "Of the Afternoon."

89, 90

*Mu'hit and Māni'h ! Heav'n Thou mad'st, and Hell,  
Providing and withholding—and didst well.*

WHEN God fashioned Paradise,\*  
Spake He unto Gabriel:  
" See this place which We created,  
Where the justified will dwell."  
Gabriel said, " My Lord! I swear  
By Thy glory, none of men  
Ever of its joys shall hear  
But will strive to enter in."

Round about His Paradise  
God set sorrows and denials;  
Laid the pathway steep and strait,  
Hard to find and full of trials.  
" Look again!" God said; and he  
Looked, and came, and sadly spake:  
" By Thy glorious majesty,  
Not one man will entrance make!"

Then the Lord created Hell,  
Set ablaze its ache and grieving;  
Saying unto Gabriel,  
" This is for the unbelieving."

---

\* Cf. " The Miskat-al-Mā'ābih."

Gabriel looked and said, "I swear,  
By Thy splendor, not a mortal,  
When of hell-fire he shall hear,  
Ever will approach its portal."

Round about those awful gates  
Allah set soft sins and pleasures;  
Made the pathway broad and plain,  
Rich with joys and gifts and treasures.  
"Look again," said God; and he  
Saw; and spake, "Save by Thy blessing,  
O my Lord! there will not be  
One that must not love transgressing."

---

*Lord of the two-fold roads, we pray  
Lead us upon the rightful way.*



## 91

*"Propitious" is He unto those that show  
Compassion to His creatures; praise Him so.*

"No beast of earth, no fowl that flies with wings,"  
Saith the great Book, "but is a people, too;  
From Allah sprang their life, and unto Him  
They shall return: with such heed what ye do!"

There came before our Lord a certain one  
Who said, "O Prophet! as I passed the wood,  
I heard the voice of youngling doves which cried,  
While near the nest their pearl-necked mother  
cooed."

"Then in my cloth I tied those fledglings twain,  
But all the way the mother fluttered nigh;  
See! she hath followed hither!" Spake our Lord:  
"Open thy knotted cloth, and stand thou by."

But when she spied her nestlings, from the palm  
Down flew the dove, of peril unafraid  
So she might succor these. "Sceat thou not,"  
Our Lord said, "how the heart of this poor bird

"Grows, by her love, greater than his who rides  
Full-face against the spear-blades? thinkest thou  
Such fire divloe was kindled to be quenched? .  
I tell ye nay! Put back upon the bough

"The nest she claimeth thus. I tell ye nay!  
From Allah's self cometh this wondrous love:  
Yea! and I swear by Him who sent me here,  
He is more tender than a nursing dove,

"More pitiful to men than she to these.  
Therefore fear God in whatsoe'er ye deal  
With the dumb peoples of the wing and hoof.  
Yours are they; yet whene'er ye lift the steel

"To slay for meat, name first the name of God,  
Saying 'Bi 'sm 'illah! God judge thee and me!  
God give thee patience to endure to-day  
The portion that He hath allotted thee.

"So shall ye eat and sin not; else the blood  
Crieth against you." Thus our Prophet spake,  
And Islâm doeth it, naming God's name  
Before the slaughter,—for that white dove's sake.

---

*By those dumb mouths be ye forgiven,  
Ere ye are heard pleading with Heaven.*



*As-Zarr! "Harmful" He is to them that sin  
Mocking the truth; O man! fear Him herein.*

SHEDDÂD, the son of Ad, of Hadramaut,  
Idolater, lord of the land and sea,  
Hath it come to ye how he mocked at Heaven,  
Saying the idols of the coast were best—  
Sâkia that makes the rain, and Ilâfedba  
The Thunderer, Razek who gives grain to men,  
And Sâlema, lady of life and death?—  
And how he swore an oath by those four gods,  
Drinking the palm-wine deep at Hadramaut,  
That he would build a better Paradise  
Than Allah's, and be Lord and God therein;  
With earthly Houris fairer than those maids  
Wrought of the musk and ambergris, who have  
The great immortal breasts and black-pearl eyes;  
With sweeter streams than Salsabl,\* and trees  
Richer in fruit than Tooba:† this he swore,  
Abiding not the judgment, nor the blasts  
Of Israfil, nor weighing of the scales.  
Wherefore he gave command that there be built  
In Akhaf, on the hills, beyond the sand—  
Within a hollow vale walled by wild peaks—

---

\* A stream of Paradise.

† The Tree of Happiness, which grows from Muhammad's pavilion in Paradise.

A pleasure-house—beautiful with white courts  
Of levelled marble, and in every court  
A fountain, sparkling from a tank inlaid  
With amber, nacre, coral; and around,  
In every court, cloisters of columns carved  
With reeded shafts and frontals, wonderful  
For beast and bird and fish and leaf and flower.  
And round about this pleasure-house he bade  
A lovely garden bloom, terraced by lanes  
Bosky with blossoming trees and rose-thickets,  
Where hidden streamlets murmured and gold fruit  
Loaded the boughs, and all the air was balm.  
He gave command, moreover, that there rise  
Hard by, with streets and markets, a fair town  
Peopled by ministers of pleasure, and walled  
With ramparts of the rose and pomegranate;  
Wherethrough there led a double folding gate,  
Fashioned of fragrant woods, and set with stars  
Of silver, opening downwards to the vale,  
Inscribed "The Paradise of King Sheddâd."

And when the house was made, and all the courts  
Were girdled with the carven shafts, and cooled  
With leaping fountains; and the roses, blown,  
Filled the green vale with sweetness; and the town  
Was heaped with grain and wine, and people moved  
Busy and glad about its new fair streets,  
Sheddâd set forth. A shining line of spears,  
League-long, wound first upon the mountain-path;  
And after them the camel-litters, decked  
With silk and gold, and poles of silver, came  
Bearing the Houris of his Paradise;  
And next the Prince amid his lords: so clomb  
The gay march up the sandy steeps, or streamed

Down the gray wadia. At the head of all  
Rode one who held a flag of yellow silk,  
Which had for its device, "*Amid his gods,  
Sheddád, the son of Ad, of Hadramaut,  
Unasked of Allah, wends to Paradise.*"

That night they entered at the silver gate,  
Making bold cheer; and sweet the garden was,  
And green the groves, and bright the pleasure-house  
Lit with a thousand scented lamps, and loud  
With dance and cymbal and the beat of drum.  
But when the golden horse-shoe of the moon  
Waned in the west, there came into the sky  
Three clouds; and one was white and had the shape  
Of a winged angel; one was red and burned  
Across the planets like a blazing sword;  
And one, thick black, gathered around the head  
Of a bare hollow mountain, seamed with gaps  
And caverns, wherefrom—full upon their feast—  
Brake, of a sudden, flame and cataracts  
Of blood-red molten rock, with pitchy smoke  
Veiling the heavens, and rain of blinding dust,  
All pierced by livid lightning-spears, and driven  
By fierce winds, hotter than the breath of hell;  
Which sucked the streams, and parched the trees, and  
dried  
Life from the body, as a furnace draws  
The moisture from the potter's clay, while earth  
Rocked, quaking; and the thunder's vengeful voice  
Rolled horrible from crag to crag, and mocked  
The death-cry of those choked idolaters:  
Whereof, when the sun rose, there breathed not one;  
Nor any green thing lingered in the vale;  
Nor road nor gate appeared; nor might a man

Say where the garden of King Sheddâd stood:  
So were the ways uptorn, and that fair sin  
Blotted from vision by the wrath of God.

Yet to this day there lurketh—lost to view  
Of all men, hardly found by wandering wolf,  
Spied seldom by the vulture's hungry eye—  
The remnant of the garden of Iram.  
Deep in the wilderness of Aden, hid  
Behind wild peaks, and fenced with burning sands,  
The perished relics of that pleasaunce lie  
Which Sheddâd made, mocking the power of God:  
And one who tended camels in the land,  
Abdallah-Ebn-Kelâbah, seeking there  
A beast estrayed, followed her footmarks up  
Into a gorge, which split a cliff in twain  
From sky to sand, dark as the heart of night,  
With thickets at its mouth and jutting rocks.  
Therethrough he pushed, and when the light once more  
Glimmered and grew, he spied a hollow, shut  
In the gaunt barren peaks, with black dust strewn,  
And piled with cindery crags and bladdered slag,  
In midst of which lay—plain to see—the bones  
Of Sheddâd's city and his pleasure-house;  
All with their withered gardens, and the gate  
Rusted and ruined; and the cloistered courts  
Swathed in the death-drift, and the marble tanks  
Choked to their brims; the carven columns fall'n  
Or thrust awry; the bright pavilions foul  
With ashes, and with remnants of the dead:  
For Ebn-Kelâbah passed into the place,  
And saw the valley thronged with carcasses  
Of men and women and the townspeople—  
Not mouldered, as is wont, to whitened bone,

But dried, by the hot blasts of that dread night,  
Unto a life in death; the skin and flesh  
Yet clinging, and the robes of festival  
Still gay of color; all those sinful ones  
Slain in their sin even where the whirlwind struck—  
So that he saw the dancers as they fell  
With dancing-dress and timbrels; and the ring  
Of watchers round them; and the slaves who made  
Their music; and the bearers bringing wine,  
Each by his shrivelled wineskin, dead and dry.  
Also within the courts, lay corpses slim,  
Rich-clad and delicate, with jewelled necks,  
The Houris of that ruined Paradise.  
The sunken eyes stared, and the drawn lips grinned  
Under dead rose-crowns, and the shapely limbs  
Were grown too lean for the loose tarnished gold  
Of armlet and of anklet; dusty lay  
Strings of dulled jewels on their shrunken breasts;  
And brimmed with dust the cups were which they clasped  
In stiff discolored fingers. In their midst  
Sate, all a gape, King Sheddād, for a throne  
Propped his dead form, and round the waist of it  
A sword hung, in a belt of gold and silk,  
Hilted with pearls and rubies. This he took—  
The camel-man—and glided, terrified,  
Back from that City of the Dead; and found  
The night-black gorge, and groped his way, and  
brought  
The sword and sword-hilt into Hadramaut,  
Telling the dread things seen of Allah's wrath  
Wrought on the misbelievers; and their streets  
Wrecked, and their painted courts, peopled with dead.  
Such awful end came on the men of Ad,  
Who made the House of Iram; and their lord.

But no foot since hath found that road again,  
Nor shall; till Israfil sets to his lips  
The trumpet, and Az-Zarr will bid him blow.

---

*O Harmful unto mockers! we  
Know and adore Thy majesty.*



*An-Noor! "The Light" that lightens all who live!  
By this great name to Allah glory give.*

OF earth and heaven God is the Light.\*  
As when a lamp upon a height  
Is set within a niche, and gleams  
From forth the glittering glass, and seems  
A star,—wide full the rays of it:—  
So shines His glory, and 'tis lit  
With holy oil was never pressed  
From olive tree in east or west.  
It burneth without touch of flame,  
A light beyond all light: the same  
Guideth the feet of men, and still  
He leadeth by it whom He will.

---

*Light of the world! An-Noor! illumine  
Our darkling pathway to the tomb.*

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\* Cf. Korân, xxiv. chapter "Of Light."

## 94

*Al-Hâdî ! Lord ! the way is hard, and we,  
Thy creatures, have none other " Guide " than Thee*

By many names and guides doth God  
Lead men along the upward road;  
He, unto each land under Heaven,  
A prophet of its own hath given:  
Hâd, Idris, Eyoob, Moses,—all  
Upon the self-same Lord did call;  
Seeing there is no way besides  
His way, the Guider of the guides;  
Nor any light to mortals known  
Except Al-Hâdî—His alone.

'Tis told, nigh to a city-gate  
Four fellow-travellers hungry sate,  
An Arab, Persian, Turk, and Greek;  
And one was chosen forth, to seek  
Their evening meal, with dirhems thrown  
Into a common scrip; but none  
Could with his fellows there agree  
What meat therewith should purchased be.  
" Buy *uzum*," quoth the Turk, " which food  
Is cheaper, sweeter, or so good?"  
" Not so," the Arab cried, " I say  
Buy *aneb*, and the most ye may."  
" Name not thy trash!" the Persian said,  
" Who knoweth *uzum* or *aneb*?"

Bring *anthur*, for the country's store  
Is ripe and rich." The Greek, who bore  
Their dirhems, clamored, "What ill thing  
Is *anthur*? Surely I will bring  
*Staphylion* green, *staphylion* black,  
And a fair meal we shall not lack."  
Thus wrangled they, and set to try  
With blows what provend he should buy,  
When, lo! before their eyes did pass,  
Laden with grapes, a gardeuer's ass.  
Sprang to his feet each man, and showed  
With eager hand, that purple load.  
"See *uzum*!" said the Turk; and "See  
*Anthur*!" the Persian; "what should be  
Better?" "Nay, *aneb*! *aneb* 'tis!"  
The Arab cried. The Greek said, "This  
Is my *staphylion*." Then they bought  
Their grapes in peace.

Hence be ye taught!

---

*But unto us Thy changeless name  
Is Allah—praised be the same.*

## 95, 96

*Al-Azali! Al-Bâkî! praise to Thee  
Who wast before Beginning, and will be  
After the Ending. From Thy mercy came  
Man's breath, and unto Thee returns the same.*

AL AARÂF\* saith—the seventh of “the Book:”—  
In the Beginning God from Adam took  
All who should be his seed, and bade them bear  
Witness upon themselves, putting His fear  
And knowledge in the hearts of all to be,  
As salt is set in all the waves of the sea.  
A countless, nameless, throng there gathered they,  
That unborn multitude; and God did say,  
“Testify! Am I not your Lord?” And those  
Replied, “Yea, Lord! we testify!” Propose  
Never, then, Man! to say, “we did not have  
Guidance;” it shall be answered, “Allah gave  
With life that light which leadeth to the grave.”

And in the chapter of “Ya Sin”† it saith—  
Read in the Muslim's ear at hour of death: ‡—  
A blast! and then another blast! and, lo!  
At summons of the trumpet, all shall go

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\* Cf. Korân, chapter vii. verse 173.

† Korân, chapter xxxvi.

‡ This Sura is recited at the death-beds of Muhammedans,

Forth from their grave-beds, thronging once again  
Unto their Lord; and some, in fear and pain,  
Shall cry, "Woe, woe! what waketh us? Is this  
God's word come true?" and some, in joy and bliss,  
Shall say, "Now, praise to God! His prophets spake  
Truth unto us." For all mankind shall wake  
Together, at the trumpet; and shall wend  
Together, to the Judgment, in the end.

And no soul shall be wronged in that dread place  
For aught not wrought; nor any soul find grace  
Except for what it wrought; and there shall fall  
Endless delight in Paradise on all  
Who kept that witness! happy they shall be  
Reclining with sweet consorts, 'neath the Tree  
Which bears all fruits, and groweth by the Throne.  
And they shall hear the Lord say to His own,  
"PEACE!"—they shall hear the Merciful say so.

But to the sinners shall be thundered, "Go!  
Divide herefrom! did not ye testify?"  
"Yea, dreadful Lord!"—thus shall they make reply,  
Descending into Hell.

---

*Thy mercy send,  
Thou, the Beginning and the End!*

## 97

*Inheritor ! all things proceed from Thee,  
And re-committed to Thy hands shall be.*

THE chapter of Al-Hajar: \* There is nought  
But from the treasury of God was brought;

Such and so much He lends them; winds and waters;  
Have *ye* the store of these things, or of aught?

Did *ye* set in the sky the starry band,  
Or pile the mountain peaks upon the land?

Verily He hath made and will unmake them,  
And all these shall return into His hand.

"O Rose!" the Dewdrop said, "whence didst thou  
spring,

That art so sweet and proud and fair a thing?"

"From dust I sprang," she said, "and ere to-morrow  
Back to the dust I shall be mouldering."

"O Dewdrop!" said the Rose, "where didst thou gain  
This light, that like a gem on me hath lain?"

"A cloud," he said, "uplifted me from ocean,  
And I must trickle to the deep again."

The Bulbul heard; "O Allah's rose!" it said,  
"The air is fragrant with thee, being dead;

O Allah's Dewdrop! ere the sea did suck thee,  
She was the fairer; be thou comforted!"

---

\* Cf. Korân, chapter xv. verse 21.

For saith the chapter of Al-Hajar: " Tell  
My servants I have made the heavens well,  
And the earth well, and with a steadfast purpose;  
And Paradise is Mine, and Mine is Hell."\*

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*Inheritor ! all things are Thine ;  
Al-Warith ! O Thou might Divine !*

---

\* Cf. Korân, xv. vv. 49, 85.

## 98

*Earth knows, heaven shows ; the holy scriptures say,  
How righteous and "unerring" is Thy way.*

"WE sent it down upon the 'Night of Power,'\*  
The Book which 'doth declare'  
In all the year that night is best: one hour  
Thereof, in praise and prayer,

"Is worth a thousand days of joy; for then  
The Angels bear commands,  
Bringing the will of Al-Raschîd to men;  
Descending on all lands.

"Peace ruleth till the rising of that dawn,  
While Allah doth ordain  
How many souls those twelve moons shall be born,  
How many shall attain.

"His mercy; for the books are brought of these,  
And each account is cast;  
And Allah maketh 'the allowances,'  
Accepting souls at last."

Thus spake our Lord, and Ayesha replied,†  
"O Prophet! are there none  
Accepted, save by mercy?" "None!" he cried,  
By God! I say not one!"

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\* Cf. Korân, xcvi. chapter "Of Power."

† Cf. the Mishkat-el-Mâsâbîh.



"Not thou!—not even thou!—*thou* not to go,  
Unquestioned, into heaven,  
Who walked with Allah's Angels, and below  
Taught us the message given?"—

He drew his cloth across his bended face  
And thrice he spake to her:  
"Except God's mercy cover me with grace,  
I shall not enter there!"

---

*O Al-Raschid ! and if not he,  
Increase to us Thy clemency.*

## 99

*O loving-kind, "long-suffering" Lord! once more  
We praise Thee, magnifying Az-Zaboor.*

PATIENT is Allah, and He loveth well  
The patient, saith "the Book," \* and such as dwell  
In kindness, asking pardon of their sins  
Each dawn, and pardoning the blamable.

*Islâm!* this is the Faith! thyself resign,  
Soul, mind, and body, to the will divine:  
The kingdom and the glory and the power  
Are God's, and God's the government,—not thine!

THERE IS NO GOD BUT GOD! and He is All;  
And whatso doth befall ye doth befall  
By His decree: therefore, with fear and love  
Upon His glorious names devoutly call.

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*Allah! His holy will be done!  
Islâm!—we bow before His throne.*

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\* Cf. Korân, iii. v. 15, chapter "Of Imran's Family."

## NOTES.

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*Page 15, line 17.*—One version of this legend says that Soharah (or Zoharah) herself, the spirit of the planet Venus, descended to tempt the two Angels. Harût and Marût are fabled to be confined still in the vicinity of Babel, where a man may go to learn sorcery of them, hearing their voices, but never seeing their forms.

*Page 17, line 20.*—Gabriel, or Jibrail, is called in Arabian theology *Rû'h-el-Amin*, "the Faithful Spirit," or *Rû'h-el-Kuddûs*, "the Holy Spirit." It was he who delivered the Korân to Muhammad.

*Page 18, line 3.*—A commentator on this legend writes: "Some say that Solomon brought these horses, being a thousand in number, from Damascus and Nisibis, which cities he had taken; others say that they were left him by his father, who took them from the Amaleklites; while others, who prefer the marvellous, pretend that they came up out of the sea, and had wings. However, Solomon, having one day a mind to view the horses, ordered them to be brought before him, and was so taken up with them that he spent the remainder of the day, till after sunset, in looking on them; by which means he almost neglected the prayer, which ought to have been said at that time, till it was too late: but when he perceived his omission, he was so greatly concerned at it, that ordering the horses to be brought back,

he killed them all as an offering to God, except only a hundred of the best of them. But God made him ample amends for the loss, by giving him dominion over the winds."

*Page 18, line 17.*—Arafat is a mountain near Mecca, so named from the tradition that Adam, upon his repentance, was reunited there to Eve, after a separation of two hundred years.

*Page 22, line 1.*—Isrâfîl is one of the Archangels, who will sound the last trumpet at the resurrection. He has "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."

*Page 22, line 13.*—Iblis, "He who despairs," is Shaitân, or Satan, who fell from Heaven on account of arrogantly refusing to pay reverence to Adam at the creation, when all the other Angels worshipped the first man.

*Page 23, line 1.*—*Wuzû'h*, or washing (either with actual water, or by imitating the process with sand, etc.), must precede all those prayers which are *farz*, or "incumbent." These are commenced in a standing attitude, *Kiyâm*, the thumbs touching the lobes of the ears and the face turning towards Mecca.

*Page 24, line 9.*—The "Companions of the right hand" are so called because they will have the book of their good deeds put into their right hands in token of salvation; while evil-doers will have their scroll of condemnation, at the last day, thrust into their left hands.

*Page 24, line 13.*—"Such, moreover, as of old time," etc. These are the early prophets and holy teachers in all nations. The text of the Koran calls them "the leaders, the leaders!" that emphatic repetition denoting their dignity, and the assurance of their prominence in the final reward.

*Page 25, line 23.*—"Mawz-trees." The original word *talk'* may mean either the plantain, or that acacia which has small round golden blossoms.

*Page 26, line 1.*—Sale has a citation upon these privileged attributes of the Houris. "Allah has created them purposely of finer materials than the females of this world, and subject to none of those inconveniences which are natural to the sex. Some understand this passage of the beautiful women; who, though they died old and ill-favored, shall yet all be restored to their youth and beauty in Paradise."

*Page 27, line 8.*—"At Azan." The time of the call to prayer, and especially after the sun has begun to decline.

*Page 31, line 13.*—"And spider." One of the Sûras of the Korân, the 29th, is named after this insect.

*Page 32.*—"The Verse of the Throne." This (which is often engraved on seal rings in the East) is so called from the word *Koorsiy*, the "chair or throne" of Allah, which occurs in the sublime passage cited. In the judgment of Muhammedans the "Throne-Verse" is one of the noblest portions of the Korân, surpassing in majesty of diction all other human compositions. It is taken from the 2d Sûra, verse 256, and is rendered very exactly, as below, by Mr. Redhouse (to whose most learned and laborious article in the "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," January, 1880, my indebtedness has been extremely great):

"God, save whom there is no God, is the Living, the Self existing One. Drowsiness overcometh Him not, nor sleep. Unto Him belongeth whatever is in the heavens, and whatever is in the earth. Who is he that

shall make intercession with Him, save by His permission? He knoweth whatever is before them, and whatever is behind them; and they comprehend not a single matter of His knowledge, save only that which He hath willed. His firmament spans the heavens and the earth, the preservation whereof doth not distress Him. And He is the Most High, the Most Supreme."

*N.B.*—Each chapter of the Korân is called a *Sûra*, a term signifying a course of bricks in a wall; and the *Sûras* are divided into '*âyât*, verses, or more literally "signs."

*Page 33.*—This *Sûra*, 59, is known as the chapter "Of the Emigration."

*Page 34, line 1.*—The Muslim doctors call the scriptural Terah, the father of Abraham, by the name of Azar. This was also the title of the god of the planet Mars. Abraham's father is moreover styled Zarah in the Talmud, and Athar also, by Eusebius.

*Page 34, line 25.*—"Friend of Allah." The Muslims so denominate Abraham, *Al-Khalîl*.

*Page 37.*—This is suggested from *Sûra* 35, the chapter "Of the Angels," or "Of the Originator." The Archangel Gabriel is said to have appeared to Muhammad, on the night of his journey to Heaven, having no less than three hundred pairs of wings!

*Page 38, line 15.*—"Michael," or Mikâ'il. The Archangel here named was especially the guardian of the Jews. The Israelites of Mecca told Muhammad that they would have received his Korân, if Michael instead of Gabriel had revealed it.

*Page 39, line 15.*—"Azrâ'el." The Archangel of Death.

*Page 40, line 1.*—"God's Friend." *Vide* note on page 85, line 15.

*Page 44, line 16.*—"People of the bench." This was the name given to the poor persons whom the Prophet sustained by alms every day, and who used to wait for his gifts, sitting upon the bench outside Muhammad's house at Medina.

*Page 49.*—The very remarkable Sûra quoted here, entitled sometimes "The Brightness," came to the prophet thus: "It is related that no revelation having been vouchsafed to Muhammad for several days, in answer to some questions put to him by the Koreish, because he had confidently promised to resolve them the next day, without adding the exception, *if it please God*, or because he had repulsed an importunate beggar, or else because a dead puppy lay under his seat, or for some other reason; his enemies said that God had left him: whereupon this chapter was sent down for his consolation."

*Page 50.*—"The Journey of the Night." "It is a dispute," writes Sale, "among the Muhammedan divines, whether their Prophet's night-journey was really performed by him corporally, or whether it was only a dream or vision. Some think the whole was no more than a vision; and allege an express tradition of Moâwiyah, one of Muhammad's successors, to that purpose. Others suppose he was carried bodily to Jerusalem, but no farther; and that he ascended thence to Heaven in spirit only. But the received opinion is, that it was no vision, but that he was actually transported in the body to his journey's end; and if any impossibility be objected, they think it a sufficient answer to say, that it might easily be effected by an omnipotent agent."

*Page 51, line 25.*—"One *Fâtîhah*." The name of the opening prayer of Muhammedans.

*Page 52, line 22.*—"Monker and Nakir" are the two Angels who conduct "the examination of the Tomb." They come to a man directly he is laid in his grave, and catechise him as to his faith. If he repeats quickly and gladly the formula of Islâm, they cause him to repose in peace; but if he is uncertain or heterodox, they belabor him with iron clubs, till his cries are so bitter that they are heard all through the earth, except by men and Djins. Then the two black Ministers press the clay down upon the corpse, and leave it to be wasted and consumed till the time of resurrection.

*Page 59, line 15.*—"Hadith." The traditional sayings which supplement the Korân.

*Page 60, line 2.*—"Zem-Zem." This is the holy well at Mecca, within the sacred precincts, believed to be that very spring which was revealed to Hagar when she fled with Ishmael.

*Page 62.*—This legend of Nimrûd is alluded to in Sûra 21 of the Korân, entitled the "Chapter of Prophets."

*Page 63, line 19.*—"Black Hallmah." The Prophet was suckled by a Bedouin foster-nurse.

*Page 64, line 6.*—"Hirâ." A wild and solitary mountain near Mecca.

*Page 68, line 5.*—"Mikât." These are the last six stages on the journey to Mecca. The *i'hrâm*, or "garb of sanctity," consists of two wrappers without seams, one bound round the waist, the other passed over the shoulders. The *tawâf* is the seven-fold circuit of the



Kaabah, made three times quickly, and four times slowly, by all pilgrims.

*Page 73, line 4.*—"Ye let stray your she-camels." Nothing is held more valuable among the goods of an Arab than a she-camel near to foaling.

*Page 73, line 13.*—"Who killed thee, little maid?" This alludes to the ancient practice of infanticide among the Arabs, which Muhammad strenuously denounced.

*Page 74, line 7.*—"He saw it and he heard." Alluding to the Prophet and his journey to Heaven.

*Page 79, line 7.*—"Al-Akhaif" is the plural of *Hekf*, and signifies "lands which lie in a winding or narrow boundary," specially applied to a district in the province of Hadramaut.

*Page 83, line 14.*—"Al-Kiuthar." This word signifies *abundance*, especially of *good*, and thence *the gift of wisdom and prophecy*. Or it may mean *abundance of wealth, followers*, and the like. It is here used of a river in Paradise, whence the water is derived into Muhammad's pond, of which the blessed are to drink before their admission. According to a tradition of the Prophet, this river, wherein his Lord promised him abundant good, is sweeter than honey, whiter than milk, cooler than snow, and smoother than cream; its banks are of chrysolites, and those who drink of it shall never thirst.

*Page 87, line 2.*—"Al-Tärek" is the "star that appears" by night, *i.e.*, the morning star.

*Page 89, line 1.*—"When the soul comes to the neck." A Korânic phrase for the last gasp of death.

*Page 92, line 20.*—"The roses on that tree." In the mystic language of the East, the rose is the symbol of that Divine beauty which is the object of the soul's love.

*Page 94, line 16.*—"Hilliyân." This means literally "exalted places."

*Page 95, line 4.*—"Tasmîn." A stream in Paradise, so called because it waters the highest regions there.

*Page 96, line 12.*—"Al-Fâtihah." This is the 1st chapter of the Korân, which is also a prayer, and held in great veneration by the Muhammedans, who give it many honorable titles; as the chapter of *prayer*, of *praise*, of *thanksgiving*, of *treasure*, etc. They regard it as the quintessence of the whole Korân, and often repeat it in their devotions both public and private, as Christians do the Lord's Prayer.

*Page 96, line 24.*—"The morning mills." At day-break in Eastern countries almost the first sound of awaking domestic life is the noise of the stones used to grind meal.

*Page 98, line 6.*—"The time for prayer," says Professor Palmer, "is called from the minarets of the mosques by Muezzins or criers, in the following words: 'God is great' (4 times); 'I bear witness that there is no God but God' (twice); 'I bear witness that Muhammad is the apostle of God' (twice); 'Come hither to prayers' (twice); 'Come hither to salvation' (twice); 'God is just!' 'There is no other God than God!' In the early morning the Muezzin adds, 'Prayer is better than sleep!'"

*Page 101 (note).*—"The *Mishkât-al-Masâbih*." The book of the conversations of the Prophet.

*Page 106, line 7.*—*Lailat-al-Kadr*, "The Night of Power," was that on which the Korân was declared to have been revealed.

*Page 123, line 18.*—"*Al-Barsakh*." The Korân says, "Behind them shall be a bar, until the day of resurrection." Upon this Sale writes: "The original word *barzakh*, here translated 'bar,' primarily signifies any partition, or interstice, which divides one thing from another; but is used by the Arabs not always in the same, and sometimes in an obscure sense. They seem generally to express by it what the Greeks did by the word Hades; one while using it for the place of the dead, another while for the time of their continuance in that state, and another while for the state itself. It is defined by their critics to be the interval or space between this world and the next, or between death and the resurrection; every person who dies being said to enter into *Al-Barzakh*. The commentators on this passage expound it as a barrier, or invincible obstacle, cutting off all possibility of return into the world, after death."

*Page 123, line 22* —"Birds." If the departed person was a believer, the Muslims say two Angels meet his soul, and convey it to Heaven, that its place there may be assigned, according to its merit and degree. They distinguish the souls of the Faithful into three classes the first of prophets, whose souls are admitted into Paradise immediately; the second of martyrs, whose spirits, according to a tradition of Muhammad, rest in the crops of green birds which eat of the fruits and drink of the rivers of Paradise; and the third of other believers, concerning the state of whose souls before the resurrection there are various opinions. Some say they stay near

the sepulchres, with liberty, however, of going wherever they please; which they confirm from Muhammad's manner of saluting the dead, alluded to elsewhere.

*Page 131, line 1.*—The “ten holy eves” are the first ten nights of the sacred month of *Dhu'l Hejje*.

*Page 131, line 7.*—“Iram” was the name of the palace and pleasure-garden built by Sheddâd, son of Ad, in the desert of Aden. The story is related on another page.

*Page 131, line 9.*—The Thamudites of the Hadramaut having killed their prophet, were utterly destroyed by tempests, and their city depopulated.

*Page 146, line 11.*—“Al-Hudhud.” The Arab historians, Sale says, tell us that Solomon, having finished the temple of Jerusalem, went in pilgrimage to Mecca, where, having stayed as long as he pleased, he proceeded towards Yaman; and leaving Mecca in the morning, he arrived by noon at Sanaa, and being extremely delighted with the country, rested there; but wanting water to make the ablution, he looked among the birds for the lapwing, called by the Arabs *Al-Hudhud*, whose business it was to find it; for it is pretended she was sagacious or sharp-sighted enough to discover water underground, which the devils used to draw, after she had marked the place by digging with her bill: they add, that this bird was then taking a tour in the air, whence, seeing one of her companions alighting, she descended also, and having had a description given her by the other of the city of Saba, whence she was just arrived, they both went together to take a view of the place, and returned soon after Solomon had made the inquiry which occasioned what follows.

"It may be proper to mention here what the Eastern writers fable of the manner of Solomon's travelling. They say that he had a carpet of green silk, on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand on, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy, to shade them from the sun."

Page 147, lines 17-20.—"The sea-worm and the ant." The legend is that Solomon used the *teredo* to bore his topaz, and, by filling the winding hole of the ruby with sugar and water, tempted an ant to draw a silk thread through it.

Page 165, line 26.—"Monker and Nakir." These are the two Angels who visit the dead immediately after burial, and having set them upright in the grave, question them as to their faith and actions, as before described.

Page 165, line 31.—"Al-Sirât." The narrow bridge which all must cross from this to the next world, "finer than a hair and sharper than a razor."

"This bridge," it is written, "is beset on each side with briars and hooked thorns; which will, however, be no impediment to the good, for they shall pass with wonderful ease and swiftness, like lightning or the wind, Muhammad and his Muslims leading the way; whereas the wicked, what with the slipperiness and extreme narrowness of the path, the entangling of the thorns, and the extinction of the light, which directed the for-

mer to Paradise, will soon miss their footing, and fall down headlong into hell, which is gaping beneath them."

"Muhammad seems to have borrowed this from the Magians, who teach that on the last day all mankind will be obliged to pass a bridge called Pâl Chînavad, that is, *the strait bridge*, leading directly into the other world; on the midst of which the Angels appointed by God will stand, who will require of every one a strict account of his actions. The Jews speak likewise of the bridge of hell, which they say is no broader than a thread."

*Page 168, line 9.*—"Three darknesses." The body, the womb, and the amnion.

*Page 174, line 15.*—This is the origiu of the *Hallal*, a custom of Muslim hunters and butchers, who pronounce the formula of excuse and pity before slaying any animal.

*Page 184, line 1.*—"Al-Aarâf." The partition between Heaven and Hell. The chapter quoted says, "And betwixt the two there is a wall, and they shall cry out to the companions of Paradise, 'Peace be upon you,' but they cannot enter it, although they so desire."