

DHAMMAPADA.¹

I.

ANTITHESES. (THE TWINS.)

ALL that we are from mind results, on mind is founded,
built of mind.
Who acts or speaks with evil thought, him doth
pain follow sure and blind :
So the ox plants his foot and so the car-wheel fol-
lows hard behind.

All that we are from mind results, on mind is
founded, built of mind.
Who acts or speaks with righteous thought, him
happiness doth surely find.
So failing not, the shadow falls for ever in its place
assigned.

“Me he abused and me he beat, he robbed me, he
defeated me.”
In whom such thoughts no harbourage may find,
will hatred cease to be.

“The state of hate doth not abate by hate in any
clime or time,
But hate will cease if love increase,” so soothly
runs the ancient rhyme.

The truth that “here we all must die” those others
do not comprehend ;
But some perceiving it, for them all discords fund
an utter end.

Sodden with passion, unrestrained his senses
(such an one we see),
Immoderate in the food of sense, idle and void of
energy :
Him surely Mara overcomes, as wind throws down
the feeble tree.

Careless of passion, well restrained his senses,
such an one we find
Moderate in pleasure, faithful, great in mighty en-
ergy of mind :
Him Mara shakes not ; are the hills thrown down
by fury of the wind ?

He, void of temperance, and truth, from guilt, im-
purity, and sin
Not free, the poor and golden robe he hath no
worth to clothe therein.

Regarding temperance and truth, from guilt, impu-
rity, and sin
Freed, he the poor and golden robe indeed hath
worth to clothe therein.

They who see falsehood in the Truth, imagine
Truth to lurk in lies,
Never arrive to know the Truth, but follow eager
vanities.

To whom in Truth the Truth is known, Falsehood
in Falsehood doth appear,
To them the Path of Truth is shown ; right aspira-
tions are their sphere !

An ill-thatched house is open to the mercy of the
rain and wind.
So passion hath the power to break into an unre-
flecting mind.

A well-thatched house is proof against the fury of
the rain and wind.
So passion hath no power to break into a rightly-
ordered mind.

Here and hereafter doth he mourn, him suffering
doth doubly irk,
Who doeth evil, seeing now at last how evil was his
work.

The virtuous many rejoices here, hereafter doth he
take delight,
Both ways rejoices, both delights, as seeing that
his work was right.

Here and hereafter suffers he: the pains of shame
his bosom fill
Who thinks "I did the wrong," laments his going on
the Path of Ill.

Here and hereafter hath he joy: in both the joy of
rectitude
Who thinks "I did the right" and goes rejoicing on
the Path of Good.

A-many verses though he can recite of Law, the
idle man who doth it not
Is like an herd who numbereth cows of others,
Priesthood him allows nor part nor lot.

Who little of the Law can cite, yet knows and walks
therein aright, and shuns the snare
Of passion, folly, hate entwined: Right Effort lib-
erates his mind, he doth not care
For this course done or that to run: surely in
Priesthood such an one hath earned a share.

II.

EARNESTNESS.

Amata's path is Earnestness, Dispersion Death's
disciples tread:
The earnest never die, the vain are even as already
dead.

Who understand, have travelled far on concentra-
tion's path, delight
In concentration, have their joy, knowing the Noble
Ones aright.

In meditation firmly fixed, by constant strenuous
effort high,
They to Nibbana come at last, the incomparable
security.

Whose mind is strenuous and reflects; whose
deeds are circumspect and pure,
His thoughts aye fixed on Law, the fame of that
concentred shall endure.

By Earnestness, by centred thought, by self-
restraint, by suffering long,
Let the wise man an island build against the fatal
current strong.

Fools follow after vanity, those men of evil wis-
dom's sect;
But the wise man doth earnestness, a precious tal-
isman, protect.

Follow not vanity, nor seek the transient pleasures
of the sense:
The earnest one who meditates derives the highest
rapture thence.

When the wise man by Earnestness hath Vanity to
chaos hurled
He mounts to wisdom's palace, looks serene upon
the sorrowing world.

Mighty is wisdom: as a man climbs high upon the
hills ice-crowned,
Surveys, aloof, the toiling folk far distant on the
dusty ground.

Among the sleepers vigilant, among the thought-
less eager-eyed
The wise speeds on; the racer so passes the hack
with vigorous stride.

By earnestness did Maghava attain of Gods to be
the Lord.
Praise is one-pointed thought's reward; Dispersion
is a thing abhorred.

The Bhikkhu who in Earnestness delights, who
fears dispersions dire,
His fetters all, both great and small, burning he
moves about the fire.

The Bhikkhu who in Earnestness delights, Disper-
sion sees with fear,
He goes not to Destruction; he unto Nibbana
draweth near.

III.

THE ARROW.

Just as the fletcher shapes his shaft straightly, so
shapes his thought the saint,
For that is trembling, weak, impatient of direction
or restraint.

Mara's dominion to escape if thought impetuously
tries
Like to a fish from water snatched thrown on the
ground it trembling lies.

Where'er it listeth runneth thought, the tameless
trembling consciousness.
Well is it to restrain:—a mind so stilled and tamed
brings happiness.

Hard to perceive, all-wandering, subtle and eager
do they press,
Thoughts; let the wise man guard his thoughts;
well guarded thoughts bring happiness.

Moving alone, far-travelling, bodiless, hidden i'th'
heart, who trains
His thought and binds it by his will shall be re-
leased from Mara's chains.

Who stills not thought, nor knows true laws; in
whom distraction is not dumb,
Troubling his peace of mind; he shall to perfect
knowledge never come.

His thoughts centred, unperplexed his mind
renouncing good and ill.
Alike, for him there is no fear if only he be watchful
still.

Knowing this body to be frail, making this thought
a fortalice, do thou aright
Mara with wisdom's shaft assail! Watch him when
conquered. Never cease thou from the fight.

Alas! ere long a useless log, this body on the earth
will lie.
Contemned of all, and void of sense and under-
standing's unity.

What foe may wreak on fie, or hate work on the
hated from the hater,
Surely an ill directed mind on us will do a mischief
greater.

Father and mother, kith and kin, of these can none
do service kind
So great to us, as to ourselves the good direction of
the mind.

IV.

FLOWERS.

O who shall overcome this earth, the world of
God's and Yama's power!
Who find the well taught Path as skill of herbist
finds the proper flower?

The seeker shall subdue this earth, the world of
God's and Yama's power;
The seeker find that Path as skill of herbist finds
the proper flower.

Like unto foam this body whoso sees, its mirage-
nature comprehends aright,
Breaking dread Mara's flower-pointed shaft he
goes, Death's monarch shall not meet his
sight.

Like one who strayeth gathering flowers, is he who
Pleasure lusteth on;
As the flood whelms the sleeping village, so Death
snaps him—he is gone.

Like one who strayeth gathering flowers is he
whose thoughts to Pleasure cling;
While yet unsatisfied with lusts, there conquereth
him the Iron King.

As the bee gathers nectar, hurts not the flower's
colour, its sweet smell
In no wise injureth, so let the Sage within his ham-
let dwell.

To others' failures, others' sins done or good deeds
undone let swerve
Never the thought; thine own misdeeds, omis-
sions,—these alone observe.

Like to a lovely flower of hue bright, that hath yet
no odour sweet
So are his words who speaketh well, fruitless, by
action incomplete.

Like to a lovely flower of hue delightful and of
odour sweet
So are his words who speaketh well, fruitful, by
action made complete.

As from a heap of flowers can men make many gar-
lands, so, once born,
A man a-many noble deeds by doing may his life
adorn.

Travels the scent of flowers against the wind? Not
Sandal, Taggara, nor Jasmine scent!
But the odour of the good doth so, the good per-
vadeth unto every element.

When Sandal, Lotus, Taggara and Vassiki their
odour rare
Shed forth, their fragrant excellence is verily be-
yond compare.

Yet little is this fragrance found of Taggara and
Sandal wood:
Mounts to the Gods, the highest, the scent of those
whose deeds are right and good.

Perfect in virtue, living lives of Earnestness, Right
Knowledge hath
Brought into liberty their minds, that Mara findeth
not their path.

As on a heap of rubbish thrown by the wayside the
Lotus flower
Will bloom sweet scented, delicate and excellent to
think upon ;
So 'mid the slothful worthless ones, the Walkers in
Delusion's power,
In glory of Wisdom, light of Buddha forth hath the
True Disciple shone.

Desunt cetera.