

# SAMARADITYA

Author

Upadhyay Shree Pushkar Muni



**Samraditya**

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Editor

*Devendra Muni Shashtri*

Story is the heart of Folk-literature. In Indian literature the Jain and the Bauddha literature in the form of stories have special significance. In the Shraman tradition, the Jains and the Bauddhas have not only increased the story-literature but they have given a new direction to it. Such an invaluable storehouse of Jain story-literature has been presented in popular language. The main purpose of this Pushkar-Prasadi Seri of Stories is to give moral advice through the medium of entertainment. The language of the stories is simple and palatable. The theme and the incidents narrated therein are attractive. The people of Gujarat will welcome this series also.

# **SAMARADITYA**

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**Athour**

**Upadhyay Shree Pushkar Muni**

**Edited by**

**Acharya Shree Devendra Muni**

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**Shree Laxmi Pustak Bhandar, Ahmedabad-1.**



**Published by :**

Punamchand Dhanrajibhai Kothari,  
Shree Laxmi Pustak Bhandar,  
Gandhi Road, Ahmedabad-1.

**First Edition : 1995**

**Price : Rs. 100-00**

**Printed by :**

Radhika Type Setting  
259, Sutharwas Opp. New Civil Hospital,  
Ahmedabad-380 016.

Dedicated to  
Great Reverend Rajasthan Kesari  
Spiritual Yogi Upadhyay  
Shree Pushkar Muniji  
At the Lotus-feet of  
Great Reverend  
whose religious teachings  
have always been a  
source of inspiration.

—Dhanrajbhai Ghashiram Kothari

## *Publisher's Note*

Story is the heart of folk-literature. It is equally useful to the learned, the illiterate, the child, the aged the rich and the poor. to all. It is the specific quality of the story-literature that in whatever number it is heard they all are naturally remembered. There is no so easy means to infuse culture into man's life as the stories. It is because of this reason that literature in the form of stories has been popular in each and every part of the world.

The story-literature of Jainism is very vast. It is written in Sanskrit-Pra-krit-Apabhransh and various other provincial languages. Respected, the best amongst the good teachers, spiritual Yogi, Upadh-yay Shree Pushkar Muniji Maharaj has given one great gift to Hindi literature by presenting the stories of Jainism in modern emotional and purportive language. The language of the stories, here is simple and palatable or agreeable. The incidents narrated therein are simple and attractive.

The credit for editing these stories goes to most learned and capable author

Shree Devendra Muniji. I am grateful to Reverend Gurudev Shree Pushkar Muniji and Shree Devendra Muniji for giving us permission to publish this literature in English language.

There are quite a number of people even in Gujarat who have a taste for good English and who desire to see their Highschool going children reading stories in English. I feel therefore very happy in publishing this book with a purpose of translating such literature in English and thus making it possible for the people of world as well as Gujaratis staying abroad to take full advantage of it.

I am sure, the enlightened intelligentsia of Gujarat will appreciate our efforts in this direction and they would also prefer to serve the cause of great world religion by intimating about this to their friends staying abroad.

I experience delight in publishing this book for the readers, with the expectation that the people of world will welcome this literature.

**Dhanrajbhai Kothari**

# Editorial

In literature, the story-form is the easiest and immediately effective art. In the world literature also, the literature in the form of stories has always been found most popular. It is because of this that the development of stories has become on a wider scale compared to other forms of literature. In regard to Indian literature also, one finds a vast literature in the form of stories. The inexhaustible storehouse of stories is the special wealth of Indian literature.

Even in Indian Literature, the Jain and the Bauddha literature in the form of stories have special significance. In the Shraman tradition, the Jains and the Bauddhas have not only increased the story-literature, but they have given a new direction to it. The original purpose of stories is to provide entertainment and through the medium of entertainment to preach. In the Shramanic tradition, the motive is not simply entertainment but along with the entertainment the aim is to present the subjects like Renunciation, good conduct, duty, darshan, morality, re-birth, the results of actions etc. The Jatak stories of Bauddhas are also almost of this pattern. The fundamental aim of the

Jain literature of stories is at least always this : "To inspire the reader to do some good action or other through the medium of story-telling."

Right from the Agamas, in the Puranas, Biographies, Poems, Rasas and Folk-tales, there are thousands of famous stories. Even today they are read with interest in the form of the Puranas, Rasas and the Akhyanas. It is true that because the majority of this literature is written in Prakrit, Sanskrit, Apabhraṃś or modified, Gujarati or Rajasthani language, and they are moreover, in poetry form, majority of persons can not take advantage of them. Such people can know something only by hearing their significance and description.

It is extremely necessary to present this valuable storehouse of the Jain story-literature in English language. It is beyond the ken of one single individual to compile inexhaustible and immeasurable story-literature. Just as the Chariot of God Jagannath can be drawn only by thousands of hands collectively, in the same way, long-standing efforts of many thinkers possessing originality are essential in order to rejuvenate the ancient literature available



*in the form of stories. With a view to fill up* this need of the hour reverend Gurudev Rajasthan Kesari, the Spiritual Yogi and Upadhyay : Shree Pushkar Muniji Maharaj are trying hard in this direction. Reverend Gurudevshree has written hundreds of stories pertaining to Jainism on the strength of his vast studies and contemplation. These stories are useful in judging that most ancient culture, civilization and human nature.

In these writings, evaluation and study of hundreds of published or unpublished manuscripts-books of Sanskrit-Prakrit-Apabhra-nsh Gujarati and Rajasthani languages have been done. From amongst those, thousands of stories have been compiled after deep study of historical, religious, pauranic, folk-stories etc. etc. Even today, under the able guidance of Gurudevshree our efforts are going on and it is our strong determination and will to present in a book form *the complete vast Jain story-literature.*

It is our great fortune that we have been entrusted with the responsibility of editing that vast prose and poetical story-literature written by Reverend Gurudev. It is left only to learned readers to judge how far we have been successful in the attempt.

**Shree Devendra Muni**

## *From the Pen of the Author*

Jain literature in the form of Stories :

—Motive and Nature.

We can know that much from the historical research of the Jain Agama literature that God Mahaveera was skilled in making the serious subjects of Religion and Philosophy, most simple, of good advice and palatable by introducing the narratives—stories and metaphors in his spiritual sermons. It is at least clear from the Agamas like Nayadhammakha, Vipaksootra, Niarayavalika, Uttaradhyayana that God Mahaveera had made use of thousands of such illustrations and metaphors in his sermon. Unfortunately only small part from amongst them is available today and most part of them is destroyed.

In the preachings of God Mahaveera the usage was done mostly of short stories, narratives and brief metaphors. One holy object behind these stories was that the curiosity of the listeners to know what is

good may be awakened. To inculcate in them the inspiration for activities of moral bearing by forsaking the evil actions was the high and noble ideal in formulating various stories; and this is the unique characteristics of the Jains' story-literature. Generally, the motive behind telling or writing stories is to provide entertainment; but it can be said authoritatively that in the case of the stories of Jainism that its object is not simply to entertain, but to motivate people towards good actions by showing the bitter results of bad actions. It is the main end-in-view of the story-literature of Jainism to establish reputation of nobler social, moral and spiritual values, to encourage the virtues like fundamental moral adventure in an individual, experienced efficiency of ruling, nobility, generosity, moral conduct, steadfastness in adhering to pledges etc. It is also the main purpose to sow the seeds of such good culture in man's character.

A new change came about in the story-literature which was written next, after the Agamas. To insert digressions, in the main subject-matter of the original story and to enrich the original characterisation by narrating the incidents of past birth and after taking in aid the Agama-stories, biographies as well as the big and small incidents of the lives of great men was a sort of style of the literature written in a later period. One can see the influence of the Ramayanas, the Mahabharat and the Jatak stories on this sort of style of stories. If we term this style the Pauranic style then the most ancient story-book is the Vasudevahindee, (Prakrit book) which can be considered the oldest source book. Thereafter Vimalsoori wrote a gigantic book 'Paumchariyam' on the style of the Valmiki's Ramayanas and another big book 'Harivanshachariyam' on the style of the Mahabharat written by Vyasa.

Since then the Pauranic style became

so much popular that independent biographical books like 'Trishashti-shalaka Purush-charitram', 'Adinath-charitram', 'Shantinath-charitram', 'Mallinath-charitram', 'Neminath-charitram', 'Mahaveer-charitram' and of many Tirthankaras like 'Chakravarti Vasudev', 'Baldev', etc. were written and by weaving hundreds of digressions in that whole pattern, the books were made palatable and detailed ones.

The Jain preceptors wrote many interesting story-books on the subject of the method of narrations also. The narrative stories like 'Tarangvali' of Padliptasoori, 'Samarichchakaha', 'Updeshapada', Udyotansoori's 'Kupalayamalakaha', Vijaya-sinhsoori's 'Bhuvansundari Katha', Jineshwarasoori's 'Nirvan Leelavati Katha', etc. are the principal and famous books written in story-style.

In the creations of story-books the development of a third style also came forth. We have them today in the form of 'Kathakosha' or 'Katha-

of long range of time, there was a remarkable change in the matter of story-elements and narrations of incidents. There are such numerous stories which are found different in story-books, though they are very famous. Some stories are described in the Agamas. The same are found to have been elaborated in the subsequent literature by adding digressions to them.

After seeing such a diversity in the story-sootras, it seems necessary to make a research as to where is the original source of the stories, how it is as also to see whether the difference in view-points found therein or the digressions that are found there are acceptable or not. This task is as difficult or unfruitful as churning of water.

Our attention should be focussed on its inspiring ability rather than on the historicalness of the stories. It is but natural that there may be differences in opinion, in patching up the different



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Our attention should be focussed on its inspiring ability rather than on the historicalness of the stories. It is but natural that there may be differences in opinion, in patching up the different

story-patterns as also in respect of names in the story-books that are written by thousands of authors in different times and in different places. We have got trust after studying different books that instead of doing post-mortem examination of the ancient books, we should form the habit of evaluation of the element of goodness (the scrutiny of the element of welfare) contained therein. We should accept without any partiality whatever books are there which have high ideals, inspiring element or life-ennobling values. It is seen in many books that the same story-element is described in different occasions and in different forms. Sometimes the former part of a story is left unfinished without the later, part, sometimes only a small part of the later half is given. In such a situation, it becomes extremely difficult to write the story-elements in complete forms, and there can arise, moreover controversial question in that. In such cases, we have tried to complete the

story, in so far as we get complete words or phrases, by conjoining the context of the book; but in spite of this the completeness of the theme of the story, its comprehensiveness and its ancientness can not be fully guaranteed. It depends on the enlightened readers that if they can find some new By-story in respect of the story in question, they may intimate it to the author, so that there can be progress in the enhancement of the research about that.

We trust that many readers will get varied inspiration through the medium of many types of palatable biographical stories. We hope that we shall be able to achieve success in our attempt to satisfy various tastes of different readers, possessing different trends and inclinations.

I wish success of 'Sadhuvad' to Devendra Muni and Shree Shreechandji Surana for editing the series of these stories.

**Shree Pushkar Muni**

**Samsaditya**



# ***Index***

- |   |            |
|---|------------|
| 1. Samraditya                                     | 1 to 259   |
| 2. The Miracle of Regular<br>study (Yavraj Rishi) | 260 to 276 |
| 3. Decrees of Fate                                | 277 to 448 |

# SAMARADITYA

## 1

The bad result of idleness (First Life)  
(The Life-Story of Samaraditya Kevali)

The Chief Prince-the heir-apparent Gunsen was simple, modest and brave by nature.\* He was lover of adventure also. Though his name did not indicate saintliness, he was of a saintly nature. He did not believe in 'Tit for Tat' principle or in the principle of wickedness towards the wicked. In his mind there was quite different tendency or idea. Just as fragrance is in a flower or as butter is mixed already in milk so this idea was in his mind.

By adopting the principle of 'tit for tat' we are not able to destroy our past

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\*The only son of King Purnachandra and queen Knmudvati of Kshitipratisthit City was Gunsen.



Karmas. But we build up a stock of the Karmas for countless births. The dirt is never cleaned by dirt, the fire is not put out by fire, only the sprinklings of cold water soothe it. In cold season, if it is only the fire and not cold water which is of use.

In the mind of Gunsen, the proverb 'Cold iron cuts the hot iron' was well-set. The wise people have called the revenge or enmity as "the 'Murbba' or 'Chattani' of Anger." Anger is never cooled by anger, nor revenge by revenge. There is no doubt that just as cold iron cuts the hot one, so only 'Aupsham' pacifies the enmity or anger.

Where many virtues are found in a person, there is one or other vice or bad point. There are thorns in the branches of a rose-plant, the lotus has mud as its origin, in Kamdhenu of the heavenly cow there is animality and the Kalptree is inert. Similarly, the jewel is

after all regarded as a stone only. The moon is known for a blot in it.

Gunsen who was very dear to the people and who was the main hope of his parents was no exception to this. He had also one bad habit. He took delight in teasing others. To make fun of ugly persons, to make them angry and to harass them was his main interest. And sometimes, in this sort of fun-making he crossed the limits. By chance, he had also a team of such jolly friends.

A Brahmin, named Agnisharma was staying in that town. His father Yagnadatt was an ordinary priest in the city. Agnisharma was very ugly. The colour of his body was as black as the back side of the frying-pan. The teeth which were peeping out of the mouth looked as if ready to devour somebody. His head was of triangular shape. The eyes were yellow and the nose was as if the copy of teh

island of Cylon. The head was like a water-lemon. Seeing such an ugliness of his, even the most serious-minded person was forced to laugh.

Thus Agnisharma, though son of a Brahmin who performed rites and rituals, was not happy. Life was bitter for him.

The road from where he passed, the children played mischief. They clapped often, raised the dust, threw small stones at him and proved him to be the object of wit and jest. Gradually, Agnisharma got used to it. There was nothing to be gained even in getting angry.

When Gunsen saw Agnisharma, his curiosity was encouraged. He was forced to laugh when he first saw him. He made a sign. His friends caught hold of Agnisharma. He was made to run, he was forced to take rounds in the city. Agnisharma was made to dance and thus he was harassed greatly. When Gunsen was

completely mentally satisfied and when he had too much laughing made his stomach feel pain, he was released.

Now daily, Gunsen used to wait for him. Agnisharma was a poor citizen and so he had to bear all this. After so many days, Gunsen was fed up with the routine fun. So he thought out new ways of making fun of Agnisharma. He prepared a plan and his friends supported it.

One friend suggested : "I feel that he should be made to sit on a donkey. Then he should be made to tour the whole city. The people will also enjoy the game.

Another friend added : "...and he should be garlanded." By his peculiar tone, he suggested that the garland meant to be the garland of shoes. The third gentleman suggested one more addition : A moustache should be painted

with soot. Other suggestions were also there to decorate him. The resolution was passed.

Agnisharma was crowned with a crown of broken 'Soopadi.' The garland of old shoes was also there. The procession toured each and every street. The shouting and clapping groups of children were on all sides of him.

But Agnisharma was after all, a human being. He had the sense of self-respect and insult. The ordinary people also have the feelings of pleasure, misery, honour etc. There is a limit to mockery.

If fun and jest are beyond limit, then they are nothing but insults and injuries.

The mind of Agnisharma, knew no peace after this incident. He could not bear this pain of hatred. But he was helpless. Because Gunsen was the chief. Prince. His father Yagnadatta also pocketed this insult silently. At last

Agnisharma decided to leave the city. By midnight he went away somewhere.

When Agnisharma did not turn up the next day, Gunsen sent men to search him. But he was not found in the city. The prince became sad; but the reason for his sadness was that now he had no means for self-enjoyment.

\*

The king of Vasantpur was very religious. He loved his citizens. He had no son. He had only one daughter. She was the only hope of his life. He had a desire that if there is any prince ready to marry her and remain there only, then he may be handed over the kingdom. It was his good fortune that Gunsen was prepared for being such a son-in-law. Thus Gunsen became the king of Vasantpur.

The king who preceded the father-in-law of Gunsen had prepared one special forest near his town. The name of the



forest was 'Sangparitosh.' The forest had many types of thickly covered trees. They were fruit-trees, ordinary trees giving shades and many flower-plants. The rivulets of sweet water made the forest more beautiful. On all sides, there were small huts of sages and monks, who did hard penance.

The atmosphere there was so much peaceful, full of spiritual feelings and awe-inspiring that the persons who were restless or unhappy immediately felt peace of mind. Acharya Aijava Kaundinya was the chief Acharya and Guru of this divine place. Under his guidance, many sages were doing 'Sadhanas' or spiritual practices.

Agnisharma became guest to this forest after being insulted and hated by *Gunsen*. Now there was nobody here to *tease him and to get pleasure from it.*

In the cool shades of the mango tree, the *Engenia* tree, the *Jonesia Asoka* tree

etc. he felt peace of mind. Such a peace he had never got in his life.

The monks and ascetics of this forest were doing hard spiritual practices. Some of them were doing heart-rending intense penance. They were improving their future birth. Agnisharma was from a cultured family. In his mind also the trees of penance and 'Sadhana' began to flourish.

Acharya Kaundinya welcomed Agnisharma to the forest for penance. He could easily find out that the newcomer had not got love from anybody. He showed in action that the forest for penance or 'Tapovan' is for those who are afflicted by quarrels. He gave an independent cottage to Agnisharma. Thus Agnisharma also became a member of the Tapovan. He became a practitioner or 'Sadhak'.

Agnisharma was attending wholeheartedly on the Acharya Kaundinya. He moved behind him like his shadow. As a first

step in the spiritual progress, he digested each and every word of the master-teacher.

He well understood that each and every being reaps the fruits of his action only. It is by penance only that the karmas are destroyed. All the enjoyments of this world are meaningless and illusory. Acharya was also glad to have with him a cultured disciple like him. He had hopes that one day, he will surprise all by his realisation.

Agnisharma began to do penance with acute concentration. He tried to grow one '*Kalpa Tree*' by his Penance. The other monks of that hermitage were startled seeing his hard penance.

To him, cold and heat, thirst and hunger, day and night-all were same. Severe cold could not deter him, nor could severe heat make him swerve. Neither thirst could dry his throat nor hunger could make him restless.

And the fasting (remaining without food) was so much natural to him as the snake-charmer keeps a snake round his neck. He had made a rule to beg food only from one householder after doing fast for one whole month. If he could not get from that one particular house, he was to observe fast for the next month. That was his rule.

By the penance of Agnisharma, a new light was spread in the forest for penance. It was being praised all over the country. All were, in fact, worried about the above-said rule of fasts made by him. By the climax of his penance, even the hypocrite was tempted to salute to him. His ugliness once made all laugh in jest and now it was an object of respect.

All this was achieved due to his power of meditation and penance. Being rubbed even the brass shines and lying idle, even the gold becomes black. If gold is heated

then it becomes a bright shining metal. Agnisharma had also become a shining gold. A bright lustre due to penance and knowldge shone on his forehead. His outward apperance was now, as if, not paid attention to, by people.

The sage of the high calibre, Acharya Kaundinya considered himself proud and lucky to get a disciple like Agnisharma. Because of this disciple, the fame of his hermitage was spread on all sides. People used to discuss with wonder what goal Agnisharma was thinking to achive by such terrible and unimaginable penance ?

We may also be full of suspicion and doubts, if we keep before our eyes the saintly life of Agnisharma. In times of leisure, what could have been his thoughts ? In what depth of reflection, his mind was engrossed ? Could it be that he has totally forgotten the cruel behaviour

of people who were teasing him and harassing him ? The prince Gungen crossed all limits in showing hatred towards him. Is it possible that he never remembered or had no idea of it ? Who can reply to these questions ? Who could know the mind of Agnisharma ?

Acharya Kaundinya had given pure vision to Agnisharma. He had given all knowledge and culture he had to his disciples. Whatever it may be, but one thing is sure that if there are no Right vision and pure sight along with the penance then such realisation may make a man puzzled; so much so that he may be slipped from his main path.

\*

Separated from his friends, the son-in-law of the king of Vasantpur. and now himself the of Vasanthur, Gungen made a halt in this hermitage of Acharya Kaundinya. He had made his horse run like anything. So he was tired. In this forest there was absolute peace. Gungen

began to take rest under one tree. In short time his attendants and friends arrived there. The residents of that forest also thronged around them.

The chancellor of this hermitage, Acharya Kaundinya heard that some special guests of the king of the area has Come. Immediately he came there. Gunsen bowed to all the hermits and the Acharya. Then Gunsen asked,

“Honourable Chancellor ! I have toured various countries. I have seen thick and dangerous forests. But no where I have seen the wealth of such a peace. It is only here that the snake and the peacock sitting side by side. What magic have you done in the formation of this Ashram !”

With mild smile Kaundinya replied,

“Honourable quest ! In this forest ‘Sangparitosh’ only the hermits stay. What cannot be achieved by penance ?

? It is because of the effect of penance that the creatures here forget their caste-revenge and stay together with love the lion and the deer drink water from the same stream."

The Acharya came to know incidentally that this prince is coming to this Ashram for the first time. So he took him round all the huts. They arrived near the hut of Agnisharma. Introducing Agnisharma, the Acharya told to Gunsen,

"This holy man is a great and illuminating ascetic of our Ashram. All the directions are glorified by the flame of his penance. This great saint is known as Agnisharma"

Gunsen gazed and gazed at Agnisharma. He felt deep pain. He bowed, of course, to Agnishama but he remembered his past attitudes to him. His mind was filled with agony and shame. He was



absorbed in this thought<sup>T</sup> when Kaundinya spoke further.

“Great guest ! To day I do not see any asectic who can match this sage. He has recently come to this hermitage. In few days, the whole world around here has been brightened up by the spiritual light of this sage.”

During all these discussions, Agnisharma was lost in meditation. He was not conscious of the outward happenings. When he opened his eyes, after the completion of meditation, he saw Gunsen. He recognised Gunsen quite well. It was not a remote past. The evil doings and mental injuries done by Gunsen came to the surface of his mind. He felt as acute pain as one feels with the bite of a scorpion. But soon he dumped the misery in the lower levels of his mind. He spoke to Gunsen in tender tones :

“Prince Gunsen ! I can never forget

the good done to me by you. By your grace only I have been able to tread the royal path of penance. You are instrumental in my spiritual practices.’

Gunsen was pleased. He began to think :

‘What a great soul is this who regards my cruelty as a gratitude ! Great souls give credit to others for good results.’

So once again his head bowed down with reverence. The fire of repentance for his bad actions began to burn in his heart. It was yes covered and not apparent. The fire hidden under the ashes can be kindled at any moment. One such sparking of repentance was in the heart of Gunsen.

Gunsen and Agnisharma were sitting opposite. In one’s mind there was a mixture of repentance and purification; and in another’s mind there were upheavals of hesitation and anger. But this anger of

Agnisharma was also hidden in the leaves of efforts to control it. So others did not know it.

Gunsen who had a simple innocent heart told to Kaundinya with politeness :

“Great Acharyaji ! Can you let me have the luck of getting there ascetics grace my house by coming over there ?”

The Acharya replied :

“O king ! For an ascetic who begs, there is no partiality between a hut and a palace. We may sometimes visit your household for the ‘Bhiksha’ instead of going to others. But Agnisharma has his own code of rules. So I can’t say anything about him.”

Gunsen saw with hope to Aghisharma.

Agnisharma replied : “your Highness Gunsen ! After one month’s fast, I go

only to one household for begging and for breaking fast. I do not decide in advance for whose house I will beg. If I get some food, it is well and good; and if I don't get, it is equally good. If I do not get food from that household, then I again undergo another month's fast. I do not draw lines between the king and the poor."

There were only five days left for the completion of present month. Gunsen insisted :

"Prabhu ! Please favour us with your visit this time and oblige me by accepting food from me."

gnisharma replied :

"King ! there is no guarantee even for the next minute So how can I promise five days advance ? Yes, one thing is there ! I will keep in mind your wish."

By this sort of encouraging reply, Gunsen was impressed. Even Acharya

Kanudiuya was influenced. The way in which Aghisharma accepted the invitation of Gunsen proved that gnisharma was not only ascetic, but She was also the knower of Sadhak's limitations.

Gunsen returned to the palace. What a difference it was between that Gunsen who teased and harassed Agnisharma and this Gunsen who invited him with faith and respect

\*

The month of fast of Agnisharma was over. For breaking the fast of one month he walked towards the palace of Vasantpur. For those who can not remain without food even for a day, this effort of month's fast may appear like an attempt to commit suicide. But for ascetics it is not like so. To them, the body is only a means, not an end.

Agnisharma was advancing towards the palace for Bhiksha for the sake of

keeping body and soul together. Destiny has it that this wandering for Bhiksha was a test of his penance. Reaching the gate of palace he told the Gate-keeper to inform the king that a monk has come for Bhiksha.

To the guard, this was not any important event. How could he know that the monk was invited by Gunsen ? Many a monk of this time used to come daily. He only said :

“Your holiness ! Please wait for some time. I am sending a word with some servant.”

Agnisharma waited with patience. He had well controlled the natural instinct of anger and hastiness. Much time passed. No servant had so far shown his face. His mind warned him :

‘Agnisharma ! You are trying to trap yourself in the net. The palace is but an

illusory city. Is your mind yearning for royal luxuries and for material happiness so that you want king's welcome ? Go back ! Don't wander after the mirage of prosperity.'

Then another voice was heard :

'There was a day when Gunsen was taking pleasure in insulting you in a planned way. Now he has invited you with faith for breaking the month's fast. He is not at fault for the delay. He has not even received your message so far. He will come running as soon as he gets the message.'

The prince Gunsen was suffering from severe headache. A number of physicians had assembled there. At that time one maid-servant happened to pass by the gate. The Gatekeeper said :

"O maid servant ! One honourable monk desires to see Gunsen. Deliver this

message to him.”

The maidservant had no concern for such thing. Agnisharma had also no worry or hurry. Sooner or later Gunsen will get the news. He had firm faith in this.

But much time passed after the departure of the maid servant. Now there was a bit of anger in the mind-of Agnisharma.

‘Negligence and hatred even after inviting me ? Dis-appointment after giving cause for hope ?’

When the work appointed to her was over, the maid-servant remembered the message about Agnisharma. She went towards the room of Gunsen. But at that very time, she could hear the instruction of the Royal physician :

“After many medicines and efforts to cure headache, the prince is now asleep. He is not to be awakened however important the work.”



The maid-servant therefore hurriedly retraced her steps and told Agnisharma :

“Your Holiness ! The prince has not slept whole night. He had a severe headache. After great efforts, the court physician has been successful in making him sleep. It is the order of the physician not to awaken him under any circumstances. so I am rather helpless in delivering the message about your visit.”

Now there was no need to hear anything more. Agnisharma understood that this was a new of deriving pleasure by harassing him in this way. ‘He had *deliberately behaved with me in this way.*’

He returned to the Ashram. He returned with as much mental pain as he had gone to the palace with enthusiasm.

\*

There were great psychological upheavals in the minds of the hermits. What a great evil thing is done ! Agnisharma did

not get food even after one month's fast ! Now one more whole month of foodless fast ! The return of Agnisharma from the palace of Gunsen was more shocking than the bursting of the sky or the drowning of the earth in water. It was a big and painful surprise.

The poor and the miserable penniless poor think it their great good fortune to supply food to saints like Agnisharma. That same Agnisharma had to return empty handed even after being invited by the prince of the palace ! There was nothing to lose even if the whole forest is burnt or destroyed. But the fact that one can not break his month's fast was terrible ! It meant, moreover one more month's fast. What a cheating is this !

The face of Agnisharma showed clear signs of depression. He was visibly upset, Peace, patience, forgiveness and equal love for all these virtues have now began to

bid good bye. The other ascetics were actually afraid that if the anger of Agnisharma breaks loose, the world would get destroyed. The seven oceans even would fail to cool the fire of his wrath.

Outwardly, Agnisharma was calm and quite. He was trying to suppress the anger and resentment towards Gunsen. But he was not meeting with success. The misery of hunger was created by, Gunsen by inviting him for food. The mind of Agnisharma was greatly confused. At that time, there appeared Gunsen coming from far.

Gunsen kept his head at the feet of Agnisharma and he apologised. He said with heavy heart :

“Prabhu ? I have committed a crime, quite unconsciously. I was suffering from headache. In my inner mind, I had the memory of your holy visit. I got asleep. When I awoke, I ordered my servants to call me if any monk comes. But the Gatekeeper told me that just before some

time then, there did come a holy monk. I therefore, came running here. please forgive me my faults.”

Could the hunger of the monk get removed by this apology of Gunsen ? Could the will to do one more month's fast be slackened ? But for the ascetics, the importance of hunger is nil. The alternative to this viz. to drop the idea of breaking the rule was out of question. The food is needed only for the nourishment of the body.

Anyway, Agnisharma was convinced that Gunsen had not knowingly done anything. In fact, Gunsen was only instrumental in providing a test of my dedication.

The hermits also realised that Gunsen was innocent and destiny willed it.

Agnisharma's anger was now quietened. He apologised to Gunsen and said :

“King ! I am much indebted to you.

It is only because of you that I could walk further on the path of penance, and recently, you again gave me a chance to achieve the forgiveness of my penance. Evil, ingratitude insult, hatred, censure—all these things help to increase penance.

Gunsen was actually trembling with fear. He was afraid of the seriousness of his crime. But he saw that Agnisharma has not minded it. It was taken as a help to penance. So his mind was now light. He joyfully said again :

“Bhagwan ! you have forgiven my faults. It is my good fortune. It is your greatness. This time I did not remain alert. Henceforth, I will be quite careful. I will wait for your Holiness at the gate itself. Please do make our house pious by your visit. Prabh ! Do accept my request.”

Seeing the purity of Gunsen's mind, Acharya Kaundinya told to Agnisharma :

“Dear Son ! We may not perhaps agree that food is inevitable for the nourishment of the body, but for a monk, in order to maintain Self-Control only, food is necessary. I advise that this time also you should grant the request of Gunsen.”

Agnisharma gave his consent. Gunsen was moved emotionally. He could not speak for a moment. Acharya Kaundinya said to Gunsen :

“King ! To an ascetic nobody is his own or nobody is other's. He is the supreme ruler of 'Samsara.' They are parents to the the people of the world. Parents do not take seriously the flaws and faults of their children. So you please remove from your mind altogether that you have displeased an ascetic.”

Getting such consolation from Kaundinya, the King Gunsen returned to his palace.

After returning from the palace without food, Agnisharma renewed another month's fast. Of course, this time he had some anger, sense of being insulted and a disappointment. But after the apology of Gunsen, the divine currents of contentment and peace were again flowing in his mind. Now to remain without food was again easy and natural to him. The old proverb that 'the hungry man has no shame or fear' was proved wrong by Agnisharma. Even after months of fasts, he had complete self-control.

The another month was over. Gunsen was waiting for the monk. He was sitting facing the main gate. He did this, because he wanted to be sure that no mistake is done this time. The Gate-keeper as well as the servants were clearly instructed to inform him if any ascetic comes. Gunsen had got prepared even special type of dinner for Agnisharma.

*What is destined to happen, always*

happens. This is a permanent rule. Man can not prevent it. The same thing was told to Bharat by the sage Vashistha :

“Look here and listen, Bharat ! The Destiny is powerful. Loss and gain, life and death or fame and discredit all are in the hands of Destiny.”

Seriously injured, the Chief Minister came to Gungen at that very moment and said :

“Your Highness ! the neighbouring states have attacked us, without any warning or notice.”

The bravery of Gungen was challenged. He awoke, he thought :

‘The border-states take undue advantage of the generosity and straightforward nature of my father-in-law. To-day I am the King. I will show to the enemies what fruits they have to reap by teasing a lion.’



He told the chief minister :

“Mahamantri ! You don't worry. Give orders to the commanders to keep the army ready. I myself will lead them to the battle-ground.”

Then he remembered Agnisharma. So he revised his decision :

“...But just now I have a very urgent work. When it is over, I will soon get ready for the departure.”

After giving orders to the armis, the Commander-in-chief, himself came and said :

“Your Highness ! The people are very much afraid. The aggressors killed the frontier-guards by playing fraud. If there is any more delay, they will enter our city.”

The Royal astrologer who was just sitting near the King did calculations and made prophesy :

“Your Highness : For setting out to the Battle-ground this hour is so much auspicious that you will surely win.”

Gunsen was busy hearing all. He knew his duty, but the idea of Agnisharma had made him mad.

To add to the trouble, one maid-servant from the harem. whispered something to Gunsen. In reply, Gunsen said, “I am coming just now.” He stood up. The Astrologer warned :

“Your Honour ! You may go to the harem, but give orders first to blow the war-trumpets. The auspicious moments are passing-by.”

Deciding to return immediately, King Gunsen went to the harem. His queen was pregnant. The eight month had passed. Her health took a bad turn, suddenly. So Gunsen took some time.

Again he was reminded of Agnisharma. He came running. He became busy with necessary army-instructions. He told to the Bodyguard who was standing near :

Just go and see if there is any ascetic standing there. Bring him in immediately and see I give to you his description. He has an ugly body, he is blachish and his head is of a triangular shap." To obey the orders, the Bodyguard went to the gate. He asked the gate-keeper. The reply he got from him was :

"Just a moment before such a monk who was thin returned and went away." The Bodyguard gave this message to Gunsen the only words which came out from his mouth were, "Went back ? !" and immediately afterwards he became unconscious and fell down.

As soon as he gained consciousness, he call for a horse which was kept ready for going to the battle-ground. He rode

towards the forest. He met Agnisharma on the way itself. He dismounted and folding his two hands. He spoke in a painful Voice, 'Bhagwan ! I Though I was very careful, a mistake was committed by me. The attack of the enemies, the illness of my Queen and such other domestic troubles I missed welcoming you for a couple of moments. Prabhu ! Forgive my fault and come back to my palace.'

It was a wonderful sight. The crown of Vasantpur itself was standing there with folded hands in front of one poor and skeleton-like thin saint. In fact, both were beggars one was the symbol of enjoyment and the other was that of sacrifice.

Agnisharma spoke only this much in a low Voice : "King ! I cannot break my vow and my decision. It is impossible for me to turn back."

Gunsen knew very well that now

Agnisharma will have to remain without food for the third month successively. This was his pledge. Yet his inner pain was telling him often to find out if any exception or alternative could be had, so that the monk may take food. But it was impossible to expect from such a monk as Agnisharma to take shelter under exceptions simply to satisfy his hunger. The will of Agnisharma was as firm as the Himalayas. When Gunsen was quite sure that Agnisharma would not turn back, he could speak only this much with tears in his eyes, "Bhagwan ! It is my bad luck that you are going back from my house second time. Now I have no courage even to beg pardon of you. Prabhu ! If you oblige me once more I will not consider myself as unfortunate."

The pure and kind vision arose in the mind of Agnisharma. He accepted the request of Gunsen with simple-heart.

The third month's vow was the critical test of Agnisharma. Looking to his body, it seemed that he will breathe his last soon. The body was reduced to skeleton. Every bone was almost visible. The hermits had no hopes for his life. They were of the opinion that the next time. Agnisharma should go to a common man's house for begging food. But Agnisharma was firm in his decision that he should fulfil the promise given to Gunsen. It did not matter even if he died.

Agnisharma had no doubt about the purity, devotion and faith of Gunsen. He was now thinking like this : 'Formerly, Gunsen was mischevous, but after coming to Vasantpur he has completly changed. Instead of going to the battle, he came to me. In his prayer, there were clearly visible the helplessness, the weekness of mind and the purity of heart. Come what may, this time also I will go to the palace. How can I condemn the

prayer done with faith ?'

The third month was also over and the fourth started. This time also Agnisharma had to return hungry. What happened was this : Gunsen remembered Agnisharma for the last three days. But on the day itself, he was busy celebrating the birth-festival of his son. Agnisharma waited for sometime and then went back.

Really speaking, the penance is not any aim or an end in-itself. It is a means for developning the good virtues of peace, forgivanness mercy, tenderness, equanimity etc. One who does not know the utility of penance as such, his penance is wasted.

Agnisharma failed in this fiery-test. It was as if he got zero marks inspite of hard labours. His body felt burning sensation due to anger. The sense of revenge made him mad. He now felt that:

every time, Gunsen was putting forward lame excuses. For three months he has been keeping me hungry like this ! He has planned to kill me. Now I will see that he is destroyed.

The will of Agnisharma had become strongest because of hard penance. He had become most powerful. He could do anything. The birth of anger from penance and birth of pride from power and position are natural. But it is absolutely necessary to pacify anger. Of what use is sacrifice and penance if it can not achieve this ?

If Agnisharma had got anybody to give him more purified and merciful outlook, his penance would have been successful. The hermits could not even dare to go near to him. from his eyes, flames of wrath issued forth.

‘That Gunsen may never get peace or happiness. He is my deadliest enemy.



I will take revenge.' Thinking in this way, Agnisharma got asleep there only on the bed made of 'kush' grass.

In the mind of Gunsen also, there was great storm. What has happened ! How unfortunate I am that in the fourth month also, the Muni will have to remain without food ! With what face I would now apologise ? with what face can I approach him ?

Gunsen took with him the Royal priest somdev. Both went to the forest on foot. Gunsen himself sat in the hut of Kaundinya only. Somdev as a representative of Gunsen went to Agnisharma. He could not decide how to begin. He then said :

"Bhagwan ! Your body is greatly reduced." Agnisharma got annoyed and replied :

"Penance does reduce the body."

The talks did not proceed further.  
So Somdev again said :

“Our king Gunsen greatly respect the ascetics.”

On hearing Gunsen’s name, Agnisharma immediately got up. He felt the pain of a Scorpion’s bite. He burst out bitterly :

“Gunsen....! That Gunsen only is the destroyer of the ascetics ! Do not mention again the name of that wicked sinner.”

Somdev now lost all courage. He did not dare to pursue the talks. He found that no purpose is served by shedding drops of cold water on the heated baking pan. He bowed and went away. Somdev told to Gunsen who was sitting near Kaundinya.

“Flames of anger jump out from the eyes of Agnisharma. To talk with him is

like waking a sleeping lion." Gunsen thought :

"I had no intention to harass the monk. I had never dreamt even such thing. Yet, it is true that I have committed a blunder."

When Acharya Kaundinya knew the whole story, he was convinced that Gunsen is totally innocent. Destiny had willed it so. He himself went to pacify Agnisharma. He saw that Agnisharma was in great misery and was highly wrathful. He had transformed all achievements (Siddhis) into the instinct of avenging. He was pained to see that though Agnisharma had never cared for his body and suffered thirst-hunger, cold and heat etc. There was no sign of mental peace or forgiveness. The ocean of peace, equanimity, patience and sense of forgiving ought to have been rolling in the heart of such a sage. But alas ! It was not there. Every thing was upside down. He did not regard penance as a means for cultivating

nobler virtues. To him, penance was the end. This is the occasion when he can be saved from the fall. He was full of care for the welfare of the pupil. He told to Agnisharma :

‘Dear pupil ! Your power of forbearance is stronger than that of the Himalayas. Common man can not even imagine your forbearance. To-day is your test. After doing so much penance please do not make it null and void. Think seriously whether there is no hole of vice like anger in the ship of your penance. You yourself have to examine this breakage....’

Agnisharma as if did not hear anything of this. He heard only word every now and then—‘revenge’ yes only revenge. By anger, man does harm to himself first and then to others.

Two men are fighting with one another. The first one says, ‘I will beat you with shoes.’ But for beating others, he

has to first take shoes in his hands.' Thus he first becomes impure. He has to come down or fall first. Agnisharma's condition was like this. Before doing evil to Gunsen, he first brought himself down.

"Acharya ! Obeying you, I put up with his insult twice. Third time I cannot bear it. The pot of revenge is full to the brim. I will punish him for his insulting me. If I can't do it in this life, I will not leave him in the next birth." Agnisharma said.

Acharya felt that now it is useless to tell him anything more. How can he be saved ? while departing he asked :

"Dear pupil ! Will you not forgive him ? Has the broad mindedness and mercy of an ascetic gone off ? Think once more. Don't waste away thus your great achievements. Suppose some father rears his dear daughter, and then giving her ornaments and rich dresses, pushes her into

the well. You are doing similar thing.”

Agnisharma disappointing him, replied :

“Honourable Teacher ! My decision and my will always remain unchanged. I have decided to die hungry on this ‘Kusa’ grass. I will never excuse him. Revenge is my only goal. That is my only ‘siddhi’ or realisation.”<sup>1</sup>

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i. The mental condition of Agnisharma had become just like that of Arjuna in ‘Jaydratha Vadh’ written by Maithileesharan Gupta. The sun was on the point of setting. Arjuna Could not fulfill his pledge of killing Jaydath before sun-set. So he tells while embarking on the Pyre :

‘If I have accumulated the stock of merits by now, my only wish is that I may be born again to take revenge.’

But there was one difference. Arjuna was a Kshatriya at war. He was in the Battle-field. Whereas Agnisharma was an ascetic and a Sadhak. His aim ought to have been quite different.

Kulpati Kaundinya informed Gunsen everything of this. Gunsen did not think it proper to approach Agnisharma. He would only intensify his anger. So he apologised mentally and returned to the palace repenting.

Agnisharma had not got Right Vision. He could not do any harm to Gunsen in this life, but with the angry thoughts of avenging him in the next birth. his soul left his body.

Gunsen also heard the news of the passing away of Agnisharma. He was deeply pained. He repented very much. What else can he do even ?

(Please read part 2 for further)

## *Samaraditya-2*

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Because of his curiosity and funny of *way looking at things*, *Gunsen* had harassed and teased Agnisharma. But after coming to Vasantpur he was at fault, unknowingly. He now decided to leave the Kingdom of his father-in-law. He decided to return to his own kingdom and do intraspection. He wanted to get knowledge of the Self.

When there is indigestion of Knowledge, the result is Pride. When there is indigestion of the Penance, the result is Anger. Agnisharma had the indigestion of a penance. The spiritual realisation and Penance do not go in vain. So he became a god Vidyutkumar. But due to the deep-rooted instinct of revenge, he could not get peace even in abode of gods.

Gunsen had practically lost all interest in the work of ruling the State. Yet



he was doing it as a duty. He often thought :

‘Though I had not wished so, how is it that the faults were committed by me ? Why did I become instrumentel in giving trouble to Agnisharma unintentionally ?’

There was no one to satisfy his curiosity. Once he had the chance to meet one person who had the Knowledge of Truth. That learned person gave the account of the troubles he had in life. He said :

“I had a friend. He was my fast friend—a part of myself. He was very proud of his Caste. He was hating the Caste of wathermen most. So after death, he was born as a dog of a washerman only ! He had to pass his life eating pieces of bread. Moreover, the donkeys of the washerman kicked him often. I was most unhappy without my dear friend. One ‘Kevali’ sage informed me that ‘Your

friend is but a dog. He was very proud of his so-called high culture. He used to disregard others. So he got his due.....' "So it is like this."

After listening to this story, Gunsen found that the pride about one's intelligence, power knowledge etc. is vain. He found the life meaningless.<sup>1</sup>

One day, Gunsen was engrossed in self-contemplation. At that time Agnisha-

1 In some books, it is so mentioned that Gunsen heard some tragic crying in the neighbourhood. He learnt that the only son of a particular businessman was dead. By this incident, he was moved and he had no love for the worldly life. Handing over the charge of his Kingdom to his son Chandrasen, he went for 'Diksha' to the monk Vijaysen Suri, in the neighbouring City. He halted some where on the way. He was engrossed in self-contemplation there only. Then Vidyutkumar showered fire on him.

--Samaraditya Kavali Charitra.

arma in the form of a god Vidputkumar now, showered hot sands on him. The skin of the body of Gunsen was burnt and rooted off. But his spirituality was undiminished. When we abuse somebody and he does not pay heed to it, we feel pain. The whole purpose seems to have been lost. Vidyutkumar had the similar experience. Seeing Gunsen undisturbed he became more angry. So he decided to burn him (Gunsen) to death.

As is the mental condition and desire at the time of death, so becomes his *fortune or nature in the next birth*. In the midst of fiery showers even he had the equal love for all. His thoughts were :

“I have no enemy. All are my friends. Agnisharma was also not my enemy. Knowingly or unknowingly if I have hurt the feelings of anybody, I apologize.”

Thus bathing in the nectar of Dharma and Meditation, his soul left his

body. He became god Chandranan in 'Saudharma Loka.'

The enmity between Agnisharma and Gunsen lasted for nine births. It is not necessary that only if we do evil consciously, we get Bondage of Karma. Even if unknowingly in fun and joke, if anyone does unworthy acts, then also one has to suffer the fruit of such action manyfold with compound interest.

Here only the stories of some births of Agnisharma and Gunsen are narrated. By reading this, the long tradition of births-deaths and rebirths, appear before our very eyes like wall-pictures.

## THE MURDER OF THE FATHER

(Second Birth)

All the animals of this Earth do reap the fruits of actions done in the previous births. The present birth is only an instrument in the crimes or virtues.

Gunsen had experienced delight in teasing Agnisharma in sporting curiosity and in jest. And afterwards, unknowingly and without any ill-will had kept him hungry after invitation.

At the time of death, Agnisharma bade goodbye to the virtue of forgiveness natural to the monks. He, on the contrary, packed with him the bad instinct of revenge. That Agnisharma, in some births, paid back to Gunsen the fruits of action by being born as a son. sometimes in the form of a mother he became the killer of a son. He was totally, helpless before

the potency of 'karma' to bear fruits.

King Purushadatt ruled in Jaipur. He was a great religious king. By good luck, his son Sinhkumar was more than equal to him in this respect i. e. in religiosity and looking to the welfare of the people. When this son got completely trained, Purushadatt thought of doing good to his soul. Sinhkumar was enthroned. He himself took a vow of self-control from Guru Amittej. He was consecrated also.

Sinhkumar was busy ruling. His queen Kusumavali was of saintly nature, faithful to her husband and virtuous. She had no child so far. Once she saw in a dream that one black cobra had entered her mouth. She did not tell this to the king because it was not a good dream. It was ill-omened and doubtful.

After this, she became pregnant. The

king rejoiced at the news. The people of Jaipur gladly waited for the birth of a son.

But Kusumavali had no joys. The dream of the black serpent tormented her mind. In the third month, the queen had the peculiar desire (pregnant woman's 'dohad') to eat the intestines of the king. She trembled at this and thought :

'Woe unto this child who has made me desire such thing ! Such a bad child ought to die before being born. I will not bear this.'

At the completion of nine and quarter months, she experienced the pangs of delivery. The whole city was mad with hopes. The king and all others were waiting to get the news from the harem that the queen had given birth to a son.

Kusumavali had kept beside her only her one faithful maid-servant. Her name

was Madhavi. Kusumavali told to her, soon after she gave birth to a son :

‘You immediately throw away this child somewhere. Give news to the king that the born child was a dead one.’

The maid-servant was spell-bound. She was trembling to hear such orders. She spoke out :

“Your Honour ! What are you telling ? You take it to be a sin even to kill ants. You love other’s children. And such a cruelty to your own child ? I can’t understand this.”

The queen replied :

“That’s enough. Now don’t speak further. This son who wishes to do evil to my husband who is like a god, should not be allowed to live. I can become a killer of my son, but I would never sacrifice my husband’s life. I cannot have bad luck of being a widow.”



The maid-servant again sad :

“O Queen Honourable ! Speculation is after all, a speculation. Inferences are not always true. Simply because of illusion and doubt, to kill an innocent child is a horrible sin.”

The queen gave the final order :

“Maid-servant ! I had seen the dream of a cobra before conceiving this Child. Then during the pregnancy I had the ‘dohad’ to eat the intestines of my husband. Such a son is bound to make me a widow. Surely, some enemy of my husband has been born as my son. It is my duty to protect my husband. I have decided that I will not keep such a bad son in my house. Now please take him away quickly.”

The maid-servant sent a message about dead son to the King. The enthusiasm of the citizens was soon turned into an ocean of sorrow. On the other

side, the maid-servant wrapped the new born child in a cloth and set out on her mission.

But what an illusion ! Man thinks that 'I will do such a thing, I will not do that thing' etc. But the controller and regulator is quite some one else. See the inscrutability of destiny and strangeness of coincidence that the King Sinhkumar met the servant on her way ! One who is to live long and one who has been born to do something, who can kill him ?

The maid-servant was just leaving the harem. It was destined that Sinhkumar should meet her just then. Who can undo what Destiny has decided to do ? The maid-servant was terribly afraid.

The guilty can't hide his guilt. She was caught red-handed. As she was innocently carrying out the orders of the queen only, she was set free. The King came to

the queen along with the child and the maid-servant.

The King asked :

“Queen ! Will you become an exception to a mother’s love ? How is it that your heart to-day is harder than the thunderbolt ?”

The queen narrated in brief the dream and all that followed. The King said :

“My dearest ! If evil is destined to happen, who can change it ? It is bound to happen. By killing this child even, you can not prevent the evil happening. It is a mere foolishness to challenge the writings of Destiny. It is cowardice to kill an innocent child in order to escape from the evil days.

Your excellency ! What will this son do when he is matured ? At the most, he will kill me for getting the throne. But if I myself hand over to him this

Kingdom how can he kill me ? We can suspect the whole world for doing evil to me. Will you consider the whole world as an enemy ? O queen ! If we do so, to live itself becomes a difficult task.

You understand and follow what I advise. Remove illusion, doubts and fear from your mind. This child is innocent. Do not bring into disrepute the motherly love. Rear this child."

Queen Kusumavali took back her son from the maid-servant. Her hidden and suppressed motherly love woke up. Milk poured out like ocean from her breasts to feed the child. Now she was repenting. King Sinhkumar gazed at her without mincing a bit. He now explained to her :

"My dearest Queen ! No power in the whole world can do evil to the soul. The greatest and the wickedest of our foes can annihilate our body, can burn it and tear it to pieces, but he can

not do any harm to our soul. The body will perish. But to kill this child because of the false attachment of the body that it will perish, is not only a sin, but a cowardice too."

The queen could not contain herself. She was full of emotions. She could see that her husband is not only a good king, but also a philosopher. She knew it to-day only. The queen said, consoling herself :

"Swami ! I have not done harm to any animal or man in the my life. I have cherished love for even an ant. I have not even thought proper the death of a dieing man. In such conditions, how can a bad and ill-omened child be born of me ? In respect of the dream and the 'dohad' what fault is of this poor child ?"

## THE MURDER OF THE FATHER

Kusumavali was now busy with the nourishing of her son. The birth of the son was celebrated with great pomp. The name of the child prince was declared as Anandkumar.

Anandkumar grew day by day. He became skilled in cavalry, archery, sword-fighting etc. He possessed the capacity of teaching the enemies a lesson by defeating them.

As Anandkumar became more and more powerful, the religious spirit and detachment of king Sinhkumar increased. The king was lost in thought of taking to renunciation by enthroning Anandkumar. His instinct of forgiveness and peace was so much that he did not punish the enemies properly. He did not adopt the method of 'Tit For Tat'.

Because of such monk-like tendency of his, the battle loving soldiers and commanders were very sad.

Once the neighbouring king Durmati surrounded the border of his kingdom from all sides. The king ordered the commander to reach by the border immediately with the army. The enemies should not be allowed to proceed further. He would be following them soon. He also ordered him that their army should not do any injury unless and until Durmati attacks them.

There should not be any bloodshed unnecessarily.

Because of this order the soldiers became very sad. They were murmuring, 'We do not know whether we are being sent to fight to do pilgrimage ! If Anand-kumar was in charge of this battle we would have cut the enemies to pieces and Durmati would not have dared to attack

us again.

King Sinhkumar set out for the bettle field. On the way he saw a wonderful sight. One snake had half swallowed one frog. Just near them the peacock was there ready to take snake in its grips. Moreover one big cobra was spining for swallowing up all these three—the peacock, the snake and the frog.

Sinhkumar got down from the horse. He was thinking 'what strange thing is this ! The famous proverb—The mightier animal eats the less mighty one—has reached to such an extent. It seems that after all, all these are the dinner of one 'king cobra.' Of what use is the devouring of frog by the snake ?'

King Sinhkumar went to the battle-camp in a sad mood. The minister and the commander were waiting for the orders, whereas the sight of the frog, the snake etc. was making the king restless. He was



thinking like this :

‘The officer of the state exploits the people. The officer has to be the victim of the king’s wrath. But in the end all these three—the king, the subject and the officer—have to be the food of death, in the form of Time. The bettle, the protection of the border, the extension of the kingdom—how all these things are illusory ? All animals fight with each-other forgetting the time.’

At that time the guard gave the news, “Your Highness ! Durmati wants to see you. He has come unarmed.” The king permitted. Durmati came with an axe in his hand. Putting it on the ground he told with folded hands “Your honour ! I am surrendered to you. Now either you kill me or let me live. If you want to kill me, I have brought an axe with me. I have done a great crime by thinking to fight with me.”

The king with simple heart embraced Durmati and poke, "Durmati ! Your name is wrong. Actually you are 'Sumati' i. e. the person with good sense. I welcome your proposal of compromise. In it lies the welfare of the king and the people. By extending the borders of our kingdom. We don't gain anything because in the end we have to become the food of Time. So it is the duty of the king to protect the people in the limited borders."

All were surprised seeing the change of heart of Durmati. The king came back in the city. He began to rule the people as usual.

Next day he called the senior minister and said, "Mahamantri ! Make speedy preparation your enthroning ceremony of Anandkumar. I now want to imitate my father Purushdatta. By handing over the crown to the prince I want to live a life of self-control.

The Mahamantri supported this idea. He began to get all preparations done for the enthroning ceremony of Anandkumar. When the queen Kusumavali learnt about the king's renunciation of the worldly life, she merely said :

“My dear husband ! Was it for this day that you had accepted my hand in marriage ? To whose care you are leaving me ?”

The king replied with a smile : “And if I die, whose support will you have ? Moreover, Anandkumar is already there. You have nothing to worry. I am going away, giving you the good fortune of the status of a ‘mother of the king’-Rajmata.”

Hearing the name of Anand, the queen trembled with fear. The bad company of the prince, his bad conduct, licentious behaviour all these were well known to her. On this good occasion, she did not think it proper to make the king unhappy

by mentioning any fact about the prince. She was worrying all the while. Seeing her silent, the king said :

“Great queen ! Let apart the idea of renunciation. Even otherwise, when the son becomes quite capable, the old father should hand over the responsibility of kingdom to his son. The king who does not do this at the proper time, is fared with the revolt of his sons. Not only that, but the sons even murder their father.”

The queen remembered all the past incidents—the dream of the snake entering her mouth before conceiving her child Anandkumar, the desire to devour the intestines of her husband after her conceiving all these she remembered and became unhappy. She actually trembled. She thought :

“When my husband himself hands over the Kingdom to Anandkumar,

there is no reason left for his doing harm to his father.'

\*

All the preparations of enthroning ceremony were over. The waters of all the pilgrim centres, the lump of earth, the traditional mixture of honey, curd, sugar, ghee and milk—'The panchamrit'—the coddung, the lion's skin, Bhadrasan etc. were duly collected. The prince also was eager to climb the throne. The King is also waiting to get this ceremony completed and to follow the path of an ascetic. Whereas Anandkumar was calculating when he could do what he likes after becoming King.

Now, the secret of Durmati's surrender was that seeing the vast army of *Sinhkumar*, he became nervous. He was convinced that he will have to accept defeat. So he surrendered.

After that, however, he did not remain quiet. He negotiated with Anand-

kumar. He instigated him and took him to his side. He told him to revolt against his father and be a king, Anandkumar also became ready for the revolt. But when they learnt that the king himself was to make him king within five days, their ill-wishes became fruitless.'

Durmati was sitting in the room of Anandkumar. He was thinking, 'how shall I get my plan fulfilled ? When Anandkumar gets the throne so easily, why should he be ready to revolt ? Still let me try.'

So he told Anandkumar :

"Prince ! the talks of giving kingdom to you are a mere cheating. However religious a man becomes, he can not relinquish the royal powers. Sinhkumar is not going to leave Kingdom. Moreover, you are a brave man. Will you accept Kingdom given to you as an alms ? The brave ones get the Crown by the power of their own swords.' The brave does not wait."

Anandkumar was regarding Durmati as his well-wisher. He was so much implesoed by Durnati. He found the advice of Durmati quite proper. He had now the mixed feelings of faith and lack of faith for his father. The faith was generated by the conduct of the King. Lack of trust was because of the effect of past birth and of the desire to take revenge. Anandkumar replied to Durmati, "Your suggestion is alright. But I don't lose anything in waiting for four days. If the kingdom is not handed over to me in four days, I will get it forcibly."

Durmati was not a man who can be convinced easily. He spread his net and said, "O Prince ! You are still a child. You do not know the world. Suppose you do get the throne on the fifth day. But what guarantee is there that your father will not deceive you ? He may do some conspiracy against you. He may put some obstacles in your way. So long as

your father is living. You cannot rule peacefully."

The prince also thought that there is some truth in it. 'My father will poke his nose in every plan of mine. In matters of kingdom nobody is anybody's father or son. Many princes have acquired the crown by murdering their fathers. I must also follow them.'

Durmati saw that Anand was in thoughtful mood. The arrow has struck at the right place. So he again said, "Prince! It is not necessary that your hands should be coloured with the blood of your father. It is enough if you make him a prisoner. Whoever come in our way will be done with. I am always with you."

Anand showed his difficulty, "But how to do this?" Durmati replied, "You have not to go anywhere. We will invite the king. As soon as he comes he should be made a prisoner."



Anand said, "Suppose he does not come here by our invitation or suppose he smells our plot then what to do ?"

Durmati laughed like any thing. He showed the key to success in this way. "Prince ! You are really innocent. It is not necessary even to invite him. He will call you sometime before the ceremony. At that time you should not go there. So he will come to inquire of you. Exactly at that time we will do the job."

\*

The King Sinhkumar was observing the Vow of love and peace. He was giving promise of protecting the life of even enemy. People regarded him as a person who has no enemies. He considered this world as unreal and yet his own son was plotting to arrest him. He would even kill the king. But does this all happen without any cause ? No, no event is without a cause. It was Agnisharma of previous

birth who was now Anandkumar and Sinhkumar who was Gunsen.

The difference was only of bodies, the Soul was same.

The King came to call Arandkumar. The soilders were kept ready by Anandkumar. As soon as the King arrived he was arrested by these people. The King was surprised a bit. He made himself contented with the thought that it was all due to some action of his done in the past birth.

The queen Kusumavali became unconscious as soon as she heard this news. When she regained the consciousness she requested Anandkumar to release the King but Anand did not care for it.

The King, sitting in the prison was thinking thus : 'The People regard me a Prisoner. But who is not a prisoner in this world ? This whole world is a big prison.'

He started fasts for his self-purification. But Anand took it in a wrong way. He thought :

“Even while staying in the prison, they want to defame me. That is why he has began his fasts. I will not now give him any more chance. Along with the bamboo, let the flute also go. He will conspire against me even in the jail. I will get peace only after I Kill him.’

He murdered his father with his own hands.

The King was in highly spiritual mood at the time of death. He was *meditating on ‘Panch Parmeshthi.’* He had not an ounce of anger for Anand, his son. He did not abandon patience and forgiveness. He thought :

‘What fault is there of Anand ? He is only an instrument in getting me reap

the fruit of my actions.\*

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\*The soul of Gunsen was in Sinh-kumar and Agnisharma's soul was in the body of Anandkumar. They respectively became the father and the son. But because they had enmity in the previous birth, the son murdered his father. The soul of Sinhkumar left the present body in a spirit of equal love for all. So it was born in the third abode of gods. The jealous and fraughly Anand first went to hell after death.

## THE MOTHER MURDERS HER SON

### (Third Birth)

A religious minded Brahmin named Brahmdatt lived in Koshnagar. His wife Jalinee also was a pious and chaste lady.\* Jalinee gave birth to a son. Brahmadatt named him Sikhee.\* He began to grow. When he became young he shone by his virtues. He honoured his parents as gods. His natural virtues were sympathy for others' miseries, service to others, acquiring of knowledge etc. Brahmadatt loved his son very much. In fact, all loved him, including the neighbours.

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\* Brahmadatt was the son of the minister Buddhisagar; and Jalinee (The soul of Agnisharma) was the daughter of another minister of the same kingdom. Her father's name was *Indrasharma*.

\* Sikhee was the soul of Gunsen.

Who can imagine that even a mother can be cruel ? Even if the mother is a demoness, she does not murder her son. But a cultured lady like Jalinee did not even care for Sikhee. She hated him. Apparently, one could not see the cause of this sort of her behaviour; but in fact, it had a cause. The only thing was that ordinary people could not see it. Only the Munis could see it.

One day, Jalinee told her husband frankly. "I have told you hundred times that either Sikhee lives in this household or myself. If you love Sikuee too much, let me go away. And if you want to keep me here, then drive him out. There can not be two things. Two swords can not be accomodated in one case."

Brahmadatt persuaded her :

"Learned lady ! Both of you are dear to me. What harm Sikhee does to you? Both of you live to-gether. If you don't

like him, wait for some days more. Let him be matured. When he becomes powerful, he will go away somewhere. Where will he wander now ?”

Jalinee remained silent and obeyed him, much against her will. But she tried all the ways to make Sikhee miserable. He never got the mother’s love. He thought :

‘Jalinee is my own mother. She has nourished me in her womb for nine months. Even so, why does she not love me ? She calls all other boys with love, but she looks to me as if I am not her son but an enemy !’

Again he thought :

‘I try to keep my mother pleased in all possible ways, still she remains displeased.’

Sikhee had no attachment for his home. He was even ready to leave the house in order to please his mother, but

at the thought of his father, he cancelled the idea. He knew that the father will not bear the pain of separation.

‘For my happiness, I will not make my father unhappy. I will bear the scoldings of my mother, but I will not make my father desperate.’

Looking to the modesty and innocence of Sikhee, any mother would regard herself as most fortunate in getting such a son. But Jalinee was an exception to this. The result of Vengeance had reached to its highest limit. Because it is said that a son may be a bad son, but the mother does not become a bad mother. But here in this case, the mother had far advanced than being a bad mother.

We must take this to be a treachery of karmas. Jalinee was cultured, faithful and was a Brahmin. Jalinee forsook her son as soon as she gave delivery, but because she became childless afterwards,



she adopted another's son. But then, she learnt afterwards that she had adopted the same boy whom she had given away.

As soon as she learnt this secret, she became the enemy of Sikhee. She could not tolerate that the son whom she had sent away, returned again to her house.

Once she threw the last challenge :

"If Sikhee remains in this house, I will commit suicide by falling into the well. This is my last and final decision."

Brahmadatt thought it wise to remain silent. But Sikhee overheard the threat. He decided :

'The son who becomes the cause of his mother's suicide, should not live in this house. By my going away, the father will surely have acute pain, but if I am alive, I will see my father sometimes.'

Deciding thus, he left the house. He had no idea where he was to go, where

he was to live. He had no such friend or companion. The whole Universe was his house. Earth was the bed and the sky was the covering. He thought :

‘Even the tiniest creature gets protection in the lap of its mother. Whereas my mother hates me and wants to commit suicide because of me. I have never insulted her because I consider her goddess. Then why this hatred ? Why she is unlike other mothers ?

He did not get the answer. How can he ? The real cause was of previous birth’s Karmas. And this cause was invisible.

\*

Sikhee had the patience to bear hunger, thirst and misery. Wandering through the forest he once met a Muni. His name was Suriver Vijaysinh. He was lost in meditation under a tree. Sikhee sat near his feet. When the monk opened his eyes, Sikhee bowed with respect. The

monk touched the head of Sikhee with love. Seeing his gloomy face, he said :

‘Child ! it seems in such a young age, you have to leave the house. You have not got love. Before being adult, the mountain of miseries fallen on you.’

Sikhee could not speak due to emotion. He replied with painful voice :

“Prabhu ! There is no such misery as such. But when the moon shows the embers of fire, when darkness is spread out from the sun itself we feel very much surprise and shock. Because of such experiences, I have lost interest in life. The lap of my mother has become for me hot sands.”

The Munj consoling him said :

“Dear Son ! the world moves on as per its speed and direction. This soul is all alone. So long as you do not understand this and think yourself alone, you will

not be free from the miseries of life. Because the fruits of our Karmas only, it seems to us that the moon showers fire and the sun throws darkness. Your self, I and all other who either suffer or give to others love, hatred, jealousy, contempt simply because of our past Karmas. All is the result of our actions.”

Sikhee could not understand anything. He asked again :

“Prabhu ! There are certain permanent rules of this worldly life. A son may turn bad, but the mother remains a good mother. She never becomes cruel. The cow becomes furious like a lioness when she sees that a lion wants to devour her calf. Is my mother only an exception to this universal rule ? Will there be any son as unfortunate as me, in world ?”

There was a mild smile shining on the face of the monk. Preaching about self, he said :

“Do you understand that you are the only exception to this universal law? To get the throne a son murders his father. There is also a reason why some mothers give poison to their sons. But such causes can be known only through the Eyes of Enlightenment. The trouble is, you try to see the cause with your normal eyes. Sometimes some ladies keep so much love on; other's child that some think that it is her child. To give poison to her own child and to love other's son, both these things are the result of Karmas. The fruits of these actions are not of one birth alone but they belong to many many births. Therefore, you believe yourself alone. Then only you will be able so save your soul.”

Sikhee was a cultured boy. He gradually became completely stable-minded. The teacher gave him complete Knowledge by giving many illustrations of Karmas and their results.

The mind of Sikhee was sanctified by spiritualism. He had decided to observe the five great vows for destroying all actions and for the uplift of the soul.

He was just doing this, when his father *Brahmadatt* came searching him. His face lighted up with joy on seeing his son. He embraced Sikhee and said :

“My dear son ! You came without telling us anything ! About your mother I can only tell you that I am not only your father but also your mother. Now you come along with me. I will make a separate arrangement for you. I will not be able to live without you.”

The internal pain of Brahmdatt was beyond description. Sikhee was not unknown about his tender nature; but now he had got the royal path which could give him unique happiness. He consoled his father and said :

"My respected father ! Have I forgotten your love for me ? Not at all. But now I will not come back leaving this path which would do atmost good to me. Now I want your blessings only."

The father said :

"Son ! You are still a boy. It is not a child's play to observe vows. The person who abandont the vow in the middle loses everything. You have to stick to it upto the end."

Sikhee was firm in his decision. The father's caution could not shake him. When Brahmdatt saw that it is not possible to take him, home, he said :

"I have no power to give you blessings. Keep in mind my only wish that I want you to show your face to me sometimes.... and forget now your mother's cruelty."

These words he told before bidding farewell. Sikhee fell on his knees as a respect to his father. He had tears in his eyes. Brahmdatt returned to Koshnagar with a heavy heart.

\*

The monk Sikhee began to climb the high steps of spiritual 'Sadhana'. His fame spread far and wide. It seemed the disciple became sugar and the teacher remained a jaggery. Muni Suriver Vijaysinh also considers himself lucky in getting such a pupil. Sikhee studied all Shashtras. Muni Sikhee who was now completely devoid of any regard for worldly life, began to climb higher and higher in matters of control and renunciation. The integrity of character hone from each and every nerve of his. When Sikhee bowed so the teacher, it seemed that this dignified soul will be world-respected one day.

Sikhee taught the other sages. He



replied to their doubts in such a clear manner that they could distinguish milk from water.

Once Muni Sikhee along with the teacher Suriver Vijaysinh and other saints, stayed in the garden of the Tamralipta city. Muni Sikhee was preaching religion in the midst of a circular assembly of all 'Sadhus'. They all heard him, spellbound. At that time, there came a Brahmin named Somdev. In his hands, he carried one blanket of jewels. Giving this blanket to sikhee, he said :

"Your mother Jalinee has sent this blanket made of jewels as a gift to you."

Sikhee was surprised to see this stranger Somdev. He began to think, taking in his hands the blanket. His mind began to swing between trust and distrust surprise and consolation. He thought :

'My mother is an exception to all

mothers. How can she send such a gift ?.... Why can't she ? After all she is a mother ? It is just possible that her heart might have been flooded with love and attachment in these days. What certificate is required for a thing which is directly visible. Here is a precious gift. This showed that my mother is really full of love for her son.'

Thus, he became emotional. Like a child he was dipped in deep waters of attachment. When he touched the blanket, he felt as if he is touching the feet of his dear mother. He thought that if he was alone, he would have danced there putting the blanket on his head.

Muni Sikhee became a bit alert. He told to Somdev :

"Gentleman ! I put on only those clothes which are put off or thrown away by my Guru. Apart from that, the monks do not accept gifts. They do not keep

more than necessary. I will have to seek the permission of my guru. You may sit here. I will be returning after taking the guru necessary permission from my teacher.”

Sikhee expressed his mind's workings to his Guru. Muni saw that the pupil is a victim of greed or false love. The human weakness has taken possession of him. He did not wish to deny bluntly. So he replied in implied language :

“You have renounced everything. You should not have any attachment or attraction for beautiful and costly things. If you need it, you may accept the blanket.”

The pupil Sikhee was so much moved by the motherly love shown to him by Jalinee that he could not understand the implied meaning of his teachers reply. Out of all the words, he heard only five words Viz ‘you may accept the blanket.’

So he took the blanket from Somdev.

Before departing, Somdev gave the following message :

“After your departure, mother Jalinee has been waiting for you day and night. She became very sad because of your departure, she hoped that some day you will return. When she came to know of your fame, she sent this present to you. She has also invited you to Koshnagar. Because it is not far from this place.”

The mother not only sent a gift but an invitation also. Knowing this Sikhee was very much moved with feelings. He had left all relations of worldly life, but now he was again trapped in those relations. He replied to Somdev. “Somdev ! Tell my mother that I am a wanderer without any ties. So I cannot promise to come to Koshnagar. But I will keep it in mind if we happen to come to that side.

\*

Since the day Sikhee got the blanket

and invitation his condition was changed. Now he could not teach properly. When any doubt was raised his argument was as shaky as the leaf of a Pippal Tree. Now the light on his forehead was just like a mirror covered with dew. This man who was free from attachment and who was famous for the so-called sacrifice was now suffering from some inner pain.

Since birth Sikhee did not get love from brother or sister or even mother herself. After years he had some hope of getting the motherly love. Such motherly love is difficult to get even for gods. The mother was ready to commit suicide because of him; now she only had sent an invitation. Now he was eager to see his mother. Who can explain to Sikhee who desired to quench his thirst with the help of the dew !

(Please read part 3 for further.)

# SAMARADITYA

## 3

Muni Sikhee got the opportunity. Destiny had taken him to Koshnagar. Vijaysinhisuri and all the monks had camped near Koshnagar. Sikhee asked him, "Honourable teacher ! My mother had send an invitation to visit Koshnager. Will you please permit me to go ?"

The teacher saw that some unknown bad happening was taking Sikhee to Koshnagar. He could not speak for some time. He could not accept this request of Sikhee. Nor had he a power to refuse. At last he said, "If you insist on going to Koshnagar, there is no objection. But weakness of mind is not good for the monks. Sometimes the weakness may look small but it may be huge at any time."

Sikhee became conscious. He could clearly see the gloominess on the face of his Guru. He considered this and said :

“Sir ! For the first time in my life, I have got a drop of mother’s love. I am not going to stay there. I will return within two or three days.”

The teacher clarified :

“If the ocean of mother’s love had really swollen up, Jalinee could have herself come to you. Mother’s invitation may be termed unjust from the worldly point of view. So it is better if the son goes to his mother. But somehow or other, my mind tells me that ‘will it not be that you are going away from me forever ? You may go if you like, but my tongue falters. I can’t give you permission gladly.’”

Sikhee trying to remove the worries and sadness of his Guru, said :

“Honourable teacher ! I am lucky to get unparalleled love and favour of yours. So you suspect that I may not return, but I will convert my mother to the path of religion.”

Hearing this, the teacher was pleased. What higher duty can be there of a son towards his mother ? Really, the son Sikhee deserves praise and compliments.

Vijaysinhshuri permitted Sikhee to go to Koshnager with his co-monks. They stayed in a garden ‘Meghwan’ near Koshnager.

Muni Vijaysinh was constantly thinking, ‘Jalinees has not invited Sikhee out of pure love. Why was she silent for so many days ? The love of a mother is like a rivulet. It may be flowing less for a minute or so. It may overflow for a moment. But this stream has begun to flow after many years ! This is rather impossible. Who can undo what is destined to



happen ?

\*

Sikhee came to Koshnagar. There he got the news that his father was dead by now. Jalinee had got the news of Sikhee's arrival. Wicked persons get success in their aim by playing religious frouds. Jalinee also took the weapons of religion and motherly love in her hands and decided to Kill Sikhee.

Formerly, she only wished that Sikhee should be driven off. She thought that after leaving the sweet home, he will rot in the streets, will have to beg for piece of bread and thus be most miserable. The more she thought of possible pains and hard. Ships to Sikhee, the more glad she became. But quite a different thing happened in this case. Sikhee got the Lordship of the whole world. His fame resounded from all the directions. People paid him great respect and bowed down to him. Jalinee thought :

‘The more fame of his spreads, the more I will be censured. His increasing fame will pinch my heart like a thorn. I will rest only after crushing and uprooting him to-day.’

Sikhee himself came to his mother along with the co-monks. The people of Koshnager were full of emotions. Sikhee was born in Koshnagar itself. It was a matter of pride and pleasure that a boy born here, became so great. The King and the people, therefore extended a wonderful welcome to Sikhee. Jalinee was shaded by jealousy and mental agony. Simple-hearted son believed that the cause of his mother’s gloomy face was her husband’s (Brahmadati’s) death. So he preached to her about the temporariness of the worldly life, the immortality of the soul and the inevitable Death. He advised her in most polite and effective words to forget the misery which was a result of his father’s death. Jalinee also pretended to be on the

point of weeping. She acted a drama also of taking vows. Sikhee was giving her the religious codes. She on her part, was using it as a means to achieve her goal.

Jalinee who was unfamiliar with the rules of conduct of monks said :

“I will consider myself fortunate if you take meal; which I serve you. I want to purify my soul of my past bad behaviour by serving food to you.”

Sikhee showed his inability to do so.

“For us that is not permissible, I am helpless.”

Jalinee gave fare well to them at that time. She decided to use this weapon in future.

Muni Sikhee returned to Meghvan garden. Three days passed swiftly. The fourth day when they had to set out was just near. Jalinee was puzzled. She thought :

“If I allow him to go alive, I will never be able to kill him.”

She prepared sweets called ‘Laddus’ in which she mixed deadly poison. These were made for Sikhee. For the remaining three Munis, she made different preparation of ‘Kansar.’

It was the fourteenth day. The next day, the month was to be over. On this day, generally the Sadhus do not take food. So the question of giving food to all was solved. Otherwise all would die. ‘My only one enemy must be off.’ She thus thought, and she came to the garden. She placed the Laddus before Sikhee.

“My dear son ! To-day at least you please take preparation made by me and then go.”

Sikhee said :

“Mother ! The Shramanas do not take food prepared by others for himself alone.

So this food is disallowed for me.”

Jalinee began to be nervous. Still she tried another blow, “I am ignorant person. How can I know the rules of the Shramanas. Will you kick off my devotion and faith in this way ? At least once please oblige devotee.”

Sikhee was a victim of human weakness. Love attacked on renunciation. Sikhee was getting mild. He found out some exception in this particular case and accepted the Laddus from his mother. So the other monks also accepted the special sweets made for them i. e. ‘Kansar.’ Jalinee herself made Sikhee eat those Laddus. She returned home afterwards. The poison had its effect. The body of Sikhee turned blue. He became unconscious. When he opened his eyes for the last time, he told to the monks who sat nearby : “Do not worry about me. In this world no body is my enemy or friend. I forgive all. I am simply reaping the fruits of my past act-

ions. I have neither hatred nor doubt for any body.”

Thus, Muni Sikhee who had equal love for all, died. Great Muni Vijaysinhsuri and other monks of the ‘Sangh’ were very much impressed by the generosity, mercy and peace of Sikhee. Vijaysinhsuri addressed the monks and said, “Jalinee is the enemy of Sikhee from previous birth. There is no doubt about this. Even if I wished I could not have saved him. No body has power to undo what destiny has decided and nobody has power to change its course of future.

This is the only place where the wheel of worldly life looks rotating. Even the mild and helpless deer dares to oppose the lion for protecting the life of her young one out of motherly love. Here, on the contrary, the human mother herself murders her son by giving him poisonous Laddus.

O monks ! on the Stage of this world persons being related by the deeds of previous births play the roles of father-son, mother-son etc. They retire after staging the drama.

\*

The Agnisharma of previous birth was born as Jalinee and Gunsen was born as her son Sikhee. Each and every nerve of Jalinee was throbbing with the idea of vengeance. She was herself like a poisonous object. So she offered the poison. There is no wonder about it.

Because there is fire, there is water. Because there is darkness there is the sun. Similarly because there are revenges and hatred there is forgiveness. Only forgiveness, love and peace can burn the Laddus of revenge, hatred and anger. Gunsen adopted love in the form of Sikhee.

\*

## A WOMAN - THE MURDERER OF HUSBAND

(Fourth Birth)

There lived a big merchant named Vaishraman in the city Susham. The name of his wife was Sridevi. Vaishraman earned so much wealth in trade and commerce that five generations of his can live without doing any work. But the enjoyer of wealth had not heir. Because he was childless, he was very unhappy inspite of unlimited property. Of what use is that wealth whose future enjoyer is nobody ?

Though the merchant was unhappy, he was not frustrated. Because hope is such a creeper that it never gets dried. So long as all the possible attempts and religious rites do not fail, the disappointment does not come. For getting the child, the husband and wife worshipped the Yaksha named Dhandev. Many days of wor-



ship bore fruit. Sridevi gave birth to a son. The name of the son was therefore kept 'Dhandev.'

Dhandev began to grow. There was no want of love, foundling and of eating or drinking. Dhandev was a man of few words, modest and unassuming. He was also loved by his neighbours, friends and children of equal age. But he had one vice. Whenever he returned home, he used to forget some thing or other outside. Sometimes it is an ornament, or costly clothes. Vaishraman commented and said only this much that either Dhandev is of a forgetful nature or he is a coward. Because some body or other used to rob him of such things.

The father was never unhappy with his son's habit of this type. He hoped that when Dhandev gets matured, he will have some sense. He will then take care of ornaments and clothes. Of course, he

was surprised why Dhandev does not keep proper care of costly materials. Once secretly he made inquiries. He learnt that Dhandev had no love or attachment for clothes and ornaments. He himself used to put off his costly clothes and give them to the needy. Vaishraman was extremely pleased with his son's generosity of giving alms freely. He believed that surely some holy soul of previous birth has been born in his house. I have no shortage of funds. Even if Dhandev gives alms day and night, I have not much to lose. What better utility of wealth is there than giving alms ?

Dhandev was now young. He was married to Dhanshree. She was the daughter of businessman. After marriage there was one strange change in Dhandev. He was not a hoarder of wealth of course, but he now discontinued giving alms. The beggars and the needy had now nothing to hope from Dhandev. His friends also were wonders-

truck seeing such meserliness in a son of such a wealthy man.

Once, one businessman was giving alms to the beggars. The dinner to the hungry, the clothes to the naked poor and money to the rest were being distributed. On seeing the light of contentment and gratitude on the faces of the beggars, Dhandev was mad with joy. From somewhere, Somdev the friend of Dhandev arrived there. He asked :

“Dhandev ! What are you engrossed in seeing ?” Dhandev was startled to see his friend. He replied :

“Friend ! You also see what I see.”

Somdev said : “What is there to see there ? Just opposite is a queue of beggars and one merchant is giving alms. No natural sight or scenery is there worth seeing.”

Dhandev said : “See from my angle of vision. If you do so you will get more

pleasure than you get from natural scenery."

Somdev asked, "But what should I see?"

Dhandev replied. "I like very much to see the light. which shines on the faces of the beggars, because of contentment and gratitude. It gives me more delight than the best natural scenery." Somdev became full of immotions by this reply of Dhandev. He was very much surprised because Dhandev was always hating this sort of charity. So he asked :

"Dhandev ! Your father has immeasurable wealth. Whatsoever. you give away as alms is not going to run short. Moreover, your father always liked your sense of charity. Then, why don't you satisfy the beggars giving alms with your own hands?"

Dhandev became serious, but he had to satisfy the doubt of his friend. So he said "Somdev ! I see many sons of the

wealthy fathers living in this city. They enjoy with their money. But I consider it as cowardice. My father loves me very much. I am an heir to his wealth. But, friend ! The real joy of alms-giving lies in giving money earned by himself. It is my wish that first I earn huge wealth and then to give it freely to the poor and the needy.”

Vaishraman was too much glad to know that Dhandev desires to go to foreign countries for earning money. The young ones of mice dig holes only. The son of a Benia does business. Vaishraman for prepared one ship. Dhandev was accompanied by his wife Dhanshree and his friend Nandak.\* At the auspicious hour, they set out.

After some days' journey by sea they

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\* In some books Nandak has been introduced as a servant.

reached Tamralipta. It was a famous port of India. Ships of far-off places used to anchor here. The goods were imported from and exported to gave Sumatra and other islands from Tamralipta. It was quite big port. Dhandev decided to stay in this city for some days. His goods were also sold more at this port.

Dhanshree and Nandak were attracted towards one another. Attraction turned into love. Now Dhandev was a great obstacle to them. They could not exchange love freely. Dhandev also was aware of their secret love.

After coming here Dhandev had got plenty of money by selling goods. Now he began to give alms freely. No needy person returned from his house without money. One day a youngman was being dragged by six or seven Persons. He was being beaten also. On seeing this Dhandev became very much sorrowfull.

He asked, "Why are you beating him ?"

“He is a gambler. He has been defeated. He does not give us the money Which he has lost.”

Dhandev asked : “How much money do you want ?”

“Only Sixteen gold Coins.”

Immediately gave them Sixteen gold Coins. The gambler was released.

Dhandev told him : “You seem to be a good man. Then why do you have such a bad habit ?

The man was ashamed. He spoke : “I am a son of a Baniya. My name is Maheshvardatt. Due to bad company I became a gambler, now I take a Vow that I will never play gambling in future.”

In this way Dhandev helped miserable Persons who had no Peace. He gave money freely. His condition of mind at the time of giving alms was as described by Raheem. ‘The Donor is quite the third person who gives day and night.

In short Dhandev was never proud of his habit of alms giving. He never thought even that he was giving something. His position was like a treasurer of a merchant who gives salary to the servants.

Dhandev was highly cultured. He did not like the hustles bustles of life. He sat on the seashore for hours.

He thought, 'This Ocean is called Ratnakar, or the treasure of jewels. It has in it shell and also mud, similarly in the mind of man there are vices like 'Kasay' and there are Jewels of good virtues also. Thus the sea and myself are equal ! The waves of the sea jump and then again subside.

Then his mind was directed to the love-relation of Dhanshree and Nandak. Dhandev was not unhappy about their relation because he believed that the soul is always solitary. He thought, 'What



right have I to thwart their mutual love ? Dhanshree became my wife because of some relation of previous birth. It does not mean that she should obey all my orders. If their relation is a bad conduct I have no right to punish them. When I will be free from sins and devoid of desires, all my miseries will vanish.'

Now he decided to shift from here to some other island. The ship sailed forth. It was a journey of many days. Dhanshree took a chance to mixpoison with food. She served this food to Dhandev. He became so ill that he could not sit or stand up. Nandak was thinking that at this rate, he will die by the time they reached the shore. But Dhanshree was all the while worrying. If Dhandev survived, she would be exposed. So she conspired with Nandak that her husband should be thrown into the sea.

One night, when all sailors were

asleep, both of them lifted the unconscious Dhandev. They threw him into the sea.

It is rightly said that the hands of the protector are mightier than the hands of the murderer. No one is able to change what is destined to happen.

\*

In the sea, Dhandev accidentally got one piece of wood. He stuck to it. After seven days of swimming in this way he reached the shore. But he could do nothing for sometime. Then the fresh breeze of the sea gave him energy. Moreover, he saw one garland of jewels on the beach. He thought that he would pur-  
from chase food this money. He ate some fruits there. They were there on some trees.

But he did not know that this garland will play an important part in the days to come. He saw one ascetic coming

towards him. He came near and asked with surprise :

“Dhandev ! You here ? How is it that you are alone and in such a condition ?”

Dhandev was surprised. He said :

“Great ascetic ! How do you know me ? I have never seen you.”

The ascetic replied : “You had done good to me. I am obliged to you. I am Mahendradatt the gambler. Because of your grace and advice I could sacrifice that bad habit. Now I do penance here leaving the worldly life. But how is it that you are put in such a condition ?”

Dhandev replied only this much, “This is only the play of our Karmas.”

The ascetic became glad. He taught him one Mantra. The name of the Mantra

is 'Garudi.

"He told Dhandev, "By this Mantra you can completely remove the effect of deadliest poison. It will help you some day. Because I am under your obligation, please accept this Mantra."

Dhandev learnt the Mantra. Wandering here and there he reached Shravasti city. Still the ill-luck had not left him. As soon as he entered the city, he was arrested by the guards of the city. Because he had the garland of jewels. He was brought before king Virdhaval.

The guards said :

"Your highness ! The murderer of princess Ratnavali has been found out. This is the thief of the garland. He has got that garland with him."

The king became angry and rebuked him :

“You rogue ! Where have you left my daughter ? She is more dear to me than myself. You have stolen her garland. But did you take her life also ? Show me where is she ?”

On hearing this Dhandev could not think properly. He was spell bound.

He requested often thus, “I am not the thief nor I have murdered the princess. I have got this garland near the sea-shore.”

But, who would listen to him ? Who would believe him ? The thief was caught red-handed. Engrily the king sentenced him to death. Going to the place of the gallows, Dhandev heard one proclamation, “The prince has been bitten by a snake. He who removes the effect of the poison will be given whatever prize he demands.”

Dhandev requested the persons in charge of gallows. “You may hang me

but before dieing if I can do good to any person please let me do it. I can cure the prince."

Those officials presented Dhandev before the King. The king asked, "Will you be able to cure my prince of poisonous effact?"

Dhandev replied, "I will try. Success is in the hands of Destiny Dhandev went to the prince. He began to repeat the Mantra Viz. Garudi martra. Gradually the effact of the poison was gone. He got up as it from a sleep. There were rejoicings on all sides.

At that very time the soldiers came running. They gave the good newes. "Princess Ratnavali has been found out. She was in Meghvan."

Then Ratnavali also arrived.

Now, the king realised that Dhandev was innocent and religious. He apologised and pleased him (Dhandev) by giving ample wealth.

Dhandev got wisdom by seeing this strange workings of the Karmas. He had no love for worldly life now. He took Diksha from Muni Yashodharsuri. He started difficult penance. Wandering alone Muni Dhandev once came to Kaus-hmbi city.

Kaushambi city was ruled properly. The king was popular and just. All kinds of people were staying there. The farmer, the labourer, the artist, the traders and merchants all—were working in their own occupation with pride. The businessman named Samudradatta settled there. Samudradatta mixed with the people of his class in few years. He had established his reputation in the members of his own trade. He had influence even in the royal court.

It was the Eighth day. The wife of Samudrtta had taken a vow.

But today she was in great hurry. One second seemed to her like a mountain. If she had powers she would turn noon into a mid-night. She was restless. She gave orders her maid, "Today I have to observe the Eighth day. This midnight I will go to offer oblation to the goddess at the outskirt. You have also to come with me keep ready all the materials of worship."

The maid-servant had not a courage to asked the reason. In her mind she was surprised. She thaught, 'I am the oldest maid - servant Her Ladyship has never gone to that tempted goddess so far. What is the reason today ? Moreovor she has selected the night time. No body dares to go there at night because it is very far. It is situated near the cemetery.'

But she had the power to think only. She could not disobey.

It was night now. When the whole



city was calm and quiet the businessman's wife and her maid set out for the temple of 'Padar Devi', The place was ghostly, but the woman, when decides to do a thing, she does. She is not afraid. She is more courageous than a male, in such cases. She becomes a tigress. She saw all around. She could not find the person whom she searched. There was dim light of the stars. She could not still find that 'Shraman' who was wandering in the streets for 'Bhiksha' during the day.

Then, after much labour, she found him out. She became glad. She thought, 'yes, he is that Dhandev. Though he was thrown in the sea, I don't know how he was saved. If he sees me in the city he will surely expose me. I will return home only after I remove this thorn.'

Even the most wicked bow with respect to the sage or a monk. But see the influence of previous birth's deeds !

She had no weapon to kill with. So she hurriedly went out. She collected some dry wood. She arranged them in a heap around the Muni. She set a fire to them with the help of a lamp of the temple.

Dhandev who was engrossed in meditation and who had no attachment experienced that it was not his body but the net of his acts that was being burnt. His soul left the body in a spirit of equanimity, friendship and peace. The wife of Samudradatt (Dhanshree) returned home with satisfaction.

\*

There was hue and cry in the city. The news that some devil - like person has burnt alive one Shraman at the outskirts of the city, was spread like wild fire. Everybody knew it. The king of Kausambi was also very much upset by the news. He became wild with anger. He ordered the city 'kotwal' to thoroughly investigate in the matter. He was asked to find out the culprit within seven days.

The net was cast by kotwal. The soldiers and detectives were located on all sides. The skilled detectives found out that on the night of the incident there had gone one lady along with her maid to the temple of Goddess Padar Devi. Thus, the wife of Samudradatta was imprisoned.

The woman, Nandinee, was then brought before the king. To see such a woman and to hear the verdict of the king, all persons ran to the court. The courtroom was thoroughly packed. The king saw Nandinee. He was surprised to know how such a delicate woman can do such a cruel act. What enmity can she have with such a monk who had no possessions ? The king did not know much about the family of Samudradatta. Because he had settled there recently. The king always respected the ladies. He gave due respect to Nandinee and asked :

“Are you really the wife of Samudradatta ?”

The woman smiled cunningly and replied :

“The people of Kausambi think that I am the wife of Samudradatta.”

The king was now more surprised. He asked further :

“You tell frankly who you are really. How that Shraman was the bad books of yours ? There will be no difference in the type of punishment by your true or false answers !”

Nandinee started saying. “O king ? I am Dhanshree the wife of a buisnessman named Dhandev. My husband had a friend named ‘Nandak.’ We loved one another. So I first gave poison to Dhandev to remove him from our path of love. Then both of us threw him into the sea. The whole ship was now in the possession of Samudradatta.

Thus we came to Kausambi.

One day, all of a sudden, I saw the monk. I recognised him. If he was alive, I would be exposed. I was afraid. I came to know that the Shraman was to be engrossed in concentrating on the soul. So I burnt him alive that night and was happy.”

The king's surprise had no limits. He controlled himself and asked one more question :

“How could you be so cruel to your husband ?”

Dhanshree replied ; “Your Honour ! I also don't know how could I be so cruel. I was cruel three times as I told you. Now, after doing there sins, I repent like anything. How could I get such demonlike ability ? From the very beginning after my marriage, I hated my husband. I had suppressed the hatred for years. I must have been inspired to do such horrible sin because of some enmity of previous birth. Please do not understand that I

am telling this to save myself. I may be punished according to law. I can not ask for mercy. I will have no pain in undergoing the punishment."

The king who believed in justice gave the verdict : As Nandinee (Dhanshree) was a woman, she should not be hanged. But she was to be extradicted or driven out of the country.

Dhanashree, as we know was delicate, cultured and a good lady. But she had in her the soul of Agnisharma. Dhandev had the soul of Gansen in him. Thus revenge of so many births was working invisibly. Sometimes in the relation of a son, sometimes as a brother and sometimes being born as a wife, this vengeance worked. This is the rule of 'Samsar.' This is the destiny. The world runs its wheels like this only and it will be run so indefinitely.

# THE BROTHER MURDERED HIS BROTHER

(Fifth Birth)

Jay and Vijay

There was a king named Surtaj in the Kakandi city. He had two sons Jay and Vijay. Lilawati was the name of the queen.

Jay was a treasure of virtues. Vajay was the Incarnation of vices.

Once all of a sudden, the king died. The throne of Kakandi was now without a king. The ministers enthroned Jay. He ruled properly.

One day, the king Jay was having sound and undisturbed sleep. He dreamt that one Muni was preaching to him. The speech of the Muni was sweet like a nectar. He drank the nectar, as it were. Whole night, the king heard the sermons.

When awoke, he began to think over this. At that very time, the Gate-Guard gave the news :

“Your Highness ! Muni Sanatkumar has come. He is in the garden.”

The king was extremely pleased. He believed himself as lucky person. He thought :

‘During the night, I heard the religious teachings of a Muni; and now when I am awoke also, I have got this good luck.’

He along with the family went to have a ‘darshan’ of Muni Sanatkumar. The Muni gave him blessings of ‘Dharma Vruddhi’ increase in spiritual activities. He taught Renunciation also.

The king was ruling quite well. But his heart constantly remembered the message of the Muni. The condition of noble souls always like this :



‘Detachment internally and performance of the duties outwardly.’ Though he ruled over the people, king Jay lived as unattached a life as the lotus in the water.

\*

One day, Mother Lilavati came to Jay. she said : “Dear son ! You are quite virtuous; but your brother Vijay is totally different. You love him, but he hates you and does many conspirations to get your throne. He forgets that you are his brother.”

Jay saw that there were visible signs of gloom and worry on her face. She is very unhappy by the conduct of her younger son.

“Mother, how am I at fault in this ?” Jay asked.

“Son ! I don’t say you are at fault. Why does he try to snatch away the kingdom from you ?”

Tears dropped from her eyes. Mother's love is such. She can not leave her naughty son. She is unhappy by his misdeeds, but she can not forget him. Her heart is such.

Jay realised the mental agony of her mother as well as the inner wish of his mother. He said ;

“Mother ! If Vijay becomes ready to take charge of the kingdom, I will thank him. I find this work of ruling over people as a binding net. I want to leave it.

The son's wish was not acceptable to Leelavati. She said :

“I don't tell you to renounce the throne. I only wish that you declare Vijay as an heir-apparent or future king. I think that he will be satisfied with this. I don't insist that he should be made a king right now.”

“No, mother ! I myself do not wish

kingdom. If Vijay likes it, let him have it. I will be pleased heartily."

"But son ! He has no experience of ruling."

The son replied : "The work itself gives experience."

Thus Jay expressed his decision. The mother went away. After a few days king Jay left the throne. The younger brother Vijay was made a king. Good persons with noble motives always act like this. They relinquish that work or position which is likely to increase jealousy and hatred. The greediness for acquiring the Royal rights become a cause of war. Vijay wanted to fulfill this desire of his. He tried secretly. He would have surely utilised his ability to conspire. But before he could do that, Jay himself, of his own, left the throne. He thus nipped in the bud the only cause of war. The root of the quarrel

itself was cut off !

Jay adopted the path of saints. He took to wandering and begging way of life 'Pravajya' under the holy auspices of Muni Sanatkumar. The people gave a touching farewell to their king. They praised his sacrifice openly.

Thus Muni Jay got happiness by leaving the kingdom; Vijay got happiness by securing it. The wishes of both were fulfilled. One found joy in Renunciation, the other found it in Enjoyment.

\*

The Muni Jay was consecrated or was given 'Deeksha.' He then studied scriptures and began to do religious outings or 'Vihar.'

Many other persons including the minister Sumati also had taken to asceticism. His group of disciples fairly big.

The King's mother or Rajmata Leela-

vati also became a detached nun after getting Pravajya. She also tried to wash the inner dirt of her soul. She used to plunge in the holy waters of Penance and self-knowledge.

Once Jay Muni along with the other monks and the Nun Leelavati along with other spiritual aspirants came to Kakandi.

Brother is after all a brother. There is natural love amongst them. Jay Muni wished that Vijay also should become pilgrim of spiritual Bliss. He may rule the people morally, but at the same time he may learn to be unattached amidst material comforts. In the case of worldly life and the Kingdom, it is the mental clinging or attachment (and greed) which causes misery.

Vijay the King of Kaushambi got the message from the Guard of the garden that the group of monks has come there. King along with his whole family

reached the garden to see the monks. Muni Jay preached with peaceful heart. The King Vijaya heard him silently. But not even the drop of water on the stingy earthen pot lasts there. In the same way, the preaching of the Muni had no effect on the mind of Vijay. On the contrary, quite the opposite type of ideas sprung up in his mind.

‘This Muni does not preach. Actually he wants to make me bereft of Kingdom. He by his sweet words inspires me to renounce the throne.

It seems that he could not walk on the thorny path of self-control. And now he wants to make me a wanderer. He himself desires to sit on the Royal throne.’

In the hearts of some people a demon of futile wishes and attachment resides. To such people the simple advice seems quite the reverse. The intellect of ordinary persons works according to the deads

of previous births. The soul of Agnisharma could not ever accept the advice of the soul of Gunsen in the right spirit. In the soul of Vijay there were the impressions or seeds of revenge from the period of Agnisharma. His eyes had put on the coloured glasses of love for the Kingdom. To him even the sportless white crystal like jewel looks dirty.

Muni Jay was giving religious Sermon. And Vijay was engrossed in foul thoughts of doing harm to him. At last he stood up. He was fed up and so he walked away. The muni saw him going. He said to Vijay, "O King ! The root of all happiness is Dharma. And true Dharma consists in the mercy and non-violence to creatures. So you should cultivate the virtue of sympathy and friendship which go with non-violence."

These words of Jay Muni became like drops of water which fall on the hot baking pan. The fire of wrongful passions

was lighted up. At that time he went silently. But in his heart the fire of anger was burning.

During that night Jay Muni was sitting in meditation in the posture of concentration. The heavy darkness was surrounded all over. The other monks were asleep. The Voice of Vijay thundered breaking the peace of night :

“Where is Gurudev?”

With a sword on his hand, Vijay had come there like a beast. He was searching Jay. He waited for the answer. But who could answer ? Because Jay was in meditation and others were sleeping. For some time, he did not see anything in darkness.

Human eye can see in darkness after sometime. One can see dimly. Vijay also could see that Jay was sitting in meditation. His spotless white clothes were quite visible. Vijay saw with broad



opened eyes. He was sure that the monk was Jay Muni. His jaws became tight, lips became crooked and ugly. The eyes issued forth flames of anger. He raised his hand with one sharp blow he beheaded him. The wicked rascal uttered also the words, "You wanted to snatch away my kindom, is it not ? Now be the King of Yampur."

The soul of Muni was engrossed in the holy mood of meditating on Navkar Mantra. He left his body and went to the abode of gods. His body became lifeless.

After murdering Jay Muni, the brother Vijay escaped like a self-fooded Cat. No body knew at that time. Even the ordinary murder does not remain hidden. Then, how can a murder of the Muni remain hidden ?

In the morning only, the bad news spread like electricity or fire. All those

who heard were sad. 'Who is that wicked man who murdered the monk ?' They thought. The murderer was nowhere found.'

The group of monks departed from there. The nun Leelavati also saved her soul by fasting.

The sin of killing a monk was not any ordinary sin. In a short time the sin bore fruit. The body of Vijay was caught in the net work of many diseases. The pain was so much that the whole day he was almost crying. The members of his family hated him. Then what to talk of the Officials of the State ? Thus hated, insulted and reeling under pain, Vijay went to the fourth hell.

Men have to reap the fruits of their actions. Their sin may not be known by the world. It may lie hidden, but according to the Law of Karma, to remain hidden is impossible.

The soul of Gunsen rose getting spiritually perfect and increasing the virtues of the soul. The soul of Agnisharma fell burning with fire of anger. He ultimately fell to hell.

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(Please read part 4 for further)

# *Samaraditya-4*

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## THE FAITHFUL HUSBAND THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE

(Sixth Birth)

(Dharan and Lakshmi)

Great many people had thronged on the Royal road of Makandi City. The reason was two young persons had kept their chariots standing opposite to each other. Their names were Dharan and Devnandi. Out of both, none was taking his chariot back. They were not giving way to oneanother.

When much time thus passed, one man from the crowd shouted : 'O' gentlemen ! Why are you having false pride ? If one is proud, of his own earning then it is alright. Otherwise, what is the use of boasting ?'

These words had effect on both. They turned their chariots back and went away silently.

Dharan was the son of Bandhudatt and Hariprabha. Bandhudatt was the buisnessman of Makandi City. Mother Hariprabha had the 'darshan' of Sasandevi in dream. She had just conceived. Dharan was married to Lakshmi the daughter of Jaya and Kartik Sheth. Lakshmi was really a wealth. But as the days passed, the vices in her began to increase. Wealth always increases the vices.

\*

The Yaksha temple was a resting place for the travellers passing through the deserted forest. They used to make a halt for the night. In the morning they went forward. One dark night, one thief, hiding himself came there with a round bag made of cloth. The bag contained stolen things. He was already nervous. Moreover, he got stumbled in dark. He

spread his hands on the ground. In the darkness, he felt that he touched a delicate hand. Out of fear, he reached near the burning lamp in front of the idol of Yaksha. That lady also was awoke. She also went near him and asked :

“Who are you ? Why have you come here ?”

The thief saw that from the eyes of the woman mere passionate love was leaking. Her speech and action also were passionate and sensual.

He replied : “My name is Chandrudra. As soon as I came out of the king’s palace after stealing things, the guards saw me. They are after me. I came here running but hiding myself. They will come just now. And will imprison me. But who are you ? and why are you attracted towards me ?”

The lady replied : “I am the wife of Dharan, of Makandi city. My name is

Lakshmi. I am married to Dharan, but I don't like him at all. If you keep me as your wife, I will save you."

The thief got life and lustre. This was really surprising. Here was a stranger who was ready to end all his troubles.

He said : "What better thing can be there than this ? Please show me the way how I am to be saved."

"You put this bag of yours near the sleeping Dharan. Let us then get out from here as husband and wife." Lakshmi said.

Chan rudra thought for a moment. He observed Lakshmi from feet to head. She was loaded with ornaments. She was beautiful and young also. The bargain was not a losing one. The lady had ornaments costlier than the whole wealth in his bag. He decided as she had suggested. He put the bag near

Dharan who was asleep. Then both of them went away towards the forest.

The thief had his doubts about *Lakhmi*. *What sort of woman was she ?* So he asked her on their way or : "How did you come here ?"

Lakshmi replied : Dharan, my husband is a son of a very wealthy merchant. He had a bet with his friends about earning wealth. So we set out. On our way, my husband helped one Vidyadhar in learning the art of flying in the sky. So Vidyadhar gave him the medicine named 'Vranrohan.' This is for healing the wound.

He thus returned the obligation. Going a little far, we met a pallipati named Kalsen. He was screaming due to unbearable pain from wounds. The pain was so acute that he was ready to commit suicide. Dharan made an experiment of that medicine. He was cured. He became the friend of Dharan. He invited us to stay with



him. But Dharan was after money making.

Going further, we found that a person named Maurik was to be hanged. It was a question of ten thousand gold coins. Dharan gave that money and got him released.

Thus we reached Achalpur. Dharan earned a lot of money there. Going further, we reached one Kadambari forest. There our companions were looted. We were separated. We could not get a drop of water in the forest. I was dieing of thirst. There was no other scource. So my husband thrust a knife into his belly. I quenched my thirst by that blood. With the help of 'Vranropan' medicine, his wound was healed. From there we reached the Yaksha Temple. This is our story "

The thief heard this story and thought: The husband of this lady took out his blood even to save the life of her, and yet she is unfaithful to such a husband !

Then how can I trust her ? A woman who is not loyal to her real husband can never be expected to be faithful to her lover.

The natural instinct and instant intellect of the thief took a decision. He kept it to himself. When they went quite for, he halted and ordered :

“Lakshmi ! Take of your ornaments.”

“Why ?” Asked she.

“I have no trust on you. Dharan saved your life by giving his blood. You did breach of his trust. What would be my condition ? You left such a good husband; then how can I expect anything from you ?”

Lakshmi was afraid. Yet she spoke lovingly:

“I love you wholeheartedly. I will never betray you. I will sacrifice my life for you.”

The thief replied :

“It is enough if you sacrifice your ornaments, keep your life with you only. I do not need it. How can anyone trust a characterless woman ?”

Chandrudra took off all her ornaments. He also beat her severely. He went away. Lakshmi was left alone abusing him. She looked like a demoness with torn out clothes.

Iganorent of all these, Dharan was sleeping in the Yaksha temple. After the departure of the thief and Lakshmi, the policemen came in a short time. They arrested Dharan with solid proof of stolen materials found near him. No more proof was required. The king passed a death-sentence on him. Dharan could raise his hand in shame. He stood near the gallows down-faced. What can a male do who is caught in the net cast by a cunning wife ! Who would trust him ?

The Chandal incharge of hanging spoke :

“Oh fool ! At least now raise your head and pray to your family-god. Your end is near.”

Dharan repeating the Navkar Mantra looked up. He found it like a miracle that the Chandal fell down to his feet as a respect. Dharan was greatly surprised. He made him stand up. He gazed at him minutely. The Chandal spoke :

“Dharan, the great ! You are the helping hand to me. Did you not recognise me ? I am Maurik whom you had given ten thousand gold coins. You had helped to get me released. You had saved my life. I can't hang you. You please go away from here silently. I can not take your life.’

Dharan said : “If I run away, your life will be in danger. No, Maurik ! you do your duty.”

"That is what I am doing. I have got the chance to serve the person who has saved my life. Should I let go that chance ? No Dharan ! You go away. I will not add to the stock of my sins by doing evil to my saviour. I am not so low. I have a sense of gratitude."

Maurik ultimately forced Dharan to free. Dharan came to the bank of a river. He sat there and thought :

'The thief must have put the bag near me. He must have kidnapped my wife. He would have even made her his wife, forcibly.'

Again he had an idea : 'No, Lakshmi is not so wicked. She must have surely resisted. Then....in that case.... the thief must have perhaps killed her ! But thieves are interested only in the precious objects; they don't kill.

Is it possible that he must have loot-

ed her and robbed her of all ornaments. Would he have left her in the forest, wailing and weeping ?

I may find her wandering in that case.'

He heaved a sigh of despair. He looked on all sides. As destiny would have it he found her wandering dressed in torn clothes. She also caught sight of him. She said weeping :

"My dear ! The thief put the bag of stolen materials near you in the temple. He then kidnapped me. That wicked person beat me very much. He robbed all the ornaments and then went away somewhere. See how miserable is my condition?"

Simple-hearted Dharna believed all what she said. He narrated his own experience.

They both went further. After some time they saw a city Dantpur. Dharan

thought :

‘I would make Lakshmi stay for some days here. I will go in the city for earning wealth. I will then take her with me.’

Dharan was thinking thus. Suddenly one tribe of the Bhills made them prisoner. They both were tied with ropes and taken to their leader.

Pallipati looking from the distance said :

“These are fully cultured good men; release their ties.” The Bhills released them. On seeing Dharan, Pallipati began to think, ‘This man seems to be quite familiar to me. I have surely seen him somewhere.’

He tried to remember. The past was revived. The incident of healing the wound was remembered. ‘This man had saved me from dieing.’ He recognised his benefactor and told :

“Great Industrialist Dharan ? and in this condition ?”

“Yes, Pallipati, all these are pricks of Destiny.”

“Colleagues ! This man had obliged me. He is Dharan, the Sarthpati. Entertain him with proper honour.” Pallipatti said.

He rose from his seat and made him sit beside him. Lakshmi also sat at the proper seat. Even the animal does not forget obligation. What to talk of man ?

Pallipati said : “How are you alone ? What about your caravan ?”

Dharan remained silent. He did not wish to hurt the feelings of a friend by telling the truth. He was contented thinking all that happened as the play of Destiny. But Lakshmi was not a woman who would sit silent. She spoke soon :

“Your colleagues only had robbed us.”



"When and where ?" Pallipati asked.

"Before some days and in this very forest. And now we are brought here being bound with Mropes. oreover, you make our hearts more miserable by speaking sweet words. Our wounds are opened by this."

Pallipati became ashamed of the doings of his colleagues. He spoke :

"I did not know that the caravan which was looted by my colleagues before some days belonged to you. I am very much ashamed. This time also, my colleagues made you prisoner unknowingly. I apologise."

Dharan wound up the matter. Consoling his friend, he told :

"Friend ! It is good that your colleagues brought us here. Otherwise we would be wandering here and there. Two friends could meet oneanother. It

really a good fortune."

Pallipati Kamsen returned all the looted materials. many days, they were kept as their guests, with honour.

After some days Dharan went to his city Makandi along with Lakshmi. But on the way, she was separated. Dharan searched a lot for her, but he did not succeed. With heavy heart, he reached Makandi.

People revived the topic of Devnandi's chariot to Dharan. But now Dharan was not interested at all in this. He was unhappy because of the separation from Lakshmi. He did not like to live any more in Makandi.

So after some days, he left Makandi. He earned huge wealth at Vaijayanti city. Then he made a further journey by sea.

Man's life never runs smooth. Happiness and misery follow one another. With

the rise of merits and demerits or good and evil, the 'hide and seek' of happiness and misery, goes on. Dharan was dreaming of more and more happy days in a ship full of goods. At that time the tidal waves rose high and the ship was broken to pieces. All the property was sank. Dharan managed to get hold of one log of wood. Who would worry about last wealth when the life itself is in danger?

For many a day, the waves swung him on the Swing of Life and Death. At last he was brought on the sands of Suwarnadweep.

The Merchant community is known for greed. The instinct to earn wealth is woven in each and every nerve of their bodies. Dharan earned wealth there also. So much so, that he got prepared bricks of gold. His name was carved on each and every brick. When he collected ten thousand bricks of gold, he remembered his home. He daily went to the sea-shore:

to see if any ship was available for sailing back to his country.

His waiting bore fruit. One day a ship of China became visible. The ship was advancing on the roaring waves. It anchored at the coast. The ship-owner Suvadan landed on the coast. Dharan spoke to him and the freight-charge was decided upon. Getting his Cargo of ten thousand bricks of gold loaded in the ship, Dharan took his seat in the ship. At the orders of Suvadan, the ship began to sail, dancing as it advanced towards the destination.

According to the karmas, union with the things dear to us or with the things disliked by us or evil, goes on. The same thing happened about Dharan and Lakshhi. In the same ship, there set a woman full of miseries. Dharan saw her withered sad face. He went near to her for consoling her. He found, to his great surprise that the woman was no other than Lakshmi her-

self. Thus Dharan became re-united with his wife very easily. Dharan got the union of the dear one, but Lakshmi got union of the hated one. She never dreamt that Dharan would re-enter her life. It was impossible to be re-united with him. So she had the moods of anger and hatred. But she did not allow this hatred to appear on the surface. The woman is most skilled always in the art of hiding her inner moods. She began to weep terribly. She spoke :

“Dear husband ! I could not walk as fast as you, and so I was separated from you in that forest. How many times I shouted at you ! I ran and ran. At last I was unconscious. When I regained it, I found, myself alone. I only know what difficulties I have undergone without you ! By flattering the owner of the ship, I got permission to sail to Makandi. Now, when I have got you, I have no trouble. My life is fruitful.”

How can understand the magic

power at the magician ? Dharan also was caught in the net of love. He considered in self guilty. It was because of his own carelessness that Lakshmi had to suffer such great pain.

Lakshmi told again :

“My dear ! Now where is the misery ? Now we have met, I have forgottan all my miseries you also forget the past.”

Dharan was satisfied both of them lived again happily.

On their way, the ship came to a stop. The Goddess of water asked for the sacrifice. All the persons became silent but Dharan thought :

‘If I die the lives of all the others will be saved. Such a chance in a life never comes again.’

Dharan jumped into the waters. But he was very lucky. At that time one

Vidyadhar named Hemkundal was passing through the cloudes he saw some man falling into the Sea. Out of mercy, he got done. He dragged Dharan out of water Vidhar recognise Dharan. He told to him :

“Oh, you great man how halp others ? Did you recognise me ?”

“No, I am that Vidyadhar whom you had helped in getting knowledge of flying in the sky.”

Dharan looked at him minutey and spoke :

“Yes ! Now I have recognised you.” Hemkundal took Dharan to his own city. He kept him with great respect, but because Dharan wanted it, he was left on the border of Devpur City.

While giving farewell to him, Vidyadhar gave many jewels as gift.

The good work never goes in vain.



Dharan worked and stayed with a merchant named Chep. He lived there happily. Now, many Chinese travellers used to come to see this merchant, Chep.

One day he got the news that the ship of Suvadan had landed. Dharan reached near the ship. He was pleased to see both Suvadan and Lakshmi.

Lakshmi pretended to be happy by the reunion, but internally she thought, 'What a bad thing is that this thorn has again come up ? The more I try to remove it, the more it pinches me. He follows me at every place. He is after me like a ghost.'

Suvadan and Dharan gossiped until dark. When Dharan became ready to go, Lakshmi insisted on their staying there for some days.



Dharan was having sound sleep in the pin-drop silence of the night and near the shore. Suvadan was asleep just near him. Lakshmi kept awake. By midnight he awoke Suvadan. She had decided to kill him. Suvadan also was with her in this evil plot. That was the reason why he engaged Dharan in gossiping.

Lakshmi and Suvadan prepared a knot of rope and put it round the neck of Dharan. Lakshmi's delicate hand touched the body of Dharan, though she tried to avoid it. Dharan's sleep was disturbed. He could see the things, as he opened the eyes a bit. He kept on lying helplessly. The knot of rope was quite set now. Suvadan pulled the rope. Dharan took out his tongue, as it were. He managed to do it. The signs of death were visible.

Lakshmi told : 'Throw away this calamity into the ocean immediately. Let this thorn be cut off for ever.'

Suvadan made a sign of his approval.

Both of them lifted the body of Dharan and threw it away into the sea. Both of them were very glad. The joy was visible on their faces. Their wish was fulfilled.

Thank God, Dharan was alert and vigilant. As soon as he fell into the waters, he loosened the neck-trap. Then for some time he was tossed about by the waves. When man is to live longer all the natural forces become favourable. One wave threw him back to the sea-shore. Dharan thought :

‘Lakshmi proved unfaithful. What have I not done for her ? I saved her life with the help of my blood, and she tried to murder me. My life was spent in vain in loving her. None can trust the ways of women. But ‘it is of no use to worry about it now. As is said by a poet-‘forget what has happened, think of future. Concentrate on what comes naturally’....’

He thus consoled himself and rose. He went towards his residence.

Seeing Dharan in wet clother back at midnight, Suvadan was greatly surprised. He asked Dharan how this happened. First he tried to evade the answer, but Suvadan pressed. Then he gave all details reluctantly, of Laskhmi annoyed the 'Top' merchant, under whom Dharan worked. Dharan tried to pacify him and path up things; but Chep did not pay any heed to it. In the early morning, he complanied to the king. The merchant 'Top' has great influence.

The king heard all details and then set in motion the necessary steps. The policemen were sent in search of Suvadan and Lakshmi.

They were found out and made prisoner.

When they both saw Dharan alive, they were very unhappy and shocked. All

their joys vanished. If Lakshmi was an ordinary criminal, she would have confessed the guilt. But she was an eternal enemy for the last five births. How can she apologise? She saw with hateful indifference at Dharan, and then turned her face away.

If Lakhmi, though woman, could show such cruelty, why can not suvadan do it? He had also no sign of repentence.

They both spoke with pretended sense of innocence :

“Your Honour ! Why have we been called ? Give us orders.”

The looked with annoyance at them and asked :

“What is the name of this woman ?”

“It is Lakshmi, Your Honour !”

“Whose wife is she ?”

She is my wife, Your Honour.”  
Replied Suvadan.

“Who is your husband?” The king asked Lakshmi.

“Suvadan is my husband, Your Honour the great.” Lakshmi replied without hesitation. She had not any feeling that Dharan was her husband and she has stayed with him for years in the past.

Then the king showed in the direction of Dharan, and asked :

“If this male person your husband ?”

“No, Your Honour ! I do not know him even.”

“You are telling lies.” The king said.

“I have not seen him anytime before this.”

“You do not know even that person with whom you have married ?”

"This man seems to be some magician. He wants to make me his wife forcibly. Please do not be enticed by him." Laksmi said.

The king was surprised. What is truth, then ? His curiosity increased. He asked Suvadan :

"Suvadan, you at least must have seen this man."

"No Sir."

"You have travelled in different countries. It is possible that you must have met him somewhere. Try to remember well and reply."

"Your Honour ! I am seeing him this morning only in your court." He replied boldly.

"Never before this time ?"

"No, Your Honour ?"

“Then how did you get those ten thousand gold bricks which you have kept in ship ?”

“Those are mine. This rogue wants to take away my wealth and my wife. Please protest us, Great king ! Give justice.”

“Only justice will be done.”

The king kept them there only. He sent the soldiers to the ship. He called for the bricks.

The bricks were broken in the presence of all persons of the Royal Court. In each and every brick, the name ‘Dharan’ was carved. The name of ‘Suvadan’ was not found in any brick.

Thus Suvadan and Lakshmi were exposed. Direct proof was there. What could they say now ? They stood Spee-

chless like criminals. They began to Scratch the earth below.

The king was very angry with their foul play. He confiscated all the wealth of Suvadan and gave it to Dharan. The king passed a sentence of death on Suvadan and Lakshmi. Dharan requested :

“Your honour ! please release Lakshmi and Suvadan. Dont hang them.”

The king also can not neglect the request of noble persons. The king ordered that Suvadan and Lakshmi should be driven out of the country. Thus their life was saved because of Dharan.’

While departing, Suvsdan and Lakshmi were given eighi lakhs of rupees by Dharen. And in spite of all this, Lakshmi had not the slightest soft Dorver for Dharan. In fact, the rigidity of enmity and hatred is always stroger.

Oharan returned to Makandi. His



father did not see Lakshmi. So he asked :  
"Where is Lakshmi ?"

Dharan replied, "father ! I have already placed at your feet the wealth"

"I do not mean Lakshmi in that sense.

I am asking about your wife."

"She proved unfaithful and cunning. She had tried to murder me also."

"But, son ! Without the Lakshmi of our house, this wealth is of no use. You please marry again."

"Father ! One wife became ready to kill me. Now by getting me married second time, do you want to lose me forever ?"

"All women are not alike."

"May not be; but now I have no interest women folk."

The father told his son again and again to re-marry, but Dharan did not agree. He did not marry second time.

After few days, Muniraj Ahidatt came to Makandi. Dharan heard his sermons. He was inclined to renounce the world. He renounced all his properties as easily as laboriously he had amassed them. He took to the life of a recluse.

Muni Dharan began to do penance with great will power. It was a very hard penance. Being satisfied with his acute self-control, Gurudev gave him permission to move from one place to another alone.

It was evening time. The sun was setting behind the mountains. The birds were chirping sweetly. Outside the city of Tamralipti one Muni was engrossed in the spiritual Sadhana of 'Kayotsarg.'

All of a sudden, a scream of a woman was heard in the garden. "Save me, Save

me.”

The policemen arrived, hearing the scream. They asked the woman :

“Why are you screaming ?”

The woman pointed in the direction of the Muni and said : “This man has robbed me of all ornaments. Now seeing you arrive, he is standing and is pretending to do ‘Kayotsarg.’

The guards saw that the ornaments were lying on the ground just in front of him. They asked angrily :

“O, you hypocrite monk ! Tell the truth. Who are you ?”

The Muni understood that the calamity has appeared. He became silent. Shraman bears the calamity without hatred. He does not worry at all. When there is no pain even in mental region, then how can it be expressed in speech ? Moreover, the Jain

Sadhus do not speak such truth as can injure others mentally.

The guards asked many times; but Muni Dharan did not break his silence. Being disappointed, the soldiers took him to the king. The king also ordered rudely, "This monk does not reply. Hang him."

The Muni was made to take round in the whole city.

He was then taken to the gallows. The Chandali or the Executioner was making necessary preparations for executing the Muni. At that very time a wonderful event took place. A resounding voice was heard from the sky with showering of flowers ;

"The great Muni is innocent, do not hang him."

The guards ran to the palace and gave this news to the king. The king came hurriedly. He fell down at the feet of Muni.

He begged pardon for his immodesty and lack of discrimination. He was guilty. But the Muni was still silent. He was merged in contemplation of the soul.

The Muni was Dharan and that woman was Lakshmi. Lakshmi was living with Suvadan at Tamraliptee. Seeing the Muni alone in the garden at the evening time, she decided to take revenge. She took off her own ornaments and placed them at his feet; and then she shouted "Save me. Save me."

Lakshmi did everything properly as per her evil design; but the Goddess of Forests saved the Muni by proclaiming the truth.

Now the king was very much angry with Lakshmi. The false charge of theft and robbery on the innocent shraman was inexcusable guilt. He ordered :

"Bring her here, in chains, that serpentess in the figure of a woman."

The policemen searched in the whole city. But Lakshmi could not be found anywhere. She had left the city and escaped. The soldiers held Suvadan captive and brought him before the king.

The king threatened him with Death Penalty. So he gave all true details about his relations with Lakshmi.

All the courtiers and the king of Tamarliptee were speechless hearing the life story and evil deeds of Lakshmi. What a sinner was she ! On the other hand, the sincerity and mercy of Dharan created faith in them. All of them began to praise him. Even the gods praise the persons of shining characters. These were men, so they must praise them.

Because of the infidelity of Lakshmi, Suvadan also became a monk.

Lakshmi went alone to the forest after leaving the city. She was now comp-

pletely exposed. She could not return to the city. She proceeded aimlessly. It was dense forest. The safe way was lost. She was ailing from the pangs of thirst and hunger. But who can be there to hear her grievances and weeping ?

At the time of death she had to bear acute pain. When she was wandering, she was held by a tiger. She was torn to pieces. Her soul left the body screaming with pain. Her soul fell to the Fifth Hell for bearing pains.

On the other side Muni Dharan continued to move about on earth. He was observing vows and he was also uplifting others. He then got liberation and was born in 'Aran' the abode of god.

In this way the soul of prince Gunsen began to rise and rise at every birth. The soul of Agnisharma took birth in lower and lower states because of the fruits of his vices. The fire of revenge continued

to burn in Agnisharma's soul.

Pure feelings take the soul to the path of progress. The impure feelings push it to the deep pit of the fall.

\*



## SEN AND VISHEN

(Seventh Birth)

Sen and Vishen were cousin brothers. Sen was the son of king Amarsen of Champapuri and his queen Jaysundari; Vishen was the son of Harishen and Hariprabha. Harishen was the younger brother of Amarsen.

Amarsen was the king and his younger brother Harisen was the heir-apparent, or chief prince. There was deep love between them. But there was great difference, like Day and Night, between the nature or dispositions of two persons. Sen was virtuous and Vishen was full of vices. The nature of Sen was like a saint with detachment and the nature of Vishen was to enjoy bodily happiness. One was East, the other was the west. One was a jug of nectar, the other was a pot of poison.

Once a learned nun Soma came to the garden. King Amarsen went to pay respects to her. He went with his family and heard her sermons. The king felt to renounce the world. He handed over his son, Sen and the kingdom to Harishen. He himself took 'Deeksha'. For those persons who keep noble motives, even an ordinary situation is enough. They get situations instrumental in progress.

In the eyes of Harisen,—both Sen and Vishen were equal. But Vishen to began regard himself as an heir to the throne. If his father was a king, why he should not be the heir-apparent?

Both of them—Sen and Vishen—became young. With the growth in age, the virtues in Sen and vices in Vishen, began to increase also. Vishen was trying to remove from his way by hook or crook. He planned and planned. But the minister of the State who was old, always tried to shield Sen.

\*

The aged Minister asked the astrologer named Amrafal :

“Amrafal ! Why there is sudden change in the Royal Garden ? This new tree has sprung up; what can be the consequences of it ?”

Amrafal replied : “The result of this sudden change indicates the defeat of the king of Champanagari. Some enemy will attack it and he will seize the throne of this kingdom.”

The lines of grief came to the surface of the Minister. The defeat of the king of Champanagari ! The loyal minister greatly worried.

The Astrologer Amrafal further said :

“Minister the great ! Do not worry. Because this defeat will be temporary. The enemy will not be able to rule for more time.”

The worries became less but not removed.

These talks were held in the private room of the minister. The talks would have proceeded further; but one obstacle arose. One official statesman came and said :

“His Highness the king wants you.”

“You go; I am just following you.”

The minister, while getting up asked :

“Amrafal ! Can you tell why His Highness calls me ?”

The astrologer made the calculations. He then said :

“Some messenger has come to see the king with coconut, proposing marriage. The prince for whom this coconut will be accepted, will be most fortunate. He only release Champanagari from the clutches of the enemy.”

The minister kept in his mind, the advice of Amrafal and went away.

\*

The king stood up as a respect to the aged minister. He offered him the proper seat.

He then said : "Here is a messenger from king Sankh of Rajyapur. The king had proposed the hand in marriage of one of our princes, for his daughter Shantimati. He has also conveyed that :

'Either for Sen or for Vishen please accept the coconut.' Now what is your opinion ?"

"Your Highness ! The news is very good. What is your wish ?"

"I wish to accept it for Sen; but we will act according to advice only. Please give your frank opinion."

The minister was knowing very well

the virtues and voice of both the princes. He also remembered the words of Amrafal. The fate of Champapuri was supreme consideration for him. So he replied :

“Your Highness ! My opinion is not different from yours. Do it like that.”

Harisen accepted the marriage proposal for Sen. He gave the letter to that effect to the messenger. The king gave many types of gifts to him, before bidding farewell to him.

Time elapsed. Sen and Shantimati became husband and wife. All were pleased. There were great rejoicings in the city. But there was one man who was burning with the fire of jealousy. He was Vishen. He did not like at all this festival.

He made many attempts to kill Sen; but he always failed. Failure resulted in frustration; not only that but it added fuel to the fire.

The forgiving of Sen to his 'murderers' and his sweet behaviour to them only increased the wrath of Vishen. He now extended his net of conspiracy to the sharpest extent. He decided to remove Sen anyhow.

\*

Sen was enjoying in his palace. At time four monks arrived. They told :

"Prince ! We want one special advice from you. Please come to the garden."

The simple-hearted Sen went along with them. He asked, reaching the garden :

"Now tell me, honourable monk ! What advice or guidance you seek ?"

Two monks stood in front and two monks stood on the back side. The prince was waiting for their speech. Suddenly there was a flash of sword. It made a deep wound on the shoulder of Sen.

Sen became soon alert. He snatched

away the sword. But now, the remaining three monks also took out their swords. All these four began to fight with the prince who was alone. But Sen was brave. He was Kshatriya. He, defeated them severely. By this time the soldiers also arrived. They caught the four monks and brought them to the king.

Harisen was wild with anger. He asked :

“Who are all of you ? What enmity have you with Sen ?”

The monks replied : “We are ascetics. We have no enmity with the Prince.”

“Then why did you attack him to kill him ?”

The monks had no reply for this. They began to find words. Harishen's anger began to increase. He immediately ordered to hang them.



Each and everybody loves his Soul.  
The monks prayed nervously, "Your  
Highness, Please hear at last our Story."

"Useless talks will not be heard."

"We will speak truth."

"As you have told now !"

"No, Your Honour, we have told a  
lie so far."

"Why will you speak the truth now ?"

"Who does not love his Soul, no  
body likes to die. Now we will have to  
tell the truth."

"Speak."

The Monks told, "Your Honour ! We  
are not at fault. The Prince Vishen had  
sent us to murder the prince Sen."

(Please read part 5 for futher.)

# SAMARADITYA

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## 5

Harishen was speechless with surprise and shock. He was knowing this much that Vishen is Vicious. He has no love for Sen. But he never knew that he can do such deirt work, in order to take the life of his brother. He could not trust the monks first.

He firmly said :

“Suppose your story is proved wrong,  
Then ?”

“Then cut off our heads.”

“That will be done, even other wise.  
Do you hope to be saved even afterdoing  
such cruel act ?”

“No Sir, we do not have that much

courage, but let the truth come out before we die !”

King Harisen ordered to the Soldiers :  
 “Go, Make Vishen a prisoner and bring him hear. He may be my Son but I can not tolerate injustice. If he is proved giulty, he will be hangend. All are equal before justice. He may be a prince, What matters ?”

Sen was surprised the order of his uncle. After all Vishen was his brother. It is not possible for a brother to have no feelings for his brother. He requested :

“Respecked uncle ! Vishen is a child. Please pardon him. I am not injured much then what is the benefit of punishing him ? The detects and crimes of childhood must be regarded as pardonable.”

The King was calmed by these words. All persons praised Sen because

of this evil work, Vishen lost his prestige in the whole city.

\*

After some days the wound of Sen was healed. The King declared Festival in honour of this. All the people of Champagari conveyed good wishes to the prince. The whole city was engaged in merry-making.

All of a sudden there was a difficulty or a hitch in enjoyment. One big elephant broke away the chains and ran from the stable of the elephants. People began to run helter-skelter. Even the Trainer of the elephants could not control it. At last the psince Sen went to the elephant and controled it.

The elephant became calm. The people breathed a sigh of relief. The king became very much pleased. But Vishen was burning with jealousy.

The next day, Senkumar was having cheerful talks with his wife

Shantimati Both were playing jokes. Suddenly Vishen rushed to them with a sword in his hand. On seeing the naked sword, the prince Sen got up with agility. He snatched the sword from the hand of Vishen and gave him a push. Vishen fell down ten steps away. Vishen stood up again and he was slapped.

The soldiers arrested Vishen. But Sen released him. Vishen went away from there looking angrily at Sen.

But Sen began to worry, after Vishen had gone. All his joy had disappeared. Now he began to think of the past and for the future. Seeing him thus worried, Shantimati asked :

“Dear Husband ! Why are so sad ? What are you thinkig of ?”

Sen replied : “My dear ! There are many Vices in the character of Vishen. He considers me as his enemy. Some day, or other, uncle Hari-shen will kill him. I

will be instrumental in this. So I am thinking to leave the city of Champa. If Kingdom is destined for me, I will get it again. It is no use to live deliberately under the hanging sword."

Shantimati agreed to her husband's proposal and decided to obey it. She said :

"Your idea is quite proper. Vishen is a untrustworthy person. There is no guarantee of what he will not do. Moreover, because of him, there may be quarrels in the family. So it is advisable to leave such a place. It is always good to be far from the fire."

Both of them set out in pin-droop silence of the night and left the city of Champa.

\*

One merchant's caravan was passing through the borders of Champanagari. The chief of the caravan saw Sen and Shantimati. He immediately came to them and

said :

“Prince ! My name is Sanudev. I am ‘Sarthbah’ of Rajpur. Shantimati is the daughter of king sankh. How is it that you have set out in such a condition ?”

Sen narrated in brief, their experiences. He asked : “Sanudev ! Where is the caravan going to ?”

“We are going to Tamrolipttee. Where do You desire to go ?”

“We have not made any decision. We may go anywhere.”

“Then you may join us as well.”

“Yes, it will be better to go with you.” Sen replied.

Prince Sen and Shantimati began to walk with Sanudev.

The caravan was moving ahead, they went through the Dantraktika forest. The thieves and dacoits usually stay in the forests only. In this forest also, there was a gang of dacoits. The caravan was cauti-

ously moving ahead.

All of a sudden, many persons came out from the grooves of trees. They were all, equipped with weapons. Their faces were covered under the mouth-garbs. They spoke sternly : "Halt !"

With these words, they dashed many persons to the ground. They began to loot them.

It was not possible that the caravan can be looted in the presence of a Kshatriya. Sen challenged the dacoits. He wounded so many of them by the sword. If he had wished he could have killed them. But being moved by mercy, he said : "Go away. Save yourselves. I do not wish to kill you. I use my weapons only for protection of the sons."

For the dacoits this was not expected. They had learnt only one lesson : either kill others or be killed. Mercy and huma-



nity were new to them. They were greatly touched by the goodness of prince Sen. They returned all the wealth of the caravan. They also gave one wonderful Tiishul as gift to Sen. The speciality of this Trishul was that the wound inflicted by it can never be healed.

After this trouble, Sen found that Shantimati was not to be seen. In the running to and fro of the men of the caravan, she was separated. The Sangh along with the local Bhills made a thorough search, but they could not find her. The prince became sad. He did not want to move a step even without Shantimati. The caravan went on, but Sen stayed there along with the Pallipati.

Even this was not enough. He had to suffer more defeat still. He had to fight against dark clouds of miseries.

The border of Visvapur kingdom was just near the Dantrikta forest. Pallipati

was looting there also. The army of vishvapaur attacked to destroy Pallipati. Though the Prince and the Pallipati showed great bravery, the armymen made them prisoner and brought them before the king Samarketu.

Samarketu was sitting on the throne for punishing the criminals. At that very time Sanudev came there to offer precious gift to the king. On seeing the prince Sen as a prisoner, he was shocked. He fell down unconscious.

King Samarketu arranged for medical treatment of the chief of the caravan, Sanudev. When Sanudev regained consciousness, the king asked him :

“Why did you become unconscious ?”

“Seeing this prisoner.”

“Do you know him ?”asked the king.

“Yes, your Honour !”

“Who is he ?”

Sanudev said ; “This man is neither a thief nor a dacoit. He is prince Sen of Champanagari. I became unconscious because I could not bear to see him a prisoner.”

The king was surprised. He asked :

“Then how and why did he reach this tribe of thieves ?”

Full details were given to the king. He released them both. Pallipati was ordered to go. Sen was kept there as a friend. Sanudev also went away.

How strange is Destiny ! One moment this, the other moment, quite the reverse. Before some hours, Sen was treated as a guilty criminal, and now a friend.

Sen had no difficulty here. Only thing, he remember. Shantimati off and on. He was ailing from mental pain of separation.

One day, one man named Sompur brought the good news : "Prince ! I have brought the news about Shantimati."

The drops of nectar fell, as it were, on the heated heart of Sen. He became impatient and asked :

"Where is she ? How is she ? In what condition !"

Sompur replied : "She will meet you in Priymelak pilgrim-centre. She is passing her days in the hermitage of a sage."

The lovers are always suspicious. He asked :

"Is this a story you heard of, or is it seen by you ?"

Sompur replied : "I have seen her with my own eyes."

After getting the news about my beloved, can any youth live without being restless ? The prince Sen soon set out from

there. He took the road to Priyamalak Tirth along with Pallipati.

\*

When Sen was fighting with Pallipatti, there was chaos in the whole caravan. Each ran here and there to save life. All were worried about their own life. Who would care for others ? In this process, Shantimati also went a little far in the forest and hid herself. The woman is more careful about protecting her chastity than anything else. And it is quite natural, because character is their only property. She is afraid even to be touched by a male person other than her husband. Here, moreover, the fight was with the dacoits and thieves. She sat there, for more time and waited for restoration of complete peace.

Peace was restored. But Shantimati forget her way. She had lost the sense of direction. She began to wander, shouting 'Nath, Nath !' every now and then. There

was no clear road or marked footways in the forest, to help her find the way.

When she had no hopes of finding her husband, she decided to commit suicide. Tying a rope round her neck, she tried to hang herself at the branch of a tree. There was also a disappointment for her. The neck-trap itself got loosened and was broken. She fell to the ground and became unconscious.

One whose life is a prolonged one, comes out alive from the jaws of death.

After some time, there came a son of a sage. He tried to bring her back to her senses, by sprinkling water on her face.

As soon as she got back her consciousness, she began to weep and wail. The son of a sage consoled her and persuaded her to go along with him to the hermitage. She finally agreed and was taken there.

Thus she began to pass her days, like

**Shakuntala** in the hermitage, remembering her husband.

Once she was thinking of her husband under the tree Priyamalak. Suddenly, the left part of her body began to throb. This was a good omen for her. A flash of thought came to her mind :

‘To-day at least I will see my husband.’

Man thinks of meeting his or her dear ones only. When good omen is visible, the first hope is of getting the dearest thing. For a good woman, the dearest one in the whole life, is her husband. Shantimati also began to hope for meeting her husband.

Shantikumari just looked in the front side of the road, casually. To her great joy, she found her husband arriving there along with the Pallipati. The eyes of both of them met, and see ! The tears of joy swelled in their eyes. To each of them, the

119

colourful styles of the other began to manifest.

The Acharya of the hermitage came to know that the husband of Shantimati had arrived. He gave blessings to both of them at that very time the goddess was in charge of Priyamalak tree appeared in person. She gave to Sen the health Jewels as gift.

After staying for some days in the hermitage of the sage, Sen and Shantimati returned to Vishvapur.

\*

It is rightly said that the body is the temple of diseases. Who knows when the disease will not attack us ?

The king of Vishvapur was suffering from incurable disease. The physicians opened the treasures of knowledge. They tried many most effective medicines. But they had no effect. The more medicine he



took the more acutely the diseases increased.

Samarketu was ailing from pain. All the persons looked at him helplessly.

One day Shantimati suggested to her husband : "My dear husband now I can't see the pain of the king. You have got the divine health jewel. It will be tested if you try that medicine on the king."

Sen liked the suggestion of his wife. He got the king bathed in the waters of health Jewels. The pain of the king vanished soon.

In this world people salute to those persons only who show some miracles. Samarketu thought of Sen as a life-givers. The prince was already a friend to him. Now he regarded him 'Sen' as a god. He said, "Prince by your grace only I have got a new life. I will obey your wish as a command. I have only one request :

Do not leave me alone. Please do not

go any distant place also.”

Sen replied : “Your Honour ! I have no such ambition. I will not have to go to far-off places.”

Samarketu was very much pleased. His hope was fulfilled. The prince Sen will now remain with him for ever. He was greatly consoled.

Man tries to be free of worries by planning long term projects. But his may or may not be fulfilled. some obstacle may turn up, or unexpected situation may develop. Sen's wish not to go elsewhere got a jolt.

One day, Amarguru, the son of the aged minister of Champanagari came. They were both of equal age. Sen and Amarguru had studied together and played together. Sen was overjoyed seeing him and warmly embraced him. Then he asked :

“Friend ! Respected uncle, Harishen,

brother Vishen and the people of Champa—are they all well ?”

The face of Amarguru was lighted up just before now turned pale. The lines of sorrows swelled up. He spoke in a sad voice :

“Prince ! What concern you have with our happiness and miseries ?”

Spell-bound Sen, said in a trembling voice :

“Friend ! Have I become so much a stranger !”

“Worse than the stranger. Have you inquired about us since you left Champa city ? What a series of miseries came upon us ? Only we know that.”

“Difficulties in spite of my uncle Harishen’s rule ?”

“King Hārishen took to renunciation. Much search was made for you after you.

went away. You were not found. So being very unhappy, he left the worldly life and took to self-control."

Sen asked : "Is the kingdom of Champa in the safe hands of Vishen, I suppose ?"

"It was, now it is not in his hands."

"What do you mean by it ?"

"Vishen could not win the hearts of the people after becoming a king. Though he was installed as a king by Harishen, he could not rule. One king named Muktapith attacked Champa. Now Champa city is an orphan."

"Friend ! How can it happen while Sen and Vishen are alive ?"

"Moreover, the people are miserable in the kingdom of Muktapith."

"Where is Vishen ?"

"That coward has disappeared. Being

afraid of Muktapith, he ran away somewhere ! Now I am here to beg of you, your help for saving and uplifting of Champa city...if at all, you have got some sympathy for the people of Champa !!”

“Friend, now don’t talk in sarcasm. Every inch of the land of Champa is loved by me.”

Sen told everything to Samarketu. Soon, an army was got ready. Sen marched towards Champa with this army.

King Muktapith, Getting this news, came forward to oppose him. He was warned by Sen thus :

“King ! Get away from Champa city.”

Muktapith replied :

“It is said that the Earth is so be enjoyed by only brave men. I have not received the kingdom of Champa as a donation ! I have won it by means of my

bravery. You also regain it by your victory over me, if you want."

The meaning of these words was clear :- War ! Challenge ! Both the armies clashed. It was a terrific fight. At last Muktapith was defeated. He was made a Captive.

The victorious prince entered the City. The people welcomed him with open hearts.

The forecast of Amrafal came true :  
"The husband of Shantimati will save Champa."

The people insisted on Sen being installed on the throne, but Sen told in clear terms that Vishen may be enthroned. "I do not want this kingship under any circumstances."

According to the wish of Sen, it was proclaimed with trumpets that the kingdom will be handed over to Vishen.

Vishen now appeared. The enemy was rotting in jail. Now what fear ? About his enmity with Sen, 'the rope was burnt, but the curves and marks had remained.'

He replied bitterly to the Proclamation by Sen :

"I do not wish to live on the mercy of Sen. I do not want to accept the throne by him."

Neither Sen nor Vishen had the desire to accept the throne. One because of non-attachment to worldly prospects and the othe because of the intensity of anger. The solution to this question still was not possible. The guard of garden came at the very time and gave the news :

"Acharya Harishen has graced the garden."

Sen, along with the family went to pay due respects to Harisen. Sen felt

hatred towards the world after hearing his sermon. He decided firmly to take to asceticism. (Pravajya).

Vishen did not accept the kingdom and Sen had no love for it. So, installing on the throne his own son Amarsen, the prince Sen got himself consecrated by Acharya Harisen. He took Deeksha. Along with him, the son of the aged minister, Amar-guru and many others took the vow of Self-control. Muni Sen was now deeply absorbed in this Vow.

\*

Vishen was not still changed. The fire of his wrath was not calmed down. He still hated Sen. His aim was to kill Sen anyhow.

He walked cautiously towards the garden one night. He knew that Muni Sen was there absorbed in soul-concentration and 'no care for the body.' Vishen spoke to himself :

'Sen ! to-day you are in my hands.



You made me devoid of kingdom by your popularity. The people hated me because of you only. It is you who has destroyed my reputation and reduced it to dust. Now I will reduce yourself to dust.'

Thus thinking, he retraced two steps and then he took out his sword from the waist-belt. He raised his hand to fling the sword on Muni. But his sword did not move, his hand were tied and bound. He became like an object. His hand remained in upward condition. It could not be lowered.

Vishen was awefully surprised. At that very time, he heard a voice :

"You fool ! You do not see your own fault. And you want to kill an innocent monk ? I am the authoritative goddess of the region. Beware ! do not come here again."

Telling these words, the goddess lifted him and threw him away. Being

afraid, Vaishen ran away from there. But his anger was not pacified. He continued to follow Muni Sen. He began to wait for better chance.

After some time, he got such chance. He made one more attempt to Kill Sen.

Muni Sen reached near Kollag, wandering as a recluse. He stood in meditation there in the forest. Vishen also reached there.

Solitary and secluded places are a boon to sinners and criminals. Vishen looked on all sides. No human being was seen anywhere. Muni and himself were the only two living souls there. This was the golden opportunity for Vishen to Kill Sen. So he decided to Kill him. He raised the sword and tried to fling it, but here also he failed. The goddess of forest stopped him. She lifted him bodily and threw him away very far. He got severe injuries. He became unconscious.

The sinners and the wicked persons

think that because the Shramans and sages are unarmed, they are helpless. But they do not know that the greatest weapon of such saints is their non-attachment and freedom from hatred. Being attracted by their penance and equal love for all creatures, many gods and goddesses become ready to protect them.

Vishen also made blows thinking that the Muni is helpless and alone. That sinner was thinking that he would succeed, and he would taken occasions. The goddesses who remain ready; but invisibly, to look to the safety of the Recluses, defeated all the wicked efforts of Vishen.

Vishen was lying unconscious in the forest. Some Bhills came there and kiednapped him. Vishen met with very bad grievances at their hands. He suffered acute pains and then died. He was thrown into the Sixth hell.

On the other hand, Muni Sen became

more and more steady in penance and meditation. When death was near, he went on fasts. Then he breathed his last. He was born in Ninth Graiveyak.

One soul rises up and up because of the observance of Right Dharma and because of the lack of power of the Vices. The other soul falls lower and lower in anger. The soul of Gunsen began to enjoy happiness in the Ninth Graiveyak and the soul of Agnisharma fell into the terrible miseries of Sixth Hell.

The soul of Agnisharma, burning in the fire of revenge was born as son in the Second Birth, as mother in the third, as a wife in the Fourth, as a brother in the Fifth, again as a wife in the Sixth and again as a brother in the Seventh. He thus continued to increase the hatred and enmity. He continued to get lower and still lower regions.



## GUNCHANDRA AND VIDYADHAR

### VANMANTAR

(Eighth Birth)

Gunchandra was the only son of King Maitreebal and Queen Padmavati. Maitreebal was the King of Ayodhya. Gunchandra was the mine of Virtues and was of amiable temperament.

When he was fifteen years old, he was once playing with his friends in the garden. All boys were absorbed in playing. Exactly at that time there was heard from the sky a hard and unpleasant sound from the sky. The sound was so terrible that all children ran helter-skelter in fear. Gunchandra stood there only.

Then one gigantic figure of a man came running with a gigantic tree in his hand to beat Gunchandra. But soon one

bright and illuminating man emerged. He challenged that figure with a tree who ran away. All these things happened so speedily that Gunchandra could not understand anything,

The figure with a golden tree was Vidyadhar Vanmantar. \* The other man who was bright, was the Yaksha, the protector of the garden.

Even Vidyadhar or god can not defeat one whose destiny is strong and whose life is long. Then what to talk of killing him ?

\*

Once there came to Ayodhya two painters named Chitramani and Chitrabhusan of Shambpur City. They came to the palace, walking here and there. They entered the palace after due permission. They went to Gunchandra and said :

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\* Vanmantar Vidyadhar was the soul of Aghisharm and Gunchadra was Gunsen. This was the Eight Birth of both.

“Prince you show any faults in our pictures.” Thus saying, they placed one picture in his hands. Gunchandra gazed and gazed at the picture not to talk of finding any mistake in it.”

“What mistake is there ?”

“Whose picture is this ? It is painted very nicely.” Gunchandra said.

“The picture is of Ratnavati ?

“Who is Ratnavati ?”

“A young daughter of king Shankhayan and Kantimati of Shankhpur city.... Her age is quite matured for marriage. We have arrived here in search of a proper husband.”

Gunchandra was already attracted by her beauty as seen in the picture. He himself prepared one picture of her. The artists were stunned when they saw the

picture. One of them spoke out : "Prince you are a good painter by all means. Our picture loses its charm before yours."

Exactly at that time, some musicians came. They demonstrated their art and asked :

"Prince what mistake do you in our art ?"

The prince showed them their faults. Seeing this, the painters said : "Prince ! It seems you are skilled in both the arts."

Then they went back to Shankhpur.

\*

Ratnavati fell in love with Gunchandra. When she saw his picture. She conveyed her wish to her parents.

On the auspicious day, both were married.

\*

All days are not equal. Prince Gunchandra and queen Ratnavati got one shock in their happy life. A king named Vigrah



attacked Ayodhya. Gunchandra went to face him. Both fought fiercely. In the end Gunchandra won and he made the enemy a prisoner.

Exactly at that time Vidyadhar Vanmantar was passing through the clouds. Because of the enmity since many births he tore apart the bondages of king Vigrah. He was sent in the camp of Gunchandra. Both the warriors now began to fight a duel. Again Vigrah was defeated. He then made friendship with Gunchandra.

The wish of Vanmantar was not fulfilled. The prince was neither defeated nor was he killed, But an enemy never gets tired of enmity. He found out one cunning way of taking revenge. He went to Ayodhya and spread the false news of the death of Gunchandra.

The city was surrounded by the gloom of the death of prince Gunchandra. On this side, the prince Vigrah was taking

the vow of Shravak under the guidance of Acharya Vijaydharana in the garden Gun-sambhava.

The most effective means in this world is propaganda. Even if a lie is propagated more than once or often then that story is believed to be true. The king and the queen as also other people believed it. Ratanavati became unconscious in the pain of separation from her husband. After great effort with the help of medicines having cooling effect, She came to her senses, she began to shout while weeping :- "O my husband! Now who will support me? I am coming to you."

She got prepared a funeral pyre outside the city. Then she began to be ready for sacrificing her life. At that time king Maitreebal came and persuaded her, "My dear daughter! Do not commit a suicide it is a terrible sin. By that you will have to suffer pain for many births. You

keep your self mentally busy in religion. Do such act as will give you peace. By doing that not only your birth here but heareafter also will improve."

Ratnavati engaged her mind in meditation and other religious work. After some time a nun named Susangata came there. Ratnavati took a vow of Shravika under guidance. She began to observe the vow. After some time Gunchandra came to the city without notice. He bowed to his father. The king became overjoyed seeing his son alive. The joy of Ratnavati knew no limit when she saw her husband. She thought, 'My religion has borne fruit.' The father also thought, 'My faith has borne fruit.'

The people of the city welcomed the prince with open heart. They celebrated a big festival.

After some days Maitreebul gave the throne to Gunchandra and he took Deek-

sha. Gunchndra became the king. His queen gave birth to a son. His name was kept as Dhrutibal.

\*

The Nature works according to its own schedule : Cold, heat and rains. king Gunchandra was observing this Shanging moods of nature. He often thought about this futile world. Gradually, this type of feeling became more prominent. The son Dhrutibal was by now a full-fledged youth. So the king began preparations for the life of self-control after handing over the responsibilities to him. He took 'Deeksha' from Vijaydharma Muni. The Queen Ratnavati also did the same thing. They took to self-control.

\*

Muni Gunchandra, wandering, came near kollak He became absorbed in self-contemplation by performing 'Kayotsarg.'

Vanmantra Vidyadhar also came upon that region. Immediately on seeing the Muni, he became angry. He threw stones

at Muni Gunchandra. This was because of the idea of taking revenge. But in spite of this, he could not disturb the Muni in Meditation.

He was tired at last. His power did not work. At last he put into action one terrible plot. He stole away the articles of the people of the city and put them in front of the Muni.

The policemen saw the stolen articles near the Muni. They complained to the king presuming the monk to be a thief. When the king heard this, he had no energy left to think. 'Jain Shraman and a thief ! Impossible.' He could not trust the reporters. He immediately went to the place for on-the-spot self inquiry. As soon as he saw the Muni, he fell down at his feet as a respect. He spoke :

"What a great thing ! This monk is great humanitarian Gunchandra who has done good to the people." He got it pro-

claimed in the city that Munishri Gunchandra has come. All persons should take the benefit of his 'darshan.'

The whole city flocked to pay respects to Muni Gunchandra. The Muni gave religious sermon. Many persons adopted the vows of a Shravak. The others decided for Rightness.

In the end the Monk did fasts and he was born in a family having all facilities for realisation of Dharma. Vanmantar Vidyadhar was thrown in the Seventh Hell. Thus the soul of Gunsen rose to high spiritual position of worldly life. And Agnisharma's soul fell to the still lower ranks.

# THE EXTREME OF LOVE AND HATRED

(Ninth Births)

(Samaraditya Kevali)

The travellers of long journeys or those whose destination is far, make many halts. They have to pass many nights, on their way, in many resting places. Liberation of self is man's goal. It is, and it should be, the destination. To realise this goal, sometimes man has to be born so many times. They have to live for a perfect period and to decide their paths. After death, as it were, the sun rises, the morning is there. The journey of the next birth begins again.

Gunsen was full of forgiveness and love, detachment or renunciation and peace. At every re-birth the degree of these virtues got increasing.

Agnisharma had believed his penance itself as the ultimate goal. He considered it as great realisation. In fact, penance is a means for cultivating the virtues of forgiveness and peace, as well as love for all. But Agnisharma made an error in understanding it. Because the bondage of revenge or enmity, he continued to try to kill Gunsen for nine births. In each re-birth, he arranged for the tiffin, as it were, of bad deeds. As against this, Gunsen nourished feelings of forgiveness and friendship even for the persons attempting to kill him, in each birth. He considered the death of his body as a lessening of Karmas.

\*

Purushsinh, the king of Ujjain, was religious minded, protector of the people and a good ruler. His queen Sunderdevi was also extremely faithful and a virtuous. A jewel among women. To their good fortune, they got a son. The whole Ujjain city was engrossed in merry-making. With



great pomp and power, the birth of the heir-apparent prince was celebrated. The name of the son was selected as Samaraditya.

Samaraditya studied well and became a learned man. He was a cultured person. Just as a fire lies hidden under the ashes, so was his love for renunciation was hidden in his mind. Or, just as a butter is contained invisibly in the milk, his hatred for life was so hidden. He was an ocean of love, renunciation and peace. Along with these, he had in him, the respect and faith for the parents, modesty and devotion. The parents as well as the people of Ujjainee were proud of having such a soft-speaking, modest, virtuous and a scholar.

We see different occasions of life. Generally, such incidents have no effect upon us. If any of dear ones, falls ill, we do proper treatment for him, but after

that, we become as it were. Even our own illness does not make any change in us. If someone nearly related to us dies, we go to the cemetery. But after we return from the funeral ground, we become indulged in eating and drinking. But the cultured persons are affected greatly by such common occasions.

Samaraditya was staying in the palace. Sometimes he used to go for a walk in the garden, but he had seen life as a smooth road so far. He was unknown to the strange ways of the world. He had no experience of the bitter things of life.

On the day of the Spring festival the hair-apparent had learnt a lesson that this world is futile. One moment it gives sweet experience, but the next moment it gives us bitter experiments. The man whom you found yesterday in the marriage – pandal may be seen today lying on the funeral pyre.

The Spring season makes even the

old persons young. Once in a year, the city of Vjjaian also used to be coloured with delight and enthusiasm. The whole city used to reach the royal garden. People danced forgetting their bodies. For full one day, they were thus being liberated from all miseries.

Along with his companion Samara-ditya went, by the chariot to participate in the rejoicings. No one had the slightest idea this day of Delight will remove the ashes of love which hid the spirit of renunciation. The prince saw that one naked person was lying on the roadside. From his body, something is coming out. His fingers are half left. The flies were humming over his body. The prince asked the charioteer :

“Take my chariot near that man.”

The prince then got down. He asked his companions : “Who is this man ? This man is quite different from us. Why so ?”

One companion replied : "Your Honour ! This man is suffering from leprosy. If we touch his body, we also get the disease."

The innocent prince asked: "Leprosy?"

The other one replied : "Yes, leprosy. It is a serious type of disease. Such a man is driven out of the house. Because anybody who touches him catches the germs of that disease."

The prince was not satisfied. He again asked :

"But why does a man get this disease ? Why are you not suffering from it ? Why not I ?"

One companion said : "This disease can attack anyone. I also can suffer from it. No body knows when such disease comes over. The body is a storehouse of many more diseases. Anyone can suffer from any disease at any time."

Samaraditya then ordered the chariot-  
eer to take the chariot further on. He  
began to think :

‘What type of world is this ? Where  
is happiness here ? What a bad disease  
the leprosy is ? There are many other  
diseases also.....’

To-day, all the difficulties of the  
world had decided; as it were, to show  
their faces. The chariot rolled on. Just  
then, at a short distance, Samaraditya  
saw another strange sight. Four per-  
sons were carrying away one man who  
was lying in —a tied-down position,  
on the bamboos. Some other men  
were following them weeping and wailing  
loudly. One cart-load of woods also moved  
on.

The prince, halting the chariot, asked  
his companions : “Why these men weep  
even though to-day is the day of Spring  
Festival ? Why this man has been tied up  
with ropes ? The poor fellow lies silent

and does not do any protest ! But this cart fall of wood....?"

One of the friends replied; "Prince honourable ! This man is dead."

The prince was surprised : Dead ? What is this dieing ?"

The Companion replied : "The power which enables us to laugh and to weep, to walk and to talk, to think, when dies away, the man dies. To die mens to be destroyed. Now this man has no soul. Only his lifeless body has remained. The body means an empty Cage. When the parrot flies away from the Cage, the Cage becomes empty. The soul of a man is like a parrot. It has flown away from the body of this man. Now people will burn the body of this man. These persons who weep are his relatives. They weep because of the the pain of separation."

Then Samaraditya asked : "Friend,

among all these men who are relatives, one man is very strange-looking fellow. His waist is bent down. He has not a single tooth in his mouth. All his hairs have turned as white as cotton. There are wrinkles all over his body. Why is he such ?”

“O prince ! This man is an old man. Old age is one period of life. Childhood, youth and oldage—these are three stages of Life. They are three forms, and the last is death.”

(Please read part 6 for further.)

## *Samaraditya-6*

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Samarditya asked : "Has everyone to be old ?"

"No, prince ! Everyman has not to suffer old age. Yes, no one can escape death. Some die in childhood, some die young, some die after getting old. We can not be certain about death. It can come any time."

Samaraditya had no desire now to take part in Spring festival. But he did not want to displease his father. So he went to the garden, reluctantly. The people clipped in rejoicings surrounded the prince. The prince gave a faint smile and said :

"Do you know who rules here ?"



One man replied : "Why not ? Emperor Purushsinh is the ruler."

The other man said : "Yes, and in future our prince Samaraditya will be the king."

The prince laughed loudly seeing the simplicity of the people.

He said to them :

"You do not know anything. Three Kings rule this whole world : Disease, old age and death. Your jumping with joy, your dancing, singing and playing the musical instruments are meaningless."

All persons began to look to each other. They were surprised to find why the prince plays the tunes which are adverse to the Spring ? What has happened to the Prince ?

The prince said : "Sing-dance, Swing-Jump."

Telling this much he returned to the city by the chariot. His mind was now fixed on how to get victory ovey old age, death and miseries ? He wanted to get through this difficulty any how. He began to search for ways of escaping from disease, old age and death.

King Purushsinh came to know all these mental workings of the Prince. But he consoled himself with the idea that the prince is still a Child. He has not tasted, so far, the juice of worldly life. So he increased the means of comfort and pleasure for the Prince, Happy-go-lucky friends were asked to give company to the prince. He also thought now of getting him married.

The brother-in-law of the king was Khadagsinh, who had two daughters—Vibhramvati and Kamlata. Both were the treasures of beauty and virtues. They had seen Samaraditya once. Naturally they

fell in love with him. It looked as if the births of both these girls were fixed for Samaraditya. Purushsinh, the king, had also liked these girls. So he consented to settle this marriage.

But the greatest obstacle was Samaraditya himself. It was very difficult to convince him, for becoming ready for marriage. But when the king put the proposal, the prince became immediately ready. The King was very much surprised.

‘How did he become ready so soon ? How did he not hesitate even though it was told him for the first time ?’

It was no use to waste time in finding out its cause. The purpose was to taste and relish the mangoes, not to count the trees. His wish was fulfilled. He was happy. This was sufficient for him. But there were three causes behind the quick approval of the prince. They were :

First reason was that he had faith on his own ability and power. Not a single attraction of worldly life could swerve him from spiritual achievements.

The other reason was, he was sure that Vibhramvati and Kamalata were divine souls. 'They will surely follow me.'

And the third reason was that he thought that it was also his duty to consider the father's wish, to respect him and to please him.

So, one fine day, the marriage of the prince was celebrated. He got the blessings of the elders and retired to his own palace.

The First Night of Marriage ! The lovers get restless in waiting for this night ! At that night, Samaraditya was thinking :

'The earlier the better in good things.'

'Should I postpone my wish to have self-control, for the next day ? No. On the great moment of this auspicious night alone, this great thing should be achieved. These are two divine souls. They will surely follow my path.'

Again, he thought like this also :

'Is it proper to do this on the very first night ?'

His mind replied :

'Why not proper ? Break off the bondage as quickly as possible.'

Vibhramvati and Kamlata were sitting in the palace of pleasures. she was surrounded by their girls-friends. They intended to play jokes with Samaraditya also. He was sitting in a corner. The girl-friends were cutting jokes already with the two brides. But Samaraditya was lost in his mental in decision 'what to do ?' At last

one Kundlata makes him break the silence. She said :

“Great prince ! Take this garland of flowers. It has been prepared by your beloveds. In each and every flower of it, their love is hidden. It smells of love and love only.”

The other one Maninee tried to correct her :

“Kundlata ! Why do you call it a garland of flowers ? Better call it Love-garland.”

Samaraditya accepted the garland reluctantly. Just behind Kundlata and Maninee, were sitting Vibhramlata and Kamlata.

The prince said : “Kundlata ! How did your friends happen to love me suddenly ?”

Kundlata wanted to reply that after hearing your praises, they began to love. Moreover, they had seen the princess also once. But Vibhramvati stopped her. So she did not speak anything.

The prince said, " This love also is only a fraud. Of what use is that love which made bad condition."

It was like a bolt from the blue for Kamlata and Vibhramvati. They trembled hearing such a disappointing and irrelevant talk. Why he talks such things at the very First auspicious night? Both of them were surprised and shocked. Now Kamalata removed the veil of shamefulness and asked :

"What relation is there between love and misery ? Can the lover do any harm to his dearone ?"

Samaraditya smiled and replied :

“The relation between love and misery is such as is the relation between the deer and the mirage or between to chakor bird and the embers.”

Vibhramvati and Kamlata now entered the arena. With an intention to throw stone in reply to a brick, said :

“Are the beings such as deer and the chakor like human beings ? Is there no difference between the animal, birds and the human beings ?”

Samaraditya refuting the argument, said :

“There is a difference. Man is rational. He knows how to think and to understand. The animals and birds are irrational. Because of lack of reason, the deer is led away by illusion. It sees water in the sands because the shining rays of the sun. They get reflected and look like water. They continue to ~~ran~~ after that



water.

In the same way, the ckakor bird loves the moon. It eats the embers because of the illusion of moon there. As a result, it burns its beak. If men do the same foolish acts like them, what a miserable and strange thing would it be ?”

Vibhramvati again said :

“It is quite natural that the deer and the chakor are cheated. But does it always happen that there is an invariable relation between love and misery ? Two persons—male and female, regard it as perfection when they are lost in love. Now, where is the relation here between the love and the misery ?

Now the enthusiasm of the prince increased. He clarified :

“Suppose, one princess standing in the balcony gazes at the young man below.

Both fell in love with one another. They were lost in love-making. At that time they are caught red-handed. The young male is made a prisoner and the princess is kept under strict observation and guard. Now whose interest is served in this love ?”

Vibhramvati spoke :

“It was a sort of temporary passion. Secondly, both had forgotten the sense of space and time. Their bad condition was the result of their mistake and not of love.”

Kamlata supporting her, said :

“This was no love, the princess was quite ignorant of her helplessness.”

The prince got the chance. Now he could explain the helplessness of old age and death as well as the futility of worldly life. So he said :

अथ ५ ३ ११

"The belief of both of you is correct. We also have forgotten our helplessness and dependence. We all are the slaves of vices. We have forgotten the significance of human life."

Even if we apply indigo to the clothes made of Jute and Canvass, they are not affected, but the clean, neat and cotton's white clothes show some immediate effect and get a shine, if we apply indigo to them.

Vibhramvati and Kamlata's souls were divine and cultured. The prince saw that there were on their faces one unique beauty, brightness and solenmity. Then he explained in detail, the meaningfulness of human birth and the futility of worldly life. He told one moral story also.

Both of them became the disciples of Samaraditya. All the three decided to take a vow of self-control that very

night. The love making Night turned into the night of celibacy. They passed the night in religious discourses. The news of thier renunciation spread in early morning.

The road was thornless for Samaraditya. Both the brides were ready to follow his path. Now the permission of only King Prithvisinh and queen Sundaridevi was necessary. In Samaraditya, if there was acute feeling for renunciation, there were the virtues in him of patience and serenity to an infinite degree.

King Purushsinh was not agreeable to the life of renunciation selected by Samaraditya. But Samaraditya had ample faith that his way was the way of real happiness of the soul. So there will be a day when his father would give him consent.

With this faith, he remained more and more near to the King. He searched

for an opportunity to talk about this. His father also wanted to give tell his mind's inner doubts. One day he said :

“Son ! Not a single recluse-like king has ever ascended the throne of Ujjainee before you. How will you run the state by remaining in such a mood of renunciation ?”

Samaraditya replied in a polite tone :

“My dear father ! It is not necessary that what has not happened till yesterday or to-day, should not happen to-morrow. If an illiterate father thinks that because no one in my family has so far got any education, why should I study or impart education to my son ? If he thinks like that, then the education will perish.

Similarly, is a son of a poor man thinks like this that because my father was poor. I will also not earn wealth, then how much more miserable the life

will be for him ! There is no much sense in rejecting the happiness available to-day because it was not in store for us till yesterday.

I also wish that I will glorify my legacy of Ujjainee. I will increase the prestige of Ujjainee by performing acts which had not been Performed by any of my predece. ssors till to-day."

Purushsinh had nothing to reply to this. Yet he asked :

"Do you think that all these-kingdom, glory happiness, comforts enjoyments-of renunciation only ? Why do you ? find all these charmless.

Samaraditya replied :

"My dear father ! I have a perfect liking for enjoyments and wealth, but the very moment I step towards enjoyment, the thread of enjoyments and pleasures break like a raw thread of cotton.

The moment I extend my hand towards pleasures I experience mountain-like burden on my head. I return and retreat from it.

I see that numberless beings are lying crushed under this mountain. They enjoy comforts with tears in their eyes. I shake because of this treachery. I am not afraid of taking poison; but I am afraid of the terrific consequences of poison."

Purushsinh became serious on hearing these words. Samaraditya could see that his speech has not been fruitless. Father has retraced — his steps in the face of truth. At that time, one servant gave the news :

"Your Honour ! Bhatt Purandar has suddenly become ill. He is nearing death. Before very short time, he was quite healthy. God knows, what happened to him suddenly that he is breathing his last now. Not only that but his pet dog also now on death-bed."

Purushsinh could not decide what to do. But Samarsinh suggested to him :

“Father ! Be quick. Call the Court-Physician immediately. I feel that somebody has given poison to Purandar Bhatt, the priest and his dog.”

The physician soon tried to cure the priest. Poison was vomitted out. Both the priest and his dog were saved. Both became normal. Purushsinh was surprised because the secret plot of poisoning them was not known to anybody. Only Samaraditya could know it. He asked :

“My dear son ! How did you know that they were poisoned ?”

Without being the least proud, Samaraditya replied :

“Father ! I also know that they were poisoned by Purandar’s wife herself. Because this accidental death-like situation



clearly shows that they must have been poisoned. And who else except his wife can dare to do it in food ?

This is also my inference.

The love and hatred of past births only make men do such things. I am at a loss to understand why the dog was also poisoned. But I am guess about this also. the relations of previous births also sometimes are born in the species of animals and come into our contact. Because of ignorance we do not know this sort of secret."

He continued and said :

"There was one lover of past birth whom the wife of Purandar loved. After death, he was born as a dog. The lady worships the idol of her lover. The dog revolves round her. It gives silent message that the lover concerned was 'myself' only. What an irony of fate that she poisons

her lover !”

Purandar inquired and got the details. He observed his life and found that Samaraditya's story was quite correct. Now he realised that his son is a great yogi of past life. It was his mere selfishness to keep such a dignified soul in the bondages of worldly life. ‘I will not be a hindrance in his vows of self-control.’ One day, he himself, therefore, said to him :

“Son ! By worldly considerations, you are my son no doubt; but by virtue of the knowledge which you gave me, you are my Guru. I now give my consent to you, that may you do good to your soul by the self-control and Renunciation. Take it for granted that even your mother is agreeable to this.”

Afterwards, not only Samaraditya and his two wives, but also king

Purushsinh and queen Sunderdervi took to life of renunciation In honour of the renunciation of household life of all these five divine souls, the city was decorated like a newly-married wife. Purushsnh had no other son. So he enthroned his sister's son Munichandra. King Munichandra took the reigns of Sjjainee in his hands.

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Muni Samaraditya was one of the chief disciples of Guru Prabhasacharya. The teacher awarded to him the degree of 'Vachak'. Now Samariditya was known as 'Vachak Samaraditya.'

The recluse and the sage only achieves 'good' for them-selves but they also intend to do good to the people of worldly life. For ages, these recluses and saints have been doing these things only : to bring home to a man the infinite powers he possesses, to uproot the weeds of false pride of the rulers and of those persons who are proud of their castes of clans,

and to give inspiration to us in task of becoming free from the net of Love-Hatred, Anger-Revenge and greed-attachments. They are doing this now also.

The fame of Vachak Samaraditya's penance and knowledge was spread far and wide. He solved the doubts of the men curiosity very easily. People asked strange questions to test him. Vachak Samaraditya without getting the least tired, tried to satisfy them. He was preaching to the creatures of the world, in this way, by touring different places.

Once Vachak Samaraditya made a start for the pilgrimage to Ayodhya. He stayed at the garden near Ayodhya city. King Prasannachandra of Ayodhya came running to have his darshan. The king was believing that only Bhagwan Rishabhdev is the first exponent of Jain religion. Vachak Samaraditya removing this illusion of his, Said :

“O king ! Since time immemorial, there have been many a world-conquerer, and there will be many such in future. Rishabhdev is the First ‘Tirthankar’ of the present line of twenty four Tirthankars; but he is first of a specific period.”

There was one old man ‘Indrasharma’ in his Religious Assembly. In reply to one of the doubts raised by him, Samaraditya explained how the soul falls into bondages of eight types of actions.

One young man with a view to embarrass Samaraditya asked :

“Prabhu ! Vow and self-control are by nature painful. How can we get happiness from pain ?”

Samaraditya pitied the ignorance of the youth and explained :

“Brother ! When you become ill, do you eat all sorts of things ? Don’t you stop taking sweets, sour eatables etc. ?

The patient finds it painful to observe the rules of health. but behind those pains there lies hidden the future happiness of good health. This thing applies to matters of selfcontrol also."

The youngman became emotional. He could not express his delight. The doubt which was troubling him for many days was solved to-day.

Another youngman asked :

"The man who can not observe the vows of renunciation and greater self-controls is asked to observe minor vow (Anuvrat). It means that the violence and falsehood which are renounced by the Recluses are allowed to these small adherents."

Muni Samaraditya thought it better to explain this by illustration. He said :

"How many brothers are you ?"

The youngman replied :

“We are four brothers.”

The Muni said again :

Suppose all of you, four, are imprisoned by a king. Father appeals to the king to release his sons. In his reply, the king said that ‘I Can release only one of your sons. The other three will have to be kept in prison.’

Now your father thinks that let me get freed at least one son. I will again try for the other three. Young man ! Now does this mean that your father gladly consented to keep three sons in prison ?

The vows do not command us to avoid more sins; they simply keep us under certain limits. An individual tastes the good fruits of vows. penance and control-He gets out from that limit and tries constantly so renounce sins, evil deeds etc.”

The questioner now understood the main principle behind this. After staying

for some days more, Vachak Samaraditya started for Ujjainee. In the Royal garden of Ujjayinee, he sat in the posture of meditation.

It was night time. One stranger came in the garden. He bowed down with faith, when he saw the Muni in meditation. He observed minutely.

“Oh ! This is no one else than Muni Samaraditya.” Seeing him, there was a commotion as terrible as earthquake. His fists got twisted in anger and revenge. That man was thinking and saying to himself again and again :

‘How cunningly is he sitting, pretending to be a devotee ! Hypocrite ! Rogue ! To-day, I will tear open the veil of his hypocracy. Oh ! This Samaraditya had taken ‘Deeksha’ (consecration) with great pomp and power.’

This black looking ugly fellow was



Girisen. The whole Ujjayinee knew that the colour of his body and his hair was also like the colour of his heart. He was blackish-both in respect of his body and his heart. The reason was that he was jealous and cruel.

On seeing Vachak Samaraditya, he became mad with anger. Apparently, there was no reason for this. Muni Samaraditya had never thought evil of Girisen. Then why this idea of revenge ?

The cause was invisible-the feeling of revenge for the enmity of the previous births. In the hands of Girisen there were only worn-out and torn out clothes. He went home quickly. The clothes were dipped in oil. He then came back to the garden. He wrapped these clothes around Samaraditya. Then he lit fire to it and ran away.

The Muni's body began to turn. The flames began to leap forward. But the ferocity of this fire were nothing before

the cold water of forgiveness of Muni's heart. Sense of non-violence and love was pervaded in each and every nerve of his. The shades of faith unto one's soul, peace and forgiveness danced over his face. There was no question of mental attachment for him. He was, on the contrary, thinking that his karmas are being destroyed. Great Muni Samaraditya was lost in the ocean of peace and love.

At that time the light worth thousand suns pervaded the whole sky. The gods began to blow trumpets. The sleep of the citizens of Ujjainee was disturbed. The croued of men and woman began to run towards the garden. The king Munichandra also reached there along with the officers and ministers.

Muni Samaraditya get the highest knowledge of liberation (Keval Gnan). That is why the gods and goddesses were dancing with joy. The fire got cold automa-  
 शैल ५ ६. १७

ically. Samaraditya was seated with smiling face. Lord Indra bowed to him and said with choked voice :

“Prabhu ! Hail to you ! You have defeated the mighty enemies of karmas.”

All gods were bowing him. Standing in one corner Girisen was feeling sad. He had no courage to ask for pardon of Muni. The Jain Muni was giving Sermon. The king asked :

“Prabhu ! How this calamity came upon you all of a sudden and without a cause ?”

Kevalgnani Muni replied, “There can be no action without a cause. Girisen who has done this work is testing me for last nine births. This time it was the last one. Even minutest seed does not go in vain. The seed of enmity, if sown does grow.”

Muni Chandra again asked, “Prabhu ! When will be the end of the bad condition

of this man who is preparing the bundles of revenge for nine births ?”

“King ! This Girisen is a devine soul. This last time he is thinking that I have done a sin by burning the muni. This repentence of him will one day burn all his sins, just as a fire burns the heap of cotton.”

Uptil now, all people were hating Girisen. But after hearing the talk of his salvation this hatred was turned into mercy.

The anger never becomes cooled by anger. The angry man falls into unbearble bondage of actions. Even the recluse like Agnisharma wandered in every birth because of such reasons. Gunsen in the birth as Samaraditya got Supreme Bliss and knowledge. It is therefore said ‘Uvasamen Hane Koham !’

The fire of anger is cooled only by the waters of forgiveness.

# *The Miracle of Regular study*

(YAVRAJ RISHI)

Has many rewards. It leads to detach ment increased wisdom and reduction in evil deeds. It is beneficial not only in our next birth but also in our present life. It's living testimony is-Yavraj.

In olden times yavraj was the ruler of the beautiful town of Yavpur. Dharinil was his queen. Who gave birth to a son and a pretty and fortunate daughter. The son was named Gardhill and the daughter was christened Anolika (Anutha) Dheergh) pristha was Yavraj's Prime Minister. Who was entrusted with the responsibility of looking after the affairs of the kingdom.

Once a renowned astrologer came to the royal court. He looked at the princ-

ess Anolika in her father's lap and observing the marks on her body he said to the king :

‘O King ! Whoever marries your darling princess will become a great king.’

Once a learned perceptor visited his capital. Yavraj went to him to pay his respect. The preaching of the perceptor enlightened him and he decided to renounce.

As the prince Gardbhill was very Young, the King enthroned him, but the responsibility of administering the kingdom he entrusted to the Prime Minister Dheerghpristha.

The king-turned-Saint Yav had great enthusiasm for self-control and religious Practices. He would never shirk service.

He would be discouraged when he tried to study the scriptures. Inspiration

goads a person to persevere and progress but how can there be any progress if one is not inspired ! The preceptor would encourage him to study the scriptures by stressing the importance of knowledge. But The king-saint would wade the advice by saying :

‘Old age has blunted the sharp edges of my intellect, and the memory has grown dinner. It is difficult to remember anything.’

The perceptor thought of a way out to fill him with enthusiasm for the religious books. He sent him to preach to the people and the royal family. The disciple has to accept the teacher’s bidding. He set out to carry out the teacher’s command.

On his way he rested under a tree near a field of juvar (Corn). There was an ass standing near the field whose mouth watered at the sight of the ripe, golden

ears of the corn The ass tried to enter the field but would pull back on seeing the farmer holding a stick. The farmer recited the verse on seeing the donkey's predicament :

'O donkey ! Yon are moving about the field. You come forward but draw back on seeing me. I know about your intention to eat Yav (or Juvar)

The preacher Yav heard the verse. He liked it very much and he thought of deliveraing a sermon with its help. He began to learn it by heart. Soon he came upon a village. He saw some boys playing the game of tip-cat on its outskirts. The gilli (Anullika-the small piece of wood tapering at the ends) fell into a pit. The boys began to find it out. A clever boy among them spoke :....

'It came this way, went to the other side. You are trying to find it but it is not seen by you. But I know that Anullika



(Gilli) is in the pit.'

The muni stood motionless on hearing the spontaneously spoken verse by the boy's. He liked these lines also and he learnt them by heart. He hummed them for a while.

After some time he arrived in the town of Yavpur. The sun had set. The seer thought it fit to visit the town in the morning. He spent the night at a Potter's place.

In the evening the muni sat in meditation. The Potter took his seat on a platform opposite the muni. The Potter saw a mouse running near and round him, but it ran away when the Potter moved a little. In this way it came again but darted towards its hole when the potter shook himself. The potter felt pity for the mouse and he uttered the following lines.

"O delicate mouse, I know it is in

your nature to roam in dark at night. Enjoy yourself. Why do you fear me ? There is no fear from my side but you should be afraid of Dheergapristha”

The seer Yav heard these lines and learnt them by heart. Sitting there he was committing the three verses to his memory, thinking that they will come handy for his religious discourse.

Though the prince Gordabhill was only a child he was very clever and brave. He would keep an eye on every activity of his Prime Minister Dheergapristha. The minister did not like his interference. He used to think :

He keeps a strict watch on me though he is very young. He would throw me out like a fly out of milk when he would come of age. I should nip this very young snake. Those who are well-versed in the science of ethics have said :

'If you don't uproot a thing by nail at the right moment it can't be uprooted later even by an axe. There fore I should murder this prince through any means. Why should I not marry Anolika myself and become a great king.' Because as prophesied by the astrologer whoever weds the princess will become a great king.

Thinking thus the minister Dheer-gapristha thought of a secret plot. He hid the princess Anolika in a secret chamber and began his attempts to murder Gardabhill. He rallied many courtiers to his side by offering them position and money.

Gardabhill tried hard to find out his sister but she could not be traced any where. The minister came to know of the arrival of Rejarshi Yav even as he was plotting to murder the prince. He took fright at the news and he thought.

If exposes my plans with the help of

his powers I will be no where. He is the real obstacle. He must be finished of it tonight but to murder a Rajarshi ? What will be my fate if the king learns of this ?

Dheergapristha began to pander over the problem :

‘...father’s murder by his son It is a common royal custom.’

An evil idea arose in him and in the pitch dark of the night he made for the palace.

The prince was surprised to see him at night.

The minister was very grave. He seemed deeply worried. They went into the room reserved for such discussions.

The minister tried to mislead him :

“Yavrajarshi has returned to occupy the kingdom. He has stayed at the potter’s house on the outskirts of the town. If

a man who has slipped from the Path of Yoga becomes the king again, the brilliant tradition of Yavpur will be spoiled. Your own future will be sealed. It is more painful to give up throne for a Rajput than to meet death.'

'I am at your service. Give thought to what is happening. You should confront the great danger tonight itself. Otherwise the king would enter the city and would stake his clame to the throne. It is likely that the people might revolt and there might ba a civil war. You will be nowhere.'

The Prince was taken in by the deceitful talks of the minister. For a few seconds he could not believe him but the minister's fraud was skilfully played. He was very grave and full of pretension of loyalty.

'Well ! My minister you tell me how to protect the kingdom from this danger ?

The minister replied gravely :

‘O King ! Whoever tries to siere power is the enemy of the state, be he the son, the father or the brother. The father who wants to siere power is like a poisonous snake. It is only proper to kill the snake.’

Do you mean the maruder of Rajarsli ?  
A cloud of deep anxiety passed over the prince’s face.

The minister said gravely :

‘This is what kingly duties enjoin.. If you want to be a good son to your father you should relinquish the throne and be a hermit.’

‘No that is not possible, but on the other hand patricide and the murder of a seer....how can that be ?

‘O King ! The seer who has renou-  
need worldly pleasures returns to enjoy

them is a seer no more and a father who has once relinquished his power for the son wants to make him a servant is no father. You have forgotten your kingly obligations. There is no father, son or friend in politics. The most important thing is to protect your kingdom. What is done to save power is kingly duty.

The prince remained silent for a few moments. Stupefied, he thought for a while. Then suddenly he pulled out his sword and said to the minister :

‘Well, you may leave. I will do all I can to perform my kingly duties.’

The minister’s plan succeeded and the prince set out holding the sword in his hand, to murder his father. Misled and prompted by baseless suspicion he set out to kill a sage.

He moved around the house noiselessly. He looked into the house through

a big hole the Rajarshi was humming some thing inside.

He was abashed on hearing the first verse recited by the muni.

He has definitely seen me. He has sensed the motive of my coming. He is addressing them to me. Why are you roaming o donkey (Gardabhill) ? You are looking at me I know your aim is Juver or Yav (The king Yava).

He brought down the raised sword and thought :

Rajarshi is a learned person. He has sensed my motive for coming here. Let me see whether he can know about my anxiety for the lost sister.

The muni began to recite the second verse.

'It came this way, went to the other side. The princess Anulliya is not visible but I see her in a pit.'



His puzzle was solved on hearing this verse. He began thinking :

‘The muni has told me plainly that Anullika (the princess) is in a pit. It is quite certain that somebody has hidden her in a cellar.’

The thought to murder his father underwent a change in the prince’s mind.

‘Has such a learned person come to snatch my kingdom ? He is very learned and powerful. I run a great rick. People will go over to him and he will wrest power from me at one blow. How to kill such a person as he ? He was known my wish.

As the prince was busy thinking thus, the muni recited the third verse :

‘O young and delicate one ! I know you are fond of roaming in the dark. Why are you afraid of me ? Have no fear from me. you should be afraid Of only

Dheergapristha.

On hearing the third verse the thought flashed across his mind like lightning.

The muni has come to know Of my thoughts and efforts. That is why he warns me in clear terms that the real danger is from the minister Dheergapristha Can there be any reason to fear him ? He is the custodian of my kingdom. But the muni has infinitive powers. There must be something black at the bottom.

There must be something my sterious about the whole affair. I should beg his pardon. His aim is self-knowledge and spiritual elevation. I have been misled. What a terrible sin might have been committed by me ? To kill one's own father who is a sage.

His thoughts were completely changed and crying he fell at the feet of the  
 श्री ५. ३. १८

the muni was astonished to see him coming to him at night. Holding the naked sword he was at his feet crying. He served his motive. He consoled him :

“Kumar ! What is the matter ? Tell me everything without any fear.”

The prince released his evil intention him about the minister's deceit and begged to be pardaned.

Muni was speechless. He thought : Can a son kill his father for the sake of kingdom ? He was even prepard to murder a sage misled by miaginative and false talks.

He was full of such thoughts for sometime. He consoled him. There was no anger or hared in him. Collecting himself the prince returned to the palace.

He was full of suspicion about the minister. He realised that there was poison in the talks of the misinster.

He ordered his soldiers to lay a seize of the minister's house for a search. He himself went to the cellar to search. In one of the underground rooms he saw the princess Anullika sitting dejected and withere like the flower of michelia.

He was furious at the minister for imprisoningt he princess. The anger of the People exploded like the flames of fire. He exposed the deceit of the minister, and ordered him to leave his kingdom with his family.

People of Yavpur turned out in large numbers to welcome You. Who delivered gave Sermans to the royal family and verses the People. He narrated how there not only saved his own life but saved the kingdom of Yavnagar from destruction. There arose an intense aspiration towards knowledge and study in him. Inspired by him the children, the old, young and women folke dedicate themselves to the worship of knowledge and learning.

The whole episode filled the prince Gardabhill and his mother with repulsion towards the world. The prince abdicated his power and entrusted the responsibility of the running of the state to his cousin. Analika was married to him.

In this way, even a small incident like regular study showed such a miracle that the lives of lakhs of people brightened up.

# *Decrees of Fate*

## *part I*

In the middle part of Bharat Region there was a very nice and beautiful city named Champanagari. In form and structure it was very fine. Its natural beauty was also the best, It appeared to keep its head high like a mountain as difficult to be approached as ancient books of wisdom and as difficult to be crossed as the ocean of worldly affairs. By such form and beauty the city gave inspiration of life to its people. The music of the flowing rivers appeared to say : "Movement alone is life, continuity alone takes us to the goal." The lakes filed with clean and clear waters appeared to say : "Happiness lies only in steadiness of mind and heart, joy lies only in peace, silence is the best language, silence controls the mind, and self-control alone makes a man successful."

The long and broad highways of Champanagari taught lessons of equality. They appeared to say : "We do not keep any distinction between different persons and things. All walk over us Elephants, horses, camels, mules, donkeys, chariots and carts, pedestrians, princes and paupers, saints and all others are equal in our eyes. We do not believe in any distinction between them. The distinction between night and day is made by the people themselves. We highways are always the same at all times."

In Champanagari there was a market of eighty-four squares (choutas). The beauty of the different markets of various things and the movements to and fro of the people were as if saying by signs : "Buy at once whatever you want to buy; otherwise there will be evening in no time. The market will be closed as soon as it will be evening." The markets of goldsmiths, pan-sellers, scent and perfume dealers,

cloth merchants, grain merchants, shoemakers, dealers in vessels, gardeners, jewellers, oil and ghee dealers, washermen, dyers, etc. were as if the symbols of different classes of people.

King named Samantpal ruled in such lovely and great Champnagari. Samantpal, the best among men, was just, philosopher and a religious king. He was devoted to the Shramanas (Jain Sadhus). People of every caste, creed and profession lived in Champnagari. It was however a city of wealthy merchants. These wealthy merchants possessed wealth like that of Kuber. Amongst these merchants there lived a merchant named Vrudhdhatt. Vrudhdhatt owned a palace, a gaushala, carts, carriages and a shopping centre. In addition to these, he owned ninety-six crores of gold mohurs in cash. Sheth Vrudhdhatt's younger brother was named Sadhudatt. Befitting his name, Sadhudatt was a man of good nature.



Shethani Kautukvati, the wife of Sheth Vrudhdhdatt, was a lady adaptable in nature and devoted to her husband. The family consisted of two persons only—Shethani Kautukvati and Sheth Vrudhdhdatt. The way of working and living of Sadhudatt was different from that of his elder brother Vrudhdhdatt. Vrudhdhdatt was the sole owner of the wealth of ninety-six crores of goldmohurs in cash. His lust for wealth was, however, not small. He had buried all the ninety-six crores of gold mohurs in one place. Just as a person visits his god in great devotion, Vrudhdhdatt used to derive satisfaction by daily seeing his goldmohurs. In addition to this protected wealth, he used to earn crores from his trading business. Vrudhdhdatt's fortune was favourable. So he used to earn enormous profit from his every trading activity.

Sheth Vrudhdhdatt was a miserly nature. He was fond of burying wealth under

ground a very low king of use of wealth. Owing to his miserly nature, he did not give anything in charity. He himself also did not eat or drink well. Wealth is said to have three kinds of use charity, personal use and enjoyment and burial. There three uses are called respectively the best, medium and the lowest uses. It is obvious that only fools and indiscreet persons adopt the lowest course.

Although Vrudhdhdatt was the owner of immeasurable wealth, he had no issue. The Sheth intensely desired to have a son. He desired to have a son for the reason that he would help him in his trade so that the father and the son would together earn plenty of money. However, the ungratified instinct of motherhood of Shethani Kautukvati often rose up. She was thinking thus : "Even if a daughter at least instead of a son were born to me, I would be saved from the stain of childlessness." But nothing happens by keeping

intense desire or by thinking. Only what is written in fate happens. Sheth Vrudhdhatt and Shethani Kautukvati were attaining adulthood, but no child was born to them.

One day Sheth Vrudhdhatt was lying down in his bed-room. He was not getting sleep due to anxiety for the future. The Sheth was thinking : "The prices of which commodities will go up and of which commodities will go down to-morrow ? What should be bought and what should be sold to-morrow ? How many are wanting in fifty seven crores ?" Vrudhdhatt was involved in the cycle of such and other thoughts. While so involved in thoughts, he got sleep. During the last quarter of the night the Family Goddess of Sheth Vrudhdhatt told him in dream as follows :

"Oh Sheth ! Thy wealth will be enjoyed by some other stranger. The wealth of a miser and the honey of bees are enjoyed by others only."

The Sheth was astounded. He started asking the goddess :

‘ Oh goddess ! I have no child. In that case, how can some stranger use my wealth during my life time ? What right can he have on the wealth earned by me ?’

The goddess replied :

“Sheth ! What is destined to happen will necessarily happen. Nobody can prevent that which is written in fate and which is bound to happen. Power and planning are both ineffective before Fate. The enjoyer of thy wealth is already conceived in the womb of his mother. What remains now for him is only to take birth. My function was to inform you about this. It is impossible for me to prevent what is destined to happen.”

“Oh Sheth ! If you so desire, you can still earn blessings by giving charities until that fellow becomes an heir to your properties. This is within your power.”

The Sheth asked the goddess again :

“Mother Goddess ! Since you have told me so much, you may as will kindly let me also know as to in whose Womb he is developing ? Whese does his prospective mother reside ?”

The Family Goddess of Vrudhdhatt replied :

“Sheth ! There is a city named Kampilyapur in the Panchal Region. In that city lives one Sheth Trivikram who is the owner of immense wealth the son born of his maid-servant, Pushpashri, will enjoy your entire wealth.”

So saying, the Goddess disappeared.

When Sheth Vrudhdhatt awoke in the morning, he was restless. The story told by the Family Goddess cannot be untrue and he did not want it to turn out to be true. Considerable time of the Sheth passed away in this mental struggle. When he

could not come to any particular decision, he called his younger brother Sadhudatt. Vrudhdhdatt told the whole story to Sadhudatt and asked :

“Sadhudatt what should be done now ? What a strange situation is this that my wealth will be enjoyed by the son of Pushpashri the maid-servant of Sheth Trivikrom of Kampilyapur, residing hundreds of miles away ? Now you yourself tell me how I could knowingly allow this to happen.”

Sadhudatt replied :

“Brother ! Nothing can be achieved by doing anxiety about it or by being frightened. No change will take place in what the Family Goddess has said. It is not possible to undo what is decreed in the fate. Who has ever been able to undo What is destined to happen ? The truthful king Harishchandra of Ayodhya had to serve under a Chandala. The

most powerful scion of the Raghu dynasty, Shri Ram had to go to the forest on the eve of his Coronation ceremony. The death of Vasudev Shri Krishna, the Lord of the Yadavas, took place by the striking of an arrow of a hunter called Jarakumar. Bhagwan Neminath went for the purpose of marriage but he renounced everything and converted himself into a Shraman (Sadhu), afterwards he attained the place of a Tirthankar and started doing walfaeer of every one. To try to undo destiny is such a folly as is said in the case of a flamingo. When a flamingo goes to sleep at night, it keeps its legs towards the sky, thinking that if and when the sky will falls it will stop it with its legs.'

“Brother Vrudhdhdatt ! The fruits of action must be borne with a smiling face and steady mind. By struggling or by becoming unhappy or angry, a person is only caught in a net of bad actions.

By doing so, only the proverb “dermititis in leukoderma” is proved. Therefore, remain care-free. What is destined to happen will necessarily happen. To be unhappy from now under the anxiety of to-morrow amounts to nothing but increasing unhappiness.”

After carefully hearing the full talk of Sadhudatt, Sheth Vrudhdatt said :

“Sadhudatt ! What you have said is no doubt true. But instead of understanding that ‘Your talk alone is Correct’ I rather understand that ‘Your talk is also Correct.’ You have seen only one side of matter. See the other side also and consider that human effort is also an important factor. Good delicious food or dried-undried bread-both are got by fortune alone. But food served in a dish placed before us does not of its own accord come into the mouth. A morsel has got to be taken with hand. A



hand fan may be lying just by the side and it may be very hot. But how can that fan give us wind without any movement thereof by the hands ? A deer does not of its own enter even the mouth of a lion, the king of the forest. Industrious persons are never disheartened.

‘Sadhudatt ! The possible asks the impossible, “Where is your residence ?” It gets the reply, “In the dreams of cowards.” There for I say that fate and destiny are the reflectors of the defeat of useless persons.”

Sadhudatt said with a smile :

“Brother Vrudhdhatt ! Some one has rightly said that cheerful millionaires are rare. Your anxiety has proved that saying. In this world gold or wealth is hot everything. So far as gold is concerned, it is said that if a sparrow’s wings are studded with gold, it will never be able to fly in

the sky. In the case of possible and impossible you said that the residence of impossible is in the dreams of cowards. My own belief is that it is desirable to get complete success in any matter, but if that matter is impossible then it is desirable to completely lose it. It is waste of time to try to stop the course of destiny. Therefore, however long the life may be, it could be shortened by waste of time. As regards those who try to change the course of destiny, it has been said, "He is unfortunate and he is at the same time on the path of ruin. He does not do what he can do, but he keeps ambition to do that which he cannot do. Therefore, brother Vrudhdhatt ! I would only advise you strongly as follows : "Make good use of wealth and time. Believe that destiny is unavoidable. Sleep happily. Leave aside all anxiety to change the course of destiny."

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Vrudhhdatt heard the advice of Sadhudatt. He however remained firm in his belief. He, therefore, wishes to take the help of Sadhudatt in changing the destiny. He wanted to make Sadhudatt agree with him anyhow. Vrudhhdatt thought : "Another man may not be with us in help. Even then if his mere consent is obtained, our enthusiasm would be doubled." With this thought, Vrudhhdatt said again :

'Sadhudatt ! What is bound to happen will necessarily happen. But it is at the same time wrong to sit with folded hands and merely watch. Failure after efforts does not cause repentance. You consider fate as the supreme factor. But I say that fate is only a bazar. In a bazar, if you wait for some time, prices go down. Persons with real determination do not care for thorns. I will tell you one example wherein an intelligent minister had changed the destiny of his son and the

son of his king. Gods and Fate are afraid of the person in whom these six things are present, namely, industry, boldness, patience, strength, intelligence and valour. Fate may or may not be changed but one must make efforts. If success is not obtained in spite of efforts, nobody can be held to be at fault. Now you listen to the example of the minister called Subudhdhi :

“There ruled in the clity of Mathura an eminent king named Haribala. The name of the minister of king Haribala was Subudhdhi. In conformity with his name Subudhdhi was like Bruhaspati, the preceptor of gods, an ‘Ocean of intellect.’

As circumstances would have it, a son was born each to the wives of king Haribala and minister Subudhdhi on the same day and at the same time. The king’s son was named Haridatt. The minister’s son was named Matisagar. On the

night sixth from the day of the birth of both the sons, the minister saw a lady, beautiful as a fairy, going silently from his house. The minister went quietly to that lady and taking hold of her asked :

“Oh Goddess ! Who are you ? Why had you come to my house ?”

The goddess replied :

“Oh, best amongst ministers ! I am the famous goddess, known as Goddess of Fate. I had come to write the decrees of fate of both the boys. I am now going after finishing my work.”

Minister Subudhdhi eagerly asked :

“If so, what have you written in the fate of both the boys ?”

The goddess replied :

“The royal prince Haidatt will be a

great hunter. He will support himself by catching deer and other animals daily. Your son Matisagar will be a wood-cutter. He will cut wood in a forest and sell them. That will be his only means of livelihood."

The minister sighed heavily and asked :


"Oh Goddess of Fate ! Why did you write in the fates of both the boys facts inconsistent with their heredity ?"

The Goddess of Fate replied :

"Oh minister ! Nobody can change what is destined to happen. I am not free to write anything voluntarily. I am bound to write according to every one's actions of previous birth. The actions of previous birth of both these boys were such. I have only written accordingly."

The minister challenged her and said :

"If that is so, I shall change your decrees by the power of my intelligence.



On your side you may make full efforts to see that what you have written does not turn out to be false. Otherwise you will be criticised."

The Goddess of Fate said with a bitter smile :

"Minister ! What I have written is changeless ? What can people like you do when even the gods are helpless before Fate ? Still, however, I accept your challenge. Let the time come."

Saying so, the Goddess of Fate disappeared. The minister became engaged in his work. In course of time prince Haridatt and Matisagar, the son of the minister, advanced in age. Both studied together. They became clever in the use of arms and in scriptures.

Once a neighbouring king invaded Mathura. King Haribal of Mathure fought with him bravely. He, however met with a

heroic death. Mathura went under the rule of the invading king. Getting an opportunity prince Haridatt and Matisagar, the son of the minister, fled away from the city. Passing on and on by forests and mountains, villages and towns, they both reached a city called Laxmipur. As circumstances would have it, they however happened to become separate. Prince Haridatt took shelter in the house of a hunter. He started to support himself by catching and bringing for the hunter deer and other animals. After some time Haridatt constructed an independant hut for himself and started living therein. He earned his livelihood by the profession of a hunter, that is, by killing animals.

Matisagar, the son of the minister, could not find any shelter. He possessed one ring. He purchased one axe and a rope by selling that ring. He then started living in a hut outside the city. Matisagar daily cut woods in the jungle and



earned his livelihood by selling them.

Nothing is gained by becoming a king or a minister. One has got to suffer what is written in one's fate. Even if a man climbs on the top of a mountain which cannot be reached or crossed easily, or even if he enters in the deep underground by breaking open the earth, what is written in his fate will necessarily happen.

Now when the minister Subudhdhi saw that their kingdom had gone into the hands of the enemy, he started finding out ways and means to regain it. He moved about here and there in other cities. While so moving about, Subudhdhi reached Laxmipur. There he happened to see his son carrying a bundle of wood. The minister at once remembered the challenge he had given to the Goddess of Fate. Tears began to come out from his eyes. He however thought out a remedy with patience and intelligence. He said to his son

“My son ! take a vow. If you cut wood, you should cut only sandalwood. You may have to search the whole forest for sandalwood; or you may have to return with empty hands in the evening; or you may have to sleep hungry at night, but do not cut wood other than sandalwood.”

Matisagar took a vow to do as his father suggested. He started searching for and cutting sandalwood only. If he did not get sandalwood on any day, he returned with empty hands on that day.

After so persuading his son, the minister Subudhdhi went to Prince Haridatt. He asked after his well-being and then said to the prince.

“Prince ! You make one change in the act of catching animals. Whenever you catch them, catch only white elephants or their cubs. Do not catch any other animal.”

After so explaining to Haridatt, the minister proceeded further. Haridatt determined to catch only elephants. Within a few days he caught and gathered hundreds of elephants.

The minister wanted to change the Decree of Fate. The Goddess of Fate wanted to make it true. But the minister's plan was such that the Goddess of Fate was, while fulfilling her decree, also destroying it. Sadhudatt asked in the middle :

“How was the Goddess of Fate fulfilling her decree and at the same time destroying it ?”

Vruddhdatt replied :

“Although wandering for the whole day Matisagar did not cut other woods. At the end of the day he would be ready to go with empty hands. In the circumstances the Goddess would think : “If he would go empty-handed, my decree would

become untrue." So thinking the Goddess would, by her divine feat, make him reach a sandalwood forest. Similarly, whenever Haridatt became ready to free the animals from his net and to take away the net, the Goddess managed to entrap white elephants in his net. In this way the Goddess was, while trying to carry out her decree, also destroying it. She was thus indirectly so helping the boys that they could amass enormous wealth and live happily after abandoning their professions.

By and by Matisagar collected a huge quantity of sandalwood. Haridatt also collected hundreds and thousands of elephants. Thereafter both of them sold them and collected enormous wealth. Then they both lived in royal pomp and pleasure. Then the minister came to them to see the wonderful effect of his intelligent plan. The minister was pleased with his success. He then gathered a large army with the help of the wealth of both the boys. There-

after, with prince Haridatt and his own son Matisagar, he suddenly invaded thy enemy king. The enemy king was defeated. The minister regained the lost kingdom. He then crowned Haridatt as king and appointed Matisagar as his minister.

Having told the whole story Vrudhdatt said to Sadhudatt :

“Did you mark, Sadhudatt ! The intelligent minister wiped out the Decrees of Fate by the force of his intelligence. It is therefore that I say that hard-working and industrious persons can wipe out the Decrees of Fate. Considering this living example, what is your advice now ?”

Sadhudatt replied :

“Brother, I would say only what I have already said before. I would tell you two instead of one example wherein the doer could not do anything. That only happened which was written in fate.

Actions done in disregard of fate do not succeed."

There after Sadhudatt told the two examples as under :

"In a certain village, there came a Sanyasi with brown-coloured clothes. People flocked around him. All persons began to show their hands to him and asked :

"Baba ! Tell us our future after studying the lines in our hands."

The Sanyasi said :

"Friends, I am not an astrologer. I do not know the future."

All persons then became silent. But one person began to say forcefully :

"That is not correct. You are the seer of the whole future. Tell us something at least."

Suddenly the following words came :

out from the mouth of the Sanyasi :

“Listen then, you will die on the eighth day from to-day.”

On hearing such inauspicious and unexpected words all persons became pale. A deep sorrowful silence prevailed there for some time. A relative of that person then asked :

“Baba, in what manner will he die ? Is there no remedy whereby he can be saved from death on that eighth day ?”

The Sadhu said :

“There is a remedy. But you will not be able to do it.”

“Why ? Is that remedy very difficult ?”

The Sadhu said :

“No ! the remedy is very simple.”

The relative asked :

“Then why can he not be saved ?”

The Sadhu firmly replied :

“Because it is so destined. Therefore, although the remedy is there, it will be impossible to do it.”

Other people also asked :

“Please show us the cause of death and the remedy. Then we shall be match for them.”

The Sadhu said :

“This man will die on the night of the eighth day from to-day by being crushed under a wall. The remedy is to keep him away from buildings and houses for eight days. But I tell you again that even if you wish, you will not be able to do that remedy.”

The relatives of that person challenged the Sadhu and said :



"Baba, these are days of heat. The sleeping-cot of this man will be kept in a field outside the village for eight days. Then we shall see how the wall would go to him."

The Sadhu said :

"Try it. It is not in his fate to see the morning of the ninth day. The Fate Will lead him himself to the wall."

The talk was complete. All became engaged in their respective works. The man destined to die started sleeping on a cot kept in an open plain outside the village. He did not come in the village even during the day. He got food, drink and everything in that plain. It was a question of only eight days. Eight days could pass away easily in no time.

The night of the eighth day came on. The first two quarters of that night passed away. Everything was completely silent round-about All were in deep sleep.

At that time four thieves were going in that village to commit theft. The thieves were talking among themselves : One of the thieves said :

“The informer has given correct information. From the house of the named shepherd all persons have gone to attend a marriage ceremony. We shall get plenty of things. But how will it be possible for us to find out the house of that shepherd on this dark night ? It would have been better if that informer had been with us.”

Another thief said :

“The informer has told as the signs and the nature of streets. We shall find out on that basis.”

The third thief said :

“If that house is not found, we shall go to some other house.”

So talking the thieves came near the cot of the man destined to die. Being surprised one of the thieves said :

“How is it that this man is sleeping in a lonely field ?

Another said in a joke :

“Oh brother ! all would naturally protect a field with harvest. This poor fellow protects the earth of a barren field.”

The third thief said words of self-interest :

“Oh, you people do not know. It is due to our good luck that this man is sleeping here. This man is likely to be of the same village to which we are going. With his help we shall be successful.!”

After going to him the thieves awoke that man.

They asked him :

“Do you belong to this nearly village?”

“I belong to that village, but....”

Before he could speak further, the thieves said :

“Then come with us. Show us the house of a particular shepherd. Otherwise we will kill you.”

What can one man do before four men ? That man began to walk ahead like a tamed goat. He took the thieves through streets and through mud behind that shepherd's house. The thieves began to dig a hole. That man started to go back. But one of the thieves said at once :

“Where are you going ? Now we shall not at all allow you to go. Thieves also have their duty. You have helped us so far. Now you are our fifth companion. We shall not allow you to go without

giving you your share.”

Due to helplessness and also greed that man stopped going. The thieves dug out a hole. There became as much room as would permit one man to enter in. The four thieves were considering as to who should enter therein- At that very time the wall fell with a great noise. That man was crushed under that wall and died on the night of the eighth day. He could not see the morning of the ninth day. Therefore, one poet has said :

“Who can go to sleep and say that he shall definitely do a particular thing after waking up the next morning ?”

Sadhudatt completed the story. He then said to Vrudhdhatt :

“Brother ! You have heard one wonderful story about the power of Fate. Now listen to another example-.”

Sadhudatt began to tell another

example :

“A religious king named Ratnasen ruled in a city called Ratnasthala. Ratnasen, the best among men, had only one son. His name was Ratnadatt. Ratnadatt was handsome, polite, sweet in speech and clever in all arts. When he became of marriageable age, king Ratnasena ordered his ministers :

“Ministers ! Go to other countries and find out a beautiful, virtuous and educated princess befitting Ratnadatt.”

On receiving the orders of the king, a batch of sixteen ministers each started for going in all the four directions, with the photograph of the prince and his horoscope. The ministers who went to the east, west and south directions failed to find out a suitable princess. They therefore returned without success. The sixteen ministers who had gone to the north reached a city named Chandrastha on the

banks of the Ganges. King named Chandrasena ruled over that city. king Chandrasena had a daughter named Chandravati. She was most beautiful and most learned in all arts. The ministers of Ratnasena showed the photograph of prince Ratnadat to king Chandrasena. This Prince appeared to be most suitable to king Chandrasena for his daughter. Thereafter the horoscopes of both the prince and the princess were compared. Their stars tallied completely. Chandrasena immediately called the Priests. He asked them to find out the auspicious time for marriage. After consideration, the priests, said :

“Maharaj ! The auspicious time for marriage is on the seventeenth day from to-day. Thereafter for twelve years there is no auspicious time for marriage.”

The king said :

“But Ratnasthal city is very far from here. Time is short. How can the marriage

party with Prince Ratnadatt come here within saventeen days ?” Seeing the king in confusion’ his minister said :

“Maharaj ! It would be really difficult for the whole marriage party to come. But the prince alone can be called. Our she-camal named Pavanvegi can reach Ratnasthal within five days and can return with the prince within another five days. Still there will remain seven days for marriage.”

King Chandrasena liked the suggestion of the minister. He sent pavan vegi she-camel to Ratnasthal with men of his confidence.

At that time King Ravana ruled over Lanka. His power was so great that Heavenly kings like Indra and other rulers always remained present in his service. One day Ravana called a meeting of astrologers who could foretell the whole future. He then asked them :



**"In what way shall I die ?"**

**The astrologers said :**

**"Oh Dashanan ! King Dasharatha of Ayodhya will have four sons. Two of those four sons, Ram and Laxman will go to the forest. Ram and Laxman will kill you with your family."**

**Hearing these words about his future, Ravana said :**

**"I shall see that this does not happen. So far King Dasharatha has not a single son. I shall kill Dasharatha with all his three queens even before the birth of Ram and Laxman."**

**The astrologers said :**

**"Oh Lord of Lanka ! Nobody can prevent what is destined to happen. You think you have the power and courage to prevent destiny. But first try to prevent one simple common event of the future. Then you may prevent your death at the**

hands of Ram.”

Thereafter the astrologers said :

“On the serventeenth day from to-day marriage will take place in the city called Chandrastha situated on the banks of the Ganges between Chandravati, the daughter of king Chandrasena and Ratnadatt, the prince of king Ratnasena of the city called Ratnasthal. It is destined that this marriage will take place on the seventeenth day. Prove tha tyou can undo this destiny.”

Ravana said :

“This is a very small matter. I can do this in a moment.”

So saying, Ravana ordered a Vidyhdevi of Lanka named Timingali :

“Goddess ! Go to Chandrastha city. Bring secretly princess Chandravati, daughter of Chandrasena from there. Then put her in one box and close it. Then make

your form as big as a mountain. Then hide that box with princess Chandravati in your mouth. Keep in that box all things for eating and drinking for Chandravati. After doing all this, you should stay at the place where the Ganges meets the sea. After the seventeenth day passes away, you should come to me with the princess."

Timingili did so. She kept Chandravati in a large box. She then put that box in her mouth. Then she went to the place where the Ganges met the sea. Then Ravana gave an order to Snake Takshak :

"On the tenth day prince Ratnadatt will reach the city of Chandrastha. Kill him as soon as he enters that city."

On the other side when Chandravati was suddenly lost, there was a great hue and cry in that city. King Chandrasena became very sorry and thought :

"How shall I now show my face to

prince Ratnadatt ? Where shall I find Chandravati ?”

All the queens also became very sorry. As soon as prince Ratnadatt got down from the Pavanvegi shecamel, Snake Takshak bit him. Now what can be done ? All the people started to cure the prince. Great snake- charmers and clever doctors made strong efforts to cure the Prince. No one however Could remove the poison. At last when they were tired, they advised the king as follows :

“Maharaj ! Those who know say that a person who is bitten by a snake does not die for six months. He only remains unconscious. If he is kept under water, his poison goes away. Therefore put him in a closed wooden box and put the box in the Ganges.”

King Chandrasena did accordingly. A wooden box was prepared in such a way that water would not enter it, it

would not be drowned in water and the prince would get oxygen.

The box flowing with the prince inside reached the place where Timingali was sitting with Chandravati in her mouth. Timingali was tired of keeping the box in her mouth for sixteen days. She also forgot to count days. On the seventeenth morning Timingali thought :

“To-day I shall enjoy and float on the sea.”

So thinking, she took out the box from her mouth and said :

“Daughter ! You enjoy some air. Meanwhile I shall enjoy floating on the Sea.”

Saying so, Timingali went very far away in the sea for floating and enjoying herself. Chandravati began to move along the bank of the place where the sea and

the Ganges met. At that very time she saw a wooden box floating on water. She at once took out that box. The prince was taken out from that box in an unconscious state. Thereafter, she took out the ring from her finger. In that ring there was a jewel which could remove poison. Princess Chandravati took some water in her hand, touched it with the ring and threw it on the prince. The poison of the prince was gone and he got up. The princess thought in her mind :

“This is that very prince whose photograph I had seen, and with whom my marriage was to take place today.”

When the prince became completely calm, both asked each other their introduction. Knowing the facts both were greatly pleased. At that very time they performed their marriage with Gandharva ceremony. After the marriage prince Ratnadatt  
sain :

“Darling ! Now we both should run away from here. Our parents must be very unhappy on account of their separation from us.”

On hearing this Chandravati said :

“My dear husband ! Why should we run away ? To-day is the last day of my confinement. We both shall remain confined in this box for the whole night to-day. To-morrow devi Timingali is to go to Lanka with me in the box.”

The Prince —and Chandravati both then entered the box. They closed the box from inside. At that very time Timingali returned from her floating play. She shouted out to Princess Chandravati :

“Daughter, Where are you ? Come into the box at once.”

Chandravati who was in the box said :

“Devi I am already sitting in the box.”

Timingali's work was finished. So she put the box in her mouth and kept it tightly closed. Next day which was the eighteenth day she thought :

“Seventeenth day is over. The marriage of Princess Ghandravati could not take place. Now let it take place on any day. But Ravana the ruler of Lanka, has falsified the destiny as told by astrologers.”

So thinking Timingali came to Lanka with the box tightly pressed in her mouth. The box was kept in the palace-hall. Ravana then called the astrologers through his servants. He then said :

“Oh astrologers, I now open the box in your very presence and show how I have undone the destiny.”

Ravana opened the box. He was won-



der struck when he saw therein Chandravati with Ratnadatt. His astonishment knew no bounds when he saw them both in the dresses of bride and bridegroom. He asked Chandravati :

“How did all this happen ?”

Chandravati told the whole story from beginning to end. Thereafter Ravana gave suitable prizes to astrologers and allowed them to go. He also accepted the supremacy of destiny.

After telling this example Sadhudatt said again :

“By these two examples you must now have known the changeless nature of destiny. Therefore trust in the saying of the Family Goddess, become Caree free and do religious deeds:

Vrudhdhdatt disagreed and said :

“Sadhudatt ! You may say anything

and believe anything. But I shall make all efforts to kill the boy who is to enjoy my wealth. I have not so far seen any man who might have failed in spite of doing work with zeal and patience.

Sadhudatt gave him final warning and said :

“Brother ! You are firm not because you rely on human effort and not on fate. You are firm because you are under the influence of destiny. It is your destiny that you shall try to kill the person who is to enjoy your wealth. You do not accept my advice because of your destiny. But let me tell you final words. However strong human effort and patience may be they cannot take the industrious man in the opposite direction. A forcefully flowing river cannot allow a boat to go in a direction opposite to its flow.”

Sadhudatt then went to his house and Vrudhdatt told the whole story to

his wife Kautukvati. He then said :

“Darling ! You look after everything here in my absence. I am going to Sheth Trivikram of Kampilyapur. There the future enjoyer of our wealth is growing up in the womb of his maid-servant Pushpashri. I shall strive so very hard that his root itself will be destroyed.”

As destiny would have it, Kautukvati also fully supported her husband. She allowed him to go to Kampilyapur,

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(Please read part 2 for further)

## DECREES OF FATE

Sheth Vrudhdhatt put on ornaments of diamonds, pearls and other jewels. He also put on silk clothes. Thereafter he loaded camels, mules and bullock-carts with goods. He then started for going to Kampilyapur. When he reached Kampilyapur, he put down all the goods in the bazar. He entrusted the responsibility for selling those goods to his trusted servants. He himself went to Sheth Trivikram. He gave to Sheth Trivikram presents of fruits, sweetmeats, etc. Then he said :

“Shethji ! I am a merchant of Champanagri. I heard about your fame and good nature. So I desired to see you. As I happened to come your city, my desire is fulfilled. So I have come to see you.”

Sheth Trivikram was impressed with

his words full of personal affection. Trivikram saw the precious ornaments and clothes of Vrudhdhdatt and thought : "The Sheth is extremely rich. Still however, he is extremely polite and humble. It is profitable to increase friendship with such persons." Thinking thus, Sheth Trivikram said to Vrudhdhdatt :

"Yoy have greatly honoured me by coming to my humble house. Really, a tree bends down with the weight of fruits. You also are too humble in spite of so much wealth. I shall get much pleasure in treating you as my guest. I press you to live with me till your goods are sold."

Vrudhdhdatt accepted the loving invitation of Trivikram. He continued to stay with him. Trivikram also gave all facilities to him. He gave all his male and female servants to him for his service. The maid-servant named Pushpashri pleased Sheth-Vrudhdhdatt too much with her services. Sheth Vrudhdhdatt also tried to attract

Pushpashri towards him by his good behaviour.

Sheth Vrudhdhdatt passed many days at the residence of Trivikram. All his goods were also sold in the market. After selling his goods Sheth Vrudhdhdatt purchased in Kampilyapur goods fit for being sold in Champanagari. He put all such goods in his carriages. Then he asked Sheth Trivikram to permit him to go back to his city. At that time he said to Sheth Trivikram :

“Shethji ! You have won over my heart by your best treatment and personal love. I intend to go back to my city against my will.”

Sheth Trivikram said :

“Shethji ! What is the hurry ? Please stay for some days more. I also do not like to permit you to go.”

Vrudhhdatt said :

“I shall necessarily have to go after two or four days. Mind will have to be brought under pressure of duty. I shall have to go even against my will. You will also have to permit me to go against your will. I stayed with you for so many days. Now I shall stay with your memories.”

Trivikram said :

“What you say is correct. Now my only request is that you should continue to come here in future and let me see you. In addition, I make one more suggestion. Take with you some thing from me so that it may always keep my memory fresh in your mind. Tell me what you desire. I shall give you that very thing as present.”

Vrudhhdatt now spread his net and said :

“As a matter of fact I have every-

thing by your grace. But I just now told you that here I stayed with you and there I shall stay with your memories; therefore I shall definitely require some thing to keep your memory fresh in mind. So please give me your maid-servant Pushpashri. She has charmed me by her services."

Trivikram pointed out one difficulty and said :

"In one way there is no objection. Pushpashri is your maid-servant just as she is mine. She is most dear to me. However, I have not the least objection in sending her with you. But she is at present pregnant. The time of delivery has also almost come. The days of her pregnancy are nearly complete. She would therefore be troubled on the way."

Vrudhdhatt said :

"Do not worry about that. My charioteer is very clever. Pushpashri will reach with-



out any trouble. I do not desire to take anything except Pushpashri."

Trivikram said :

"If so, have not a narrow mind. Take nothing but Pushpashri."

Vrudhdhdatt made Pushpashri sit in the chariot. He then started with all his men far going to Champanagari. When they all came near Ujjaini, Vrudhdhdatt ordered his charioteer to keep his chariot at the back of all. He then said to his servants :

"You all go ahead. Wait for me at some distance. I have to go to evacuate my bowels. I shall just come after easing myself."

The train of persons of Vrudhdhdatt proceeded further. Vrudhdhdatt stopped his chariot in the middle of the forest. Thereafter he threw down Pushpashri and strangled her. Pushpashri's eyes burst

out. She lost her life at once. Vrudhdhdatt was pleased with his success. He then thought :

“Now I am care-free. The bamboo itself has been destroyed. How will the pipe then give tune ? The boy destined to enjoy my wealth remained in his mother’s womb. He has also gone to Heaven with his mother.”

On this side much time passed in waiting. So the servants of Vrudhdhdatt turned back in search for him. They asked Vrudhdhdatt :

“Shethji ! We had become completely nervous. You took much time in this dangerous forest.”

Dropping a curtain on his sin, Vrudhdhdatt said :

“Oh, a most serious thing has happened. Pushpashri also wanted to evacuate

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her bowels. So she went for that purpose inside the forest. She did not return for a long time. So I also went inside the forest to find her out. I tried very much to find her out. She was however nowhere to be seen. I heard very loud gruntings of elephants and roars of lions. I therefore felt that some wild animal must have carried her away."

All put faith in the story of the Sheth. There was no reason for any one to doubt that the Sheth might have killed Pushpahri. Vrudhdhdatt sent one of his servants to Trivikram in Kampilyapur. With him he sent this drama-like news relating to the loss of Pushpashri. Sheth Trivikram believed it as natural news. Becoming successful in his object, Vrudhdhdatt came back to Champanagari. There he became engaged in his work.

Sheth Vrudhdhdatt had still no issue. Kautukvati was very unhappy as she had

no issue. But when luck is favourable, one gets fruit even without effort. Shethani Kautukvati gave birth to a daughter as a fruit of pious deeds done previously. The Sheth named her Tilottama. By and by Tilottame advanced in age. Vrudhdhatt made her clever in all arts. This Tilottama, the daughter of the Sheth, was as beautiful as Tilottama, the heavenly damsel. She was also clever in arts, intelligent, polite and a store-house of Virtues.

On this side when Sheth Vrudhdhatt went away after killing Pushpashri in the forest of Ujjaini, Pushpashri gave birth to a child just before her death. In the absence of its mother the child filled the forest with the sound of its continuous weeping. Three ladies with an old woman happened to pass by the way where the newly born child was moving about its hands and feet. The old woman saw the child and said :

“Oh ! Which human demon has nedo

this deed. He has fled away after killing the mother of this poor child. Some one has killed this lady certainly for the purpose of taking revenge. If some thief or robber had killed her, he would not have allowed ornaments to remain on her body."

At last the old woman took up the child. She directly went to the king of Ujjaini with the child. The old woman told the whole story to the king in the presence of the three ladies. The king sent his men and brought the dead body of Pushapashri. The dead body was got burnt by him. The child was given to the old woman. The king then said to her :

"You support this child. You will be getting sufficient money from the treasury for supporting this child and yourself."

Thereafter the king celebrated the birth of the child with great pomp. The

child was named Champak. The old woman bred up that child with great love as if it were her own son. Even when years passed, Champak thought that the old woman was his real mother. When Champak became eight years old, the king of Ujjaini sent him to a teacher of arts. Champak was a promising boy. He became very learned in many arts. He obtained special proficiency in trade and Commerce. By nature Champak was mixing, philanthropic, gentle and sweet-speaking. He was also very handsome. Those who saw him were attracted towards him.

Once some mischievous boys fought with Champak. During the course of exchange of words, the boys retorted :

“Oh Champak ! Your pomp is like that of a prince. But nobody know who are your parents. Nobody knows your caste or gotra.”

Hearing such bitter words of his companions Champak's face became sad. He Came with his sad face to his house and asked his old mother :

“Mother ! Am I not your son ?”

Hearing the question of Champak, the old women was shocked. She thought that some one had certainly told him the secret of his birth. It was therefore that he asked such a question.

The old woman said :

“Champak, You are surely my son. Oh son ! Why do you ask such a question to-day.” Champak said :

“Mother ! You say so only to please me. To day I have come to know the whole truth. You have concealed everything from me. Therefore I had to remain silent before my class-mates. Tell me everything to-day. Tell me my family-gotra, caste and everything. Tell me

also who are my parents.”

Looking to the obstinacy of Champak, the old woman said :

“My son ! I found you in a forest near Ujjaini. Your real mother had died soon after giving birth to you. She was also lying there in the forest. The name “Pushpashri” was written on one of the hands of your mother. I do not know your family gotra. But from the dress and ornaments on the body of your mother, she appeared to be a beloved maids-ervant of some very rich merchant.”

When Champak heard about his birth and family gotra from the old woman, he thought :

“Birth is under the control of the god of Fate. I became the son of a maid-servant on account of my previous actions. But now I can become a respectable man by doing good actions.”



After so thinking, Champak began to take interest in religion. When he became very capable in all respects, the king gave him plenty of money. With that money he carried on business. Champak's luck was favourable. His business prospered. Within a short time he collected fourteen crores of gold-mohurs. Champak was very much respected in the business-world. His business-tactics was very clever and his intelligence was sharp. Therefore great businessmen also consulted him. All businessmen took pride in keeping friendship with him owing to his gentle and polished manners.

Once it was decided to celebrate the marriage of the son of one businessmen of Ujjaini in a city situated near Champaknagari. The marriage-party started from Ujjaini at the proper time. The marriage-party included Champak also along with many other businessmen. On the other side, the relatives of the bride had friend-

ship with Sheth Vrudhdhdatt. Therefore, Sheth Vrudhdhdatt had also come from Champanagari as the guest of the bride-side.

The people of the bride-groom party went out for walking in the morning. Some person belonging to the bride side also came that way. Some businessmen of the bride-groom party and Champak were sitting on a well and cleaning their mouths. Sheth Vrudhdhdatt also came to that side. Vrudhdhdatt was much impressed the handsome face and personality of Champak. He thought :

“This young man appears to belong to our business community. My daughter Tilottama’s marriage must take place with him.”

So thinking, Sheth Vrudhdhdatt started talking with Champak. Vrudhdhdatt was much pleased to know that Champak had collected fourteen crores

of gold mohurs in such young age, and that he was much respected in the business community.

As he desired to marry his daughter with him, Vrudhddhatt asked Champak about his family gotra. Champak told him what he had heard from the old women. Vrudhddhatt was terribly upset on hearing the whole story. The ground under him appeared to him to be revolving. He thought in his mind :

“Alas ! I was completely care-free. How did it happen that this wicked boy remained alive ? Now he will necessarily have to be killed. But if he will go back to Ujjaini it would be difficult to kill him. Therefore some plan will have to be found to kill him before he goes to Ujjaini. Thinking out his plan, Vrudhddhatt said to Champak :

“My boy, you have become a clever businessman in young age. I am much

pleased to know that. Your luck is very good. It is therefore that you have met me. I want to give you some more help. If you act as I say, you can earn profit worth crores at one stroke. Spices are very cheap in our Champanagari. They are very dear in other places. This secret is not known to many. If you have no money here at present, I shall give you goods worth crores on my credit. Many days will of course pass before I shall return to Champanagari. But you go to my brother in Champanagari with my letter. There my younger brother Sadhudatt lives. He will give all facilities to you there. You will also get camels, bullock-carts, etc. from there."

On hearing about the chance of profit of crores at one stroke, Champak became ready to go to Champanagari. Sheth Vrudhdatt wrote one letter. After sealing it he gave it to Champak. The letter was written as under :

“Dear brother Sadhudatt, I send this letter with a young man named Champak. Kill him at once. After killing him anyhow throw him in the well behind our house. Send information about it to me before noon to-morrow with some man of our trust. Otherwise you yourself should come. This boy is handsome from outside but he is very wicked inside. This wicked boy has humiliated me in an open meeting. Do not delay in doing this work.

Your brother-Vrudhdhdatt.”

Champak reached Champanagari with that sealed letter. He asked for Sadhudatt's house and went there. After getting down from the horse, Champak shouted. He however received no reply. Sadhudatt had gone out to take out payments from his customers. The wife of Vrudhdhdatt had gone to somebody's house for singing songs. Tilottama was playing with a ball

in the courtyard. Champak did not therefore get any reply. When Tilottama saw Champak, she could not at all remove her eyes from him. She could not ask a question to him for a long time. On seeing him she at once fell in love with him. Then taking care of herself, she made him sit in her drawing-room. She then asked for his introduction. Champak replied :

“I live in Ujjaini. I am a newly initiated businessman of that city. Shety Vrudhdhdatt has sent me here for getting spices for sale from here. He has sent me with this letter addressed to his brother Sadhudatt.”

Saying so Champak gave the letter of Vrudhdhdatt to Tilottama. Tilottama read that letter. She stood aghast. She thought :

“Why does my father wish to kill such a handsome, gentle and polite

youth ? What a great difference is there between the ways of speaking and writing of the father ? This is clear from the talk of this Champak. I shall never allow this youth to be killed. I wish I would marry this Champak."

Thinking so, Tilottama wrote another letter in the name of her father as follows :

"Dear brother Sadhudatt ! I send this youth to you with this letter. Perform the marriage of Tilottama with him. For want of time I am unable to come. Only the most fortunate girl would get such a handsome and bright husband. You will also appreciate my selection. Do not delay in performing the marriage. Do it at once.

Your brother—Vrudhdhatt."

Tilottama wrote this letter with handwriting similar to that of her father.

She duly sealed that letter. Then she went to her mother. The mother read the letter. When Sadhudatt came home in the evening, she gave that letter to him. Sadhudatt read that letter in the hearing of all present. All praised the selection of Vrudhdhatt. The able servants of Sadhudatt began to make preparations for marriage. Invitations were sent to the relatives and friends of Sadhudatt. Shethani Kautukvati filled her courtyard with ladies whose voices were like that of a cuckoo. Auspicious songs of marriage began to be sung. The necessary 'Mandap' was prepared. Thus the marriage of Tilottama and Champak was performed with great joy.

How powerful is destiny ! It changes the minds of the people. The means become adopted to the destined aim. The helpers are found suitable for carrying out such aim. Intelligence also works towards such end. Due to the power of



destiny, what is to happen does not happen, and what is not to happen happens.

On the other side Vrudhdhdatt waited eagerly till evening. Neither any trusted servant nor Sadhudatt himself came with the news of the death of Champak. Therefore Vrudhdhdatt started for going to Champanagari. When he came near the doors of his house he saw the following :

The entrance was decorated with a toran. The relatives and friends of Vrudhdhdatt were taking sweet sweet dinner. Vrudhdhdatt half understood and half failed to understand. Seeing Vrudhdhdatt, Sadhudatt came running. With great joy he said :

“Brother, you have found out a very handsome husband for Tilottama. My congratulations for your selection. I also performed the marriage immediately after receiving your letter.”

Vrudhdhdatt was stunned like a stone. He thought that that was not the proper time for opening his mind. So he swallowed the bitter cup. He praised Sadhudatt superficially. Then he went inside the house. After all the work connected with marriage was finished, Vrudhdhdatt said to Sadhudatt one day :

“Sadhudatt ! I had written in the letter that you should kill at him once. You however made him my son-in-law ?”

Sadhudatt showed the letter to Vrudhdhdatt and said :

“You may yourself read what you have written in the letter.”

Vrudhdhdatt read the letter. He was startled. Then he said to Sadhudatt :

“Sadhdhdatt ! Fate is really all-powerful. This letter is a fabricated one. Some one has replaced my original letter by this fabricated one. Dastiny has

put magic in the hands of writer. He could write just like me and his handwriting is also exactly like mine."

Thereafter Vrudhdhdatt decided in his mind : "My heredity will not be continued by this Champak. Tilottama will also not carry forward my geneology. Therefore under no circumstance shall I allow this son of a maid. servant to enjoy my wealth." Having thought so, Vrudhdhdatt began to form a plan for killing Champak.

On the other side the old mother of Champak heard in Ujjain that her faster son had become the son-in-law of Sheth Vrudhdhdatt of Champanagari. She was very much pleased thereby. She gave blessings to her son and daughter-in-law in her mind. Some days after marriage Champak requested Vrudhdhdatt to permit him to go Ujjaini. Vrudhdhdatt thought :

“This boy wants to go back alive. But how can I allow him to alive ?”

Thinking so, Vrudhdhatt said to Champak :

“Why do you hurry so much ? You will not find any difficulty here. Now continue to stay here. If you remember your mother, she may also be called here.”

Thus Vrudhdhatt kept Champak there and there only. Champak also decided not to go to Ujjaini. He began to reside in Champanagari. He enjoyed happiness of married life there. In a few days Champak mixed with other businessmen. He also won the love of the king of Champanagari.

One day Champak was sleeping alone on the third floor. His wife Tilottama was going from the first floor to third floor, When she reached second floor, she heard the following conversation.

between Sheth Vrudhdhdatt and Shethani Kautukvati. Sheth was saying to the Shethani :

“Shethani ! Champak has become my son-in-law. Still however, it is paining my heart. So long as I shall not take his life, I shall not be happy.”

Kautukvati said :

“But our daughter will become a widow.” Sheth Vrudhdhdatt said :

“Come what may. You will have to help me in killing Champak. A son-in-law is of no use. My geneological tree will not be dried up without my daughter. So you do one thing. Give poison to Champak by mixing it in his food, milk or betel-leaf.”

Shethani Kautukvati agreed to do so. Sheth Vrudhdhdatt heaved a sigh of relief. Tilottama heard all this. She was much frightened. She could not decide what to

do. She thought :

“If I tell this secret to my husband, he would kill my parents. If I do not tell him the secret, he will certainly die.”

In such confusion of mind she went up. Having thought out one remedy she said to his husband Champak :

“Oh Lord of my life ! I saw one horrible dream very early in the morning to-day. When you had gone to the city, I asked the meaning of this dream to astrologers. I also obtained information about your future. The astro-logers said that a serious calamity will overtake your husband. They showed the remedy of that calamity also. Therefore I pray to you that you should not eat anything of this house. Do not also take any milk, pan or any other thing from any male or female servant of this house. Eat and drink only at the houses Do not drink even water of this house. of

your friends in this city. Stay in this house for a short time only. Go away in the morning and return only at night at bed-time."

Champak smiled and said :

"Darling ! How can any one prevent what is destined to happen ? Who can change the decree of Fate ? If calamity is not to come, it will not come even if I eat or drink here. If calamity is bound to come, it will come even if I stay outside. However, what objection can there be in doing as you say, if you are pleased thereby ? From to-morrow I shall do as you have advised me."

Tilotama became care-free. Champak changed the way of his daily routine. He went away immediately after getting up in the morning. He remained engaged in his business the whole day. He ate and drank only at the houses of his friends. He came to the house only at sleeping

time at night. Many days passed this way. One day Sheth Vrudhhdatt asked Shethani Kautukvati :

“Shethani ! how is it that you have still not finished that work ? why is Champak alive till to-day ?”

Shethani Kautukvati replied :

“Swami ! What can I do ? He is very clever. He does not trust even a shadow in this house. He goes out early in the morning and returns only at night. He does not drink even water of this house. How then can I give him poison ?”

The Sheth said :

“Why did you not tell me all this earlier ? I would have made him reach the residence of Yama long ago. Now I shall kill him by some other means.”

Thus saying to the Shethani, the Sheth went to an inner room of his



house. There he called his watchmen of trust and said :

“Look, do what you like. But kill my son-in law Champak by fraud, device or any other means. I shall give each one of you a reward of one hundred gold-mohurs.”

On account of the orders of the Sheth and the greed for hundred gold-mohurs, the watchmen of Sheth Vrudhdhatt began to seek an opportunity to kill Champak, For six months they did not get any such opportunity.

Once a drama party had come to some friend of Champak. The drama was to take place for the whole night at that friend's house. Champak also went to his friend's house to see the drama. He saw the drama till a late period during the night. But there fter he began to get sleepa. Champak thought that he should then go home and sleep. The coming attacks of

sleep will not allow him to see the drama or to take perfect sleep. So thinking, Champak went away to his house. Champak thought : "Why should I wake up the people of the house ? Let me sleep here outside." So thinking Champak went to bed on one of the cots lying near the door of the house.

On the other hand, the watchmen thought : "Today is the best opportunity for killing Champak. Come on. Let us do away with completely to-day."

The watchmen went near Champak to kill him. But at that time one aged watchman said :

"Friends, delay is not proper in doing a good deed. But a bad deed should not be done hurriedly. To-day it is six months since the Sheth ordered us to kill Champak. During these six months he has not asked us anything about it. It may be that his anger may have subsided. He

may have even changed his mind in the matter of killing Champak. After all he is his son-in-law. Champak is sleeping here. He is not going to escape from here. So let us once again go to the Sheth and get his conformation."

All the watchmen liked this suggestion. So they went to ask Vrudhdhatt. Destiny is like a cloth which is not seen when it is being woven. Its warps and woofs are woven in the brain or the mental loom of the weaver. It can be seen by others only when it is completely woven. The watchmen were therefore driven by destiny to go to ask Vrudhdhatt.

Vrudhdhatt immediately said :

"Oh ! Where is the need to ask me ? Go at once and kill him. Throw down his dead body in a well."

When the watchmen went back, they saw that the cot was empty. Champak was not there.

The watchmen thought :

“Where could he have gone within so short a time ? He must be somewhere nearby.”

The watchmen then started in search of Champak. The fact was that when the watchmen had gone to consult Vrudhdhdatt, Champak was much troubled by bugs. His sleep had gone away. So he thought :

“Now that my sleep has gone away, why should I not go to see the drama again ? The drama was left partly unfinished only due to attack of sleep.”

So thinking Champak had gone back to see the drama. When the watchmen saw the cot empty, they went away to search him out.

On the other hand Vrudhdhdatt had become restless. He thought :

"Let me see what has happened."

So thinking the Sheth went there. He saw that neither Champak nor the watchmen were there. Vrudhdhdatt danced with joy.

He thought : "The work appears to have been certainly finished. The watchmen appear to have killed Champak and gone to throw him in a well. Now what purpose is there in going back to the house."

Thinking so, the Sheth slept down on one of the cots lying there and covered himself with a sheet.

On this side, the watchmen returned to that side during the course of search for Champak. They saw a man, Vrudhdhdatt, sleeping there. So they said :

"We definitely knew. How could he go away from here ? Naturally he could only be somewhere nearby. Here he is

sleeping under the cover of a sheet.”

There was now no question of wasting time. All the watchmen struck him together. They killed Vrudhdhdatt, knowing him to be Champak.

See, what kind of exchange destiny makes. See how mysteriously it kills some person and saves some other from imminent death.

The watch men threw away the dead body of Vrudhdhdatt. They then passed the whole night in this thought,

“Now we shall demand reward in the morning.”

When they saw Champak in the morning, they were terrified.

There were loud lamentings in the house. Sadhudatt felt such a serious impact of the loss of his brother that he also collapsed and died.

The decree of fate of the Goddess of Fate turned out to be true. What was destined to happen did happen. Champak became the sole heir and owner of the entire properties of Vrudhdhdatt. Ninety-six crores of gold mohurs were now his only.

Champak brought his old mother from Ujjaini. He also called for fourteen crores of gold mohurs which were of his own earning.

Now he had become Sheth Champak instead of Champak. He now spread his business. Champak Sheth became the leader of the business community in Champanagari. Champak Sheth earned tremendous wealth in business. He credited ninety-six crores of gold mohurs in his treasury; he invested ninety-six crores of gold mohurs in his business, and he gave a loan of ninety-six crores of gold-mohurs to other businessmen.

In addition to these, Champak Sheth had one thousand carriages, one thousand carts, one thousand seven-storeyed buildigs, one thousand shops, five hundred elephants, five hundred horses, five hundred bodyguards, an army of fifty thousand brave soldiers, one thousand camels, one lakh bullocks, ten lakh cows and ten thousand male and female servants, munimy, etc. to help him in his business.

Sheth Champak got this enormous wealth on account of his previous dues. Champak was a Shravak who had faith in 'action-fruit' theory and in religious practice. He was a Shravak who looked upon all as equals and who was the holder of twelve recognised vows.

Just as a woman becomes pious by fidelity to her husband, a man becomes pious by charities. Sheth Champak knew the greatness of charities. He had faith in all kinds of charity. So the Sheth made the best as



well as the medium kinds of use of his immeasurable properties. Sheth Champak daily spent one lakh gold mohurs for his personal enjoyment. He also spent ten times that amount, that is, ten lakh gold mohurs for giving charities to poor, unhappy and helpless persons.

Sheth Champak built innumerable buildings and inns from his wealth. He daily practised "Praticraman" and "Sama-yika." In this way Sheth Champak enjoyed his wealth earned by pious deeds and was living his life with his heart on religious Practices. Shethani Tilottama was also a devoted and religious wife. Sheth Champak was happy, wealthy and joyous in every respect. He lived such a very happy life for a very long time.

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Once upon a time the holy Sage Kevalgnani came to Champanagari. The Sage kept his seat in a royal garden outside the city. The keeper of the garden

gave good news about the coming of Kevali Guru to King Samantpal of Cham-pa. King Samantpal considered the coming of the Muni as the good fortune of himself and his subjects.

Pleased with this good news the King gave a big prize to the keeper of the garden. Thereafter the king went with the queen and his courtiers to see the Muni.

Sheth Champak also heard this good news. He also went with his old mother and Shethani Tilottama to the religious assembly of the Muni. All people sat down at appropriate places after bowing to the Muni.

Kevali Guru was the enlightener of this worldly region and the heavenly region. He was competent to help the people in crossing the ocean of worldly affairs which is difficult to be crossed. He addressed the assembly in words which gave knowledge as to how to promote the welfare of

mankind :

He said, "Oh grand souls ! You see clearly that some people crave for getting only a few grains of corn while some people get milk by mouthfuls. A person gets happiness or unhappiness according to his fate. Every one has to suffer what is written in his fate. It is beyond the power of man to change destiny. But every man is free to act. It is not written in the fate of any person whether he should do good actions or whether he should do bad actions. Every one has got senses of knowledge, senses of action, mind speech and discretion. Every man should do good actions well thinking and after seeing the effects of actions. The actions of his birth formulate the fortune of another birth. A person gets fruits exactly according to the actions of his previous birth.

Oh good souls ! Look at Sheth Champak. He was born of maid-servant and

that too in a forest. The blessings earned by him protected him in the forest. One old woman saw him and her heart was filled with affection for him. Even in such circumstances he became the owner of immeasurable wealth. So, oh human beings ! Do not fall in the illusion of maya in this world. This maya will lead you astray and take you to death. Death cannot be foretold. It may come at any time. Therefore, build a storehouse of good deeds whenever you get time.

Champak heard this address about the fruits of action from the mouth of Kevali Bhagwan. Waves of thought began to arise in his mind. He thought :

“Kevali Bhagwan knows everything. Why I not ask him about my previous birth? As a result of which blessings did I earn such immeasurable wealth ? What bad deeds I had done in my previous birth as a result of which I was born as the son of a maid-servant ? What relation

did I have in my previous birth with the old woman of Ujjaini, so that she brought and bred me up as my mother ? How did Tilottama get so much love for me that she replaced her father's letter's by another fabricated letter and saved me ? Oh ! She not only saved me but she also made me her life-companion. What enmity I had with Sheth Vrudhdhatt that he attempted to kill me ?”

The waves of such thought were rising up in the heart of Sheth Champak. At that very moment Kevali Muni, the knower of everything, said to all as follows:

“Oh grand souls ! In order to explain to you the nature of good and bad deeds, I tell you the story of two births of one soul. Listen it carefully.”

Kevali Bhagwan then told that story as follows :

“In a holy forest near a city called

Sumelakapuri there lived two ascetics. Both practised 'Panchagni' penance. They ate only underground tree-products and fruits. One of the ascetics was named Bhavabhuti. The other was named Bhavdatt. Bhavabhuti was straight-forward and good natured. On the contrary, Bhavdatt's mind was very wicked and full of fraud. His penance consisted only of giving physical trouble to his body. He had been unable to remove the impurities of his mind with the help of his penance. At the appropriate time both the ascetics completed their lives. Both were born as yakshas. After some time they both had a downfall from Yaksha-life and both were again born on this earth. The soul of Bhavadatt became a Sheth named Vanchanamati in a city called Anyaypur. The soul of Bhavabhuti became a kshatiya named Mahasen in a city called Pataliputra. On account of the culture of his previous birth, the temperament of Mahasen was good. He was generous by nature. He had also

immeasurable wealth. On the other hand, although Vanchanamati who lived in Anyayapur had sufficient wealth, his nature was bad. He was of deceptive mind and intelligence which befitted his name. His nature was to misappropriate to himself the properties of others.

Once Kshatriya Mahasen set out on far pilgrimage. He had not taken his wife Gunsundari with him. He had kept with him sufficient money and other things. During the course of his pilgrimage he stopped at many places. At last he reached Anyayapur.

Mahasen thought : "I have still to go a long distance on. So I should keep with me only such wealth as would be necessary. The rest of the wealth may be deposited with some rich merchant."

So thinking, Mahasen went to Sheth Vanchanamati. Giving him bag, he said :

"Shethji ! Keep this bag of my wealth as deposit with you. I shall take

it back while returning from the pilgrimage."

Vanchanamati kept the deposit of Mahasen. There is a rule which governs the keeping of deposits of others. The rule is that the person keeping the deposit should not, after receiving the deposit, look into it to know what is there inside it.

Sheth Vanchanamati, however, opened the bag given by Mahasen. In it he saw five jewels each of the value of one lakh. Vanchanamati licked his lips. He sold one of the jewels for one lakh rupees. He got a palace constructed from the proceeds. He concealed the other four jewels and kept them away.

After some time Mahasen returned from the pilgrimage. He asked Sheth Vanchanamati to return to him deposit. Sheth Vanchanamati clearly said no. He said with angry eyes :



“Which deposit ? Whose deposit ?  
I never keep the deposit of any one. You  
are under some mistake. Go away. Mind  
your business.”

Mahasen threatened to complain to  
the king. Vanchanamati said :

“Go, complain to the king. Your  
clothes will be taken away for making  
false accusation against me.”

Mahasen immediatily started for  
going to complain to the king. One men  
met him on the road. Mahasen informed  
him about everything and said :

“Now I Shall go to the king and  
complain to him about this cheater.”

That man said to Mahasen :

(Please read part 3 for futher)

## *Decrease of Fate*

“Oh foreigner ! All these persons are of one and the same nature. The difference is only that of name and position. This city is Anyaypur. Here nobody gets justice even in dream. The king of this city is a senseless man. He can never think as to what is proper and what is not proper. This city justifies its name Anyaypur by its actions. The name of the main city watchman-Kotval is Hadapmal. He is not a protector but a plunderer. All his actions conform to his name. The minister of this place is also like a robber. The chief adviser of the king is full of ignorance. The physician of this place is the full brother of Yamaraj. He gives drugs which justify his name “Pranghatak.” By his drugs neither the patients survive nor the drugs. The royal priest of this place is named Shiladitya.

He is stern like a 'shila,' that is, stone. The chief city-woman prostitute- of this place named Kapatkosha is a storehouse of "kapats" that is, cheating habits. The chief businessman of this city Vanchnamati from whom you are coming is very clever in cheating all in accordance with his name. Therefore, oh stranger ! leave away all hopes of getting back your jewels and go home."

Mahasen heard the full story of this man of Anyaypur. He then thought :

"To hope for justice in this city appears like seeking horns of a rabbit. Still, however, if some clever device could be found, it might be possible to get the jewels."

Thinking as above, Mahasen went to prostitute Kapatkosha. He told her all his story. of woe The prostitute heard whole story. She sympathised with him. Then she said :

"Oh foreigner ! A thorn can be taken out only with the help of another thorn.

If he is 'Vanchanamati,' I am also 'Kapatkosha.' Do as I say. It is now my function to get back and give you your five jewels. Now look at my plan."

Thus saying Kapatkosha taught Mahasen certain things to do. She called one other man also and taught him some thing. Then she adorned herself. She put on shining ornaments and cloths. She put Valuable jewsls and ornaments in a big box. Then she went to Sheth Vanchanamati with her wise shefrinds. Vanchanamati was sitting alone in his drawing-room. The eyes of the Sheth were dazzled at the sight of the ornaments of Kapatkosha. Kapatkosha opened the box filled with jewelled ornaments and goldmohurs. The Sheth was wonder-struck. Water began to come out of his mouth. Then prostitute Kapatkosha seriously said :

"Shethji ! My sister is very ill in Vasantpur. I have sent one man to bring

her news. He should have returned before three days. He has however not returned still. Now I am myself going to Vasantpur to see my sister. You keep this box of jewels and ornaments as a deposit. If my sister will die, I shall permanently live there. If it happens so, you may spend away all this wealth in my name in religious deeds. If my sister will recover, I shall come back and take it away from you."

Kapatkosha was telling thus to Sheth Vanchanamati. At that very time Mahasen came there. He demanded the deposit of his jewels from the Sheth. The Sheth thought about the situation, "If I shall refuse to give back the jewels, it will create distrust for me in Kapatkosha. If, however, I shall return his ornaments worth lakhs of rupees in her presence, she will have trust in me. She will think that the Sheth is very honest. He has returned ornaments worth lakhs of rupees."

So thinking the Sheth immediately

asked his son to go running and bring back the jewel which he had sold away for one lakh rupees. In this way the Sheth returned all the five jewels to Mahasen in the presence of Kapatkosha. At that very moment a man came running to Kapatkoaha as she had previously instructed him to do. He said with joy to do. He said with joy to Kapatkosha :

“Look, you eat sweets now. Your sister of Vasantpur has completely recovered from illness. There is no cause at all for anxiety. Although she had been very seriously ill, she is quite cured and free from disease.”

On hearing this news Kapatkosha began to dance with joy. Imitating Kapatkosha Mahasen also began to dance. Seeing them both dancing Vanchanamati also began to dance. Seeing all the three of them dancing, a great number of people gathered there in the sitting-room. One of these persons asked these three persons :

“Why are you all three dancing ?”

Kapatkosha replied : "I am dancing in joy because my ill sister has recovered from her illness."

Mahasen said : "I am dancing because I have got back my jewels for which I had lost all hope."

Vanchanamati said :

"I am dancing because I also have got a teacher. Till to-day I deceived the world. To-day this prostitute has taught me a lesson. She has very cleverly befooled me, to-day."

Thereafter Sheth Vanchanamati repented very much about his evil deeds. He lost all love for the wealth tained bybo cheating people. He could not tolerate the bitter criticism of the public. So Sheth Vanchanamarti renouned this world. He became an ascetic.

On the other side; Mahasen returned to his city Pataliputra. He told the whole story of Anyaypur to his wife Gunasunderi. Later on there was once a famine in Pataliputra. People began to crave for

every grain of corn. Cattle began to die for want of grass. No distinction remained between the poor and the rich. All were made equal on account of want of food and hunger. There was no want of food, clothes and wealth with Mahasen. He opened charity-houses in his city. He made a public announcement that no person should remain hungry or uncovered. All should get their requirements from his charity-houses.

Thousands of hungry persons began to get food from the charity houses of Mahasen. Once an old woman came to one of the charity-houses. She had not got anything to eat for a large number of days. So she ate like a glutton and made her stomach over-full. As a result she became ill. Mahasen took that woman to his house. He attended to her as if she were his mother. He treated her with the help of clever physicians. The old woman became alright within a short period.



Just as Mahasen took interest in religion and charities, his wife Gunsundari also daily gave charities to poor and unhappy persons. Gunsundari took her meal daily only after giving charity. She used to give food to beggars with her own hands.

After completing this story Kevali Muni addressed Sheth Champak as follows :

“Oh Champak! Mahasen had given charities with compassion in his previous birth. The soul of that very Mahasen has been born in your form now. You yourself were Kshatriya Mahasen in your previous birth. Your wife of the previous birth has become Shethani Tillottama in her present birth. Owing to the fact that she was your wife in the previous birth. Tilottama tore off the letter of Vrudhdhatt. She wrote another fabricated letter to Sadhudatt with the intention of marrying you also for that reason. Mahasen had taken home and served in his previous birth the old woman who had over-filled her

stomach and had become ill. That very old woman has become the old woman of Ujjaini in this birth. She has brought up and bred you up like a son because of her connection with you in the previous birth. Vanchanamati Sheth became Sheth Vrudhdhatt in this birth because of his good deeds in his previous birth. Sheth Vanchanamati had kept an evil desire to rob you of the five jewels. Therefore you became the heir of his ninety-six crores of gold mohurs in this birth. Oh Champak, you had exposed the fraud of Vanchanamati in previous birth. Therefore, he became ready to kill you in the form of Vrudhdhatt in this birth in order to take revenge. In the previous birth you were very proud that you were born in a high kshatriya family. It was due to this pride that you were born from the womb of Pushpashri, the maid-servant of Sheth Trivikram of Kampilyapur."

Thereafter Kevali Bhagwan addressed all as follows :

“Oh grand souls ! Murder, killing, false accusation and extortion of the wealth of others these four actions yield very bad results. The past deeds yield the least possible maximum fruit.”

“Oh beings, charity has great value. The best charity never fails to give fruit. Champak Sheth became the owner of so much wealth because of his charities. Look at Nature. When the spring so requires, all trees give out their leaves in joy. In autumn they give away their leaves and become leafless. In return, all trees get quite new leaves. It is said that-

“The season spring comes and demands,  
Trees with pleasure give out leaves,  
Then flowers, fruits and foliage they get.  
Unrewarded never goes what one gives.”

Therefore, you should all give charities according to your capacity and be fully religious-minded. Therein only lies the fruitfulness of human life.

After the teaching of Kevali Muni, a large number of listeners were awakened.

with knowledge. Some persons adopted "panch mahavrat," some adopted "samyak mool twelve vrats." some became "samyakbhavi" and some become "bhadrikbhavi."

After hearing the story of his previous birth and the powerful effects of good and evil deeds, Champak Sheth, with his wife Tilottama, adopted self-restraint. By adopting and strictly following the religion of good conduct, he attained heaven.

The soul of Sheth Champak will once again come out from heaven and will take birth on this earth. Thereafter he will accept "diksha" at the appropriate time. He will thereafter obtain self-realisation and self-enlightenment. Finally he will attain "moksha."

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## TWO BROTHERS

(The story of Amarsen-Vayarsen)

Thousands of years ago king Shursen ruled in Hastinapur. He possessed

qualities befitting his name. King Shursen was a very eminent and powerful king. He was full of boldness and lustre. As a result of his such qualities befitting a kshatriya the neighbouring kings were afraid of him. In spite of this fact, Shursen did not like war. He had no lust for extending the territories of his kingdom. He also did not have any desire to make a show of his strength.

His strength and power were religion-oriented. His objects were—Protection of his subjects and the restraint of the wicked and the tyrannous people. His subjects were happy in every respect. King Shursen loved his subjects. His subjects were also devoted to the ruler and patriotic.

King Shursen had two wives. The elder queen was named Vijaya and the younger queen was named Nirankusha. The king loved the younger queen Nirankusha more. The king was inclined more towards her because she was attractive and beautiful. Beauty covers all vices. Lustful persons

are caught in the net of beauty and then are unable to think about the future consequences.

Be that as it may, but a vice, whether big or small, is like a hole in the bottom of a ship as a result of which the ship will necessarily sink one day. In course of time, Shursen had two sons, the scions of the family, through his elder queen Vijaya. They were named Amarsen and Vayarsen. The name of the son of the younger queen Nirankusha was Indusen. All the three brothers had amongst themselves great love and affection.

As a matter of fact all the three were very learned, clever in arts, courteous, sweet-speaking and philanthropic. But the qualities of the sons of Vijaya, Amarsen and Vayarsen, had such special power in them that the entire subjects loved them both very dearly. Amarsen and Vayarsen had completely won the heart of every one with their humility. It is

really a true saying that a proud man can be puffed up but cannot progress. A courteous man is not puffed up but he progresses. His fame is widened.

Queen Nirankusha could not tolerate the ever increasing fame of Amarsen and Vayarsen. The subjects had doted upon both. King Shursen was also never tired of praising them. Both the brothers were of course trustful and polite towards their step-mother Nirankusha. But a jealous person does not get as much pleasure by getting even heaven as he gets by seeing another person's unhappiness. Queen Nirankusha was not an exception to this rule.

Queen Nirankusha had a courteous son like Indusen, she had a powerful husband like Shursen, she had such a large kingdom and royal happiness, in spite of having all these, Queen Nirankusha was very unhappy.

Jealous persons are the most unhappy people. They get much unhappiness by

the joy of others as they get by their own want of possessions. Therefore jealous people are troublesome to others and are unhappy themselves. Jealousy surrounds on all sides the light of other people's fame.

The jealous people thus die by constantly biting themselves like a scorpion inside this surrounding circle of jealousy. Jealous people are devoid of knowledge. Therefore they never become happy, because no thing is required for making happy a man of knowledge while nothing satisfies a fool.

Nirankusha was always in this anxiety day and night. She wanted to see that the name and every sign of existence of Amarsen and Vayarsen is effaced anyhow. She thought : "If they continued to live, they both alone will rule over Hastinapur. My co-wife Vijaya will enjoy the happiness of a Rajmata. My son Indusen will have only to follow them both like their tail. I also shall have to serve my co-wife.



So it would be better if I cut down the growing tree from its root itself. How will the tree grow if the root itself is destroyed ?”

But it was not easy to kill Amar-Vayar. However, after thinking very much, Nirankusha found out one remedy. One day she slept down in an angry mood with disordered clothes and scattered hair. She did not eat or drink anything. Seeing her in such unexpected form at night, the king was stunned. Pulling up courage he asked her :

“Darling ! Why has your ever-blooming lotus-like face withered away to-day ? If any one has said any offensive words to you, I am capable of cutting out his tongue. If any one has looked at you with evil eyes, I shall take out his eyes.”

Nirankusha played her part of the game and said to the king :

“Enough of it. Roaring clouds never rain.” King Shursen consoled her and said :

"But when roaring clouds do rain, they bring deluge. Deluges cannot happen frequently. For that reason roaring clouds do not rain. Somebody has certainly invited his death by saying something to you. What more is necessary now You once point out his name. Then hear my roaring and see how I rain."

Nirankusha succeeded in her game. The already obtained half success. She now played her other part of the game in order to win the remaining half part of the success.

"Swami ! What can I say ? How can I say ? Fie with my life now. Your fondled...."

Saying so, the queen wept piteously. A woman's drama is not successful without weeping. A woman's most formidable weapon is weeping. The beauty of a woman bends down big warriors, heroes and fighters. But her weeping can convert cowards into heroes. It can bring back even dead bodies to life. It can fill a

man with such power as would enable him to cross mountains and bring down stars from the sky. This is the greatest magic of Fate. Seeing Nirankusha weeping and stopping without completing the sentence beyond the words "Your fondled,...." Shursen became impatient. He put his hand on the head of the queen and said :

"Darling ! do not delay now. Do not now call him my fondled. I give you oath in my name. Immediately tell all the facts to me. The matter will end there. Death is now hovering over his head."

Completing the drama, the queen said :

"Swami ! I would not say anything more. It would be enough for me to say that you should immediately perform the marriage ceremony of Amarsen-Vayarsen. I shall now end my life. It is better to die than to live a miserable life."

The king said :

"Enough ! Enough ! I have understood everything. To-day only I shall get them both married to one common lady. Both the wicked brothers will meet with their death before this very evening. Such meanest and most wicked persons who are a stain on the family and who misbehave with their step-mother are a burden on this earth."

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King Shursen called a chandal. He immediately ordered him :

"Take Amarsen and Vayarsen in a dangerous forest and kill both of them. Take out their eyes and show them to me."

A decision may have sometimes to be taken immediately. But even in such cases it should be taken after thinking for some little time. If a decision is taken like this, there will be no cause for repentance afterwards. King Shursen, however, took the decision without stopping to understand or think

even for a moment. He took the decision under the spell of intoxication born of lust. The intoxication born of lust is such an intoxication that a man has necessarily to repeat after it is over.

The chandal took both the princes to the forest in order to obey the orders of the king. His heart had of course become stern as a result of his profession to kill persons. His profession itself was such that mercy stayed away very far from him. But to-day even the heart of this chandel melted with pity. He was continuously thinking like this : "Why does the king desire to kill these princes who are tender like a flower ? Both of them do not deserve to be killed. Come what may : I shall not kill them."

All the actions of man are guided by fate and the force of deeds done in the past. This was the reason why the heart of the chandal changed completely. The lifetime of Amar-Vayar was still incomplete. The rise of the blessings.

earned by them was having its effect. When a man's life-time is still not over, the Yamadev is also powerless. When the blessings earned by a man rise up, a lion also becomes a jackal, fire becomes cold, poisonous snake becomes like a garland of flowers, and even the horizon opens a way. Therefore, it was no wonder that even the heart of the chandal changed. The effect of good deeds is always such. At last the chandal said to Amarsen and Vayarsen :

“Oh princes ! Your father Shursen, the king of kings, has given me orders to kill you. But I don't want to kill you. I only request you both to go away to some other place beyond the limits of Hastinapur. I shall take care of the rest.”

Vayarsen asked :

“Oh chandal ! Will you please let us know for what unpardonable offence of ours has our father ordered you to kill us ?”

The Chandal replied :

“The acts of great men are incomprehensible. My function is only to obey the orders. I do not know the facts. But I know this much only. The king has given these orders in order to please your step-mother.”

Amarsen said :

“Then why do you evade your duty? Carry out the orders of the king and kill us. Fulfil your duty thereby.”

The chandal said with a serious face :

“Princes, you are right. But even duty has to change its nature sometimes. Sometimes it is the duty to obey the orders of the king and sometimes the duty requires that they should be disobeyed. The correct duty is to do that act for which inspiration comes from the heart. My heart to-day says that I shall get the satisfaction of doing my duty only by saving you and allowing you to go.”

The princes said :

"But it should not happen that by allowing us to go free you may have to repent. If the king would come to know that we are alive, you would get into difficulties."

The chandal replied :

"Princes, I experience great joy in allowing you to go free. Joy gives such satisfaction that after enjoying it a man never repents. Now do not worry about my difficulties. Because when difficulties increase, intelligence also increases."

Vayarsen, heaving a sigh of satisfaction, said :

"Be that as you like. It is better, however, to die at your hands in stead of wandering here and there."

Finishing the conversation, the chandal said :

"Princes, You both are on the path of truth. I have never seen persons, who go along the path of truth, wandering."

Thereafter Amarsen and Vayarsen went further in the forest. The chandal



began to think out a plan for saving himself from the king. At that very time he saw a flock of deer jumping there. The chandal thought :

“The eyes of the deer are like those of man. It is therefore that a woman with attractive eyes is known as a “mrug-neni.” I would therefore take out four eyes of the deer.”

Thinking so, the chandel took out the eyes of two deer. Giving those eyes to the king he said to him :

Maharaj !

I have killed both the princes. I have brought their eyes as proof.”

King Shursen saw the eyes and he was satisfied. Nirankusha was pleased as if she got heaven. She was extremely happy at the death of Amar-Vayar. She was also puffed up by vanity on account of her success. That poor lady did not know that those who puff themselves up ultimately burst themselves out after much puffing out after much puffing.

But the condition of Vijaya was indescribable. When she heard that her sons, the creatures of her heart, had been killed, she fell down on the ground and became unconscious. People were afraid that she might also die. The chief minister made many remedies to bring her back to consciousness. After she regained her consciousness, he consoled her. King Shursen had no courage left in himself so as to be able to console his wife, the Maharani Vijaa. Maharani had also no hope of getting consolation from the king. A king who relies on his authority and considers injustice as justice is always very weak at heart. He has no courage. King Shursen was of this type. For that very reason he had no power to console Maharani Vijaya. Moreover there can be no hope for consolation from an unjust person. Due to that very reason Maharani Vijaya did not expect to get consolation from the king. She said to the chief minister :

"Oh best among ministers ! Do me one favour. Send me to my sons after informing the Maharaja. What shall I do by remaing alive now ?"

The minister said politly :

"Maharani, Have patience. Patience alone is the source of all pleasure and peace. Wait for the proper time with patience. Time scratches away everything except Truth. Maharani ! Untruth has many forms. Truth has only one form."

Maharani Vijaya asked :

"Oh, best among ministers ! Do you believe that Amarsen and Vayarsen would ever misbehave with their step-mother ? I wonder how the Maharaj put faith in the story told by the younger queen."

The minister replied :

"Maharani ! It is beyond my authority to say anything against the king. Still however, I shall dare say this much that a man loses all power of thinking under the intoxication of lust. Lust shines like spurious gold but its shining lustere

completely disappears when it is put in fire of test. The lust for the younger queen has to-day put on the disguise of love and self-surrender. A day will however definitely come when that lust will lose all its lustre. Its spuriousness will become public in the world. The Maharaj will realise his mistake at that time and then repent. The spell of intoxication is short-lived. Its repentance however lasts for a very long time."

Maharani Vijaya said :

"Just take it for granted that everything happens as you say. But how shall I be able to get my sons ? I am weeping for them only."

The chief minister said :

"Maharani ! Fate works wonders. It is possible that you may be able to see Amar-Vayar again. Even if they have been killed, the Maharaj and queen Nirankusha should be considered to be means only. The external and visible cause is generally a pretext only. It is said that God of

Time does not carry a rod for killing any one. Has God of Time ever killed anybody with his rod ? Nobody kills any one. All are the victims of their own actions. You should therefore resart yourself in every state to undisturbed patience and peace. Happiness and unhappiness always remain with man like his two hands and two feet. Man is a pendulum swinging between tears and smiles. Those who have no patience are entirely poor. Has any wound ever been cured without patience ?”

Maharani Vijaya got consolation rom such clever and courteous words of the minister. Time went on steadily. Whatever happens anywhere, time does not change its cycle. The night and day come and go in the same order in a ceaseless movement.

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The day was coming to a close. The sky had become red. These were all prepara-

tions for the coming of the evening. Before going to their nests for rest, the birds were making sounds like ti-ti, tour-tour, aun-aun, chin-chin, etc. There was a message of joy in such twittering of birds. There was a music of songs in their twittering. Birds know only how to sing. Weeping and smiling both are written in the fate of men only. How nice it would be if man were to remain drowned in peace and joy ?

Amarsen and Vayarsen stopped a little on their way. Amar said to Vayar :

“Let us now take shelter here under this tree. In a short time it will be sunset.” Vayar said : “Yes, brother, the rays appears to be still there. But the sunshine of the evening becomes invisible within no time. It takes no time in disappearing like wealth which is transitory. What was our own position till yesterday and what are we to day ? Difficulties have surrounded us on all sides. It is only a beginning. Who knows as to far how long a time:

and at what different places shall we have to wander as a result of this calamity ?”

Amarsen replied :

“Brother Vayarsen ! Do not be afraid of this calamity. Calamity is such a cleaning powder that it polishes the jewels in the form of virtues and character of a man. The first road to success opens with the gateway of calamity. Remember what the chandal said when he made us free. He had said that he had never seen those who walk on the path of truth wandering.”

Vayarsen said :

“Brother ! If this does not mean our wandering, what else can be said to be wandering ? We are moving about aimlessly in a forest after leaving behind our house, city, relatives and family. If this cannot be said to be our wandering, then what can wandering be ?”

Amarsen said :

“Vayarsen ! This is surely not a wandering. This is only a means of acqui-

ing knowledge. Remember, this world is like a big book of knowledge. If a person sticks to one place, he can read only its first page. A man cannot learn everything by reading books in a school. In addition to studying books, an intelligent man learns by discretion. Ordinary persons learn by experience, ignorant people learn by necessity and animals learn by instinct."

Brother ! Why do you say that this kind of our wandering is an aimless wandering ? The very purpose of life is that we should appear to be as we are and we should become what we are capable of becoming. My shortest answer to you is that we should show to the world what we can do. Therefore, do not consider this difficulty and this wandering in a forest as a curse. Consider it to a boon. This is the most proper occasion for helping us to become important persons in life and to show that we can do something great."



Vayarsen tried to contradict him and said :

“Then do you mean that properties and wealth have no importance in life ? If so, why do people make attempts to save themselves from difficulties and to acquire wealth ?”

Amarsen explained :

“Every thing has its own importance. But it is not correct to give to a thing more importance than what it deserves or to give importance to some one thing which some other thing deserves. I remember one preaching-‘Prosperity is a great teacher but adversity is a still greater teacher.

Adversity beats its hands, slowly and slowly on our mind, trains it and makes it strong. What you consider to be prosperity or splendour is nothing but artificial poverty. On the contrary, contentment alone is the natural wealth.”

“Vayarsen ! One fact is an eternal truth in the cases of prosperity and adver-

sity. It is that adversity makes a man while prosperity a demon."

The mind of Vayarsen did not become calm by such explanation. He gave out the doubts of his mind some and said :

"Adversity cannot make man a man. Nor can prosperity make man a demon. Improving or spoiling is all a play of fortune. Good fortune makes a fool a wise man which misfortune makes a wise man a fool. Misfortune is now after us. Therefore all your beliefs are like horns of a rabbit."

Amarsen said :

"Vayarsen ! Who can deny the importance of fortune ? Fate is a great power. But this power *is created by man* only. Actions done in the past alone constitute fortune and it is within the power of man to do actions. There is nothing more foolish than raising suspicion

about misfortune. What a madness it is to expect something evil even before it comes ? What you consider misfortune or adversity is nothing but an opportunity of us. An intelligent man creates more opportunity than what he gets."

"Vayarsen ! The future anxiety above suspected happiness or unhappiness prevents a man from doing what he should do. If a man becomes free from such anxiety, then even the sky above would come under his feet."

"But brother....." said Vayarsen after pausing for some time. "Let us take it that we can leave aside anxiety about happiness or unhappiness; but how can we leave aside hope for happiness ? Who has ever been able to abandon hope ? Moreover, it is hope alone which encourages to advance further. If memory is a thing of the past, hope is a messenger of the future. If there were nothing like hope, man would become completeley idle."

Amarsen said : "You are right. Hope is the anchor of life. By giving it up, a man would be drifted away in the ocean of worldly affairs. At the same time, no work would be successful with hope only, if hands and feet are not moved. Self-confidence, self-knowledge and self-control these three things alone give force and vigour to life."

When they were engaged in such conversation, a long period of night passed away. The moon was shining in the middle of the sky. Amarsen then said :

"Vayarsen ! You go to sleep. It very late at night. We have to get up very early in the morning, because we have still to go far-off.

*Vayarsen said :*

"Brother, you go to sleep. I do not expect to get sleep. It is not proper for both of us to go to sleep in this forest. I do not feel sleepy at all. So I shall keep a watch."

Amarsen said : "Yes, brother ! A man who keeps himself awake gets. He who goes to sleep loses. I shall lose at least my fatigue by going to sleep."

When Amarsen spoke so with a smile, Vayarsen said :

"What you said is correct. But when two are together, the one who does not sleep awakens the one who is sleeping. Thus the one who gets does not cause loss to the other."

Amarsen then went to sleep. Vayarsen kept himself awake and kept watching. Amarsen and Vayarsen were passing the night by sleeping and awaking respectively under a tree. A couple of parrots was sitting on that very tree. Seeing both the princes in the milky white moonlight spread all around, the she-parrot said to the maleparrot :

"Swami ! To-day two guests have come to our place. We should greet and treat them as such."

The male-parrot said :

“Oh dear one ! We are only birds of the jungle. What is our capacity ? What is there that we can give them ? Where is the question of a clotheless person twisting his clothes for drying after taking his bath ?”

The she-parrot contradicted him and said :

“Swami ! One who is without means is not necessarily poverty-stricken. To turn away one’s face from hospitality is the greatest poverty. As you very well know, there are two devine trees on a mountain at a little distance from here. The person who eats the fruit of one of the trees would become a king within seven days. The person who eats the fruit of the other tree would get five gold mohurs every day. We can go there and return with those fruits before morning.”

The male-parrot said,

“You have well reminded me about

this. Now why should we pass any more time ?”

Then they both flew at once. They soon reached the mountain. From there they brought in their beaks two mangoes-one of yellow colour and the other of saffron colour. They threw them in the lap of Vayarsen. Vayarsen had already heard the conversation between the two parrots.

He awakened Amarsen and said :

“Brother ! At times we cannot help talking about fortune. You had said only recently that one who keeps himself gets, while one who goes to sleep loses. I have got something by keeping myself awake. But I had also said that one who keeps himself waking awakens the other one who is sleeping and that the one who gets does not allow the sleeping one to lose. So you take one of these mangoes.”

Saying so, Vayarsen gave the bigger mango of saffron colour to Amarsen. Vayarsen himself ate the other smaller mango of yellow colour.

Thereafter Amarsen said :

“Vayar ! A little less than two quarters of the night is still left. Till the moon becomes invisible, you also go to sleep and remove your fatigue. I shall keep myself awake and watch.”

Owing to the affectionate pressing by his brother, Vayarsen went to sleep. When Usha, the goddess of morning, painted the East with red colour in order to welcome the rising sun, sparrows began to chirp. Both the brothers then got up and proceeded further their way they stopped near a lake. There they first finished their normal morning requirements.

Thereafter, when Vayarsen began to clean his tongue, five gold mohurs came out from his mouth. Vayarsen had now full faith in the story of the parrots. He was now sure that his elder brother would become a king within seven days. After proceeding further from that place both reached near Kanchapnur. Both of them then sat in a royal park outside



that city in order to take afternoon rest.

Amarsen lied down under one tree. While so lying down, he got sleep. Seeing that Amarsen was asleep, Vayarsen began to think :

“My brother will now undoubtedly become a king. I shall also now daily get five gold mohurs. Now I should test my fortune by remaining separate from my brother.”

With this thought in his mind, Vayarsen left Amarsen sleeping and went away to the bazar of Kanchanpur.

One prostitute sitting up in a building saw him with her eyes like those of a vulture. She felt that he was foreigner and a rich man too. If he would visit her, he would definitely give her something valuable. With her understanding eyes she could know that he was all alone. So she called him up by sending a lady messenger.

Vayarsen also began to experience happiness in this new and pleasant place. Virtue does not lie in mere oppos-

ition to addiction. But virtue lies in not becoming an addict. No addict should forget that the act of addiction appears to give happiness but its effects are equally painful and bitter.

A prostitute has neither sympathy nor love for any one in her heart. To her money is all in all. She kicks a most handsome person if he has no money. But she considers a moneyed man as Cupid, the God of Love, even if he is a leper, or a handi-capped, old or diseased person. She surrenders herself and everything to such person. Be that as it may, but Vayarsen embedded himself in pleasures and merriment by staying with the prostitute.

On the other hand, Amarsen had fallen into sound sleep in the royal park of Kanchanpur. The king of Kanchanpur had died. The king had no child. The throne of Kanchanpur was lying vacant in the absence of an heir-apparent. So the ministers and other royal officers

decided to move about in the city with five holy things, namely, a horse, an elephant, the royal umbrella, a chamar and a kalash. They thought that with the help of these, it will be possible to find out some fortunate person fit to adorn the throne of Kanchanpur.

After having decided as above, the minister and others began to move in the city with the above-mentioned five holy things. They moved in the whole city. They could not however find any heir-apparent of Kanchanpur.

In despair they all came into the royal park. As soon as the procession came near Amarsen, the horse neighed, the elephant grunted, and the royal umbrella of its own accord covered the head of Amarsen. The Kalash or the auspicious pot showered itself its water over Amarsen. It was an occasion for every one to be happy. The park resounded with the loud shouts of "Jai Kanchanpur Naresh." The minister said to Amarsen :

“Maharaj ! From to-day you are the King of this land, the protector of the subjects of Kanchanpur. The five holy things have declared you as the King of this land, according to our custom. We now pray to you to adorn our vacant throne.”

Amarsen looked all around. He could not see Vayarsen anywhere. Owing to the separation from his brother Amarsen was mentally upset. He said to the ministers :

“What sort of an irony this is ? On the one hand I secured a kingdom. On the other hand my breathing-throbbing, living kingdom has gone away from me to some unknown place. Of what use is this kingdom to me without my brother ?”

The chief minister consoled him and said :

“Maharaj ! Leave aside all anxiety. We shall send our service-man and find out your brother. We assure you that he will definitely be found out.”

Thereafter, Amarsen was crowned as king with great pomp. Amarsen began to protect the people of Kanchanpur with justice and integrity. King Amarsen intensively searched for Vayarsen. However he could not be found anywhere.

And how could that brother be found ? It was happening as is said in the proverb—"Son under the gown and proclamation in the town."

Search was being made for Vayarsen in neighbouring kingdoms, forests, mountains and other places. But he was in Kanchanpur itself in the house of the prostitute. He had imprisoned himself there in lustful pleasures. It had happened as if the parrot was hidden behind the green leaves of a mango-tree and the hunter was searching it here and there. Amarsen had failed to find out his brother but he was not disheartened. He was still hopeful. Under the hope that one day Vayarsen will be

found, he was protecting the subjects as a good ruler.

Vayarsen used to give five gold mohurs to the prostitute daily. The prostitute was thinking :

“Has this man got a boon like Kuber ? He never goes anywhere. Still however he gives me gold mohurs daily. As he lives here, my other customers keep themselves away from me. How good it would be, if I could find out the secret as to how he gets this wealth. After that I would stop him permanently from living here.”

The prostitute thus desired to get that inexhaustible source of wealth. But that “poor” lady did not know that, ‘if wishes were horses, even beggars would ride.’ The prostitute extracted and know the secret about obtaining five gold mohurs by means of her playful and lustful gestures, from Vayarsen. On that very day she mixed in his food a drug which would cause vomiting,

and gave that food to him. As a result Vayarsen vomitted. The mango-seed came out from his stomach along with the vomit.

The prostitute washed and cleaned that mongo-seed which had come out with the vomit. She then swallowed it. To what silly length a person goes for obtaining wealth ? He is not pained by doing an action however nouseating it may be. It is as if he is to go to heaven with that wealth ! But the divine power of that mango-seed had been lost along with the vomit of Vayarsen. The prostitute did not get any benefit. The gold mohurs also thereafter did not come out from the mouth of Vayarsen.

The prostitute then thought : "Of what need is this useless man now to me ?" She therefore drove him away from her house.

Vayarsen who was driven out by the prostitute began to wander here and there.

One day on a moonlit night he went towards a forest.

He saw four persons fighting amongst themselves. Out of curiosity he went to those four persons. He asked them the cause of their fighting. One of the four persons said :

“It is our good luck that you have come here. We are four thieves. We are unable to reach an agreement in sharing three things. All the four of us cannot get three things. At the same time none of us is prepared to let go his share. We had been worrying since long as to how shall we be able to find out at this night-time a person who can decide this matter. Luck itself has sent you. Now you are our arbitrator. We all shall accept your decision.”

Vayarsen made them cool-minded and said :

“Intellect and common sense can solve even big problems. Show me those



*three things, which are the subject-matter of your dispute. I shall give such a decision that 'milk will become milk and water will become water.'* Real justice is that whereby all parties are satisfied and no party has thereafter any grievance."

After hearing the hope-giving talk of Vayarsen, another thief gave all the three things, one after another, to Vayarsen. He then praised the special qualities of each of them and said :

"Oh, good man ! We have got these three things from a self-realised man in a forest. For many days we had been seeking an opportunity to steal these things from him. One day we got such opportunity. That self-realised man had gone out in the morning to obey the call of nature. We then stole these three things and brought them here. Now you listen about these three things :

"The first thing is this cover-sheet. It gives out gold-mohurs as many times

as you move it up and down with a stroke. The second thing is this stick. It can defeat a large army of very heroic and bold soldiers when ordered to do so. The third thing is this flying cot. If it is inserted in the feet, it can take that person high up through the sky to what-ever place he wants to go, within a very short time."

After hearing the full story of the thieves Vayarsen said :

"Look now, brothers ! These self-realised men always preserve such thing very carefully. They have great fear of thieves and robbers. Therefore, they keep such original things hidden. Hence they are careless about things which are merely their imitations. Carefulness is the greatest companion of intelligence. Therefore, I would like to test the intelligence of that self-realised man in your very presence. It may happen that these three things are only imitations. In that case you may have to repent afterwards."

All the four thieves put trust in what Vayarsen said. Vayarsen then put on the cover-sheet, took the stick in his hand and inserted the flying-cot in his feet. Then he said to himself only :

“Oh magic flying-cot ! Take me very far from here.” The moment he said so, Vayarsen reached the sky with all the three things. The thieves kept looking on. It is true that one man’s folly becomes the good fortune of another.

The folly of thieves became the good fortune of Vayarsen. Vayarsen then began to live in the neighbourhood of the prostitute with those three things. The prostitute saw that he spent much money daily. Seeing that, the prostitute went to him. After telling him sweet things she again took him to her house. At the house of the prostitute Vayarsen again began to obtain plenty of money like rain. The prostitute began to think :

“This man seems to be a self-realised man. I had made him vomit out

his mango-seed. Still however he is able to obtain rain of gold."

The prostitute again learnt all the secret from Vayarsen. She told everything to her old mother. The old prostitute then said one day to Vayarsen :

"My son ! When you had gone away from here, my daughter remained very unhappy on account of your separation. At that time I took a vow to see the Yakshadev. I happened to take such vow as a result of emotions. But now I am thinking as a how I should to see that God who is in the middle of the sea."

Vayarsen at once said :

"Why do you worry ? Send your daughter with me. I shall take her with me to see the yaksha."

The advisory scriptures say as under :

"If a person has once proved himself to be faithless, then he should not be trusted again. If a man puts faith in a faithless, he will surely be deceived."

Vayarsen took the prostitute with him. He reached the island where the Yaksha was, with the help of the flying-cot. Vayarsen landed the flying-cot outside the temple of Yakshadev. He went inside the temple thereafter to see the Yakshadev. At that time the prostitute who was standing outside put on the flying-cot. She flew with it and reached her house in Kanchanpur. When Vayarsen came out after worshipping Yakshadev, he could not find either the prostitute or the flying-cot there. Vayarsen then sighed and said :

“Alas ! This prostitute has again cheated me a second time. What should I do now ? Where should I go ? I am surrounded by sea on all sides. Now the remaining part of my life will have to be finished here only. There seems no way to go out from here.”

Then with a firm mind Vayarsen thought :

“If fortune is favourable, I shall certainly get help from somewhere. It is

possible that my good fortune may be lurking behind this difficulty. As the body becomes strong by labour, the mind becomes strong by difficulties."

vayarsen then entrusted his welfare or non-welfare to destiny and began to pass his days in the worship of the Yaksha.

Once a heavenly resident landed his air-plane near the temple of the yaksha. On seeing him vayarsen became hopeful about his freedom from here. He told everything to that heavenly resident. He then requested him to carry him to Kanchanpur. The heavenly resident said :

"Oh good man ! Stay for fifteen days more. I shall again come after finishing my urgent work. At that time I shall carry you wherever you would like to go."

He then warned him : "Be careful about one thing. Go anywhere you like on this Yaksha island. But do not go even by mistake to those two opposite

trees seen at some distance from here.”

The heavenly resident then went away. Vayarsen began to pass days. One day he thought : “What could be the reason for the heavenly resident for forbidding me to go those two trees ? Let it happen what may. I will definitely go to-day and see what is there.”

Vayarsen went to those trees. He smelled a fresh flower lying under one of the trees. At once he was turned into a donkey. Vayarsen in the form of donkey began to repent in his mind :

“Now my life will be over by eating the grass and by braying. How strange is my fortune that I have become a donkey from a man !”

After fifteen days the heavenly resident landed again in Yaksha-island. He looked about everywhere. But he could not see Vayarsen anywhere. At one place he saw a donkey grazing. On seeing the heavenly resident, the donkey began to bray loudly.

The heavenly resident could understand that vayarsen must have disregarded his warning and gone to the trees. He must have smelled its flower and must have thereby become a donkey. He pitied him and made him smell the flower of another tree. As soon as he smelled that other flower, he regained his original form as vayarsen. When vayarsen asked him the secret, the heavenly resident said :

“Both these trees are divine trees, flowers are never withered. By smelling the flower of one of the trees, a man returns to his original form.”

vayarsen desired to have both the flowers. The heavenly resident gave him both the flowers. Thereafter the heavenly resident carried vayarsen in his air-plane to *Kanchanpur*.

vayarsen straightaway went to the house of the prostitute. On seeing vayarsen the prostitute stood aghast with staring eyes. The throbbing of her heart increased considerably. She started thinking :



"I had thrown him where he would remain permanently bound up. How could he manage to come here ?"

However she relied on her dramatic way of acting. She screened her faithlessness and in order to know the secret of success of Vayarsen made artful gestures of love. Then she said :

"Oh lord of my life ! I am but a poor weak woman. What can I do ? I was helpless and not independent in the act of becoming separate from you. When you went into the temple, a thief came there. He began to put on the flying-cot. I tried to stop him by holding his hands. But he flew with me in the sky. He then threw me here. I have been reduced to half by pining for you. You have really obliged me by coming back here. I shall not allow you to go anywhere now."

The words of the prostitute had no effect on Vayarsen this time. He decided

in his mind to take revenge. The prostitute said again :

“Oh, my every-thing ! I told you what I had to pass through. Now tell me how you could come here. It seems the Yaks-hadev is pleased with you. If so, the Yaks-hadev must have given some divine thing as a present to you. Our bodies are different but we have one common breathing soul. Please do not hide anything from me.”

Vayarsen said :

“Oh thou dearest to me as life ! Your thinking is quite correct. It is only the grace of Yakshadev that I am here. Without you each day of mine passed like one year. The Yakshadev was pleased by my worship. He therefore gave me one flower. That flower never withers. One gets everlasting youth by smelling it. The body becomes divine. No disease ever comes near. Old age always remains far away. I gave this flower for smelling to one old and hunch-backed woman

who had only one eye. She became a beautiful damsel.

The mouth of the prostitute watered. She said to Vayarsen :

“Oh, my lord ! Give me that divine flower. I am your sweet-heart. After getting everlasting youth I shall for ever serve at your feet and remain your embracing fellow-mate.”

Vayarsen replied :

“Darling ! The god has ordered me not to give this flower to any one else. I shall make you smell it with my own hands and fulfil your desire.”

The prostitute said, “Do as you wish.”

She then kept quiet. Vayarsen made her smell the flower. She at once became converted into a she-donkey. Vayarsen began to beat her with a stick. She began to expose her pain in the voice of a donkey. But who else could know her mind except Vayarsen ? The prostitute then began to repent about the fraud practised by her.

"Oh, Fate ! I got with interest the reward of what I did. I have become a she-donkey from a human being. But please do not make my condition worse. This merciless man will now beat me down to pieces."

vayarsen ceaselessly beat that she-donkey and took her to the market. People gathered there in very large numbers to see the scene.

On the other hand, the old mother of the prostitute came to know that the foreigner had converted her daughter into a she-donkey. She went to the king with other prostitutes and complained to him :

"Oh, protector of the people ! Great injustice is being done in your kingdom. As a matter of fact, we prostitutes are even otherwise like orphans. One foreigner has converted my daughter into a she-donkey by the trick of his learning. He is beating her mercilessly in open market. Oh, lord of the earth ! Please protect us."

King Amarsen was deeply moved at heart at these bewailing words of the old woman. He at once ordered his guards.

“Guards, go at once. Arrest that offender and bring him before me. Do not hesitate in even killing him if he could not be arrested.”

The head of the guards started with a sufficient number of policemen. He surrounded Vayarsen from all sides and said :

“Oh foreigner ! You are now surrounded on all sides. Surrender yourself to us. Your interest lies in doing so. Otherwise you will meet with a premature death.”

Vayarsen replied with his divine stick. On receiving the order of Vayarsen, the stick at once began to beat them all. The policeman fled without looking behind. They were all gasping when they said as under to the king :

“Your Majesty, it is beyond the capacity of any human being to arrest

the culprit. It appears that he is some good in the form of a man. He has defeated all of us within a moment."

The king replied :

"Whether he is a god or a human being, he would not create such mischief without any reason. There must be some secret purpose underlying all this mischief. Make my chariot ready. I shall go personally and bring him round."

Vayarsen saw that the king himself was coming. He took a decision as to what he should now do. He said to himself :

"At first the king had given orders for my arrest without understanding or thinking. If this time also he will break the limits of justice, I shall duly punish him."

In the meantime the king came near Vayarsen. Both came opposite to each other. Amarsen recognised Vayarsen. He got down from his elephant. He then proceeded to embrace Vayarsen, saying, "Oh my brother Vayarsen." Vayarsen also

bowed down to Amarsen. Amarsen pressed him with his chest. Both began to make the shoulders of each other wet with their tears. The scene of 'Bharat-milap' was reproduced there. Amarsen lovingly rebuked his brother :

“Brother Vayarsen ! Where had you gone away after abandoning me ? I searched for you very much. Where had you concealed yourself ? How long a period I have spent in waiting for you ?”

Vayarsen replied :

“Brother ! Time is such an experienced judge that it puts all culprits under test. I was also undergoing a test after having become separate from you.”

Amarsen said :

“Alright. Forget for the time being everything else. They can be talked over later on at the residence. First let me know the secret about this she-donkey. Why are you so much displeased with her. Offences which can never be pardoned

are only few. The subjects of Kanchanpur are now your subjects. Pardon this poor animal."

When Amarsen said so, Vayarsen made the she-donkey smell the other flower. She was thereby re-converted into her original form of a prostitute. All prostitutes and the entire subjects began to sing praises of both the brothers. Thereafter Vayarsen narrated to Amarsen the whole story of the deceit practised by the prostitute.

King Amarsen rebuked the prostitute. He took away the flying-cot from her and then acquitted her. Vayarsen handed over all the three divine thieves to Amarsen. A wave of joy spread in the harem as well as in the city. Vayarsen and Amarsen then lived in harmony. Both passed their life in happiness.

Happiness is dependent on blessings earned. Its inevitable foundation is truth. No body can reap without sowing. A man



reaps as he sows. There fore, when persons suffering miseries born of their sinful actions weep and wail, they only fall in the bonds of new sins by such weeping and wailing. So far as such persons are concerned, the saints have said :

“Why did you do what you did,  
And why do you now repent ?  
You have grown the tree of a babul,  
How can you mangoes now expect ?  
Tulsi says the body is a field,  
And farmer is the mind.  
Sow the seeds of sin or punya,  
And the harvest you'll accordingly  
find.”

Amarsen and vayarsen were enjoying happiness due to there former good actions.

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Untruth has innumerable forms. The Truth has only one form. Untruth has no legs. The greatest lie has also to take the help of Truth. In every case of untruth,

a time will necessarily come when the truth will come out.

The misdeeds and the sinful deeds done by Queen Nirankusha had now been exposed. Queen Nirankusha had accused the sons of her co-wife and had done the sinful act of getting them killed. That was the hell of a lie. The chains for sin are many. But the lie is such a handle that it can fit them all.

When king Shursen came to know about all the facts, he became red-hot with anger. He decided to give the penalty of death to the younger queen Nirankusha. But at that time some force appeared to violently pull back his heart. The king was repenting for what he had done.

“Alas ! How thoughtless I am ? I did not pause even for a moment in getting Amarsen and Vayarsen, the creatures of my heart, killed. I became a slave to the desires of the queen. What shall

I do now ? I might take the life of the queen, thereafter I might give up my life also. But how can I get back Amar and Vayar ? The entire fault is mine. If I myself had acted thought-fully and intelligently, what could Nirankusha have done ?”

Repentence is the misery of the heart. It is at the same time the fountain-source of a clear and stainless mind. The heart of king Shursen had been burnt in the fire of repentence. It had thereby become spotless. He immediately called for the chief mimister. He opened his heart before him. Knowing all the facts, the chief minister said :

“Maharaj ! We might have walked a long way on the path of untruth. But that does not mean that we should continue to walk on that path. It is better to turn back at any time. I am also no doubt being pained by the wicked deed of queen Nirankusha. But I am not surprised by it. I am never surprised to

see a man doing a wicked deed. But I am certainly surprised to know that she is not even ashamed. If queen Nirankusha feels herself ashamed about what she has done, she should be pardoned, because "retaliation" is a word offensive to human sensibility. To think continuously about what has already happened is like churning water. One day of "to-day" is more precious than thousands of past years. Therefore, think properly. "Today" will never come back."

King Shursen and the chief minister were thus talking and thinking. At that very time the door-keeper entered and said :

"Maharaj ! A messenger has come from Kanchanpur. I seek Your Majesty's orders."

The king ordered : "Send the messenger to us."

The messenger of Kanchanpur bowed low before the king and said :

“Oh, protector of the subjects ! our king Amarsen and his younger brother Vayarsen disire to see your Majesty. They went to know whether their offence has been forgiven, and. if so, whether they can see your Majesty.....”

Before the messenger could complete his message, the king was at once moved with emotions. He at once got up and applied the messenger to his chest and said :

“Oh messenger ! By seeing even you only, I feel as if I am seeing Amar-Vayar themselves. I am not sure whether I am seeing a dream or a reality. Tell me whether my sons who are like the corneas of my eyes to me, are in good health or not.”

“Oh messenger ! You have to-day given me such unexpected news htat it would not be a sufficient reward even if I give away the whole kingdom to you.”

At that time the chief minister said :

“Maharaj ! how can we forget

the most thoughtful and foreseeing chandel ? In one way he disobeyed the orders of his king, but in another way he has saved us all from sinking.”

The king said : “Oh chief minister ! What you say is quite true. If the chandal had not left them alive, how could we have seen such a day as to-day ?”

The news that Amarsen and Vayarsen were alive and that they were enjoying kingly happiness in Kanchanpur spread in the palace of the king and the city of Hastinapur.

An ocean of joy then rose up. Joy derived after despair is extraordinary. Every limb of Mahārani Vijaya was filled with highest joy. The mere remembrance of her sons made her breasts overflow with milk.

King Shursen sent a man to call the chandal. The chandal began to tremble on hearing the call of the king. He thought :

“The secret hidden for years has

come to light to-day. What will happen now ? It is an extraordinary offence to set free an offender who has been punished with death-sentence by the king himself. Now I have only to see what befalls me."

After so thinking, the chandal presented himself before the king. The king asked him :

"Matang ! Tell me the truth. Why did you set free both the princes ?"

Matang said :

"Oh protector of the people, it is in your Majesty's hands now whether to kill me or save me. But I could not even raise my hand to kill them. I set them free and I gave to your Majesty the eyes of deer and satisfied you."

The king said :

"Matang, this act of yours has taught us that patience is the best form of discretion. Patience is capable of doing the work which no person can otherwise do. We are extremely pleased with you."

The king pleased. Matang by giving him suitable reward in money. He also gave a good prize to the messenger of Kanchanpur and permitted him to go.

Thereafter the whole royal family went to Kanchanpar. Amarsen and Vayarsen decorated the whole city to honour and welcome their parents.

All met one another. Queen Nirankusha kept her sight low and was standing on one side. Amarsen and Vayarsen realised the pain of her heart. They met her with reverence and said :

“Younger Mother ! Kindly do not be ashamed. You are completely innocent. All this was the fruit of our actions. It is on account of your grace only that we have got this kingdom, these stick, bed-sheet and flying-cot and these two flowers.”

Nirankusha also became calm. All were joyous. Thereafter they all went to Hastinapur along with Amar-Vayar. There



both the princes were received with great pomp and honour. The youngest prince Indusen touched the feet of both his brothers. Amar-Vayar also embraced Indusen and shoud their great love for him.

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All were now passing their days in happiness. But the happiness and joy of the internal self is quite a diffirent thing. There is no real joy or satisfaction in physical happiness, praises, fame, etc. It is not understandable why man does such inexplicable deeds and misdeeds for the sake of earning name and fame.

What is there in a name? That which we call a rose would small equally sweet by any other name. A man is never satisfied by fame also. fame is such a thirst that it is never quenched. Even if the whole sea is drunk like Sage Agastya, the thirst for fame is not satisfied.

Therefore, the main purpose of human life is to become religious and to practise piety. The ultimate aim of religion is to

realise the highest and supreme truth. Persons who are after small actions generally prove themselves to be unfit for great actions. Wise persons never allow an opportunity to escape from their hands.

One day Kevali Muni came to royal park of Hastinapur. The coming of sages to any place is the indicator of the good fortune of the people living there. King Shursen, the queens, Amarsen, Vayarsen and all others went to see the Muni. The Muni shed full light on the ultimate aim of human life, namely, attainment of moksha, and on the unsubstantial nature of all earthly objects. King Shursen became enlightened thereby and he accepted diksha.

The two brothers, Amarsen and Vayarsen, adopted the life-principles of Shravak. After hearing the enlightening precepts, Amarsen and Vayarsen became eager to learn about their previous births. The great sage then described the mighty importance and value of charities given to deserving persons in the form of food

and told one story as an example to the assembly of persons who had gathered there. The Muni said :

“Oh grand souls ! The greatness and value of charity is end ess. Only a fortunate person can adopt the quality of charity giving. Man can become a god by charitable nature. Amongst the Various forms of charity, the most important one is the act of giving charity to a deserving person in the form of food.

Shalibhadra, the son of a rich businessman of Rajgruhahad in his previous birth given to one muni a charity of khir. As a result of this charity given with great faith and good sentiments. Shalibhadra became the owner of immense prosperity. King Shrenik had been unable to buy one most valuable jewel-studded towel. The wives of Shalibhadra, however, used to wipe their feet with such jewel-studded towels and to throw them away thereafter. I

shall tell you one more example of this nature, relating to the importance of giving charity in the form food. Listen carefully.

A king named Jitshatru ruled in a city called Rushabhpur. One rich Shavak also lived in that city. He had great faith in religion. That shravak had two servants. One of the two servants was doing the work of taking the cows of the shravak for the purpose of grazing. The other servant was doing household duties. Vasumati, the religiously devoted wife of the Sheth was also, like her husband, devoted to shramanas (Jain sadhus) and was living with a sense of "Samyaktva."

Once one muni came to Rushabhpur to spend there the four months of the monsoon. The Sheth, the Shethani, and both their servants used to go daily to hear the religious addresses given by the muni. The value of 'Satsanga' is well-known to all. As a result of its

company with wood, even iron does not sink in water. The Sheth observed a 'vrat' one day. Emulating the Sheth, his household servant also observed fast. The next day he was to break his fast and do 'parna.' At the time of the 'parna,' a nice thought came into the mind of that servant.

He thought. "How good it would be if I could do 'parna' by giving charity of food to some muni who might come up here by-chance. ?" The good sentiments of the servant attracted one Sumati Guptidhari Sadhu. With a sense of devotion and pleasure, the household servant did 'patradan', that is, he gave as charity pure and mind-purifying food.

The other cow-herd servant of the Sheth saw the household servant giving food in charity. He approved that action and praised it. There are persons who do not themselves give charity but they prevent others also from doing so. Such

persons fall in the bondage of 'charity-obstruction.'

Both the servants of the Sheth went to heavenly region after death. The soul of the household servant who had given food in charity became Amarsen, the eldest son of king Shursen in his next birth. The soul of the other servant who approved such charity, became the uterine brother of Amarsen. The Muni proceeded to say :

"Oh grand souls ! Both these brothers have got good fruits of their previous actions. You can very well see that."

After hearing the story of his previous birth the religious devotion of Amarsen became more firm. Nobody can cross the ocean of worldly affairs without the ship of religion. After hearing the story of his previous birth, Vayarsen asked the muni :

"Oh divine father ! When shall we now get mukti, that is, freedom from bondage ?"

The muni said :

“My son Vayarsen, your elder brother Amarsen will become a muni after accepting diksha. He will practise self-control. Then at the end of his life he will attain godly status in the fifth heavenly region. He will afterwards leave this heavenly region. He will then come to this region of ‘Mahavideh.’ There he will destroy his actions and obtain mukti. So far as you are concerned, you will become a king in your fifth next birth hereafter. Then you will also practise self-control and attain mukti.

After the four months of the monsoon were over. The muni went to some other place for ‘Vihar.’ Amarsen immersed himself in the act of protecting his subjects with full integrity. Vayarsen passed his life in the service of his brother. Both the brothers practised the Shravak Vrats with devotion.

At the appropriate time Muni Shursen.

while engaged in practising penance and self-control, went to the heavenly region. On the other side, when the worldly acts of self-interest of Amarsen lost their edge, desire for self-renunciation took hold of his mind. He entrusted his kingdom to his younger brother Vayarsen. He accepted the diksha and put on the clothes of a muni. He practised 'mahavrats' in the life of a muni. When he died, he attained godly status in the fifth heavenly region. Hereafter his soul will descend again in the region of 'Mahavideh'. Thereafter he will attain mukti. King Vayarsen will be proceeding to Shivpur in his fifth next life.

Persons devoted to wisdom and religion have always promoted the welfare of their soul. Persons who are attached to sensuous pleasures drift here and there and there in the ocean of worldly affairs. What shall we say to a person who is actually seeing this state



of affairs and yet does not become active in promoting the welfare of his soul ?



