

“Behold of faith, of morals and of generosity this fruit:

A serpent in ship's form bears home the pious layman.

With the good consort, make yourselves intimate with the good.

By the company of the good it was, the barber was saved.”

Thus the sea-deva standing in the air admonished, teaching the right, then catching hold of the serpent went to his own mansion.

The Teacher . . . assigned the Jataka: “Then the converted layman was one who passed beyond life; the Nāga king was Sāriputta, the sea-deva was just I.”

[No. 194]

THE GEM-THIEF JATAKA

(*Manichora-jātaka*)

“THERE are no gods! Surely they dwell afar.”— This the Teacher told while living at the Bamboo Wood about Devadatta's efforts (to kill him). Hearing of these he said, “Not now only, monks, but in days of old also, Devadatta went about to do so, but though he strove he could not,” and he brought up the past.

In the past, when Brahmadatta was reigning at Benares, the Bodhisat was born in a householder's family in a village not far from Benares. When he was of age they brought him a daughter from a family of Benares. She was lovely, fair and beautiful as a divine nymph, graceful as a flowering creeper, like a winsome fairy; her name was Sujātā; she was a devoted wife, virtuous and dutiful, at all times doing her duty by husband, mother-in-law and father-in-law, and she was dear and charming to the Bodhisat. And so they both dwelt in joy, of one mind and in unity.

Then one day Sujātā announced to the Bodhisat: “I would fain see my parents.” He: “'Tis well, lady dear, prepare food sufficient for the journey.” And they cooked various foods and placed them in a waggon; he driving the waggon sat in front and she behind. Going near Benares they unharnessed the waggon and bathed. Then the Bodhisat harnessed the waggon again and sat in front; Sujātā, who had changed her garment and adorned herself, sat behind. When the waggon was entering the city, the

king of Benares, on the back of his best elephant, was making a tour of the city and came to that quarter. Sujātā had got down from the waggon and was going behind on foot. The king seeing her his eyes were drawn by her beauty, and he lost his heart to her. He sent a courtier, saying "Go, find out whether she is married or not." He went and ascertained and told, saying, "They say she is married, sire; the man seated in the waggon is her husband."

The king, unable to master his passion, became viciously sick and thought: "I'll have him killed by some device and take her." And he bade a man, saying "Go, master, as if going along the street, and drop this jewelled crest in the man's waggon and come," and gave him a jewelled crest. He agreed and did so, came back and said: "I've placed it, sire." The king said: "I've lost my jewelled crest!" The people were all in an uproar. The king said: "Shut all the gates! Cut off all passages! Seek the thief!" His men did so. The city was all in commotion. That man taking people with him went up to the Bodhisat and said: "Master, stop the waggon; the king's jewelled crest is lost; we will examine the waggon." They did so and he, taking the jewel placed by himself, seized the Bodhisat, struck him with hands and feet, bound his arms behind and led and showed him to the king: "This is the thief!" The king ordered: "Cut off his head!" Then the king's men, beating him with whips at the crossways, dragged him out of the city by the southern gate.

And Sujātā had left the waggon and gone after him, her arms stretched out, and wailing, "Husband, for my sake are you come to this woe!" The king's men said, "We shall cut off his head," and they made the Bodhisat lie down. Seeing this, Sujātā,

mindful of their own virtue, wailed out, "Alas! there is methinks in this world no deity capable of restraining wicked violent men working scathe to the virtuous!" and she said the first verse:

"There are no gods! Surely they dwell afar!
There can be surely no world-warders here!
Those men who hurriedly work lawless deeds,
Are there indeed none here to bid them stop?"

She, virtuous one, thus lamenting, the seat of Sakka, ruler of devas, showed heat. Sakka minded: "Who now is desirous of making me cease from Sakkaship?" And discerning what was going on he thought: "The Benares king is acting over harshly; it behoves me now to go; he is making the virtuous Sujātā miserable." And descending from deva-world, by his own might he sat down on the back of the elephant, dismounted the wicked king from the elephant and laid him on his back on the execution block. But the Bodhisat he lifted up, adorned him with every ornament, caused him to take the king's garb and be seated on the elephant. When the axe was lifted and a head was cut off, it was the king's head they cut off, and when it was done, they found it was the head of the king.

Sakka, ruler of devas, in a visible body came to the Bodhisat and anointed him king, giving to Sujātā the position of chief queen. When the courtiers and brahmins and householders saw Sakka they rejoiced, saying, "The unrighteous king is killed! Now have we got a Sakka-given righteous king!" And Sakka, standing in the air, admonished them saying, "This is your king, Sakka's gift. Henceforth he will rule righteously. Verily if the king be unrighteous, the deva rains out of season,

in season he rains not; fear of famine, fear of pestilence, fear of the sword: these three fears come upon (the earth),” and he said the second verse:

“For him rain out of season falls,

In season falls for him no rain.

From the bright world he falls away,

Surely thus far a ruined man.”

Sakka, thus admonishing the multitude, went straight to deva-realm, and the Bodhisat ruling righteously fulfilled his course to the Bright World.

The Teacher . . . joined on the series and assigned the Jataka: “Then the unrighteous king was Devadatta, Sakka was Anuruddha, Sujātā was Rāhulā’s mother, but the Sakka-given king was just I.”

THE CLOUDHORSE JATAKA

(*Valāh’assa-jātaka*)

“MEN who will not follow in the bidding.”— This the Teacher told while living at the Jetavana about a hankering monk. When asked by the Teacher, “Is it true what they say that you are hankering after (something)?” the monk said, “It is true,” and when asked, “How is that?” he said, “Because of passion, since I saw a woman decked in brave array.” Then the Teacher said: “Women like that, monk, cause men to lust both through their own senses and, by woman-ways and dalliance, get them into their power, and when they see this is so, ruin them in both morals and money. Such are called ‘ogresses’ (*Yakkhinī’s*). In olden time, too, yakkhinīs looking like women approached a caravan of men, tempted the traders, got them into their power, and then, when they saw other men, they murdered the former lot and devoured them crunching as the blood flowed down their cheeks.” And he brought up the past.

In the past there was a “Yakkha” city called Sirīsavatthu. There Yakkhinīs dwelt. When a ship was wrecked and men were come ashore, they dressed and adorned themselves and, having food roast and stewed brought, they with a following of slaves and bearing children on their hip approached the traders. To make them imagine, “We are come to human dwellings,” they showed them here and there men ploughing and keeping cattle, herds of cattle and dogs and the like. And coming among the