















































































































































































Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough  
Only to live? Can life and love suffice?"

Answered Sujâta, "Worshipful! my heart  
Is little, and a little rain will fill  
The lily's cup which hardly moistens the field.  
It is enough for me to feel life's sun  
Shine in my Lord's grace and my baby's smile,  
Making the loving summer of our home.  
Pleasant my days pass filled with household cares  
From sunrise when I wake to praise the gods,  
And give forth grain, and trim the tulsi-plant,  
And set my handmaids to their tasks, till noon,  
When my Lord lays his head upon my lap  
Lulled by soft songs and wavings of the fan;  
And so to supper-time at quiet eve,  
When by his side I stand and serve the cakes.  
Then the stars light their silver lamps for sleep,  
After the temple and the talk with friends.  
How should I not be happy, blest so much,  
And bearing him this boy whose tiny hand  
Shall lead his soul to Swerga, if it need?  
For holy books teach when a man shall plant  
Trees for the travellers' shade, and dig a well  
For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,  
It shall be good for such after their death;  
And what the books say that I humbly take,  
Being not wiser than those great of old  
Who spake with gods, and knew the hymns and charms,  
And all the ways of virtue and of peace.  
Also I think that good must come of good  
And ill of evil — surely — unto all —  
In every place and time — seeing sweet fruit  
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things  
From poison-stocks; yea, seeing too, how spite  
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace  
Even while we live; and when 'tis willed we die

Shall there not be as good a 'Then' as 'Now'?  
Haply much better! since one grain of rice  
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,  
And all the starry champak's white and gold  
Lurks in those little, naked, grey spring-buds.  
Ah, Sir! I know there might be woes to bear  
Would lay fond Patience with her face in dust;  
If this my babe pass first I think my heart  
Would break — almost I hope my heart would break!  
That I might clasp him dead and wait my Lord —  
In whatsoever world holds faithful wives —  
Duteous, attending till his hour should come.  
But if Death called Senáni, I should mount  
The pile and lay that dear head in my lap,  
My daily way, rejoicing when the torch  
Lit the quick flame and rolled the choking smoke.  
For it is written if an Indian wife  
Die so, her love shall give her husband's soul  
For every hair upon her head a crore  
Of years in Swerga. Therefore fear I not.  
And therefore, Holy Sir! my life is glad,  
Nowise forgetting yet those other lives  
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,  
Whereon the gods grant pity! but for me,  
What good I see humbly I seek to do,  
And live obedient to the law, in trust  
That what will come, and must come, shall come well."

Then spake our Lord, "Thou teachest them who teach,  
Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.  
Be thou content to know not, knowing thus  
Thy way of right and duty: grow, thou flower!  
With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade — the light  
Of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves  
Which must spread broad in other suns and lift  
In later lives a crowned head to the sky.  
Thou who hast worshipped me, I worship thee

Excellent heart! learned unknowingly.  
As the dove is which flieth home by love.  
In thee is seen why there is hope for man  
And where we hold the wheel of life at will.  
Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days  
As thou accomplishest, may I achieve!  
He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this.”

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

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

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

Then fell the night even as our Master sate  
Under that Tree. But he who is the Prince  
Of Darkness, Mara — knowing this was Buddh  
Who should deliver men, and now the hour  
When he should find the Truth and save the worlds —  
Gave unto all his evil powers command.  
Wherefore there trooped from every deepest pit  
The fiends who war with Wisdom and the Light,  
Arati, Trishna, Raga, and their crew  
Of passions, horrors, ignorances, lusts,  
The brood of gloom and dread; all hating Buddh,  
Seeking to shake his mind; nor knoweth one,  
Not even the wisest, how those fiends of Hell  
Battled that night to keep the Truth from Buddh:  
Sometimes with terrors of the tempest, blasts  
Of demon-armies clouding all the wind,  
With thunder, and with blinding lightning flung  
In jagged javelins of purple wrath  
From splitting skies; sometimes with wiles and words  
Fair-sounding, 'mid hushed leaves and softened airs

From shapes of witching beauty; wanton songs,  
Whispers of love; sometimes with royal allures  
Of proffered rule; sometimes with mocking doubts.  
Making truth vain. But whether these befell  
Without and visible, or whether Buddh  
Strove with fell spirits in his inmost heart,  
Judge ye: — I write what ancient books have writ.

The ten chief Sins came — Mara's mighty ones,  
Angels of evil — Attavâda first,  
The Sin of Self, who in the Universe  
As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,  
And crying "I" would have the world say "I,"  
And all things perish so if she endure.  
"If thou be'st Buddh," she said, "let others grope  
Lightless; it is enough that thou art Thou  
Changelessly; rise and take the bliss of gods  
Who change not, heed not, strive not." But Buddh spake  
"The right in thee is base, the wrong a curse;  
Cheat such as love themselves." Then came wan Doubt  
He that denies — the mocking Sin — and this  
Hissed in the Master's ear, "All things are shows,  
And vain the knowledge of their vanity;  
Thou dost but chase the shadow of thyself;  
Rise and go hence, there is no better way  
Than patient scorn, nor any help for man,  
Nor any staying of his whirling wheel."  
But quoth our Lord, "Thou hast no part with me,  
False Visikitcha, subtlest of man's foes."  
And third came she who gives dark creeds their power,  
Sîlabbat-paramâsa, sorceress,  
Draped fair in many lands as lowly Faith,  
But ever juggling souls with rites and prayers;  
The keeper of those keys which lock up Hells  
And open Heavens. "Wilt thou dare," she said,  
Put by our sacred books, dethrone our gods,  
Unpeople all the temples, shaking down

That law which feeds the priests and props the realms?  
But Buddha answered, "What thou bidd'st me keep  
Is form which passes, but the free Truth stands;  
Get thee unto thy darkness." Next there drew  
Gallantly nigh a braver Tempter, he,  
Kama, the King of passions, who hath sway  
Over the gods themselves, Lord of all loves,  
Ruler of Pleasure's realm. Laughing he came  
Unto the Tree, bearing his bow of gold  
Wreathed with red blooms, and arrows of desire  
Pointed with five-tongued delicate flame which stings  
The heart it smites sharper than poisoned barb:  
And round him came into that lonely place  
Bands of bright shapes with heavenly eyes and lips  
Singing in lovely words the praise of Love  
To music of invisible sweet chords,  
So witching, that it seemed the night stood still  
To hear them, and the listening stars and moon  
Paused in their orbits while these hymned to Buddh  
Of lost delights, and how a mortal man  
Findeth nought dearer in the three wide worlds  
Than are the yielded loving fragrant breasts  
Of Beauty and the rosy breast-blossoms,  
Love's rubies; nay, and toucheth nought more high  
Than is that dulcet harmony of form  
Seen in the fines and charms of loveliness  
Unspeakable, yet speaking, soul to soul,  
Owned by the bounding blood, worshipped by will  
Which leaps to seize it, knowing this is best,  
This the true heaven where mortals are like gods,  
Makers and Masters, this the gift of gifts  
Ever renewed and worth a thousand woes.  
For who hath grieved when soft arms shut him safe,  
And all life melted to a happy sigh,  
And all the world was given in one warm kiss?  
So sang they with soft float of beckoning hands,

Eyes lighted with love-flames, alluring smiles;  
In dainty dance their supple sides and limbs  
Revealing and concealing like burst buds  
Which tell their color, but hide yet their hearts.  
Never so matchless grace delighted eye  
As troop by troop these midnight-dancers swept  
Nearer the Tree, each daintier than the last,  
Murmuring "O great Siddârtha! I am thine,  
Taste of my mouth and see if youth is sweet!"  
Also, when nothing moved our Master's mind,  
Lo! Kama waved his magic bow, and lo!  
The band of dancers opened, and a shape  
Fairest and stateliest of the throng came forth  
Wearing the guise of sweet Yasôdhara.  
Tender the passion of those dark eyes seemed  
Brimming with tears; yearning those outspread arms  
Opened towards him; musical that moan  
Wherewith the beauteous shadow named his name,  
Sighing "My Prince! I die for lack of thee  
What heaven hast thou found like that we knew  
By bright Rohini in the Pleasure-house,  
Where all these weary years I weep for thee?  
Return, Siddârtha! ah! return. But touch  
My lips again, but let me to thy breast  
Once, and these fruitless dreams will end! Ah, look!  
Am I not she thou lovedst?" But Buddh said,  
"For that sweet sake of her thou playest thus  
Fair and false Shadow! is thy playing vain;  
I curse thee not who wear'st a form so dear,  
Yet as thou art so are all earthly shows.  
Melt to thy void again!" Thereat a cry  
Thrilled through the grove, and all that comely rout  
Faded with flickering wafts of flame, and trail  
Of vaporous robes.

Next under darkening skies  
And noise of rising storm came fiercer Sins,  
The rearmost of the Ten; Patigha — Hate —  
With serpents coiled about her waist, which suck  
Poisonous milk from both her hanging dugs,  
And with her curses mix their angry hiss.  
Little wrought she upon that Holy One  
Who with his calm eyes dumb'd her bitter lips  
And made her black snakes writhe to hide their fangs.  
Then followed Rugaraga — Lust of days —  
That sensual Sin which out of greed for life  
Forgets to live; and next him Lust of Fame,  
Nobler Arugaraga, she whose spell  
Beguiles the wise, mother of daring deeds,  
Battles and toils. And haughty Mano came,  
The Fiend of Pride; and smooth Self-Righteousness,  
Uddhachcha; and — with many a hideous band  
Of vile and formless things, which crept and flapped  
Toad-like and bat-like — Ignorance, the Dam  
Of Fear and Wrong, Avidya, hideous hag,  
Whose footsteps left the midnight darker, while  
The rooted mountains shook, the wild winds howled,  
The broken clouds shed from their caverns streams  
Of levin-lighted rain; stars shot from heaven,  
The solid earth shuddered as if one laid  
Flame to her gaping wounds; the torn black air  
Was full of whistling wings, of screams and yells,  
Of evil faces peering, of vast fronts  
Terrible and majestic, Lords of Hell  
Who from a thousand Limbos led their troops  
To tempt the Master.

But Buddh heeded not,  
Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled  
As is a stronghold by its gates and ramps;  
Also the Sacred Tree — the Bôdhi-tree —  
Amid that tumult stirred not, but each leaf

Glistened as still as when on moonlit eves  
No zephyr spills the glittering gems of dew;  
For all this clamor raged outside the shade  
Spread by those cloistered stems:

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

Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks  
Of lives foregone:

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

Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,  
A Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,  
Ruling all things accordant to the rule  
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use.  
So that all things do well which serve the Power,  
And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well  
Obedient to its kind; the hawk does well  
Which carries bleeding quarries to its young;  
The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly,  
Globing together in the common work;  
And man who lives to die, dies to live well  
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness  
And earnest will to hinder not but help  
All things both great and small which suffer life.  
These did our Lord see in the middle watch.

But when the fourth watch came the secret came  
Of Sorrow, which with evil mars the law,  
As damp and dross hold back the goldsmith's fire.  
Then was the Dukha-satya opened him  
First of the "Noble Truths;" how Sorrow is  
Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;  
Not to be laid aside until one lays  
Living aside, with all its changing states,  
Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain  
Being and doing. How that none strips off  
These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks  
Knowledge to know them snares; but he who knows  
Avidya — Delusion — sets those snares,  
Loves life no longer but ensues escape.  
The eyes of such a one are wide, he sees  
Delusion breeds Sankhâra, Tendency  
Perverse: Tendency Energy — Vidnnân —  
Whereby comes Namarûpa, local form  
And name and bodiment, bringing the man  
With senses naked to the sensible,  
A helpless mirror of all shows which pass

Across his heart; and so Vedanâ grows —  
 ‘Sense-life’ — false in its gladness, fell in sadness,  
 But sad or glad, the Mother of Desire,  
 Trishna, that thirst which makes the living drink  
 Deeper and deeper of the false salt waves  
 Whereon they float, pleasures, ambitions, wealth,  
 Praise, fame, or domination, conquest, love;  
 Rich meats and robes, and fair abodes, and pride  
 Of ancient lines, and lust of days, and strife  
 To live, and sins that flow from strife, some sweet,  
 Some bitter. Thus Life’s thirst quenches itself  
 With draughts which double thirst, but who is wise  
 Tears from his soul this Trishna, feeds his sense  
 No longer on false shows, files his firm mind  
 To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek  
 All ill which flow from foregone wrongfulness,  
 And so constraining passions that they die  
 Famished; till all the sum of ended life —  
 The Karma — all that total of a soul  
 Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,  
 The ‘Self’ it wove — with woof of viewless time,  
 Crossed on the warp invisible of acts —  
 The outcome of him on the Universe,  
 Grows pure and sinless; either never more  
 Needing to find a body and a place,  
 Or so informing what fresh frame it takes  
 In new existence that the new toils prove  
 Lighter and lighter not to be at all,  
 Thus “finishing the Path;” free from Earth’s cheats;  
 Broken from ties — from Upâdânas — saved  
 From whirling on the wheel; aroused and sane  
 As is a man wakened from hateful dreams.  
 Until — greater than Kings, than Gods more glad! —  
 The aching craze to live ends, and life glides —  
 Lifeless — to nameless quiet, nameless joy,

Blessed NIRVANA — sinless, stirless rest —  
That change which never changes!

Lo! the Dawn

Sprang with Buddh's Victory! lo! in the East  
Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth  
Through fleeting folds of Night's black drapery.  
High in the widening blue the herald-star  
Faded to paler silver as there shot  
Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam  
Across the grey. Far off the shadowy hills  
Saw the great Sun, before the world was 'ware,  
And donned their crowns of crimson; flower by flower  
Felt the warm breath of Mom and 'gan unfold  
Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass  
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light,  
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,  
Decking the earth with radiance 'broidering.  
The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe,  
Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved  
Glad salutation; darting beams of gold  
Into the glades; touching with magic wand  
The stream to rippled ruby; in the brake  
Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes  
And saying "it is day;" in nested sleep  
Touching the small heads under many a wing  
And whispering, "Children, praise the light of day!"  
Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds,  
The Köil's fluted song, the Bulbul's hymn,  
The "morning, morning" of the painted thrush,  
The twitter of the sunbirds starting forth  
To find the honey ere the bees be out  
The grey crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the strokes  
Of the green hammersmith, the myna's chirp,  
The never finished love-talk of the doves:  
Yea! and so holy was the influence  
Of that high Dawn which came with victory

That, far and near, in homes of men there spread  
An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife;  
The robber laid his plunder back; the shroff  
Counted full tale of coins; all evil hearts  
Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm  
Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.  
Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick men leaped  
Laughing from beds of pain; the dying smiled  
As though they knew that happy Morn was sprung  
From fountains farther than the utmost East;  
And o'er the heart of sad Yasôdhara,  
Sitting forlorn at Prince Siddârtha's bed,  
Came sudden bliss, as if love should not fail  
Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.  
So glad the World was — though it wist not why  
That over desolate wastes went swooning songs  
Of mirth, the voice of bodiless Prets and Bhuts  
Foreseeing Buddh; and Devas in the air  
Cried "It is finished, finished!" and the priests  
Stood with the wondering people in the streets  
Watching those golden splendors flood the sky  
And saying "There hath happed some mighty thing."  
Also in Ran and Jungle grew that day  
Friendship amongst the creatures; spotted deer  
Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,  
And cheetahs lapped the pool beside the bucks;  
Under the eagle's rock the brown hares scoured  
While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing;  
The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam  
With deadly fangs in sheath; the shrike let pass  
The nestling-finch; the emerald halcyons  
Sate dreaming while the fishes played beneath,  
Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies —  
Crimson and blue and amber — flitted thick  
Around his perch; the Spirit of our Lord  
Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,

Even while he mused under that Bôdhi-tree,  
Glorified with the Conquest gained for all  
And lightened by a Light greater than Day's.

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

*Anékajátisangsârang  
Sandhdwissang anibhisang  
Gahakârakangawesanto  
Dukkâjâtipunappunang.  
Gahakâradithôsi;  
Punagehang nakâhasi;  
Sabhâtephâsukhâbhaggâ,  
Gahakûtangwisang khitang;  
Wisangkharagatang chittang;  
Janhânangkhayamajhagâ.*

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

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

## Book the Seventh.

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

But on a day in the Wasanta-time,  
When silver sprays swing on the mango-trees  
And all the earth is clad with garb of spring,  
The Princess sate by that bright garden-stream  
Whose gliding glass, bordered with lotus-cups,  
Mirrored so often in the bliss gone by  
Their clinging hands and meeting lips. Her lids  
Were wan with tears, her tender cheeks had thinned  
Her lips' delicious curves were drawn with grief;  
The lustrous glory of her hair was hid —  
Close-bound as widows use; no ornament  
She wore, nor any jewel clasped the cloth —  
Coarse, and of mourning-white — crossed on her breast.  
Slow moved and painfully those small fine feet  
Which had the roe's gait and the rose-leaf's fall  
In old years at the loving voice of him.  
Her eyes, those lamps of love, — which were as if  
Sunlight should shine from out the deepest dark,

Illuminating Night's peace with Daytime's glow  
Unlighted now, and roving aimlessly,  
Scarce marked the clustering signs of coming Spring  
So the silk lashes drooped over their orbs.  
In one hand was a girdle thick with pearls,  
Siddârtha's — treasured since that night he fled —  
(Ah, bitter Night! mother of weeping days  
When was fond Love so pitiless to love  
Save that this scorned to limit love by life?)  
The other led her little son, a boy  
Divinely fair, the pledge Siddârtha left —  
Named Rahula — now seven years old, who tripped  
Gladsome beside his mother, light of heart  
To see the spring-blooms burgeon o'er the world.

So while they lingered by the lotus-pools  
And, lightly laughing, Rahula flung rice  
To feed the blue and purple fish; and she  
With sad eyes watched the swiftly-flying cranes,  
Sighing, "Oh! creatures of the wandering wing,  
If I ye shall light where my dear Lord is hid,  
Say that Yasôdhara lives nigh to death  
For one word of his mouth, one touch of him!"  
So, as they played and sighed — mother and child —  
Came some among the damsels of the Court  
Saying, "Great Princess! there have entered in  
At the south gate merchants of Hastinpûr  
Tripusha called and Bhalluk, men of worth,  
Long travelled from the loud sea's edge, who bring  
Marvellous lovely webs pictured with gold,  
Waved blades of gilded steel, wrought bowls in brass,  
Cut ivories, spice, simples, and unknown birds,  
Treasures of far-off peoples; but they bring  
That which doth beggar these, for He is seen  
Thy Lord, — our Lord, — the hope of all the land  
Siddârtha! they have seen him face to face,  
Yea, and have worshipped him with knees and brows,

And offered offerings; for he is become  
All which was shown, a teacher of the wise,  
World-honored, holy, wonderful; a Buddh  
Who doth deliver men and save all flesh  
By sweetest speech and pity vast as Heaven:  
And, lo! he journeyeth hither these do say.”

Then — while the glad blood bounded in her veins  
As Gunga leaps when first the mountain snows  
Melt at her springs — uprose Yasôdhara  
And clapped her palms, and laughed, with brimming tears  
Beading her lashes. “Oh! call quick,” she cried,  
“These merchants to my purdah, for mine ears  
Thirst like parched throats to drink their blessed news.  
Go bring them in, — but if their tale be true,  
Say I will fill their girdles with much gold,  
With gems that Kings shall envy: come ye too,  
My girls, for ye shall have guerdon of this  
If there be gifts to speak my grateful heart.”

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

Then answer made Tripusha, “We have seen  
That sacred Master, Princess! we have bowed  
Before his feet; for who was lost a Prince  
Is found a greater than the King of kings.  
Under the Bôdhi-tree by Phalgú’s bank

That which shall save the world hath late been wrought  
By him — the Friend of all, the Prince of all —  
Thine most, High Lady! from whose tears men win  
The comfort of this Word the Master speaks.  
Lo! he is well, as one beyond all ills,  
Uplifted as a god from earthly woes,  
Shining with risen Truth, golden and clear.  
Moreover as he entereth town by town,  
Preaching those noble ways which lead to peace,  
The hearts of men follow his path as leaves  
Troop to wind or sheep draw after one  
Who knows the pastures. We ourselves have heard  
By Gaya in the green Tchîrnika grove  
Those wondrous lips and done them reverence:  
He cometh hither ere the first rains fall.”

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

Then Bhalluk told  
Such as the people of the valleys knew  
Of that dread night of conflict, when the air  
Darkened with fiendish shadows, and the earth  
Quaked, and the waters swelled with Mara’s wrath.  
Also how gloriously that morning broke  
Radiant with rising hopes for man, and how  
The Lord was found rejoicing ‘neath his Tree.  
But many days the burden of release —  
To be escaped beyond all storms of doubt,  
Safe on Truth’s shore — lay, spake he, on that heart  
A golden load; for how shall men — Buddh mused —  
Who love their sins and cleave to cheats of sense,  
And drink of error from a thousand springs —  
Having no mind to see, nor strength to break

The fleshly snare which binds them — how should such  
 Receive the Twelve Nidânas and the Law  
 Redeeming all, yet strange to profit by,  
 As the caged bird oft shuns its opened door?  
 So had we missed the helpful victory  
 If, in this earth without a refuge, Buddh  
 Winning the way, had deemed it all too hard  
 For mortal feet, and passed, none following him.  
 Yet pondered the compassion of our Lord,  
 But in that hour there rang a voice as sharp  
 As cry of travail, so as if the earth  
 Moaned in birth-throe “*Nasyami aham bhû*  
*Nasyati loka!*” SURELY I AM LOST,  
 I AND MY CREATURES: then a pause, and next  
 A pleading sigh borne on the western wind,  
 “*Sruyatâm dharma, Bhagwat!*” OH, SUPREME!  
 LET THY GREAT LAW BE UTTERED! Whereupon  
 The Master cast his vision forth on flesh,  
 Saw who should hear and who must wait to hear,  
 As the keen Sun gilding the lotus-lakes  
 Seeth which buds will open to his beams  
 And which are not yet risen from their roots  
 Then spake, divinely smiling, “Yea! I preach!  
 Whoso will listen let him learn the Law.”

Afterwards passed he, said they, by the hills  
 Unto Benares, where he taught the Five,  
 Showing how birth and death should be destroyed,  
 And how man hath no fate except past deeds,  
 No Hell but what he makes, no Heaven too high  
 For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.  
 This was the fifteenth day of Vaishya  
 Mid-afternoon and that night was full moon.

But, of the Rishis, first Kaundinya  
 Owned the Four Truths and entered on the Paths;  
 And after him Bhadraka, Asvajit,

Basava, Mahanâma; also there  
Within the Deer-park, at the feet of Buddh,  
Yasad the Prince with nobles fifty-four  
Hearing the blessed word our Master spake  
Worshipped and followed; for there sprang up peace  
And knowledge of a new time come for men  
In all who heard, as spring the flowers and grass  
When water sparkles through a sandy plain.

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

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

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

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

*Sabba pápassa akaranan;*  
*Kusalassa upasampadá;*  
*Sa chitta pariyodapanan*  
*Etan Budhánusásanan.*

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

Whom, when they ended, speaking so of him,  
With gifts, and thanks which made the jewels dull,  
The Princess recompensed. “But by what road  
Wendeth my Lord?” she asked: the merchants said,  
“Yôjans threescore stretch from the city-walls  
To Rajagriha, whence the easy path  
Passeth by Sona hither and the hills.  
Our oxen, treading eight slow koss a day,  
Came in one moon.”

Then the King hearing word,  
Sent nobles of the Court — well-mounted lords —  
Nine separate messengers, each embassy  
Bidden to say, “The King Suddhôdana —  
Nearer the pyre by seven long years of lack,  
Wherethrough he hath not ceased to seek for thee  
Prays of his son to come unto his own,  
The Throne and people of this longing Realm,  
Lest he shall die and see thy face no more.”  
Also nine horsemen sent Yasôdhara  
Bidden to say, “The Princess of thy House —  
Rahula’s mother — craves to see thy face  
As the night-blowing moon-flower’s swelling heart  
Pines for the moon, as pale asôka-buds  
Wait for a woman’s foot: if thou hast found  
More than was lost, she prays her part in this,  
Rahula’s part, but most of all thyself.”  
So sped the Sâkya Lords, but it befell  
That each one, with the message in his mouth,

Entered the Bamboo-Garden in that hour  
When Buddha taught his Law; and — hearing — each  
Forgot to speak, lost thought of King and quest,  
Of the sad Princess even; only gazed  
Eye-rapt upon the Master; only hung  
Heart-caught upon the speech, compassionate,  
Commanding, perfect, pure, enlightening all,  
Poured from those sacred lips. Look! like a bee  
Winged for the hive, who sees the mōgras spread  
And scents their utter sweetness on the air,  
If he be honey-filled, it matters not;  
If night be nigh, or rain, he will not heed;  
Needs must he light on those delicious blooms  
And drain their nectar; so these messengers  
One with another, hearing Buddha's words,  
Let go the purpose of their speed, and mixed,  
Heedless of all, amid the Master's train.  
Wherefore the King bade that Udayi go —  
Chiefest in all the Court, and faithfullest,  
Siddārtha's playmate in the happier days —  
Who, as he drew anear the garden, plucked  
Blown tufts of tree-wool from the grove and sealed  
The entrance of his hearing; thus he came  
Safe through the lofty peril of the place  
And told the message of the King, and her's.

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

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

But it fell —  
Eager to be before — Yasôdhara  
Rode in her litter to the city-walls  
Where soared the bright pavilion. All around  
A beauteous garden smiled — Nigrôdha named  
Shaded with bel-trees and the green-plumed dates,  
New-trimmed and gay with winding walks and banks  
Of fruits and flowers; for the southern road  
Skirted its lawns, on this hand leaf and bloom,  
On that the suburb-huts where base-borns dwelt  
Outside the gates, a patient folk and poor,  
Whose touch for Kshatriya and priest of Brahm  
Were sore defilement. Yet those, too, were quick  
With expectation, rising ere the dawn  
To peer along the road, to climb the trees

At far-off trumpet of some elephant,  
Or stir of temple-drum; and when none came,  
Busied with lowly chares to please the Prince;  
Sweeping their door-stones, setting forth their flags,  
Stringing the fluted fig-leaves into chains,  
New furbishing the Lingam, decking new  
Yesterday's faded arch of boughs, but aye  
Questioning wayfarers if any noise  
Be on the road of great Siddârtha. These  
The Princess marked with lovely languid eyes,  
Watching, as they, the southward plain, and bent  
Like them to listen if the passers gave  
News of the path. So fell it she beheld  
One slow approaching with his head close shorn,  
A yellow cloth over his shoulder cast,  
Girt as the hermits are, and in his hand  
An earthen bowl, shaped melonwise, the which  
Meekly at each hut-door he held a space,  
Taking the granted dole with gentle thanks  
And all as gently passing where none gave.  
Two followed him wearing the yellow robe,  
But he who bore the bowl so lordly seemed,  
So reverend, and with such a passage moved,  
With so commanding presence filled the air,  
With such sweet eyes of holiness smote all,  
That, as they reached him alms the givers gazed  
Awestruck upon his face, and some bent down  
In worship, and some ran to fetch fresh gifts  
Grieved to be poor; till slowly, group by group,  
Children and men and women drew behind  
Into his steps, whispering with covered lips,  
"Who is he? who? when looked a Rishi thus?"  
But as he came with quiet footfall on  
Nigh the pavilion, lo! the silken door  
Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasôdhara  
Stood in his path crying, "Siddârtha! Lord!"

With wide eyes streaming and with close-clasped hands,  
Then sobbing fell upon his feet, and lay.

Afterwards, when this weeping lady passed  
Into the Noble Paths, and one had prayed  
Answer from Buddha wherefore — being vowed  
Quit of all mortal passion and the touch,  
Flower-soft and conquering, of a woman's hands —  
He suffered such embrace, the Master said:  
“The greater beareth with the lesser love  
So it may raise it unto easier heights.  
Take heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds,  
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.  
Free are ye rather that your freedom spread  
By patient winning and sweet wisdom's skill.  
Three eras of long toil bring Bodhisats  
Who will be guides and help this darkling world  
Unto deliverance, and the first is named  
Of deep 'Resolve,' the second of 'Attempt,'  
The third of 'Nomination.' Lo! I lived  
In era of Resolve, desiring good,  
Searching for wisdom, but mine eyes were sealed.  
Count the grey seeds on yonder castor-clump,  
So many rains it is since I was Ram,  
A merchant of the coast which looketh south  
To Lanka and the hiding-place of pearls.  
Also in that far time Yasôdhara  
Dwelt with me in our village by the sea,  
Tender as now, and Lukshmi was her name.  
And I remember how I journeyed thence  
Seeking our gain, for poor the household was  
And lowly. Not the less with wistful tears  
She prayed me that I should not part, nor tempt  
Perils by land and water. 'How could love  
Leave what it loved?' she wailed; yet, venturing, I  
Passed to the Straits, and after storm and toil  
And deadly strife with creatures of the deep,

And woes beneath the midnight and the noon,  
 Searching the wave I won therefrom a pearl  
 Moonlike and glorious, such as Kings might buy  
 Emptying their treasury. Then came I glad  
 Unto mine hills, but over all that land  
 Famine spread sore; ill was I stead to live  
 In journey home, and hardly reached my door  
 Aching for food — with that white wealth of the sea  
 Tied in my girdle. Yet no food was there;  
 And on the threshold she for whom I toiled —  
 More than myself — lay with her speechless lips  
 Nigh unto death for one small gift of grain  
 Then cried I, 'If there be who hath of grain,  
 Here is a kingdom's ransom for one life:  
 Give Lukshmi bread and take my moonlight pearl.'  
 Whereat one brought the last of all his hoard,  
 Millet — three seers — and clutched the beauteous thing.  
 But Lukshmi lived and sighed with gathered life,  
 'Lo! thou didst love indeed!' I spent my pearl  
 Well in that life to comfort heart and mind  
 Else quite uncomforted, but these pure pearls,  
 My last large gain, won from a deeper wave —  
 The Twelve Nidânas and the Law of Good —  
 Cannot be spent, nor dimmed, and most fulfil  
 Their perfect beauty being freeliest given.  
 For like as is to Meru yonder hill  
 Heaped by the little ants, and like as dew  
 Dropped in the footmark of a bounding roe  
 Unto the shoreless seas, so was that gift  
 Unto my present giving; and so love —  
 Vaster in being free from toils of sense —  
 Was wisest stooping to the weaker heart;  
 And so the feet of sweet Yasôdhara  
 Passed into peace and bliss, being softly led."

But when the King heard how Siddârtha came  
 Shorn, with the mendicant's sad-colored cloth,

And stretching out a bowl to gather orts  
From base-borns' leavings, wrathful sorrow drove  
Love from his heart. Thrice on the ground he spat,  
Plucked at his silvered beard, and strode straight forth  
Lackeyed by trembling lords. Frowning he clomb  
Upon his war-horse, drove the spurs, and dashed,  
Angered, through wondering streets and lanes of folk,  
Scarce finding breath to say, "The King! bow down!"  
Ere the loud cavalcade had clattered by:  
Which — at the turning by the Temple-wall  
Where the south gate was seen — encountered full  
A mighty crowd; to every edge of it  
Poured fast more people, till the roads were lost,  
Blotted by that huge company which thronged  
And grew, close following him whose look serene  
Met the old King's. Nor lived the father's wrath  
Longer than while the gentle eyes of Buddh  
Lingered in worship on his troubled brows,  
Then downcast sank, with his true knee, to earth  
In proud humility. So dear it seemed  
To see the Prince, to know him whole, to mark  
That glory greater than of earthly state  
Crowning his head, that majesty which brought  
All men, so awed and silent, in his steps.  
Nathless the King broke forth, "Ends it in this  
That great Siddârtha steals into his realm,  
Wrapped in a clout, shorn, sandalled, craving food  
Of low-borns, he whose life was as a God's?  
My son! heir of this spacious power, and heir  
Of Kings who did but clap their palms to have  
What earth could give or eager service bring?  
Thou should'st have come apparelled in thy rank,  
With shining spears and tramp of horse and foot.  
Lo! all my soldiers camped upon the road,  
And all my city waited at the gates;  
Where hast thou sojourned through these evil years

Whilst thy crowned fattier mourned? and she, too, there  
Lived as the widows use, foregoing joys;  
Never once hearing sound of song or string.  
Nor wearing once the festal robe, till now  
When in her cloth of gold she welcomes home  
A beggar spouse in yellow remnants clad.  
Son! why is this?"

"My Father!" came reply,  
"It is the custom of my race."

"Thy race,"  
Answered the King "counteth a hundred thrones  
From Maha Sammât, but no deed like this."

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

Then the King amazed  
Inquired "What treasure?" and the Teacher took  
Meekly the royal palm, and while they paced  
Through worshipping streets — the Princess and the King  
On either side — he told the things which make  
For peace and pureness, those Four noble Truths  
Which hold all wisdom as shores shut the seas,  
Those eight right Rules whereby who will may walk —

Monarch or slave — upon the perfect Path  
That hath its Stages Four and Precepts Eight,  
Whereby whoso will live — mighty or mean  
Wise or unlearned, man, woman, young or old  
Shall soon or late break from the wheels of life  
Attaining blest Nirvana. So they came  
Into the Palace-porch, Suddhâdana  
With brows unknit drinking the mighty words,  
And in his own hand carrying Buddha's bowl,  
Whilst a new light brightened the lovely eyes  
Of sweet Yasôdhara and sunned her tears;  
And that night entered they the Way of Peace.

## Book the Eighth.

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

Lo! ye shall read it in the Sacred Books  
How, being met in that glad pleasaunce-place —  
A garden in old days with hanging walks,  
Fountains, and tanks, and rose-banked terraces  
Girdled by gay pavilions and the sweep  
Of stately palace-fronts — the Master sate  
Eminent, worshipped, all the earnest throng  
Catching the opening of his lips to learn

That wisdom which hath made our Asia mild;  
Whereto four hundred crores of living souls  
Witness this day. Upon the King's right hand  
He sate, and round were ranged the Sâkya Lords  
Ananda, Devadatta — all the Court.  
Behind stood Seriyut and Mugallan, chiefs  
Of the calm brethren in the yellow garb,  
A goodly company. Between his knees  
Rahula smiled with wondering childish eyes  
Bent on the awful face, while at his feet  
Sate sweet Yasôdhara, her heartaches gone,  
Foreseeing that fair love which doth not feed  
On fleeting sense, that life which knows no age,  
That blessed last of deaths when Death is dead,  
His victory and hers. Wherefore she laid  
Her hand upon his hands, folding around  
Her silver shoulder-cloth his yellow robe,  
Nearest in all the world to him whose words  
The Three Worlds waited for. I cannot tell  
A small part of the splendid lore which broke  
From Buddha's lips: I am a late-come scribe  
Who love the Master and his love of men,  
And tell this legend, knowing he was wise,  
But have not wit to speak beyond the books  
And time hath blurred their script and ancient sense,  
Which once was new and mighty, moving all.  
A little of that large discourse I know  
Which Buddha spake on the soft Indian eve.  
Also I know it writ that they who heard  
Were more — lakhs more — crores more — than could be seen,  
For all the Devas and the Dead thronged there,  
Till Heaven was emptied to the seventh zone  
And uttermost dark Hells opened their bars  
Also the daylight lingered past its time  
In rose-leaf radiance on the watching peaks,  
So that it seemed Night listened in the glens

And Noon upon the mountains; yea! they write,  
The evening stood between them like some maid  
Celestial, love-struck, rapt; the smooth-rolled clouds  
Her braided hair; the studded stars the pearls  
And diamonds of her coronal; the moon  
Her forehead-jewel, and the deepening dark  
Her woven garments. 'Twas her close-held breath  
Which came in scented sighs across the lawns  
While our Lord taught, and, while he taught, who heard —  
Though he were stranger in the land, or slave,  
High caste or low, come of the Aryan blood,  
Or Mlech or Jungle-dweller — seemed to hear  
What tongue his fellows talked. Nay, outside those  
Who crowded by the river, great and small,  
The birds and beasts and creeping things — 'tis writ —  
Had sense of Buddha's vast embracing love  
And took the promise of his piteous speech;  
So that their lives — prisoned in shape of ape,  
Tiger, or deer, shagged bear, jackal, or wolf,  
Foul-feeding kite, pearled dove, or peacock gemmed.  
Squat toad, or speckled serpent, lizard, bat;  
Yea, or of fish fanning the river-waves —  
Touched meekly at the skirts of brotherhood  
With man who hath less innocence than these;  
And in mute gladness knew their bondage broke  
Whilst Buddha spake these things before the King: —

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is its touch upon the blossomed rose,  
The fashion of its hand shaped lotus-leaves;  
In dark soil and the silence of the seeds  
The robe of Spring it weaves;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It seeth everywhere and marketh all:  
Do right — it recompenseth! do one wrong —  
The equal retribution must be made,  
Though DHARMA tarry long.

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

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

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

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

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

He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,  
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth;  
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar  
Him and the aching earth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Unto NIRVANA. He is one with Life  
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.  
OM, MANI PADME, OM! the Dewdrop slips  
Into the shining sea!

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

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

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

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

Also it issues forth to help or hurt.  
When Death the bitter murderer doth smite,  
Red roams the unpurged fragment of him, driven  
On wings of plague and blight.

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

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

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

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

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

Ache of the birth, ache of the helpless days,  
Ache of hot youth and ache of manhood's prime;  
Ache of the chill grey years and choking death,  
These fill your piteous time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then Sorrow ends, for Life and Death have ceased;  
How should lamps flicker when their oil is spent?  
The old sad count is clear, the new is clean;  
Thus hath a man content.

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

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

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

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

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

The Second is *Right Purpose*. Have good-will  
To all that lives, letting unkindness die  
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made  
Like soft airs passing by.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who of these Five is conqueror hath trod  
Three stages out of Four: yet there abide  
The Love of Life on earth, Desire for Heaven,  
Self-Praise, Error, and Pride.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

These words the Master spake of duties due  
To father, mother, children, fellows, friends;  
Teaching how such as may not swiftly break  
The clinging chains of sense — whose feet are weak  
To tread the higher road — should order so  
This life of flesh that all their hither days  
Pass blameless in discharge of charities  
And first true footfalls in the Eightfold Path;  
Living pure, reverent, patient, pitiful,  
Loving all things which live even as themselves;  
Because what falls for ill is fruit of ill  
Wrought in the past, and what falls well of good;  
And that by howsomuch the householder  
Purgeth himself of self and helps the world,  
By so much happier comes he to next stage,  
In so much bettered being. This he spake,  
As also long before, when our Lord walked  
By Rajagriha in the bamboo-grove:  
For on a dawn he walked there and beheld

The householder Singala, newly bathed,  
 Bowing himself with bare head to the earth,  
 To Heaven, and all four quarters; while he threw  
 Rice, red and white, from both hands. “Wherefore thus  
 Bowest thou, Brother?” said the Lord; and he,  
 “It is the way, Great Sir! our fathers taught  
 At every dawn, before the toil begins,  
 To hold off evil from the sky above  
 And earth beneath, and all the winds which blow.”  
 Then the World-honored spake: “Scatter not rice,  
 But offer loving thoughts and acts to all.  
 To parents as the East where rises light;  
 To teachers as the South whence rich gifts come;  
 To wife and children as the West where gleam  
 Colors of love and calm, and all days end;  
 To friends and kinsmen and all men as North;  
 To humblest living things beneath, to Saints  
 And Angels and the blessed Dead above:  
 So shall all evil be shut off, and so  
 The six main quarters will be safely kept.”

But to his own, them of the yellow robe —  
 They who, as wakened eagles, soar with scorn  
 From life’s low vale, and wing towards the Sun —  
 To these he taught the Ten Observances  
 The *Dasa-Sîl*, and how a mendicant  
 Must know the *Three Doors* and the *Triple Thoughts*;  
 The *Sixfold States of Mind*; the *Fivefold Powers*;  
 The *Eight High Gates of Purity*; the *Modes*  
*Of Understanding*; *Iddhi*; *Upekshâ*  
 The *Five Great Meditations*, which are food  
 Sweeter than Amrit for the holy soul;  
 The *Jhâna’s* and the *Three Chief Refuges*.  
 Also he taught his own how they should dwell;  
 How live, free from the snares of love and wealth;  
 What eat and drink and carry — three plain cloths, —  
 Yellow, of stitched stuff, worn with shoulder bare —

A girdle, almsbowl, strainer. Thus he laid  
The great foundations of our Sangha well,  
That noble Order of the Yellow Robe  
Which to this day standeth to help the World.

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

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

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