BUDDHA AND HIS DISCIPLES

KOKEN MURANO

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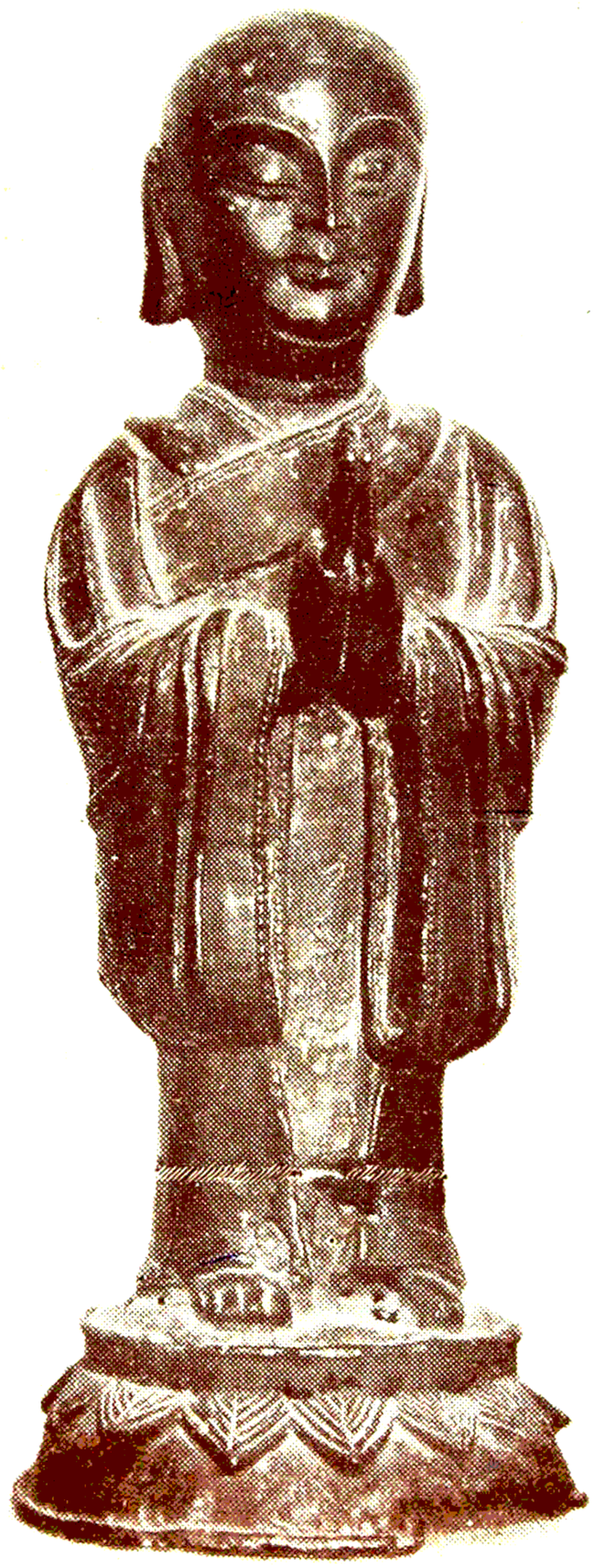
Made in Japan



A Statue of Buddha's Disciple Treasured by Miss Grace Nicholson, Pasadena, California, U. S. A.

BUDDHA AND HIS DISCIPLES

(A GUIDE TO BUDDHISM)

BY

KOKEN MURANO

TOKYO
SANYUSHA
1932

(*Made in Japan*)

PALI FORMULAS

THREE DEVOTIONS

Buddham Saranam Gacchami.
Dhammam Saranam Gacchami.
Sangham Saranam Gacchami.

ADORATION

Namo Tassa Bhagavato Arahato Samma Sambuddhasa

THE FIRST STEP IN MEDITATION

Meditation is not a difficult task. Just free yourself from all incoming thoughts and hold your mind against them like a great iron wall. Think of your own room as the whole world, and that all sentient beings are sitting there with you, as one.

Make a searching analysis of yourself. Realize that your body is not your own. It is part of the whole body of sentient beings. Your mind is not your own. It is but a constituent of all mind. Your eyes, your ears, your nose, your tongue, your hands, and your feet are not merely your individual belongings, but one in joint ownership with all sentient beings. You simply call them yours,—and others.

Just free yourself from all incoming complications and hold your mind against them like a great iron wall. No matter what sort of conflicting thoughts arise in you, ignore them and they will perish and disappear. And just as soon as your thought expands and unites with

the universe, you are free from your stubborn ego.

Then you will enter into a condition where there is no relativity, nor absolutism. You are now transcendent, far above both discrimination and equality. You have nothing to receive and there is nothing to receive you. There is no time and no space. There is no past, no future, but one eternal present.

This is not the true realization, but you are walking near the palace. Just be free from all incoming disturbances, and hold your mind against them like a great iron wall. Then someday you will see your true self as if you had awakened from a dream, and will have the happiness you never could have derived otherwise. Meditation is not a difficult task. It is a way to lead you to your long-lost home.

SOYEN SHAKU

FOREWORD

Murano-San stayed in our Zen-Do and worked with us for one and a half years. The American Sangha liked him very much, while Japanese friends adored him greatly. This little book is going to be published as a token of the happy days of poverty and restrictions he spent with us.

Murano-San picked up my old manuscripts and made them a supplement to this book. I could not stop him from using them when I saw his gentle face, though in my vision I could see the readers' frown.

It is not an easy task to express our thought in a foreign language, but a spiritual communication among Buddhists is not very difficult after all. In spite of his inadequacy of English, I believe the readers will understand the mission of his "Buddha and His Disciples."

Nyogen Senzaki

Los Angeles, Calif.,
February 28th, 1932

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

This work is the collection of the stories taken from my "Buddha and His Disciples" published in Japan, and told to the American audience at the weekly meetings held at Brother Senzaki's Mentorgarten in San Francisco during my stay of over eighteen months there. I beg the readers' pardon for a liberal use of the Japanized proper nouns in the stories though I translated some of them into Pali and Sanskrit. However, I hope they would not keep the readers from recognizing the merits and beauty of the stories.

The Pali formulas are inserted because of their popularity among the Buddhist all over the world; a few simple forms of English Service, for the convenience of the English-speaking Buddhist, as they are actually used among the American Sangha in San Francisco; and a series of lectures delivered by Brother Senzaki, for the benefit of the novice and for those interested in Buddhist teachings. "The First

Step in Meditation" originally written by a Zen-master Soyen Shaku is transcribed in the beginning of the book, with the definite purpose of impressing the readers with the plain truth that Buddha's life was a chain of meditation, His teachings are an actualization of His constant meditation, and meditation is the best sedative to the modern stunned in the hurly-burly of the world. To a Buddhist, at least, meditation is the beginning of study and the end of it.

It was beyond my expectation to publish an English book for two reasons: firstly, English is the language I can't tackle singlehanded, and secondly, I have been occupied with preparations for the other two books I wish to publish under the titles of "Stories for American Indian Children" and "History of Buddhist Missionaries in the Foreign Lands," and for my prospective trip back to Japan to visit my Mother. It was my fortune that an American Buddhist monk Brother Shin-an and a San Francisco Buddhist Mr. B. E. Grace rendered their valuable assistance for the improvement of my English, while Mr. Sadahiko Kato kindly took the responsibility of publishing this work and eased my

task greatly. Furthermore, Brother Senzaki not only granted me to use his manuscripts as a supplement but wrote a foreword for this book. I owe heartfelt thanks to all of them.

If my humble work would cause some interest among American Buddhists and also among the American-born Japanese, I shall be happy and consider that it will serve more than what I intend it to be—a mere token for my three years' stay on this side of the Pacific.

Koken Murano

Los Angeles,
March 7, 1932

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The Destiny of Uppalavarna

Uppalavarna was the daughter of a superior who lived at the castle of Takshosila, India. The name Uppalavarna, given by her parents, meant "beautiful as the water-lily and pure as the lotus." Since her father died shortly after her birth, the little child grew up day by day beautiful in mind and body.

When she reached womanhood, she married a very rich man, and they spent joyfully for a year. Realizing her motherhood, she asked her husband to prepare a chamber for her.

It was about this time that the ugly serpent of an unhappy fate crept into their little family. The young wife heard that her mother and her husband were living in sin. Uppalavarna prayed with agony that it might not be true, but her prayer was in vain. "Am I a wife to that man and a daughter to that woman?" she cried. She felt as if her pure heart were poisoned. Though she thought of leaving home as soon as she was able, her love for her little one made

her patient, who was born during the dark hour of her life.

Thus eight years went by, and her dear little daughter became as beautiful as her mother. Thinking her daughter was old enough to be left alone, Uppalavarna at last left home. One night, when the house was in dead silence with only the silvery moon watching over the world like a brooding mother, Uppalavarna got up stealthily and departed with no purpose at all.

A month later while she was passing through Takshosila, a richman saw beautiful Uppalavarna with a sorrowful face, and took so much pity as to marry her. He took her to the town of Harana where he lived, and loved her with tender sweetness. She proved to be a capable housewife, and for ten years Uppalavarna was happy as if she had lived in a garden full of spirited flowers.

One day her husband said, "I must go to Takshosila and arrange some financial disorders made difficult by a large amount of loans to my friends. When I return, I will give you the money; so will you take good care of the house while I am gone?"

"Oh my dear, it's not your presents but you I need. Please stay here, for I know you are going to a place of bad morals," cried the wife.

After saying kind words to his lovely wife, he started for Takshosila. Sometime later he realized how lonely he was without a companion. One day while looking around the town, he saw a beautiful girl who resembled his wife. He could not forget the girl, so he married her against his will.

Later he returned to Harana with his second wife, and kept her in another house, not letting Uppalavarna know about her. His continuous lateness at night made her so suspicious that one day she sent a servant to follow his master. The servant saw his master in a house holding another woman in his arms, and reported the fact to Uppalavarna. When her husband came home, she asked about the other woman, and kindly requested him to bring her to their house. He groaned inwardly, but brought his second wife home.

The three lived together about a week, when Uppalavarna asked the second about her birth and her parents. When Uppalavarna heard the

young girl's personal history and the name of her parents, she was surprised to find that the second wife was her own daughter indeed. What a strange destiny! What a cruel fate! Two husbands she had, and both betrayed her, twice causing the pain that cleft her asunder.

Observing her agony and seeing a bitter and painful expression in her face, Buddha left His place of meditation and set forth to the place where she was weeping. In the stillness of night Buddha approached her; and noticing the cold, bare rock upon which she leaned was wet with tears, His mighty compassion went to her. Gently He raised her from the ground and said, "My little one, why do you weep so bitterly?" His voice was so compassionate, His actions so gentle and kind, and His bearing so full of kingly grace, that Uppalavarna momentarily forgot her sorrow. Gently Buddha told her that the world was a dream, dreamed by human mind. He spoke of the illusion of the senses, and of the sorrow one must suffer as long as one clings to this dream. He told her of the happy road that would lead her to endless peace where her sorrow would heal in the soothing

balm of love.

Never before had she heard such a beautiful word, nor so clear a doctrine. She awoke from her dream of fate and paid her respect to Buddha, because He revealed her real self. Soon she became a nun and followed him.

Influence of Moral Power

As a member of the Sangha Ashi wore a certain kind of dress and held in his hand a begging bowl for alms according to the custom of Buddhism. He was not only different from people at large but also from the monks in general.

Seeing Ashi going down the street, a superior thought to himself that he had never seen such a dignified person before, and approached him asking, "Who are you ? Have you some master, or have you discovered any new method for the attainment of Nirvana ? "

"I am Ashi, and Buddha is my great Master. I became a monk that I might follow and study His new theory."

In those days everbody knew about Buddha

and His great Enlightenment. With his voice full of admiration, the superior spoke, "Nowhere have I heard so great a teaching," and asked again, "Where are you living now?"

"I live at a mountain side or under a tree, at the cemetery or on a rock: all these are the homes and the meditation halls of the Sangha," Ashi answered straightway.

Hearing the answer, the superior felt his mind filled with a great joy and asked further, "O my good teacher, you are a great monk, greater than your Master, because your perfection is amazing, and we want to be your disciples. What do you use for a seat in meditation?"

"No special seat," calmly replied Ashi. "Any soft grass or leaves on a rock will do."

The superior paid respect to Ashi and said, "A mighty moral influence is Enlightenment. Never before have I known such a splendid teaching. Pray, let me build a temple for you."

"Thank you, but I can't comply with your wish, because Buddha does not wish to build a temple for our Sangha," Ashi replied without hesitation.

"I am sorry," asked the superior again," will

you please send my petition to your Master, and after you have seen Him, I will go to Him."

Ashi returned to his Master and related everything that had occurred between the superior and him. Thereupon Buddha called the Sangha together, told them about it, praised Ashi, and said, "Hereafter, the building of temples for the use of the Sangha will be permitted when petitioned by the patrons."

The superior heard the words of Buddha, and after listening to His lecture on Annihilation of Suffering, he desired to become an Upasaka and follow the teachings of Buddha. And since Buddha granted his petition, he left with joy to make preparations for the building of a temple.

Falsehood of Speech

Saran, a member of the Buddhist Sangha, was famed throughout India for the wisdom of his speech, and the cleverness of his delivery. None could rival him, he stood peer to all men in his powerful presentation, but like most men he bragged of his popularity.

If he made an error, or presented wrong ideas

The Principle of Self-Control in Buddhism

When Buddha was staying at the castle of Osha, many people in the castle became devoted Buddhists. There was one at least, however, who did not understand what was a Buddhist. That man's name was Tsuma, but he was generally called Two Million Dollars because of his wealth. Since his parents shielded him against all harm, he did not experience the suffering of human life. He did not even walk out much, so that his feet were almost useless.

On one occasion King Venbesara said, "All our people must become true believers of Buddhism." Even though Two Million Dollars hardly knew anything about Buddhism, the king desired to make Two Million Dollars a Buddhist monk. The king's message was sent one day to the relatives of Two Million Dollars, requesting them to take him to the palace to attend a marriage ceremony.

Accordingly Two Million Dollars went to the castle of Osha by ship, for a ship was the only

means of conveyance comfortable for Two Million Dollars who would neither walk nor ride. After the close of the marriage ceremony, the king asked the richman, "Do you know Buddha now staying at the castle? I wish you to go over and be received in audience by Him?"

Following the king's words he went to the place where Buddha was, and saw His countenance look like a massive rock in the sea. At once he felt a great respect for Buddha and wished to become a monk; but Buddha said, "I can not grant your wish without the consent of your parents. Such is the law of the Sangha."

He returned home and gained permission from his mother to become a Buddhist monk. In a short time he was ordained a monk. His first trial as the monk was a physical one. So soft was the skin of his feet, just like paper, that when meditating with the Sangha in the woods of Jitanana, the pressure of his feet against the rough ground caused a stream of blood flow from his feet. The birds saw the blood and gathered to drink it up. In this way he remained for days.

At length he gave up his austerities. As Bud-

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dha saw Two Million Dollars neglecting his duties, He approached him and asked, "Did you like to play the harp at home?"

"Yes, I liked to play the harp more than any other instruments."

"How did you play, high or low?"

"O my Lord, I know that playing is not good when too high or too low."

"When do you play good on your harp?"

"I play good when neither high nor low."

Buddha said, "You have a good idea. Remember that to succeed you must do just as you play, neither high nor low. Keep in mind this principle of self-control. Moderation is the true path to Self-Mastery."

A Trial of Buddha

There lived in the Shirava country a Brahman named Viranja. He was greatly rejoiced when he heard Buddha coming to his town. Viranja and his friends left for the outskirts of the city where Buddha and His disciples were staying. When he reached that place, Viranja went before Buddha, made a very polite salutation

and ceremony, and sat down with His Sangha, facing Buddha. "O my Lord, if you will permit me," Viranja said, "I wish to invite you and your disciples to a religious ceremony of the Full Moon within three months." Buddha gave his consent in silence. Viranja returned immediately to make preparations for it.

Hearing about Viranja's plan and knowing the honor thus conferred upon him, other Brahmins grew so jealous as to cast slurs on Buddha and His Sangha. Viranja hearing about it dropped his plan without inquiring why or from whence the slurs originated. Though three months had almost passed and the time drew near for Buddha's visit, Viranja did not wish to receive Him ; so he told his servant not to allow anybody to disturb him with news of outside events. Thus he broke his engagement with Buddha and His Sangha.

Buddha waited three months on the outskirts of the city in order that Viranja could keep his promise. But times were hard and living conditions poor at that time, so that Buddha and His Sangha could hardly get the necessities to live with. After Buddha and His followers had

stood the painful trial for some time, Buddha urged Ananda to go with Him to Viranja. Together the two visited Viranja's house.

When Viranja saw them coming and presenting a painful sight, a great shame and regret smote his heart and repented his past behavior. Straightway he welcomed them and said, "O my Lord, I am full of regret and sorrow, because I have fallen in the deep valley of delusions and broke my promise with you."

You are indeed foolish to have committed such a deep sin with yourself," Buddha replied, "but I will tell you the Way of Amelioration if you wish ; for you can then get a delightful guidance in your future life."

At last Viranja was able to open the Golden Road and found a great joy in his mind. He offered many contributions to Buddha and His followers, with which they wandered away toward the next town.

Magic and Life

During Buddha's stay at the town of Vesali, things were growing bad and torpid because of

bad weather, and the conditions continued for a long time. The whole of the Sangha did not able to get any meal or any other things needed for their living.

Moggallana, one of the elder monks, began to meditate upon the ways of getting the necessities for the Sanga's living, and said to himself, 'In this town it is very hard for the Sangha to live, but in the country of Upparakura the people are wealthy. Though the land is very far from here, my companions who can fly by magic and I will go there and get the necessary materials for the Sangha with our Master's permission.'

"O Master, we can't get our living in this country," Moggallana went to Buddha and asked. "But I have thought of a good plan. That is to fly over to Upparakura by means of my occult power and bring back from there enough to feed our Sangha. I shall take my companions who I believe can also fly, and we shall propagate our doctrine while there. What do you think of the plan, my Lord ?"

"My Moggallana, you have a good idea, but how do you know those who have such power

among you ?" Buddha asked.

"O my Lord, don't you worry, I shall invite only the right ones to join me."

"No, my Moggallana, you must stop your plan," Buddha advised. "What will you do with all the monks who later shall join the Sangha ? They will not have the occult art and have to settle their difficulties by practical means. I am sure that the Sangha shall grow to many thousands, while those possessing the art shall grow less. In a similar difficulty as the present one, can so few supply the needs of so many thousands ? No, my Moggallana, Buddhism is life, and life must be practical, but your plan is not. Don't use magic, if possible, while you are living the Buddhist life."

Buddhism and Wine

After leaving Kosammi, Buddha during His wandering came to a small village named Badava. The people of Badava were suffering from hunger and want due to the frequent storms. Hearing about the arrival of Buddha, Jatera, a Buddhist, was so happy that he went straight to Him and

made a complaint about the suffering of his villagers.

"O my Lord, why should we bear such a calamity, when you could avert the evil by your great moral power?" Jatera asked. "We have waited impatiently for your arrival here, and sincerely wish your help in overcoming this terrible disaster."

Without answering Jatera, Buddha turned to Sagada who was fanning Buddha, and asked, "Sagada, do you think it wise to grant their wish, or not?" "My Lord, I think it wise to grant their wish," answered Sagada. As Buddha ordered him to perform a service, Sagada making a reverence to Him, accompanied Jatera to his home. There Sagada prayed for peace and happiness, when the rain suddenly stopped, and the sun came out shedding its dazzling light. The villagers were filled with admiration and wonder at the greatness of Buddha's moral force. They gathered around Sagada, the supplicant, and asked him what he wanted.

"My nature has a strong liking for wine and meat," answered Sagada without restraint. "If you give them to me, I'll ask nothing more."

The people scattered, each trying to do his best.

Several hours later Sagada was seen coming out from the village with his clothes torn and his begging bowl dangling. He was half crazy with intoxicaton. When he reached home, he smelt badly and vomited something which fell like a green serpent. He was a wreck of his former self. Buddha saw the outrageous conduct of Sagada, and with Ananda held the crazy fellow in their arms and put him to bed. But Sagada would not lie down still and tumbled out. Buddha's clothes were much soiled from handling the crazy monk.

"Does Sagada respect me?" Buddha asked Ananda disgustingly.

"Yes, my Lord, he always respected you more than anyone else."

"But what is he doing now?"

"He is now an entirely different person, and being such, has no respect for you."

"Does wine so affect human nature?"

"Yes, my Lord, wine completely changes human nature."

"Sagada had a great power, and could control the heaven and the earth, but he could not

control one single drop of wine."

It was because of Sagada that Buddha came to prohibit the drinking of wine.

Buddha's Idea Concerning Meat-Eating

One day in His wanderings Buddha reached the Institute of Jukaku, which was located near River Miko. Captain Siha, of Brahman caste, lived there. Hearing about the arrival of Buddha, he became so happy that he wished to invite Him and His Sangha to his house. For that purpose he set out at once toward the place where Buddha was meditating.

Upon his arrival he was escorted into His presence, and he begged Him to accept his invitation, telling him that he would prepare a great feast for Him and His Sangha. After Buddha accepted the invitation, Siha left immediately for his home, and went to town to buy various sorts of meat.

Buddha finished His meditation, and wore His clothes and held a begging bowl in His hands in conformity to the law of Buddhism. He went to Siha's house with a number of the Sangha

following behind.

Learning of the honor bestowed upon Siha, a Brahman felt jealous of him and entertained an evil thought; he spoke ill of Siha's offering of beef and mutton to Buddha and His Sangha. Though they sat down to dine, they wouldn't touch the food, and Siha didn't know the reason. To drive away the clouds of suspicion from them, he said, "O my Lord, I wish to make it clear that this feast is not the prepared meat of the animal killed especially for you, though some Brahman might have told you glaring lies. Please don't worry, but eat heartily." After the feast Buddha said to His Sangha:—

"My dear Sangha, there are three kinds of meat; if you hear the voice of the animal killed, or see its form, or doubt whether it was killed especially for you, you must not eat the meat before you. It is unclean, and I will prohibit the eating of unclean meat after this time."

Buddhism and Pessimism

During His stay at Vesali, Buddha taught His disciples an easy way that led to the Golden Path.

It is as follows. Nobody can tell the ways of pollution exactly, so subtle are they. Nor can anyone point out our action as being good or bad, because all our actions cause the endless waves of *karma* and create a realm of chaos. Realizing this, we are behooved to destroy our emotional action by the easiest means, the way of meditation. When the action is subdued, there should be no feeling of correlation, such as love and abhorence, or beauty and ugliness, but eternity alone. Eternity is not the spirit of life, however, and try as we may mentally and physically, we cannot see the future state of life or Truth by following time.

Meditation made the Sangha grow weary of the world, and they wished to destroy themselves by sword, poison, or hanging themselves. One member among the Sangha went to a slaughter-house and offered the butcher riches for human slaughter, saying, "If you succeed, I will renumerate you from my property."

At last the miserable fellow was perished by the butcher's blade, and the latter got his money. Having succeeded, the butcher became so greedy as to wish more money by the same means. So

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he went to one of the families of the Sangha and recommended death as a way to solve all difficulties. Believing him, many fell victims to his sword.

Hearing about this during His stay at Vesali, Buddha called all the Sangha together and admonished them saying, "To go toward the Golden Path no such cruelty is known, nor will such act cleanse you from pollution. The Golden Path is, moreover, useless to dead people, for only the living can use and benefit by it. I taught you the first step in the principles of pollution that you might easily understand them, not the whole flight of steps by any means, fearing lest you should have taken Buddhism as a pessimistic religion. Henceforth, change to the right way of living, and your environment will be bright and beautiful."

The Conversion of Yasha

Yasha, only son of a superior, lived in the town of Harana, India. He grew up under the loving care of his parents and had three large, beautiful balls which the villagers called Spring,

Summer, and Winter. Since he never experienced pain due to pitiful conditions or the parting of affections, he never stood the wear and tear of life.

But at last he had an awakening. One night, after having had a joyful time watching some merry entertainments, he fell asleep beneath a cherry-tree at the mercy of the cold winds. On waking next morning, he looked with clear mind at the scene of the night before. There he saw a girl lying on the ground half dressed, another leaning over a drum with her mouth watering, and the third holding a flute in the most unbecoming attitude. They were all lost in stupid sleep. And Yasha realized that though the night made the women appear beautiful, daylight revealed only sordid horror, suffering, and ugliness in their appearance and postures.

In a saddened voice Yasha cried "O my suffering world! Everything is full of darkness and ignorance. The world is an untruth. How can we find the holy ground? All day he ran like a crazy man, until night descended. Cold was the night, and yet all was not darkness, for the night was clear and studded with sparkling

stars. He was alone beneath the boundless expanse of night.

He wandered on without aim until at last he reached the Golden River. The sun rose from behind the high mountains in the East, shedding its bright sunshine over all the earth, but it only reminded Yasha of the scene of the morning before and made him cry again, with great agony, "How can we find the holy ground ?"

At that time Buddha, who had finished His meditation, was walking beside the river ; and hearing the cry of Yasha, He called out, "Come here, my little fellow, for there's a place without suffering waiting for you here."

Buddha's voice reached Yasha's mind like a soft caress, and his heartache melted like wax before the sun. Upon turning and seeing the graceful deportment of Buddha, straightway he took off the jewels that never before had left his body, made a holy salutation, and crept near Buddha.

Buddha preached to the little fellow, who wanted to become a monk and follow Him, because he was ashamed of his former conduct.

Knowing that Yasha was the only son of his family, Buddha refused him, saying, "You will not be different from a real monk if you lead a clean and sufferless life, nor from the general public if you lead an immoral life.

Yasha's family, upon discovering that their son was gone, were alarmed. They sent servants out in every direction to search him. Searching along the shores of the Golden River, one servant found one of Yasha's shoes. The servant quickly reported the fact, and the whole family rushed to the shores of the Golden River as though mad.

As Buddha knew that they were coming, He kept Yasha out of their sight and waited for their arrival. Yasha's family on seeing Buddha asked about their son. Buddha told them about the road that led away from human sufferings, but did not answer about their son. Then their mind opened to a clear realization of their past, and they embraced each other weeping from shame. Thereupon Buddha revealed the presence of their son, and their happiness returned. After they paid a sincere respect to Buddha, they went home with full of joy.

Meditation of Buddha

Gotama Buddha, Prince of the castle of Kapilavatthu, having attained the Golden Path, was always occupied with visitors and had no time for himself. A continual stream of people visited him from morning to night, so that he was forced to forgo his daily meditation.

One day He said to His attendant monk, "I am going to live a quiet life for about three months. In the meantime you shall permit no one to visit me, except the waiter who will bring my meals." Thereupon He locked the door of His room and prepared Himself for deep meditation.

Not knowing about Buddha's orders, a supervisor, Vashina by name, asked a monk, "Do you know where my Master is ?" In silence the monk pointed to the Master's room. Vashina accordingly went to the room and knocked at the door. Directly the door was opened by Buddha's own hand. Entering the room, Vashina made a profound obeisance in Buddhist form.

After Vashina sat down, Buddha asked him, "How did you teach your disciples regarding manners and pure mind?"

"My Master," said Vashina, "I taught them to take one meal a day and then rest under a tree, and wear shabby clothes. When our disciples became monks, they promised me to live up to this teaching, and I also abide by it. I have taken a vow to follow it all my life."

"Vashina, your vow is an admirable deed and your teachings are wonderful," Buddha said. "But have you provided them with regulations?"

"No, dear Master," replied Vashina, "I have not yet made any regulations. Please teach me if I lack them."

Then Buddha told Vashina about what He ordered His attendant before his arrival not to be disturbed by any visitor during His three months' meditation. Vashina felt ashamed and apologized for his interruption, saying, "O my Lord, please pardon my carelessness. From now on I shall teach my disciples to take heed about your regulations." Buddha again was in deep meditation.

Propagation

While Buddha was staying at Vesali, the Sangha could not find one particle of food because of bad weather. Buddha called all His Sangha together and said, "You must all go to your relatives or friends during this bad weather and spend your time in the study and propagation of the doctrine ; for it is our necessity to relieve the townspeople from worry."

Thereupon the Sangha, following their Master's orders, scattered in various directions, each according to his discretion. One group went to Makotsu Country, and said to the richmen there, "We are the older members of all the Buddhist Sanghas. We are superiors delivered from all desire, and the highest teachers of the Buddhist Sangha. With an excellent scholar we come here to spread our doctrine. You have now a good chance to look after our living, and by so doing you will perhaps be rewarded with great happiness sooner or later." All townsmen believed them and all were happy to hear them.

They promised that poor as they were, they would cooperate to do their utmost to keep the monks as long as they wished. This group of monks stayed there for about three months, and every day received great quantities of food. Hunger had no place in their filled stomach.

At the end of the rainy season all the monks began to come back to their Master. Some of them looked very pale, weak, and not quite themselves; and say that they could not find enough food to live on. Buddha spoke to them kindly and asked, "While on a journey, did you spend your time in helping one another?" Together they replied, "Perhaps, Sir, but nowhere could we find food to live on; that is the reason we look so sickly." The Master consoled them.

A little later the group that stayed in Makotsu Country appeared before Buddha, and told their Master about the happy time they had and how triumphant they had been. Buddha asked them, "Did you behave right?" One of them answered, "Certainly, my Lord, we thought we did everything exactly right."

The Master said to them, "To behave as you did is not the life of the Sangha. Those who

act without self-reflection and esteem their self-consciousness, we call men of falsehood. It is better to eat red hot stones or drink liquid iron than to obtain alms by falsehood. I will tell you about the five great rebels of Buddhism. And they shall be known to all people as the five rebels :—

First—A monk who steals, injures, or kills in city or town through wickedness.

Second—A fallen priest who does not practise what he preaches.

Third—A fallen priest who preaches Buddha's doctrine, but calls it his own.

Fourth—A fallen priest who holds himself in a prominent position, but is lazy in everything he does.

Fifth—A fallen priest who calls himself the greatest enlightened in spite of no achievement in study."

A Trouble with the Nuns

In front of the temple of Jitvana was a great lawn covered with soft grass. People liked to come there, because it was as beautiful as a

little park. Many wives who lived in the neighborhood brought their children to the lawn. They played there all day long making a great deal of noise, so that the nuns in the temple could not study nor indulge in meditations. One of the older nuns tried taking care of the children while their mother was sewing, but it was of no avail. Finally the younger nuns thought of a strange plan.

Early next morning while the neighbors were asleep, the nuns brought out a bucketful of urine and sprinkled it over the entire lawn.

After the sun had risen in the east, the wives and their children gathered at the temple garden and started to talk and play as usual ; but they stayed not long before they smelt the urine that assailed their nostrils, their hands, and their food, and found it made everything filthy. They became very angry, saying among themselves, "Who dared to do such a wicked thing ? It is indeed an outrageous conduct." They became more incensed when they found out the nuns did it.

Hearing of the trouble, Buddha reprimanded them for selfishness.

The Woman Upai

There lived at the castle of Sravati a woman named Upai, a firm believer in Buddha. At all times she was helping the Sangha and bringing to them materials for their livelihood. One day while her visit to a temple, a monk nearby complained of a pain in his stomach.

"You do not feel good? Can I help you someway? Please let me know what I can do," Upai asked him.

"Thank you, Upai," answered the monk, "I feel very bad. The doctor said that if I ate some meat I would recover right away. But you know I am too weak to go out to buy it."

Quickly she departed to buy fresh meat, but could obtain it nowhere in the city, because on that very day the king had prohibited the killing of all animals. She began to fear the monk would die if he did not have meat before long. At last she decided to cut her own body, took out some flesh off her breast, and after having it parboiled, sent it to the monk. By it the

monk soon recovered his health.

When Buddha went to Upai's home a few days later, Upai could not see Him, because she was very sick on account of the injury she had done to her body. He called Upai again and again without any reply from her or her maid. But at length her husband, understanding His intention, took Upai upon his back and carried her out to Him. Buddha looked tenderly and quietly upon her, and spoke no words, while her mind grew respectful toward Him, and His quietness and calmness began to dwell in her chest. By and by her torment ceased, and she was healed and began to feel very well.

Buddha declared to all His followers, "Do you think that eating meat will create in you a good feeling? It is very foolish to think so, because then all animals will be up against you. Dogs will bark at you, snakes will bite you, and all animals will wish to kill you. Henceforth the use of all meat is forbidden in our Sangha, for the arms of the Sangha should be the arms of mercy to all.

Love for Living Things

In India during the rainy season it was the usual habit of everybody to stay indoors and devote themselves to study or to some other instructive task.

Shortly after Gotama attained Buddhahood, His disciples failed to follow this habit of India. The inhabitants expressed a complaint against them, saying, "Buddhists do not know about the seasons, though by hard labor did their mothers raise them from childhood. Don't they respect their mothers enough to follow the custom of India ?

Buddha heard about these complaints from the townsmen ; so He called all His Sangha together and ordered them thus :—"This practice of India is true. Our Sangha must love all living things, observe the custom, and be merciful toward all. From now on you shall follow the practice of the seasons, and during the rainy season you shall discuss and preach religious matters, or meditate on them. Things like these

must emanate from you!"

Devotions of an Offender

Krishiya was a very young widow, her husband having died recently. Her youngest step-brother very much desired her as a wife, and told her of his desire. Still loving her dead husband and desiring no other, Krishiya refused him outright. He became very angry, and attributed her refusal to some other motive, possibly her having another suitor; thus consumed with jealousy, he cast about for a plan to avenge her.

Then he went to the home of Krishiya, and with a gentle expression on his face and sympathetic voice he asked her, "Will you attend your husband's memorial mass tomorrow evening? It is to be held under my auspices."

Next evening after the memorial mass had finished, he invited all people attending to a great banquet. During the course of the banquet he induced Krishiya to drink wine. The subtle fumes of liquor soon entered her head, and losing her consciousness she fell. In falling her body

struck a nail projecting from the table's edge. Her dress was torn and her body gashed.

Her step-brother reported the accident to the police saying, "She is my wife and has lived in sin;" and showing the police her torn dress and wounded body at the same time, he affirmed, "this is my evidence." Directly she was arrested and put in prison.

Though Krishiya regained her consciousness, she was not able to speak and could not ask on what charge she had been arrested, but thought that her arrest had something to do with the vile and ferocious plan of her brother.

Seeing that she was of a gentle nature, the police did not watch her very strictly. She escaped from prison, and after many days' wandering over dusty roads beneath the glaring sun, she entered a neighboring county and arrived at the castle of Sravati, near which was located a Buddhist nunnery. She entered the nunnery and joined the Sisterhood.

The police discovered that she had run away and immediately set out in search of the culprit. Nowhere could she be found until days later in the monastery. According to the King's Special

Law, those people who devoted their lives to Buddhism could, under no circumstances, be arrested, unless their crime was of such a nature as to warrant expulsion from the Sisterhood. Naturally the police sent a letter to the king of Sravati stating their case against Krishiya.

The king investigated the case of Krishiya and found out what had really occurred between her and her step-brother. The king despatched an answer to the police saying, "According to the King's Special Law, those who follow in the steps of Buddha, cannot be arrested by the police ; so think no more about her."

Some poeple who were against Buddha, hearing of this case, said, "Surely, one who has practised felony and lived a life of sin, should not be admitted to the Sisterhood whose morals are supposedly of the highest."

Their opinion reached the ears of Buddha ; so, calling His Sangha together, He advised them, "Krishiya has committed no crime, but woe unto our Sangha, who will speak ill of her. Henceforth I shall refuse to admit either monk or nun who wishes to join us while concealing his or her affairs.

A Nun's Death

Sama, nun of a Buddhist Order, was possessed with an illness. After several days of suffering she dropped into the deep abyss of death. When her funeral rites were completed, her disciples built a great memorial tower ; but a great sadness stayed with them because of their love toward the head nun, so that they gathered together around the tower and lamented saying, "No more will we see our beloved Mother. The relentless embrace of death will never let her come back to us. Great was her kindness, and her teachings were full of sweet love. Many clothes and good things she gave us, while with medicines and soft mercy she healed our diseases. Now we can get these things no more." And the rise and fall of their anguished voices reached the heaven and the earth.

Upali, one of the elder Sangha, asked the other monks what was the cause of the nuns' lamentation. The monks related that it was due

to the death of the priestess Sama, and that her disciples built a memorial tower, around which they were expressing deep grief and bereavement. "We are afraid they are becoming negligent of their studies," said the monks.

After Upali pondered upon what he had heard, he ordered the tower to be destroyed. His orders were at once obeyed. The nuns became very angry and one of them said, "Upali is our enemy and seems to be against our plan. We shall beat him with sticks and expel him from our group." And each nun obtained a stick and waited for his return. Again one of the nuns spoke, "Shall we wait till he comes to us, or shall we go out and wait for him at the narrow street?"

On the other hand Upali became aware of their intentions, went to the Master, and told Him the story from beginning to end. Buddha called the nuns together and instructed them, saying, "No person can escape the parting by death. Death is a common law to all; therefore we should not cry nor mourn over it. Have I not taught you of the transitoriness of all things? And too, it is against the law of the Sangha and against

my orders to strike an elder member of the Sangha."

Careless Actions

While a Buddhist nun Sama was celebrating the Uposatha meeting in the open air, just outside the castle of Sravasti, the wind began to blow fiercely and the rain poured down in gusts. The meeting could not be continued and consequently broke up. Having heard of this, Buddha declared that it was among the most desirable of virtuous deeds to build a temple for the monks. And a believer offered them the money for that purpose.

The nuns talked over the matter, until one of the older nuns made another proposal, "A new temple is quite necessary for us, but don't we stand still more in need of clothes, since our present ones are worn out? While we use the temple only once or twice a month, clothes we can always use." At last they decided with one consent to get their clothes, and changed their plan of putting up a temple.

The good believer who had given them the money learned that they spent it for clothes, ignoring his kind intentions. He became infuriated and slandered them, "That's not proper of you monks. Didn't I give you the money to build a temple, and why did you buy the clothes without my consultation and approval ?"

Buddha called the nuns together and said, "What the believer said is perfectly right. You are the nuns striving to attain the Golden Road ; therefore, you must be very careful of your actions."

The Five Skulls

There was once a believer named Javaka. He could understand the nature as well as the past of anything, if he only heard its sound.

One day Buddha brought him to the cemetery, pointed out five skulls, and asked him, "My Javaka, can you tell me the history of these five skulls ?" Immediately Javaka replied, "Yes, my Lord, I can tell you through my experience when I hear their sounds." He struck the first

skull, "My Lord, the life of this one was full of great agony." He went to the second, struck it, and said, "This is the skull of an animal." He sounded the third and said, "He was always hungry while living." He tried the fourth, "This is the skull of a man who experienced little suffering compared with the first and the third." And about the fifth he said, "The owner of this was always happy. It is the best of the five."

Thereupon Buddha picked up another skull and said, "My Javaka, I don't think you understand the history of this one, because while living he devoted himself to the study of Buddhistic doctrines, was free from all desire, and lived a life of thoughtfulness."

After hearing that, Javaka became deeply impressed with Buddha, and came to devote his time more faithfully to Him and His followers.

A Bad Day for the Nuns

Once there was a temple with the garden located above the street. In this temple lived

the nuns who used to clean up and water the garden every morning. One day when they were watering the garden, an ex-minister of state passed by. It was his daily custom to come to the temple and pray for a position. Just as he was passing by, the water fell on him and he was drenched from head to foot. He became very angry and went as far as to say that he would like to see all the nuns killed.

A fortune-teller who happened to be on the spot said to the ex-minister, "If you go to the king's office immediately, you will get back your old position." His anger changed to happiness, and he went hurriedly to the palace forgetting all about his wet clothes. The personal attendants of the king felt uneasy because of his unpolitical manner, but once having entered the king's chamber, he had time to recover his breath and his senses.

In an ordinary voice the king asked, "What do you want and why do you come here in such a hurry?" The king's question brought back his senses, and he became ashamed of himself. Finding himself helpless in a spacious place, he finally told the king what occurred in the morning.

The king laughed at him, and yet gave him a bag of money, and reinstated him in his old position as the minister of state.

All the king's men heaped abuses upon the nuns because of jealousy. They cried out, "The nuns are salvationists and intentionally throw water on those they favor." Therefore, Buddha cautioned the nuns against carelessness, and urged them to be careful, especially when they sprinkle water on the garden.

The Nun Yurananda

In a Buddhist nunnery there stayed a young nun who was newly ordained. Since she was inexperienced in sewing, she wore very shabby clothes. She desired a new dress and asked the oldest nun, Yurananda, to make a suit of clothes for her, but Yurananda replied with a sullen look that she was too busy to help the young nun. So the little nun went to another nun, who kindly helped her.

Next day Yurananda saw the novice wearing the new dress. She asked her, "Who made it for you ? Let me see if it follows the regulations

of the Sangha." After Yurananda had examined the dress, she said, "You are very foolish. This dress does not follow the Sangha's law. You must not wear it any longer; for if you do, we will get a scolding from our Master. Don't worry, my little one, I will make you a new one." So saying she tore off the new clothes from the little one. Days passed, and yet Yurananda did not keep her words. The little nun had to continue wearing the poor, threadbare garment she first had, because nobody helped her with the sewing.

One day after her washing, she was drying her old clothes on the temple roof, when a fire broke out from below and frightened the novice. She hurried down the roof and in her excitement she forgot her clothes. Soon the clothes caught fire and the wind carried them into the air. This fire sparkle landed on the neighboring roof and consumed it.

The neighbors who were rendered homeless cried, "Our houses took fire from the temple because the monks and the nuns were washing in a disgraceful way."

Hearing about this, Buddha blamed Yurananda

for all the happenings and told her that the accident occurred from her broken promise to the little nun. Then He advised His followers te help one another, live in peace, and consume no jealousy.

Late Visiting Hours

The nun Yurananda often called on a rich believer. In those days there was a robber who wanted, but had no chance, to steal from the richman. Asking a neighbor about the constant visitor, the robber finally found that it was the nun Yurananda. One day the thief met her, and begged her to introduce her friend to him, telling her that it was his desire to meet the richman. The fellow looked so sincere that she believed him and promised to take him to her friend.

They visited the richman's house the next night at ten-thirty, since she had to work until ten every night and could not come earlier. All the family had gone to bed, but the door was left open for her. The thief with Yurananda betrayed her, for he ran into the house, bound

the people hand and foot with straw ropes, and took plenty of time in plundering the house of its wealth.

The richman got into a rage and shouted, "I might not have met this robbery, if only Yurananda came earlier. Damn it, I was robbed, because I offered the monks a religious mass. Guess they are in league with robbers."

Buddha rebuked Yurananda severely, and exhorted the Sangha not to call on the houses of the believers at unusual hours thenceforth.

Blind Love

At the castle of Sravati lived a family who had a son tender in years and weak in spirit, so that he needed constant care and watch. After he reached boyhood, his parents talked about his future profession. Said the wife to the husband, "Our son should not follow a profession that would require hard work. He is not brought up that way. We must select an easy one for him." The husband replied, "I know that, but he can be a business man. He only needs to write, draw pictures, or

compute figures."

At this suggestion his wife made a wry face and said, "That's a hard work for him. To continue it may disagree with his nature. He might lose his eye-sight, injure his fingers, or even get sick of writing and drawing. After much argument, they discovered an easy way for their son. He was to become a monk, for the parents judged by the Sangha's mode of living that monkery would surely be the easiest and the most honorable profession in the world. They can get meals, clothes, and many other things they wish, and live happily. With this idea they went to Upali, member of the Buddhist Sangha, and asked him to ordain their little son as a monk. Their request was granted, and they selected Hiryogobassa, best teacher in that Sangha, as their son's teacher.

The boy became a monk and devoted himself to the faith of the Sangha. Although he lived with his teacher, he could not even go to the lavatory by himself ; so his teacher kindly took him whenever he wished to go. One night he went to the lavatory with his teacher ; and after he finished, he turned around and saw the

teacher's shadow. "Help! help! A ghost! a ghost!" he cried and continued to cry for a long time, while his teacher tried to calm him with gentle and kind words, "That's my shadow and I can see no ghost around here. Don't cry, my boy."

A few days later the little boy woke up during the night and started for the kitchen in search of food. Hiryogobassa also awoke and went there wondering what the little fellow was doing in the kitchen. Upon seeing the little boy he asked, "What do you want in here? If you wish something to eat, you must wait until tomorrow morning. It is our rule that none should eat after supper until morning."

"Teacher, where can I get some food if I want to eat?" questioned the little one.

"My boy," said Hiryogobassa, "perhaps, if we take out our bowls, we might beg from the townspeople."

"Oh, Teacher, probably you can go and get it," the little boy suddenly cried and said in a complaining voice. "I have never had such experience, so I can't do it."

While Hiryogobassa kindly consoled him, the

little one broke out into tears and cried so hard that nearly everybody around could hear him.

At hearing the noise, Buddha who was then meditating asked Ananda what happened. Ananda related the true story of the little fellow. Thereupon Buddha called His Sangha together and taught them thus :—" You must be careful about admitting the young ones who can't even study our teaching. After this I shall refuse to admit any of that kind, even though their parents are willing."

Manners of Dining

Near the Woods of Fear on the mountainside of Shura, in Vagiyai County, Prince Vadeno built a new auditorium and was waiting for a worthy person to conduct the opening ceremony. When he heard that Buddha and His Sangha were staying nearby, he was filled with joy. He sent one of his personal attendants to Buddha, with the following message :—" Prince Vadeno has built a new auditorium, but as yet he has not celebrated its opening ; for no person worthy of the honor could be found. Now

that you are here, the Prince wishes you to conduct the ceremony and teach your doctrines."

The next morning Buddha and His followers celebrated the Opening Day of the new auditorium. They sat down at the table for their morning meal at a special place reserved for them. During the course of the meal, one of the monks who ate enough threw away some food from his bowl, while another picked up the food. Some of the believers sitting nearby censured his conduct, saying, "Why do the monks have such unbecoming manners? They act just like a monkey or a cat."

Afterwards Buddha instructed them as follows:—"One's manners while dining should be as strict as religious matters. You must let a polite and friendly spirit flow from your mind into the stream of Truth."

The Culture of Raitawara

Raitawara was the only son of a superior. He was of the Kuru caste and lived in the village of Uruta. His parents were called the

richest people in the whole country. Because of their immense wealth Raitawara was lapped in luxury and grew up in a good atmosphere. When he became a young man, he married a beautiful girl and lived happily.

At that time Buddha, wandering from place to place, arrived at Kura and preached to many villagers there. Raitawara was one of those who heard the great teachings of Buddha. He was overjoyed at His teachings and immediately returned home to tell his parents that he wished to become a monk and follow Buddha. He being their only child, his request was refused, but he had a strong will-power and stuck to his decision. The parents finally gave up and consented, provided he would return to his home after he became a monk.

Thus Raitawara became a disciple of his Master and passed about ten years of his life like a dream, after which he returned to his home country. He wore very plain clothes without embellishments, and in his hands he held a begging bowl according to the rule of the Sangha. Attired in this fashion yet with a happy thought he went to his home. He beg-

ged a meal from his father, but the father, after the elapse of ten years, did not recognize his son ; instead, he slammed the door before him. Raitawara then went to the back door. A servant who had taken care of him from childhood came to the door, and recognizing him he cried out, "O my little Lord, why have you come to the back door, and why do you wear such a garment ?" Without waiting for an answer, the servant ran and reported the good news to his master.

Raitawara was invited to a nice meal, and after the meal a mass was read for the dead. Then his father apologized to him and begged him to stay with them. He said, "Your father and mother are getting old and need you to look after them ; besides, I'll leave you all my fortune." His calmness stirred, but he told them that no luck would come to such a request. Thereupon the parents secretly planned to change his mind through his wife, who had been left alone since his departure. She put on a beautiful dress and served him nicely, but the attempt was unsuccessful. Raitawara was different from the layman. He told her of the human nature.

about the great culture he derived from treading the pure way, and of the way to attain it by leaving the path that leads to human sufferings.

After Raitawara had finished the religious mass with his parents, he left for the woods near Uruta village and meditated there. King Kurava, one of his best and earliest friends, hearing about his arrival, immediately walked toward his place of meditation. Much surprised at his friend's shabby clothes, the king sought to comfort Raitawara by saying, "Why did you become a monk? I'll give you part of my fortune if you need it."

"Oh, my old friend, I do not need a good fortune, for I have become a homeless monk; but I hope you have been kind to all your people,"

"My dear friend, please tell me why you became a monk," King Kurava asked him, still not being able to understand him. "During your absence I heard many reasons about that, such as these. Firstly, you were unhappy because of sickness. Secondly, the thought of old age caused you to become unhappy. Thirdly, because of the bad economical conditions you

were afraid of losing your wealth. And lastly, all your relatives had little hope for your life. However, I could not believe them to be the true reasons for your conversion."

To the king's question Raitawara gently answered, "My friend, I shall be glad to tell you why I became a monk, but let me first ask you this, 'Can you keep your energy forever? Can you forestall death from your life? If you live forever, can you ever be satisfied with the endless days?' We ought not ignore these questions, or there will be too many possibilities for us to go from good to bad and we shall always suffer. It is for these reasons I became a monk."

Raitawara told King Kurava about the Four Noble Truths, the Eightfold Path, and the Right Way of Human Life. The king was very grateful to him.

Collars of the Monk's Dress

While Buddha was staying at the castle of Sravati, his disciples went to the neighboring county to beg alms. On the way they met the

highwaymen, who stripped them of all their clothes. Because they were keeping the Buddhist laws, they followed the path of non-resistance and did not fight with the robbers.

While patrolling the county line, a soldier saw the hapless monks, and asked where they were robbed. After talking the matter over with them, the soldier made a decision and said, "Since the king is a believer in Buddha, we must make an immediate search for the burglars and return the clothes to the monks. If we neglect our duty, we shall commit a sin." The soldier called for an assistance, and together they started to search for the robbers.

Later the robbers were caught with the stolen goods, but they had a heap of other stolen clothes just like the monks'. Not being able to distinguish the monk's garments, the soldiers called and ordered the monks to pick out their own. The monks were also unable to pick out, since all the clothes were alike, including the collar. The townsmen who suffered from robbery were then ordered to make a free selection from the heap of clothes. Naturally they took the best, leaving the poorest garments for the

monks. Thus the monks, wearing the ill-fit, left-over garments, went back to their Master and told Him about the robbery. Noticing the torment and distraction it caused them, Buddha established a regulation that the collar of the monk's dress should thenceforth be of no other color than blue and black.

Thoughts about the Sangha

Venerable Ananda, following the habit of his Master, always visited the palace of Sravasti, in which lived King Hashinoku, a devout Buddhist. One day after his morning meditation, Ananda went to the palace with the love of the Sangha in his heart. He continued to go through the palace without being suspected, because his upright character was well known. At last he reached the entrance of the imperial harem, and without knocking he opened the door and walked in. With a shriek of dismay and fright the Empress Mallika jumped upon the bed and crouched there in shame, for she wore a nightgown of such fine silk that her body could be seen through it.

King Pasenade kept to be calm till at length he said, "My dear Ananda, we are very busy attending the affairs of the Empire and naturally we can't go to bed until midnight. Of course, we get up late in the morning. But you, Ananda, have a regular work at a regular hour; so you can go to bed very early." Upon hearing this and understanding the implication of the king's talk, he was covered with deep humiliation. Immediately he left the palace speechless, and returning to his Master he reported the happening and expressed his regret.

Buddha called all the Sanghas together and told them of the ten following accusations that might fall on the Sangha if they continued to visit the palace without taking any precaution :—

"*First*—If a maid-of-honor happened to be pregnant, people would suspect the Sangha.

Second—If any secret of the Emperor or affairs of State should leak out, suspicion would fall on the Sangha.

Third—If a maid-of-honor should smile at a passing monk, people will suspect of their relation.

Fourth—If a valuable jewel should be stolen,

the Sangha will fall under suspicion.

Fifth—If any of the subjects should lose an office and rank through their own fault, people will say him a victim of the slander spread by the Sangha.

Sixth—If any subject should answer for a crime committed, people will say him a victim of the slander spread by the Sangha.

Seventh—If some one having disagreeable character should be promoted in rank, people will attribute his promotion to the good offices of the Sangha.

Eighth—If the king should lose a large sum of money, while hunting or playing, people will say it spent for the affairs of the Sangha.

Ninth—If members of the Sangha while going through the palace should see fine dresses lying about, their mind might become attached to them, and they would become lazy in habit.

Tenth—If a rebellion should take place among the relatives of the king, people will attribute it to the instigation of the Sangha."

The Evil of Wealth

At one time robbers infested the country around the castle of Shaie, and they planned to to rob the richman in the castle. But they heard that Nanda and Bachinanda, Buddhist monks, had saved a great wealth, and thought it easy to take the money away from them, knowing they would follow the Buddhist law of non-resistance.

Later a party of monks, while walking, were unexpectedly seized by the robbers. The monks had no money and said to the robbers, "We have not one cent with us, because our Master forbade us to save money unless we had some use for it." "No, sirs, we know you've saved much money and treasures," the robbers said. "If we find you've told a lie, we will do this to you." Whereupon one of the robbers struck the monks a heavy blow, and the rest stole all their clothes, even though the clothes were all of the poorest materials.

After the robbers had left, the monks gathered

around Nanda and Bachinanda. They cried out, "We've met robbery on account of your vice in saving money." In addition, they told their Master of their experience, and made Him punish both monks. Then He called the Sangha together and said to them :—

"Our life is incongruous with jewels or treasures. Wealth has no place in our life, for we have vowed to follow the simple way. Therefore, if you do save money and gather riches, you may invite suffering or your friends may start trouble. Let the case of Nanda and Bachinanda be a lesson to you."

An Error of Arrogance

While Buddha was staying at the castle of Sravati, Bachinanda visited a sick believer, and through his kindness he blessed and healed the sick man. In order to express their thanks, the believer and his family secretly agreed to buy a new robe for Bachinanda.

A close friend of Bachinanda's having returned from a religious mendicancy reported the news to his friend, saying, "You are a very happy

man. In a short while you will receive a very nice gift." With wonder Bachinanda asked, "What do you mean? I have not heard of any such news before." "Yes, I know that, but you are a very lucky man," replied his friend, "for the believers to whom you were very kind have decided to buy you a robe to reward your beautiful, unselfish service. If you doubt me, ask them."

The next morning Bachinanda went to the house of the believers and asked whether the rumor he heard was true. They replied, "Yes, our master. To show our appreciation for your kindness we have decided to offer you a new robe." "My dear sirs," said Bachinanda, "I have now only one request to make. If you know a better gift you can think of, the one that is lasting, then I shall accept it; but a cheap gift displeases me. If you are willing, therefore, let me have something worthy of my service."

After his departure the believers talked themselves in this manner:—"For a long time we've misunderstood his motives. What an insolent fellow! We can't have our faith in the Bud-

dhist Sangha." So they resumed their former habits of life. Buddha, hearing about that, called His Sangha together and instructed them about Bachinanda's presumptuous behavior, saying, "Hereafter all our Sangha shall live with humble heart and simple contentment."

The Virtue of a Religious Mass

During the time Buddha stayed at the castle of Osha, there lived a janitor who wished to invite the monks to a religious mass ; therefore, he saved what little money he could from his meagre wages. One day his master asked him, "Why do you save so much money from your small allowance, and deprive yourself of the comforts ?" The janitor answered, "I should like to invite the Buddhist monks to a religious mass and finance it by my money." His master felt ashamed, for he thought what the poor man adhered to was surely for a noble purpose. Rich as he was, he had never tried to do anything half as noble as his servant. The janitor kept on saving until he had enough money to invite the monks to his religious mass.

Finally the invitations were sent out to the monks ; after much hesitation, they went to the banquet with full stomach. At the banquet they did not eat much, and the poor man felt uneasy at their discretion. Thus he asked for their reason. One of them answered, "My dear friend, we were invited out before we came here. We have had our share already ; so we can not eat much." "I am sorry to hear that, for I have worked hard and saved enough to entertain you with a feast. If you can't eat all on the table, will you take home all the left ones ?" the poor man begged.

They really felt sorry for him, and respecting his sincerity, they tried to cram the food into their stomach to please him. When he saw what they tried, he thought it would be a sin and make them sick to force them to eat any more than they could. He asked their forgiveness for his excessive solicitation.

After the mass was read, he went to Buddha, told Him all about it, and asked, "My Lord, have I committed a sin for making the monks eat more than is good for them ?"

"No, my man," replied Buddha with His

merciful spirit. "Instead, you are a great benefactor. You will most certainly receive great happiness in the future for such a deed. Your work was noble."

Hearing His encouraging words, the janitor became joyful and began to be more diligent in his study of the doctrines; on the other hand, his master invited all the monks to a great banquet in honor of his worthy employee.

Rahula

When Buddha arrived at Gosatara in Kosami, Rahula, son of Buddha, was in the room of his friend, Vatori, cleaning it and making his bed according to the law of the Sangha. Then he went to hear his Father preach the Holy Doctrine. While he was gone, an elder monk entered the room and occupied the bed. Such was an act of violence, because he had given his bed to his particular friend.

When Rahula returned to his room, to his surprise, he found the monk lying on his own bed; so he cried out. Not troubling himself to look toward the direction where the voice came

from, the monk asked lazily who came into the room.

"I am Rahula. Why did you come in here? This is my room."

"What did you say?" the monk said rebukingly, not liking the boy's impudent manner. "I have given this bed to my friend; so I owe it to him, not you."

"There I think you have made a mistake, sir, for I cleaned this room before I went to hear the sermon of my Master," answered Rahula politely.

"I don't know about your cleaning and getting this room ready," the elder monk felt annoyed and said sternly. "But, I say, you must take the orders of an elder monk. I am superior to you. Go out where it is warmer, and take a rest there, boy."

The boy wanted to say what was on his mind, but he knew he could not. How he wished he were older! He went to the lodging of another monk, who turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and after wasteful wandering and hopeless begging, he came to a lavatory near by. Having seen him enter and having known that a cobra

lived there, Buddha left His place of meditation, went to him, and asked him gently why he came to stay there. The little fellow told Buddha about all the cold treatments he had received.

On the next morning Buddha called His Sangha together, and told them about the incident of the night before, and made it a rule that the elder monks should thereafter have sympathy with the younger.

A Widow's Love for Anaritsu

When Buddha was propagating His doctrine to the townsmen of the castle of Shaie, there was a beautiful young widow, who feeling very lonely began to wish for a new husband. She thought of a plan to fulfil her desire. It was to build in some quiet place a new hotel for men travellers only, and choose a husband from among them. It was built just outside of the city of Shaie in a quiet, beautiful, and picturesque neighborhood.

One day Anaritsu, one of the elder monks of the Sangha, was walking toward the castle of Shaie. The sun was setting and it was getting

so dark that Anaritsu could not see his road to the castle, and being very tired, he decided to stop at the village. He asked the townspeople along the way if they could give him a night's lodging, but none seemed to have a room to spare. Just as Anaritsu began to feel uneasy, he saw a new hotel; and since it was in his direction, he applied there for a night's lodging. The proprietress, the widow seeking for a new husband, looked at Anaritsu and was moved with admiration at his erect figure, noble face, and gentle carriage. She took him to the finest and innermost apartment in the hotel, for she felt a secret love for Anaritsu.

Shortly after that, another man appeared and asked for lodging, but wishing to be alone with Anaritsu, she refused under pretence of no vacancy. The traveller kept on requesting in spite of her refusal, until Anaritsu hearing their argument volunteered to share his bed with the traveller, if no room was available. There was nothing else to do for her but take him in.

Following the law of Buddhism, Anaritsu continued his meditation until midnight. Every-

thing was very quiet, he sank deeper into meditation, and his mind became clear, so that all mental and physical desire left him.

Meanwhile, the beautiful widow could not forget about Anaritsu ; so she got up and went to his room. Upon entering his room, she began to talk to him coquettishly and voluptuously, and used every means to seduce him to her charms. But Anaritsu said, "My sister, I am a monk who studies and follows the doctrine of our Master. I can not act contrary to the will of my mind, especially so if the action is immoral." She could not understand him, because her heart was stirred up by his beauty. Time and again she told him in vain of her lineage, estates, cultivation, ideals, hoping one of them would arouse his interest. Anaritsu could not be moved.

The young widow tried the last desperate plan. In her mind she thought she could conquer him through lust, for no one could withstand it. She stripped off all her clothes and stood naked before Anaritsu in all her nude loveliness, but he only closed his eyes and continued to meditate with his thought on

cleanliness. He sat so calm and looked so austere, so cold, as though remote from the world of mortals, that one might have thought a Buddhist saint resting awhile on earth.

The widow gazed and gazed at him, when suddenly her love chilled, and shame and remorse filled her. Without any artifice she put both hands together, threw her body in front of Anaritsu, and begged in a faint voice, "O my Lord, my Lord, pardon me for my foolishness. I did not know what I was doing. O my Lord, please forgive my past actions and sins."

With a feeling of deep mercy Anaritsu replied, "The good mind will always change to do clean and eternal deeds of virtue. You can now enter into the right way of Buddha, if you henceforth guard your actions by making up for the past."

Thereafter she devoted the whole of her life to Buddha's teachings and studied His doctrines. At last she reached the Golden Path.

A Thought on Self-Protection

There was a group of murderers, who once a

year offered a dead body to their god during their celebration. Now that the day of their celebration was drawing near, they needed a victim for this purpose, but no one could be found. When they gathered together to talk over the matter, one of them suggested that the monks staying in the temple near by might be easily caught, for they followed the path of non-resistance.

One night the news reached the monks, who were seized with fear and ran away to a distant place for protection. The murder party rushed into the temple, and found the monks gone. Thereupon they began to talk over their plan in this way:—

"The celebration of our god is drawing near, and yet we haven't found one to kill," one remarked. "If we fail to give our yearly sacrifice to the god, surely he will send us evil days."

"I know the Buddhist law which forbids all monks to stay out all night," another observed. "They must come back before daybreak."

"If they don't return before morning, we will kill you, won't we?" the head murderer proposed.

With that they agreed and waited until dawn. And sure enough, the monks who had ran away returned. The murderers were full of joy and demanded one of the monks to come forward and bow down before them, "You are a very foolish monk. Didn't you know that we have waited a long time for you?"

"Yes, we know that," replied the unfortunate monk. "But we have returned to obey the Sangha's law."

On that instant the murderer raised his sharp sword and quickly sliced the monk's head. Seeing the pitiful death of their comrade before their eyes, the fellow monks went to the Master and told Him about it. Buddha greatly admired and highly praised the monk who was killed observing the rule and braving the danger. Since then He permitted them to stay outside, if they found it necessary for their safety.

Avaricious Monks

When Buddha and His few followers came to the castle of Sravasti in the town of Aravi, some

Buddhist monks were begging materials from the townsfolks for the erection of a temple. Being quite large, the town had sufficient workmen, wagons, lumber, money ; in fact, it had all they wanted. But the monks had asked for so much that the people were avoiding them as they passed through the streets.

One morning after finishing his morning meditation, Maha-Kasyapa, an elder member of the Sangha, made his rounds in the town from house to house according to the rule of religious mendicancy, but during his rounds and even while receiving alms, he noticed the people cast slander and abuse against the monks of the town.

Maha-Kasyapa soon began to wonder the cause of their unpopularity and asked a townsman about it, and also what had happened among the monks before Buddha came there. The townsman answered that many of the monks there wanted to gather materials to build a new temple, and made it compulsory for the people to help the monks far more than necessary, till the people finally began to avoid the monks in the streets. He further remarked that the monks were of the lower class mixed somehow with

the Sangha of Buddha.

Maha-Kasyapa reported the rumor to his Master. Buddha called all the Sanghas about Him and told them an ancient story by way of instructing them :—

"Once a monk meditated at the water-side of a picturesque lake. The water of the lake was very clear, and the color was pure blue. The vast sheet of blue had the smooth beauty of a mirror — so calm it was. Morning and night the monk sat in meditation, never being weary of his task and never sleeping. In the heart of the lake lived a Dragon, whose beauty was incomparable. Her scales were of pale gold and green, while her lower part was shining like a burnished silver. Day after day the Dragon watched the constancy of the monk, till her heart grew so hot in love with him that she left the heart of the lake and came up to be nearer her loving one. Coil after coil in ever-increasing circles, she twined her body around his body, till her strange face rested near his head. In a few days after this happened, he grew weak and his strength failed to support the weight of the Dragon.

The monk thought of a good plan to get rid of the Dragon. The next day when she appeared, he asked her for a precious jewel, having known a legend that every Dragon had a beautiful gem; but she did not answer, and seemed embarrassed. However, he repeated his question again and again for a week, till finally she ceased to come.

Then Buddha admonished His followers in this manner:—"Persons who desire too many things will get nothing, but lose everything they have. By his persistent desire for the precious gem this monk succeeded in driving away the Dragon, but failed to get the gem. If you want your wish be fulfilled, you must not go beyond the degree of contentment. That is to say, your wish should not be governed by avarice, for avaricious desire will cause antagonism in others."

Buddha's Thought on a Superstition

Pasenade, king of the castle of Savatthi, was a Buddhist believer. One time he started to visit a neighboring province, which was hostile

to him. In order to present an awe-inspiring sight to the people, he took his great army with him. Hordes of his battalions marched in front and behind him, with military band playing, and sweeping the whole place with a spirit of solemn majesty.

Everybody gathered to see the grand scene, and among the spectators were some Buddhist monks. A soldier in the army saw them among the crowd, and became very angry, because it was considered a bad omen to see monks in front of the army according to the tradition of India. The soldier cried, "To-day is an evil day; though we are going forth to battle, we cannot expect to win from the enemy. It's a pity that we cannot kill a monk, because our king is a Buddhist."

It was said, according to another tradition, that the evil might be averted, if one killed the monk on such case. Having seen the advance guard much disturbed, the king was filled with anxiety too, and having in mind the virtues of Buddha, he asked the monks through a soldier why they were staying there. They replied that they wished to see the crowd and the army, and

it happened that many of the monks gathered together.

On hearing the reply, King Pasenade readily understood that the monks did not know the old tradition of India, and thought it best to report the matter to Buddha. He ordered a soldier to take to Buddha a present of many delicacies.

Buddha wondered at the unexpected tribute from the king, and asked the monks how they had met him and in what manner they received it from him. They related to Buddha everything they saw in the streets. After hearing their story, Buddha told them of the old Indian tradition thus :—"You don't seem to know the old tradition of India. That is, when the army goes on the war-path, the soldiers wish only good signs ; and since it is an evil sign to see a monk on the way, they would kill him in order to avert it, faithfully following the ancient superstition of India. You were not killed, only because the king was one of our believers. The present that he sent me is meant that you should be more careful in the future. I hope that after this you will respect India's old custom

and observe it no matter how superstitious it may be."

Three Dangers to Buddha (I)

Three years after Gotama became the Buddha, His cousin Deva-datta became His pupil by entering the Sangha. Having been jealous of Him, Deva-datta wished to be the ruler of the Sangha, and began to assume a defiant attitude toward Him. As he knew he would not be able to become a ruler as long as Buddha lived, he planned to assassinate Him. In order to accomplish his purpose he gathered twenty-five rascals skilled in swords and bribed them to kill Buddha while He sat in meditation one night.

Two days passed since that particular night, but the men never returned. Being quite impatient, Dava-datta selected eight more men of stronger will and greater strength, and sent them out for the same purpose. Another two days went by, and yet they too did not return. He grew desperate, and decided to make one more attempt by selecting two men noted for their great courage and strength. And after giving

them proper instructions and strict orders, he sent them on an errand of destruction. Two more days passed, but no one returned.

On the other hand, these various groups of rascals sought and reached Buddha's place of meditation, but they were so much struck with His great moral power that they completely forgot their intrigue. After His usual meditation, Buddha saw them, instantly perceived what was in their mind, and questioned them with deep mercy in His heart what they wanted with Him. But the rascals could not answer Him and began to tremble. Thereupon He spoke about the right ways of living, and then the world suddenly appeared to them beautiful with His compassion. As if the rascals awoke from a deep muddy dream, they were converted into real Buddhists.

Deva-datta waited in vain for their return and at last started for Buddha's place of meditation to unravel the mysteries. To his great surprise, he found the little army of skilled swordsmen sitting by Him with a spirit of humble obedience. On the spot his conscience smote him—his spirit shriveled within him, but he thought of other plans to destroy Him.

Three Dangers to Buddha (2)

Since Deva-datta's first plan to kill Buddha had failed, he thought of the second plan. He engaged a very powerful man and brought him to the mountain of Gijukutsu, then Buddha's place of meditation.

Just at the time when Buddha, having finished his meditation, began slowly to look around, Deva-datta ordered his hireling to drop a big stone on Buddha's head, but His great moral power made the huge man tremble so much that he was unable to obey Deva-datta's orders. When Deva-datta saw the strength of the huge body crumble to nothing, he grew desperate, rushed himself toward the stone, lifted it with both hands and dropped it at Buddha. The big stone fell to the foot of the mountain, just three feet from where Buddha stood. With a tremendous force it struck the ground and split the rock asunder into a thousand fragments.

Deva-datta's treacherous purpose failed again, but Buddha received an arrow-like wound in his

right foot from one of the flying splinters of the rock. The blood rushed down his foot and Buddha suffered from pain. He returned limpingly and lay down upon His bed in a position similar to a lion lying down.

When the Sangha heard about the incident, many gathered around Him. Buddha awoke from His calm sleep because of the noises the Sangha made, and asked, "Why are yòu gathering here?"

"We must watch you and punish the crazy man who wounded you," they answered together.

"What have you in your hands?" their Master asked again.

When Buddha questioned them, they began to fidget and could not answer Him, because in their hands they held sticks, pieces of wood, and other arms to harm Deva-datta. Here Buddha addressed His followers admonishingly, "Why don't you understand the Buddha's right way to Enlightenment? I have told it to you before. Dharma holds sacred all forms of life on earth. We must become his good friends at any time by following the laws of the Buddha's Brotherhocd. If you have a kind mind as

his, you do not need those weapons. You may each go to your place and keep your mind on yourself. I wish you to get enlightened at once."

Three Dangers to Buddha (3)

The ultimate plan of Deva-datta was to kill Buddha by a cruel elephant. The rebel visited his good friend, King Ajatasattu, who was also his disciple in the Buddhist Faith, and confided his secret plan to the king about overthrowing of the power of Buddha. Immediately the king approved it and decided himself to make Deva-datta the second Buddha. So Deva-datta got the biggest and wildest elephant the king had. It's name was Molagui.

At once a notice was put up on every corner of the streets, saying, "Do not walk in the streets tomorrow. If you do, you will endanger your life." Though the people could not understand what it really meant, they were very careful on the morrow, closed all their doors, and stayed within the house.

Staying near the castle of Rajagrha, Buddha

had not heard the warning; so, after morning meditation, He left for the city with several of His Sangha following behind. They reached the city, and found everything very still; no sound could be heard, the doors of all the houses were closed, and no one could be seen in the streets. The castle of Rajagrha was indeed like a town of death. Buddha and His followers could not understand why it had been deserted. Buddha was then warned and advised by some of His believers, "Please, my Lord, take another way as quickly as possible, otherwise you will meet a cruel monster." Buddha gave no heed to their advice, but asked His disciples not to worry unreasonably.

Several of the Sangha ran quickly away with fear, leaving Buddha and Ananda behind. Overflowing with mercy Buddha made up His mind that no one should do evil for Him, and while walking he said to himself, "The Buddha can't be often seen, nor will Enlightenment be easily reached, if one tries to harm the Blessed One."

While Buddha and Ananda were deserted by their followers and left in the road, the owner of the elephant, having received orders from

Deva-datta, had given the cruel elephant something to drink that changed it to a maddened fury, and opened the gate of the cage, thus letting the furious animal roam over the streets. And it so happened that the elephant took the same road as Buddha.

The towering elephant was just in front of Buddha, who walked quietly forward. It was a few seconds before the rumbling avalanche would crush Buddha. At that very moment the venerable Ananda covered his eyes with the sleeve, because he could not bear to see such a tragic scene. What a wonderful thing occurred then! It can only be described in one word—"Miracle." When his fear was gone, the venerable Ananda saw his Master standing by the cruel elephant, which behaved like a little cat.

Never can the Buddha be harmed, no matter what kind of beast may attack, for the Buddha is Truth and a transcendental existence. Buddha is fearless of animals, while they being fearless of the Buddha do Him no harm.

Anguli-Malya

The real name of Anguli-Malya was Ahingsaka. He belonged to the Kosa caste, and lived with his parents. When he had grown into young manhood, he became a student of Brahmanism, and attached himself to a teacher of the sect. His face was beautiful, his health was fine, and his intelligence was of the first class. So naturally he was always ahead of his class.

As fair Ahingsaka attended his class regularly, his teacher's wife soon fell in love with him. One day while the teacher was away, she told the young student about her secret feeling toward him, but he could not believe it and told her the truth about himself. However, she could not keep her mind off him and behaved indecently before him. He remained unmoved. Finally her feelings were hurt, and she became angry at his coldness ; so she devised a plan to have her vengeance upon him.

After Ahingsaka had left, the teacher returned; and upon seeing his wife in a terrible condition,

inquired why she had a dishevelled air. With cunning deception she told her husband how Ahingsaka had dishevelled her hair and tore the fine dress off her body. The teacher believed her, and laid a plan that would make Ahingsaka commit a series of atrocities.

A few days later the teacher called Ahingsaka and said, "My dear boy, I must give you a few instructions concerning the true way for your life, because you have finished your studies here. If you wish to attain the highest enlightenment, you must kill one hundred men and make a necklace out of their fingers. This is the true way of becoming a great man." After the teacher had spoken, he gave to the young lad a sword as his present. The boy was frightened and doubted the words of his teacher, but desiring the achievement and being naturally docile, he decided to act upon his master's advice.

With his sword in hand Ahingsaka left the Kosa caste and went on knight-errantry. For two months he went from town to town and in that short time killed the precise number of ninety-nine pedestrians. At the same time, his mind and his character underwent a great

change, for after killing several people and seeing the blood drip from his sword in a red streak, he began to have a pleasant sensation at the thought that each death meant one obstacle removed for his attainment. Thus, the red lustre of blood began to fascinate him.

People grew afraid of Ahingsaka and began to call him Anguli-Malya, which meant 'finger-ornaments.' Finally they reported him to the police station in the castle of Shaie.

Staying in a temple near the castle of Shaie, Buddha heard about the activities of the crazy man ; and filled with deep compassion toward His fellow men, He left His place of meditation and went toward Anguli-Malya. Buddha knew that Anguli-Malya was tormented with suffering as most people had to be on such occasion, and tried to save him from the Satanic delusion. Though He was warned of the crazy man and advised to change His direction, Buddha did not accept the advice and said, "I cannot have any enemy, for all persons are sons and members of one great family." Buddha continued His way.

By and by Ahingsaka's mother heard about

her son's murder cases, became worried, and started for his place to warn him. As he saw his mother walking the same way as Buddha, he wanted her life for the last sacrifice before his attaining the enlightenment. Caring more for the enlightenment than for his mother, he grabbed her; threw her to the ground; and raised the sword of death that would cleave her delicate skull into pieces; but he saw Buddha. He changed his mind, and rushed toward Buddha with the intention of killing Him, but His mighty moral power frustrated him. While the glittering sword remained in the air, Ahingsaka was attracted by Buddha like a magnet. As he drew nearer to Buddha, a great fear took him; so he cried, "Stop that man."

"You are moving, not I," He gently answered.

"No, you are coming, stop, stop I say, "cried Ahingsaka again.

"I am standing perfectly still beside you, but you do not believe me, because you are moving yourself," Buddha told him again. "My mercy is open to all people, and my mind is always calm and joyful. I must save you from the deep suffering."

Ahingsaka awoke as if from a deep dream, heard Buddha's clear voice, and offered his true faith to Him. Buddha brought him to the temple of Goin; and after being ordained a monk, Ahingsaka immediately received the enlightenment concerning the right way of life.

Supplement
A Collection of Lectures and Writings

OF

NYOGEN SENZAKI

A Buddhist Monk in America

Sangha

When Anathapindika, a philanthropist of the time, built a monastery for Buddha and His disciples, there was a ceremony of dedication. The giver poured pure water from a golden vase into Buddha's hands, and asked Him to accept the gift. Buddha said, "This monastery does not belong to me. It belongs to the Sangha of the world." From that time of some 2500 years ago the Buddhistic monastery always belongs to the Sangha, and nobody else.

When Buddhism was spread in India and in China, there were many monasteries all over the lands, which were donated to the Sangha by the admirers of the teaching. Each of those monasteries was independent and free from the influence of politics, or other worldly affairs. In Japan monasteries did not increase much, but churches and temples which are the places of worship and prayer, instead of study and meditation, were built age after age. Modern Japanese Buddhism seems to me is represented by the systems of churches and temples of

various sects and denominations, though a very few monasteries are still trying to keep the lamp of Dhamma burning constantly. People say Japan is the Mecca of Buddhism, as she has seventy thousand churches and temples, and hundreds of thousands of priests and monks in her land. Those churches are controlled by the cathedrals of different sects, and those monks and priests are classified into many ranks according to the different denominations, same as Christian churches and Missions in this country or in European countries. If each of those churches has a real Sangha—a group of harmonious believers, and each of those priests acts as the leader of his Sangha, Japan will be a true Sukhavati, the lotus land of Buddhistic paradise. Modern Japanese Buddhism, however, is losing the Sangha spirit, and there remains only a commercialized church system, and the priests perform their duties for rituals and preach sermons as their profession. Even those monks who stay in the monasteries are bound to leave there in a few years and become the professional priests to make their own living. The whole system is conducted like

the chain stores in this country, and there is no sympathetic warmth between priests and believers—though the stores may have it sometimes as the result of their faithful service for the customers. Thus, I dare say, Japanese Buddhism is losing its proper brilliancy in these days. In the beginning Buddha said that the monastery belongs to the Sangha, a group of harmonious friends who follow faithfully the teachings of Tathagata; but modern monasteries of Japan belong to the Sectarian Cathedrals, and many thousands of churches under these Cathedrals belong to a sort of business in the name of religion.

When I started this Mentorgarten movement 15 years ago to build a bridge of understanding between the Western world of action and the Eastern world of thinking, I had no connection with any church business of Japan, and at present I have none, and I will have none in the future. Four years ago, my Brothers in Dhamma in the Japanese monasteries sent me some money to establish this meditation hall, but they did not consider the place as a church or a mission of their own denominations. Their sympathy

was won by my singlehanded attempt to spread Buddhistic knowledge among Americans, and also by the true Sangha spirit that began to form at that time. I coined the word Mentor-garten as I thought the whole world was a beautiful garden where all friends could associate peacefully, and be mentors to one another. I took the German *garten* instead of garden in English, for I was fond of Froebel's theory of kindergarten, and thought that we were all children of the Buddha, the Enlightened One, who is our ideal of supreme knowledge and moral perfection. As in a kindergarten, we had no teacher, but we encouraged one another and tried our best to grow up naturally. And like a nurse of the kindergarten, I sometimes presumed myself as a gardener to do all sorts of labor, but I have never forgotten that I myself was also a flower of the garden, and mingled with new and old friends, just as a kindergarten nurse would play with children forgetting her own age. Thus I was and I am always happy in this Mentorgarten, and why will I not be so in the future? This is the same spirit of the Sangha in the primitive

Buddhism, nay, not only in the primitive Buddhism, but in the modern Buddhism, as far as it is a true Buddhism.

Buddhists of the world respect the Triratana, three treasures, Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha. Buddha is our goal of culture, our own future being of enlightenment and lovingkindness. Dhamma is the norm of our every-day life through which we march step by step to Buddhahood. Sangha is our own group of harmonious friends which follow together after the Golden Path of Tathagata. Some people, especially Japanese Buddhists, do not respect Sangha as much as they do the other treasures, Buddha and Dhamma. The Japanese Buddhists of superficial knowledge worship Buddha as a God, and Dhamma as the words of the God. They used to worship priests as Sangha, though priests and monks are in the true sense of the word the leaders of Sangha, they are part of it, and by no means can they be represented as the whole Sangha. The people forgot that they could be one of the three treasures, and blindly worshiped monks and priests for some time. Now finding out that monks and priests are not

worthy of such respect, the people lost their Sangha treasure completely.

At first I delivered lectures on Buddhism among Americans, aiming to spread Buddhistic knowledge, in the same way as I would lecture on Physics or Chemistry. I did not wish to deprive my Christian friends of the hours of worship, so I never had meetings on Sundays. Gradually some of my friends determined to become Buddhists and asked me to ordain them. I ordained three monks, one nun, and 13 laymen and women adherents. Of them two monks and one Upasika are now in Japan studying Zen meditation. Those ordained friends are the nucleus of the American Sangha, trying their best to form a true fraternity of Buddhistic students. Anyone who understands the features of primitive Buddhism will be very glad to find our Sangha progressing slowly yet developing through the proper course.

What is the Buddhist Ordination

On the 15th of June, last year, two American Buddhist monks were ordained at our Meditation Hall, San Francisco. The news was spread among English-speaking countries by the Associated Press, but it was part of those ordained at the same place. On the 15th of February, this year, the Buddhist monk who is with us tonight was ordained as the third American Buddhist monk. And again, on the 15th of June, this year, an American lady was ordained as a Buddhist nun in the same Meditation Hall, San Francisco. We have never tried to advertise our Buddhistic work in San Francisco, but the press hunted the news just the same, and again, the ordination of this Buddhist nun caused somewhat a sensation, not only among English-speaking nations, but also among European and Oriental countries. Furthermore, I saw a Jewish paper also reporting about her in Hebrew letters.

Equanimity is another name for the Buddhistic

attitude towards all kinds of publicities, and we owe some explanation to our friends who sincerely seek the knowledge of Buddha-Dhamma. These are the reasons that I am going to speak on the object, "What is the Buddhist Ordination?" Besides, one of you are going to be ordained on the 6th of December at the celebration of Buddha's Realization, so let us study the true meaning of the Ordination beforehand and try to live to its standard.

When Buddha Sakyamuni attained His enlightenment under the pippul tree, He looked over the world through His transparent Buddha-eyes, and saw that the people in the world were clinging upon their own delusions, and entangling themselves with their own selfish desires. At first, He hesitated to reveal His doctrine to the world, as He thought people might not be able to comprehend it with their eyes covered with dust. His lovingkindness for humanity, however, encouraged Him to start to preach, and He descended from His seat of meditation to begin His career as a teacher of emancipation. His enlightenment was solely the fruit of His inward effort. He did not get any external

help from God or man to obtain His inner treasure. He did not depend upon any traditional doctrine nor upon any particular system of teachings known before Him.

A man can only be saved through his own intellectuality. Buddhistic realization is, therefore, nothing but the result of truth-seeking within one's inner self ; and it makes him free from the pains and sufferings of the world, and understand perfectly that his real self is above the changes of the world. Buddha declared that He had attained the position of all conqueror and all knower, free from all, attached to none ; that He had no teacher, because there was none to rival Him in the worlds of men and gods ; and that He was, therefore, the highest teacher, the Buddha, the Enlightened One.

Such is the spirit of the Buddhist Ordination. With the same idea, Buddha always told His disciples to make them and the Dhamma their lamps and refuge in the world, and not to rely on anything else at all.

To be ordained in Buddhism is to make oath to follow the steps of Buddha. There is no assurance to become a Buddha without one's own

striving. Among many forms and ceremonies of the ordination, *comma* is considered the most important part. Comma is an action in Pali, the same as *karma* in Sanskrit. Strange to relate, this Pali word is used in the Mahayana Sutras, which are considered written in Sanskrit.

When one receives the precepts, the head monk mentions each of the precepts and asks if the receiver keeps it or not. The answer "Yes, I do" is called *comma*, and by that the oath is completed. Pali is the language Buddha actually spoke. To call this action of oath *comma*, instead of *karma* in Sanskrit, somewhat makes me think of the primitive Upo-Satha meeting in Buddha's living days, where there were many groups of the Sangha gathered under the silvery light of a full moon.

When Buddha decided to preach in this world, He remembered his two old teachers and went to see them, but soon he was told that they were already dead. Then He remembered a group of five ascetics who used to practise austerity together with Him. Therefore, He made His way to Isipatana, near Baranasi, now Benares, where these ascetics were known to

be living. They saw Buddha and agreed to show Him no respect, because He had given up the practice of austerity, and had turned to the worldly life. Buddha's personality, however, naturally induced them to pay homage to Him, so that He could easily persuade them to listen to His Sermon—the memorable Sermon known as "Discourse on the Turning of the Wheel of Dhamma." Annata-Kondanna and his four fellow ascetics were converted to His views, and became His first five disciples. With their conversion, the Triratna were completed. Triratna means three treasures—Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha. Buddha, the Enlightened One, is the teacher ; Dhamma, the law of the Universe, is the teaching ; and Sangha, the harmonized life, is the group of disciples. These three are the treasures of the Buddhistic world, as they are the true source of happiness of mankind, intellectually, ethically, and socially combined.

In the days of Buddha, those ordained were immediately permitted into His Sangha, and could pay homage to Buddha Sakyamuni actually. After Buddha's death, the memory of His supreme personality became the "Buddha-treasure"

and was symbolized with His images—most of them being His images in meditating poses, showing the calm lovingkindness.

The "Dhamma-treasure" is Buddha's teachings. His disciples memorized what they had heard, and transmitted them verbally to those who could not hear His actual voice. All Sutras, therefore, start with the opening words "Evam maya crutam"—"Thus I have heard." Many generations after, the records of these memorized teachings were compiled into the scriptures which we call Tripitaka—three baskets: the basket of Sutras, the records of Buddha's preachings; the basket of Venayas, the precepts and ordinations; and the basket of Abhidhamma, the commentaries of the Sutras. The Chinese Tripitaka is the best in the world. Its revised edition was published in Japan a few years ago and I advised the University of California to have it in the library.

Now, I shall speak about Sangha. In Buddha's time there were four classes of His disciples:—Bhikkhus or the monks, Bhikkhunis or the nuns, Upasakas or the men adherents, and Upasikas or the women adherents. A Bhikkhu

keeps 250 precepts, a Bhikkhuni 500 and a Upasaka and a Upasika, 5 each. These precepts are mentioned as "patimokka" by Buddha, especially in His last teaching. Patimokka means to enter realization by keeping the precepts. Buddha said on the last evening of His life, "After I have gone, O bhikkhus, you must respect and practise Patimokka. Patimokka means each precept you keep now. Let it be a light in the darkness to you, and a treasure to the poor. Let it be your great teacher hereafter. Even if I should dwell longer in this world, I would repeat the same things."

The true meaning of the ordination, then, is to keep the precepts above all. When your mind and body are pure and clean, you can meditate well; and if you can meditate well, you shall be able to attain the utmost wisdom before long. We should respect the three Treasures—Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha—above all other moral precepts. Since it is on these adorations that all the precepts of Sangha are laid. According to the viewpoint of the Zen, we are all Buddhas from the very beginning—not only we human beings, but also all

sentient beings. When you realize your inner true self, you will see precisely that the Buddha, the material world, and all the sentient beings are one. When you vow to save all sentient beings, you are actually paying homage to Dharmakaya, Buddha's infinite and eternal body. Such is the real devotion to Buddha. When you vow to exterminate your evil passions and dedicate yourself to the study of Dhamma, you are respecting fully the Law of the Universe, and could be called rendering the real devotion to the teachings. When you vow to attain Buddhahood, you are a Bodhisattva, a truth-seeker of unselfish motives, and thus you are offering devotion to the Sangha, Buddha's Brotherhood. Therefore, when you vow for your four wishes, you begin to not only devote yourself to the three treasures—Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha—but keep all the precepts Buddha prescribed to you. This is the attitude of a Zen towards the ordination.

Five precepts for men and women adherents are : Not to kill, not to steal, not to be unchaste, not to tell a lie, and not to take intoxicants. Usually, they receive three categorical precepts,

including all sorts of contemporary moral precepts. The first of the three precepts is to avoid all kinds of evil thoughts and wrong actions; the second, to try one's best to help others in avoiding all kinds of evil thoughts and wrong actions; and the third, to help others to have good thoughts and to do right actions. Any American will be glad to accept these precepts, if he is true and faithful to himself.

Buddhist monks and nuns must live in celibacy, since they should be absolutely unselfish workers and should keep themselves up to the higher standard. A Christian asked me once, "What sort of changes will come to the world if all of the people become Buddhist monks?" I supposed he was worrying about future generations, so I assured him that there were millions and millions of people who had asked the same question as his, and it was impossible for them to become Buddhist monks and they remained in the world, rebirth after rebirth, making an endless trip of Samsala, craving, acting, and suffering.

Some of you probably read the writings of

Mark Twain. In one of his books I remember I read an odd story. It began like this: Captain Stormfield passed away from this world to paradise, and the people up there welcomed him. They all wanted to know where he came from. The Captain was very proud of his own native city, and told them that he came from San Francisco. No one in heaven knew where the city was. So the Captain told them he was a Californian, but nobody knew where California was. The Captain was very much surprised at the ignorance of the heavenly people, and told them that he came from the United States of America. But strange to relate, no one in heaven ever heard of the great United States of America. Finally the Captain became impatient and said, "Don't you know that I was a living soul on earth before?" "Earth? Where is it? Has anybody ever heard of such a place?" asked one of the crowd. There was no answer. "Let us show him the map," said one of the folks. The Captain saw a great big map hanging on the wall, showing many millions of stars. One of the people took up a magnifying glass and found a tiny little dot in a forgotten sea of

the heavenly ocean, and said, "I see where you came from now." The Captain blushed and hid himself among the crowd.

Just like Mark Twain! Such a cynical writing! But one thing is certain that we cannot be proud of the orange-size earth. All of us have gathered upon this surface to cheat, fight, and kill one another; what good after all? Those who cannot perceive the littleness of great things in them are apt to overlook the greatness of little things in others. It is all very well to talk about human affairs, but until you can pass through the shapeless gate of a true iconoclast, you do not know the reality of men and the universe; and no matter how much worldly knowledge you may have, you cannot even control your own tiny being, and you will not be able to serve fairly for humanity.

November 19th, 1931

Now, we see, in our prospect of Buddhism, the two features of the teaching—one is Realism and the other is Relativism. The former answers the question "What is it?", and the latter answers the question "Why is it?" For instance, if you want to know what is man, or about yourself, you may study the Realism of Buddha's teaching. If you want to know why we are here in this world, why we were born and why we have to die sooner or later, you may study the Buddhistic Relativism and find some answers in it. First, I am going to speak of "I"—my ego. My body is "I" when I observe it by senses, and my mind is "I" when I experience it by introspection. No one will think in these days that his body is himself as the body is merely another form of food. Like the crowd on any main street, the elements of our body are passing away from time to time. No part of my body has the same material that I had seven years ago. All parts of my present

body will be away from me within seven years. Therefore, I can not claim this body as mine. A lumpen like myself should call his body a pile of vegetables and grains—a quite big sackful of them—weighing 185 pounds. What is "I," then ? Of course the mind is "I." That is an answer of Buddhistic Realism.

I know you are not satisfied with the answer, and will say, "What is the mind ?" Let us look around the Buddhistic Relativism and see why we have such a thing called mind. It might be a short cut to find out what really mind is. Mind is, according to Buddhism, an endless chain of three phenomena—craving, acting, and suffering. Craving causes acting, acting causes suffering, and suffering causes another craving and so on. Without these three endless processes there is no mind, and accordingly there will be no body. When you extend this view point, you will see that everything in the universe is taking the same process under the law of causation ; and outside of these endless chains of three processes there is neither creator nor ruler of the universe. In Buddhism, the center of the universe is placed in the subjecti-

vity, in our own mind, whereas in other religions, it is placed in the objectivity, outside of our mind. If you ask other religions what is the first cause, they will give you God, Allah, Brahma or something alien, all distant and different from you, but Buddhism will give you the clearest knowledge that you are the creator of the world. You suffer according to your own action, and you act according to your own craving. You are the boss of your own fortune. You are the captain of your own ship. There is no original sin except your own *karma* that is your own action; therefore, your sin comes from you, and you need not suffer for somebody's sin. According to Buddhism, you are living in an endless world, the world of your *karmic* life —that is, the world of three processes, craving, acting, and suffering. In other religions, your life shall come to an end, after receiving the last judgement; while in Buddhism, there is no curtain for the last act, and you can play endlessly a good or a bad part, whichever you like. In other religions, present, past, and future are drawn in a straight line, but in Buddhism, they form an endless circle. The

theories above mentioned are a rough sketch of the *Karmic Process* according to Hinayana Buddhism.

The Hinayana teaching is not the complete teaching of Buddha. In the karmic theory you will see mind and body separately ; at least you might see in it a dualistic tendency admitting the existence of mind and body. While you are thinking mind and body separately, you will never understand the relation between the universe and yourself—that is, the relation of men to nature. Your next step is to come to the theory of Alaya process. This theory is placed between the Hinayana teaching and the Mahayana teaching. It is not the ultimate explanation of the mind, but it is far above the karmic theory, and after you studied the Alaya theory, you will see a new light penetrating the karmic theory.

In Buddhism we name six organs of our body —that is, eyes for seeing, ears for hearing, nose for smelling, tongue for tasting, body for touching, and brain for thinking. These six organs create the six worlds—that is, the world of color and form, the world of sound, the world of odor,

the world of sapidity, the world of tangibility, and the world of thinking. Since these organs are part of a body, they will all perish when the body perishes. Then, what is that which carries *karma* and continues the karmic process? In the Hinayana teaching, the existence of mind and non-mind is allowed, and the existence of time and space is admitted. Besides, it insists upon the existence of a cosmic body which involves the karmic process. The Hinayana teaching has still some idea of dualism, but the Alaya theory tries to set up monism with its characteristics of immaterialism.

In the Alaya theory, mind is explained as a reflection of Alaya. Six organs produce six senses, and six senses are sorted and arranged by a power of *Mana*, and the *Mana* power is nothing but a reflection of Alaya. Alaya means a store, and in the store we keep our creative power of mind. While the power is still in the store, we call it an invisible seed, but when it appears we call it visible action. In your dream you will also have your subjectivity and your objectivity. In the same way, in your inner world of Alaya your seed is like the subjectivity

in the dream land, and your visible action is like the objectivity. This seed produces action, and action produces new seed and plants it in the inner world. In the Alaya theory, your inner self is Alaya which produces your mind and body, and consequently the world and the universe. I have my own world, and each of you have your own individual world, and all these worlds are nothing but the reflections of our inner Alaya. It reminds me of Einstein's words, "Each man is the center of the universe." The Alaya theory may be called a sort of monism or an individual spiritualism, or the theory of of self-creation !

When you think that this world is created by a Supreme Being, you know that you are powerless, and you cannot change anything, but you have to leave your fate to the mercy of that Creator. In the Alaya theory, the world is your own product. You can change it, rebuild it, or improve it, to suit your own idea.

In the Alaya theory, Alaya itself is not absolute, nor independent. It is supported by *tathata* which we call *Shinnyo* in Japanese. Shinnyo means reality, noumenon or absolute-

ness. To improve the Alaya theory Buddhism has the theory of Shinnyo process. While the Alaya theory only points out Shinnyo as the supporter of Alaya, the Shinnyo theory shows us not only its substance but also its aspects and its performances. According to the Shinnyo theory, each Alaya of ours is like the wave in the ocean, and Shinnyo is the water of that ocean. It is to be understood that the wave is not coming out of water, but water itself is the wave. Our individual mind is a manifestation of Shinnyo, the universal mind. When we misconceive this fact, we postulate self-limited entity and call it soul. The soul idea is primitive for any human race, and no thinking people keep it long. Buddha wanted to edify His followers from simplicity to complexity, so He explained the karmic theory in the beginning, and at the next step he taught them the Alaya theory, and at the last stage he gave the guidance in the Shinnyo theory. In the Shinnyo theory, the Buddhistic realism unites with the Buddhistic relativism ; in other words, the answer for "What is it ?" becomes the answer for "Why is it ?" At this point you will see phenomenon

is noumenon, and noumenon is phenomenon. This is the ultimate explanation of Buddha-Dhamma.

Master Hakuin, patriarch of the enlightened, once wrote a poem, describing the Shinnyo theory. He called Shinnyo Buddha, and made it quite clear. I will read the translation for you. "All sentient beings are, from the very beginning, the Buddhas. It is like ice and water. Apart from water no ice can exist. Outside of sentient beings, where do we seek the Buddhas? Not knowing how near the Truth is, people seek it far away; what a pity! They are like the man who cries for water in the midst of water. They are like the son of a richman who wanders away among the poor. The reason why we transmigrate through the six worlds is because we are lost in the darkness of ignorance. Going astray further and further in the darkness, when are we able to get away from birth and death?"

The Shinnyo theory above mentioned is the Mahayana teaching and it is the basic thought of all sects and schools of Modern Japanese Buddhism. Therefore, when you look upon the

creeds of Japanese sects, you will probably think at first that they are contradicting one another, but after you study them deeper, you will find that they are all adopting the Shinnyo theory, and there are remarkable similarities among the different sects.

On Buddha's Images

The first statue of Buddha was carved while He was still in this world. King Udena, who lived in the castle of Kosambi in the country of Vamsa, was a very devoted adherent of Buddha. While Buddha was preaching in the other countries, the king missed Him a great deal, and was heartbroken. The subjects of the king worried over him, and to solace his heart during the absence of Buddha they carved His life-size statue in a fragrant bead-tree which was the most valuable wood in their time. King Udena was very much pleased to have Buddha's image, and placing it on the altar of the palace, he used to meditate in front of it. King Pasenade, of a neighboring kingdom, Savatthi, learned about it and ordered his subjects to cast Buddha's image of pure gold.

We do not know how these earliest images of Buddha looked like, but I can imagine that they must have been the cross-legged images in meditating postures; for, according to the Sutras,

Buddha meditated most hours of a day, and even in His preaching He used to sit cross-legged in front of the audience.

There are nine poses of Buddha, both in statues or in pictures. First: Baby Buddha with His mother, Queen Maya, and her maids. Second: Baby Buddha standing alone, and pointing heavenward with His right hand, and earthward with His left hand. Mrs. Holbrook has a very good statue of it. Third: Prince Siddhattha of the royal family. Fourth: A Truth-seeker, wandering and fasting. Fifth: Buddha after Realization, resting His right hand by the knee with all fingers pointing earthward, not much different from His meditation style. Sixth: Buddha, as He returned to the world—usually standing on the mountain road. Seventh: Buddha as a preacher, having His both hands meet at the chest. Another form of His preaching is holding out His right hand and keeping His left hand in a meditating pose. Eighth: Buddha in Nirvana lying under Sala trees, and going to pass from this world. Ninth: Buddha in Cremation.

The nine poses of Buddha's portray represent

His historical personages. Buddha was born 565 years before Christ and died at the age of eighty after 45 years' preaching among His disciples and adherents in India. His name was Siddhattha, his family name Gotama, and his clan name Sakya. He was very fond of quiet contemplation; therefore, he was called Sakya-muni, meaning the very quietness of the Sakya clan. Buddha means the Enlightened One and we praise Him in this name for His highest wisdom. "Why are there so many other names of Buddha?" you may ask. As you all know very well, Mary Pickford is Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, but she has many, many names when she appears on the silver screen.

Buddha preached 45 years as I mentioned before. If you classify His teaching according to the nature of edification, you will have 84,000 lessons. In Chinese translations we have 5048 Sutras, and adding to them some comments and treatises of the Sutras, we have altogether 7000 books now. If the statues and images of Buddha, beside those nine poses I mentioned above, represent the different roles and characters He played in the Buddhistic movies, you must trace

each scenario to the source of those 7000 books. Since Buddha is another name for perfect wisdom and complete virtue, its halo must have many colorful rays. You can keep in touch with these rays through the statues and images of Buddha.

The American public once thought that Buddhism is a religion of idol worship, but no thinker of today, in any country of the world, will repeat the old mistake any more. Each statue of Buddha has its own poetry, philosophy, ethics, and fine arts. To learn and appreciate them is the privilege of modern thinkers. I will explain a few of them by the statues Mrs. Holbrook treasures in her home here. You will see there is a statue of Vairocana or the great Sun. This is a symbol of Reality or Noumenon which is too abstract in philosophy, but quite attractive in poetry and in arts. And when you appreciate this symbol of Reality or Noumenon, you can enter the palace of religion easily and freely. Vairocana wears a crown and keeps flowers in his feft hand, while he holds out his right hand.

Next you will see Amida Buddha, whose pose is most of the time the same as the meditating pose of Sakyamuni Buddha. You can recognize this

Buddha by the pose of his hands. Mrs. Holbrook has a wonderful statue of Amida. It is a standing pose of the Buddha, with one hand holding up and the other down. Amida is a Sanskrit word, and means countless, or infinite, or eternal. The name of this Buddha should be pronounced Amitabha Amitayus. Amitabha means infinite light and Amitayus means eternal life. The upper hand symbolizes supreme wisdom—the light of penetrating intelligence, and the lower hand symbolizes eternal life of lovingkindness. In the meditating pose, the three other fingers of the hand symbolize greed, anger, and stupidity, while the thumb means an air—the air of perfect wisdom and complete virtue, and the index-finger, mind—movements of mind which need constant watchfulness. When the two fingers unite, mind will be harmonious with wisdom and virtue, and greed, anger and stupidity will cease forever. They will be blended and attuned with lovingkindness of Buddha. There is no more suffering, and Nirvana is yours. This is a way to observe Amida Buddha.

Next you will see Avalokitecvara Bodhisattva—Kwannon in Japanese whom Americans call God

of Mercy or Goddess of Mercy. Buddha is the name for a condition of mind, and so is Bodhisattva. Bodhisattva is the name for the mind which is most faithful in seeking truth. Buddha is the one who reached the goal, and Bodhisattva is the one who is wishing and striving for the goal. These two Sanskrit words transcend above genders, neither masculine nor feminine ; therefore they can be used for both sexes. I always address Bodhisattvas when I send invitations to my friends—I simply mean "ladies and gentlemen" in a Buddhist way.

Now, Avalokitecvara or Kwannon means "to observe freely." In the intellectual expression it is a penetrating wisdom, and in the ethical or religious expression it is the constant service of lovingkindness for others. According to the Saddharma-pundarika-Sutra, this Bodhisattva appears in this world in 33 different bodies. Among them are teachers, pupils, nurses, children, officers, soldiers, and so on. Really, he is not limited to thirty-three. All of you were Avalokitecvara in many moments for many times today. Only you did not keep it long enough. You exchanged it with your anger, greed, or

stupidity. That was a very poor trade, so it won't pay you much. Mrs. Holbrook has this Avalokitecvara in the expression of mother's love, and in two or three other poses.

Next you will see Maha-stohamapraputa—Seishi Bosatsu in Japanese. This Bodhisattva looks like Kwannon, but he has a vase of pure water in his crown, while Kwannon has a statue of Buddha in his crown. This Bodhisattva holds a lotus seat with his both hands and asks people to become the Buddha and come up to the lotus seat. He stands to the right of Amida Buddha, while Kwannon stands to the left, and with his folded hands he praises the people who seek truth. Mrs. Holbrook has Kwannon of this set.

Next we will see Kikatei-garbubha Bodhisattva, which in Japan we call Jizo Bosatsu or simply Jizo. He assumes the pose of a Buddhistic monk with his shaved head. He is well known as a protector of children. When I taught at a kindergarten in Japan some thirty years ago, I shaved my head and wore a monk's gown, so that people called me Jizo monk, and the children loved me and flocked around me—I

am still trying to be near Jizo, but I see a long way to reach him. Mrs. Holbrook has a very good Jizo. She has some Thibetan Buddhas, too, but I am not well acquainted with them; so I will not speak about them. I can only assure you that the principles of the Buddhistic expression must be same in Thibet or in any other countries.

At last I want to tell you about Hotei, a Chinese Zen-master. Mrs. Holbrook has one of his images. You can get it in the Chinatown cheaper than any other Buddhas or Bodhisattvas. The merchants in the Chinatown call him "A happy Chinaman" as he is such a stout monk and laughes happily. People named him Hotei on account of a big linen sack he carries. Hotei is a linen sack in Chinese classical pronunciation, though in modern Mandarin it must sound differently. Hotei was a Zen-master, but he did not want to live in a monastery and give lessons to the monks. He wanted to be a man of the street. He asked people for candies, cakes, and fruits, and put them all in his linen sack, and walked in the streets here and there. Children gathered around him and enjoyed his gifts from

his big linen sack. He was a sort of Santa Claus in the Eastern land. He could be called a Chinese Froebel, too. People thought him queer, even crazy, but he had brilliant wisdom of Dhamma in his possession. Whenever he met a monk in the street, he used to ask him something that would encourage the monk to strive in meditation. A very few of his sayings remain on record, and they are all gems and jewels of the teaching. He is my ideal type of Buddhistic teachers. I do not mean his stoutness, neither his life as a street wanderer, nor his deeds as Santa Claus, but his anti-church idea. Churches are all right as long as they carry the true teaching, but when they start commercializing themselves, they spoil the teaching more than anything else. The teaching should be living in the hearts of the people, and it should by no means be secluded in the altar of a church. When my master was alive, I asked him to excuse me from all official ranks and titles of our church, and allow me to walk freely in the street of the world. I do not want to be called Reverend, Bishop, or by any other church titles. To be a member of the great American people

and walk any stage of life as I please is honorable enough for me. I like to be an American Hotei, a happy Jap in the streets.

Mrs. Holbrook has a picture of seven happy gods. I will explain about them later and at that time I will disclose the secret of happiness in Buddhistic way. When you have a Buddha's statue or image or picture, always offer fresh flowers and burn good incense in front of it. Never use the statue as an incense burner. Some ignorant merchants are selling incense burners of Buddha. It is not right to use Buddha's image as a household utensil. I see Mrs. Holbrook has a lamp burner of Kwannon, but I assure you, Mrs. Holbrook, that the Bodhisattvas are all right to be used for anything; you need not worry about them, but never use Buddha in meditation as a household utensil. As for Hotei, you can use him for anything. I used to have a Hotei image which was hollow inside. I used it for an incense burner and the smoke would come out of his mouth; very interesting for Hotei, but not for Buddha.

Before I close my speech I want to recite Pali formula and offer my adoration to the Enlightened

One, our Tathagata, Buddha Sakyamuni. Namo Tassa Bhagavato Arahato Samma Sambuddhasa ! Buddham Saranam Gacchami. Dhammam Saranam Gacchami. Sangham Saranam Gacchami.

Lectured at Mrs. Holbrook's
Dec. 20, 1928

What is an Ideal Buddhist

Some of you probably have heard the name of Dr. E. Stanley Jones, author of "The Christ of the Indian Road." I will tell you a story about him. "Why the story about a Christian ?" you may ask. Because his book contains a beautiful Buddhistic thought, and he himself lives like a true Buddhist. If you have a broader mind than ordinary sectarians, you will see part of Buddhism in Christianity and part of Christianity in Buddhism.

Dr. E. Stanley Jones preached in India for 17 years, before he wrote the book some 6 years ago. In fact, the book itself was a description of his 17 years' experiences in India. The book sold nearly four hundred thousand copies, and the modest missionary became an international figure at once. He is a Methodist minister, though his entire work transcended all sects and churches. His church people were very proud of him, and elected him Bishop. A Bishop is the head of many churches, and he can have

more power, more fame, and more money, than a poor missionary in a foreign land. What do you think he did? He accepted the position and kept the office just for 24 hours and then resigned to go back to his work in India. I think he went again to India, and he is still there working. He loved the people in India and felt happy to work for them. Such happiness cannot be compared with position, fame or money.

Buddha Sakyamuni said, "The world of desires, the world of materials, and the world of non-materials, all belong to me. All sentient beings in these worlds are my beloved children." I do not know how well our Dr. E. Stanley Jones understands the Christian theology, but as far as intellectuality is concerned, all Christians, including Jesus himself, are the young students of Buddha-Dhamma. I admire the worldly sentiment of the Christian people, but as for the wisdom of emancipation, which we Buddhists call *prajna paramita*, Christians are still in a lower stage. In this respect Christianity is a pupil of Buddhism. I love Christians as the children of Spiritual Kindergarten, and sometimes

I am very much ashamed of our co-workers, who call themselves Buddhists but do not live up to the principles of the teachings of Buddha. When I observe our Christian friends who are sincere in their practical life, my heart beats with joy as if I see my own children advancing in their study. They are not an impossible group to accept Dhamma as some Buddhists think. When the Buddhists begin to admire Christian ethics, the Christians will catch a glimpse of Buddha-Dhamma. Until the day in which Christians and Buddhists shake hands intimately, the western civilization and the eastern culture will not be able to blend harmoniously. To understand this situation and actualize your faith in this direction is also the beginning of your study in Buddhism. Broadmindedness is the first qualification to learn the true teachings of Buddha Sakyamuni, for an ideal Buddhist of the 20th century must, first of all, have the qualification of broadmindedness.

The story of Dr. E. Stanley Jones is not coming to the end as yet. I must tell you the best part. When he was in India, he asked Gandhi, her great leader, what he should do

for Christianity in India. "I would suggest four things," Gandhi said. "Firstly, that you Christians should begin to live more like Christ; secondly, that you practise your religion without adulterating it; thirdly, that you make love your working force; and fourthly, that you study the non-Christian faiths more sympathetically in order to approach the people." Dr. E. Stanley Jones followed his advice and reaped the beautiful fruits of his efforts.

It will be worth while for you all to reconsider each item of the four suggestions that Gandhi made. First, he said, that Christians should begin to live more like Christ. The same thing might well be said for the Buddhists—that is, they should begin to live like Buddha. The founders of different sects of Buddhism, in India, China, and Japan, tried their best to live like Buddha, but they had to reconcile the form of teachings, according to their contemporaries, social conditions, and their own mental tendencies. Their followers, however, did not grasp the gist of the thought, and started to cling to the peculiar tendencies of the founders. Worst of it was that they began to commercialize the whole

movements to support cathedrals, churches, and priests, which are nothing but empty shells of the teachings. If they can not live like Buddha, what is the use of having those great temples, colorful robes, and many thousands of priests? An ideal Buddhist must try to live like Buddha, become a Buddha, and attain supreme knowledge and moral perfection. If you wish to study Buddhism, you must return to the original teachings of Buddha Sakyamuni, without admixture of Indian color, Japanese odor, or Chinese ting.

The second of Gandhi's advices may be expressed in the Buddhistic way. Buddhists must practise their religion without adulterating it. Adulteration means to add strange elements and spoil the original value of substance. Some Buddhists laugh at Christians who rely on the personal God to blot out their sins, while other Buddhists worship almost the same thing. They call God *Amida* and paradise *Gokuraku* and say that their soul will go there like a balloon after their death. Such superstition! Such ignorance! The true teaching of Buddha Sakyamuni denies the existence of personal Gods, and the existence

of individual souls. If you commit sins, you must abide by the result. Neither God nor Buddha will save you unless you save yourself. This is the Buddhistic truth which we call the law of causation. This is the true foundation of ethical life which is the only way to bring happiness to the world.

The third advice of Gandhi was that Christians should make love their working force. Buddhists should do the same. Priests are funny creatures, whether they are Christians or Buddhists ; they fight like cats. A group of true Buddhists should be called Sangha which means in Pali a harmonious and unselfish life. An ideal Buddhist must have this Sangha spirit. Buddhism is the teaching of actuality, not of postulation. Therefore, when you study it, and if you are not sincere, you will gain nothing but sufferings. To live Buddhistic life you must, first of all, love and help one another, and speak kind words.

The fourth advice of Gandhi was that Christians must study the non-Christian faith more sympathetically in order to have a more sympathetic approach to the people. I say the same

thing of Buddhists. Buddhists who know little about other Buddhistic sects or non-Buddhistic thoughts must study them, and acquire a clear understanding of them ; otherwise what they thought was right will turn out to be a strange foreign idea before realization. I advise you to read a good Christian literature together with the Buddhistic books of different sects. A broader knowledge will cure religious snobbery which is uglier and more unpleasant than social snobbery.

These four advices will be a great help to you in approaching the right road and the Holy Path. When you think them over, you are beginning your study as a true, honest thinker of the 20th century. We are non-sectarian truth-seekers ; therefore, we do not consider much about social ranks, fame, or money. We are not trying to convert people into our ideas and beliefs. We are simply trying to spread knowledge among modern thinkers. There are two ways for you. You can make your own choice, and start one way or the other. If you wish to be saved by God, or Amida, or Allah, or Brahma, or Great Spirit, you can find many

kinds of lukewarm religions even in this intellectual age. You can pick up one of them and be happy with it. If you want to do a proper use of your thinking faculty, and carry yourself the lamp of wisdom, with the brilliancy of the most penetrating human intelligence, I advise you, without hesitation, to follow the teachings of Buddha Sakyamuni.

Another qualification to be an ideal Buddhist is not to eat animal flesh—that is, you would not enjoy meat-eating. It is not an urgent matter for you to be a strict vegetarian, when you become a Buddhist, but you can create the habit of eating less meat untill you can get along without it. The meat-eaters have more sickness, for they cannot purify their system. They linger in savage tastes. They lose their natural complexion, and are slow to attain higher wisdom. They stay far from aesthetical delicacy. On the contrary, the vegetarians have less troubles with their digestive organs, will keep their ruddy complexion and always look younger, and above all, they mostly have clearer understanding. They are usually not excitable, enjoying calmness, and can easily enter into

deep meditation. In the Buddhistic countries, especially in Japan, there are many good recipes for the vegetable cooking. You will enjoy a vegetable meal better than the meat. I hope that our American Buddhists will learn the ways of cooking vegetable dishes and gradually prefer them to beef steak or roast turkey, half cremation of a bird.

Finally an ideal Buddhist must acquire the habit of meditation and find his comfort in silence. We have our gatherings mainly to meditate, not to worship or pray. A thinker should consider himself no longer man, but superman. He should make the environments suit him, and not be influenced by the surroundings. Zen-students always say, "If you make yourself a master, you must be standing as your true self, whenever and wherever you are." Our aim of meditation is nothing but to realize and actualize our true self. In our group each of us must solve our own problem and strive ourselves to attain perfect freedom.

Confucius said, "At fifteen I had my mind bent on learning. At thirty, I stood firm. At forty, I had no doubts. At fifty, I knew the

decrees of heaven. At sixty, my ear was an obedient organ for the reception of truth. At seventy, I could follow what my heart desired, without transgressing what was right." We bent our mind on learning to become a Buddha. Some of you perhaps never heard of the name of Buddha when you were 15 years old. It is not too late to stand firmly as a Bodhisattva now. Why should we wait until forty to dispel all doubts? Buddha said, "There are a few whose eyes are not covered with dust. They will see truth." Buddha meant you Americans, aggressive truth-seekers, not to follow the natural course that the Chinese Sage experienced. You need not wait until sixty to understand the decrees of the universe. If you are brave enough to break down your delusions, you can open your inner eye at this moment. Once you enter your own inner palace, your every-day task will be harmonized with the norm of the Universe, and your heart's desires will never transgress what is right. Buddhism is a sort of teaching for rejuvenation. It transcends all ages. You need not wait until seventy to accomplish it. You may begin it right now,

and try to be an ideal Buddhist from this very minute.

November 15, 1931

Purification

All my evil actions are the endless waves of *karma*, caused by greed, anger, and ignorance, and performed with body, mouth, and will. Now I see all of them were frail, baseless dreams. Purifying my body with the law of Brotherhood, habituating my mouth to the reading of Sacred Sutras, and pacifying my mind through deep meditation, I will carry myself far away from the sea of delusions, and reach the Buddhahood where all my actions shall turn into waves of of wisdom and grace.

Three Devotions

My devotion is to Buddha, the Enlightened One.

My devotion is to the Norm of Buddha, the task of emancipation from selfishness.

My devotion is to Buddha's Brotherhood, the most harmonized life in the world.

Buddha is the best teacher ; His lessons are conducive to true happiness and we are the best

friends to each other when in His Brotherhood.

I am with Buddha now. I am a disciple of His teaching. I am a member of His Holy family.

Fourfold Pledge

How innumerable sentient beings are, I vow to save them all.

How inexhaustible our evil passions are, I vow to exterminate them.

How immeasurable the holy doctrines are, I vow to study them.

How inaccessible the path of Buddha is, I vow to attain it.

The Meal-Time Ceremony in the Buddhistic Monastery

Recitation of "Maha-Prajna-Paramita-Hridaya-Sutra." (This is the shortest Sutra among all Chinese translations, and edifies on "cunyata," the emptiness or nothingness.)

Then,

I Adorations to:

1 Dharma-kaya of Buddha
2 Sambhoga-kaya of Buddha
3 Nirmana-kaya of Buddha
4 Maitreya, the future Buddha
5 All Buddhas in infinite space and eternal time
6 Saddharma-pundarika-Sutra
7 Manjsri Bodhisattva
8 Samantabhadra Bodhisattva
9 Avalokitecvara Bodhisattva
10 All Bodhisattvas in infinite space and eternal time

II Contemplations:

1 The food carried to me by many beneficial

powers and actions—seeds of plants, light and warmth of Sun's ray, soil of the ground, mild climate, adequate rain, labor of farmers, work of merchants, and donations by the Buddhist friends.

2 I accept this food, and in return, I will try my best to accomplish my mission as a Buddhist.

3 Above all, I must try to refrain from greediness in five senses.

4 The food is going to be the medicine to keep up my health.

5 I accept this food to work my way to the Buddha-hood.

III I offer this delicious food to

1st Triratna—Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha.

2nd Four benefactors—my beloved parents, peace-makers of the world (rulers and statesmen), people of the world, and my teacher, his teaching, and my fellow students.

3rd All sentient beings in the six lower states of spiritual world :

1 Naraka 2 Preta 3 Tiryag-yoni

4 Asura 5 Manusya 6 Deva (Note: Higher states are 7 Cravaka 8 Pratyeka-Buddha 9 Bodhisattva and 10 Buddha).

IV Determinations:

1st Not to commit any evil actions, and not to cling to any wrong thoughts.

2nd To devote my life to right thoughts, and to right deeds.

3rd To help others to dispel their delusions which are the cause of their sufferings.

V After Meal Gata:

"The skies are limitless, and so shall be my lovingkindness to all sentient beings. An emancipated mind should be working freely and gracefully, without clinging to anything in the world. Lotus flowers are pure and beautiful, raising themselves out of the muddy pond, and so shall be my realm of meditation, even living in this world of delusions. With this purified mind, I pay homage to Buddha, the Enlightened One."

Marriage Ceremony

Buddha said, "There are five ways in which a husband should live with his wife. First: he should always respect her. Second: he should provide her with all necessities. Third: he must always consider her comfort. Fourth: he must recognize that her rights are equal with his regarding all properties. Fifth: he must love her, and her alone, to the exclusion of all others."

You, bridegroom, under the altar, learn these words of Buddha by heart, and perform your duties as your life's work. With love and respectfulness, you must take an oath to share pleasures and sufferings with her, for the rest of your life.

Buddha said, "There are five ways in which a wife should live with her husband. First: she must see him off and receive him in, with smiling face and graceful manner. Second: while he is away on his business, she must clean the house and wait for him, preparing their meals, and other homely comforts. Third: she

must love him to the exclusion of all others. Fourth : she must be obedient to her husband's advices, and harmonize with him in her words and in her manner. Fifth : all properties belong to the home. Even as he should, so must she take good care of it."

You, bride, under the altar, learn these words of Buddha by heart, and perform your duties as your life's work. With respectfulness and love, you must take an oath to share pleasures and sufferings with him, for the rest of your life.