

May I never cause pain to any living being.  
May I never utter untruth, and  
May I never covet the wealth or wife of another.  
May I ever drink the nectar of contentment.  
May I always entertain a feeling of friendliness for all  
living beings in the world.  
May the spring of sympathy in my heart be ever  
bubbling to those in agony and affliction.  
May I never feel angry with the vile, the vicious and  
the wrongly directed.  
May there be an adjustment of things that I shall  
always remain tranquil in dealing with them.

Whether people speak of me well or ill  
Whether wealth comes to me or departs  
Whether I live to be hundreds of thousands of years  
old  
or give up the spirit this day  
Whether anyone holds out any kind of fears  
Or with worldly riches he tempts me  
In the face of all these possible things  
May my footsteps swerve not from the path of truth.

With pleasure may the mind not be puffed up  
Let pain disturb it never  
May the awesome loneliness of a mountain, forest or  
river  
Or a burning place, never cause it to shiver,  
Unmoved, unshakeable, in firmness may it grow  
adamantine  
And display true moral strength when parted from the  
desired thing,  
Or united with the undesired.  
May there be mutual love in the world.  
May delusion dwell at a distance  
May no one ever utter unpleasant speech  
Or words that are harsh lies ensue  
May all understand the Laws of Truth  
and joyfully sorrow and sufferings endure  
Om, peace, Shanti, Shanti, Shanti.

Extract from the Contemplation in the Shire Digambar  
Jain Temple in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the  
Missionaries of Charity.