

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.