



THE BUDDHIST RAY.

"HAIL TO THEE, PEARL, HIDDEN IN THE LOTUS!"

VOL. I.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., U. S. A., JANUARY, 1888.

No. 1.

DEVOTED TO BUDDHISM IN GENERAL, AND
TO THE BUDDHISM IN SWEDENBORG IN
PARTICULAR.

PROSPECTUS.

THE BUDDHIST RAY will be devoted to the divulcation of the philosophy and life of Buddhism: of Karma, of Transmigration, and of Mystic Communion with the Divine in Humanity.

It will give short accounts of Buddhist history and literature, and of Buddhist art, architecture, and ecclesiastical affairs in all lands.

It will set forth the teachings imparted by the Mongolian Buddhists to Emanuel Swedenborg, and published by him in his mystic writings.

News touching Buddhism, reviews of Buddhist books, and comments upon Buddhist teachings, will be thankfully received by us.

As our work is a work of love, we ask the moral and pecuniary coöperation of all lovers of the Ancient Wisdom; and we invoke upon it the blessings of the SOULS REGENERATE throughout the world!

DICTA OF SWEDENBORG.

That in archaic times there existed throughout the world a system of Spiritual Truth handed down from pre-archaic times.

That this system of truth, which may be called the Ancient Word, exists still, and is in the hands of Central-Asian Buddhists.

That because this Ancient Word contains Spiritual Truth of a nature too sublime to be taken in by the degenerate and undeveloped races now in the world, it is, by these Buddhists, kept and most zealously guarded in a secret and inaccessible place in the Himalayan mountains.

WHY BUDDHISM?

Because it does not try to define the Undefinable.

Because it does not make itself ridiculous by projecting its own image and calling this the Creator.

Because it does not deny the Brotherhood of Man by making a distinction between rich and poor, high and low, strong and weak, learned and unlearned.

Because it does not lower woman by teaching her submissness to man and his motherless, wifeless deity.

Because it does not propagate itself by cheat, torture, sword, and fire.

Because it does not insult the Mind by demanding its submissness to "god-made" dogmas.

Because it does not incite to tyranny, greed, and sensuality by the promise of power, riches, and glory.

Because it does not paralyze the Mind by picturing before it an endless hell.

Because it does not brutalize the Mind by holding forth an endless, corporeal heaven founded on an endless, corporeal hell.

Because it does not deny justice to any living creature by slaying it.

Because it does not insult the Human Soul by placing mediators and priests between it and the Divine Spirit.

Because it does not take away Reason by the prescription of stupefactive drugs and intoxicating liquors for "sacred" purposes.

Because it does not affront Reason by teaching that the mystery of life can be solved by it in one incarnation.

Because it does not abet corporealism by denying the involution and evolution of the Soul and its final absorption by the Divine Spirit.

THE PARABLE OF THE MUSTARD-SEED.

Buddhism differs from Christianity in all fundamental principles. Buddhism asks its votaries to think rationally; Christianity asks its votaries to believe blindly. Believe, says the latter, in impossibilities, and the extra-cosmic, personal god or gods will save you; think, says the former, and by thought you will draw near to the Divine in Humanity and so save yourself.

The following parable, which is one of Buddhagoshā's, illustrates the beautiful, tender, humanely true, and practical way, in which the Buddha reached, in order, the mind, the heart, and the life, of a young, suffering mother. It illustrates also the Buddhist teaching, that the Human Soul by onement with the Divine Life can do wonders:

Kisagotami, a young girl, got married and gave birth to a son. When the child was able to walk by itself, it died. The young girl in her love for it carried the dead child clasped to her bosom, and went from house to house of her pitying friends, asking them to give her medicine for it. But a Buddhist mendicant saw her and thought: "Alas! this Kisagotami does not understand the law of death. I must comfort her." "My good girl," said he, "I cannot myself give medicine for thy child, but I know a physician that can attend to it." The young girl said, "If so, tell me who it is." The monk continued, "the Buddha can give it medicine, you must go to him."

Kisagotami went to the Buddha, and doing homage to him said, "Lord and master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my boy?" The Buddha answered, "I know of some." She asked, "What medicine do you require?" He answered, "I want a handful of mustard-seed." The girl promised to get it for him, but the Buddha continued, "I require some mustard-seed taken from a house where no son, husband, parent, or slave has died." The girl said, "Very good," and went to ask for some at the different houses, carrying the dead

body of her son astride on her hip. The people said, "Here is some mustard-seed, take it." Then she asked, "In my friend's house has there died a son, a husband, a parent, or a slave?" They answered, "Lady, what is this that you say! The living are few but the dead are many." Then she went to other houses, but one said, "I have lost a son;" another, "I have lost my parents;" a third, "I have lost my slave." At last, not being able to find a single house where no one had died, from which to procure the mustard-seed, she began to think, "This is a heavy task I am engaged in. I am not the only one whose son is dead. In the whole Savatthi country, everywhere, children are dying, parents are dying." Thinking thus, she was seized by fear, and putting away her affection for her child, she summoned up resolution, and left the dead body in the forest; then she went to the Buddha and paid him homage. He said to her, "Have you procured the handful of mustard-seed?" "I have not," she answered; "the people of the village told me, 'The living are few but the dead are many.'" The Buddha said to her, "You thought that you alone had lost a son; the law of death is, that among all living creatures there is no permanence." When the Buddha had finished preaching the Law, Kisagotami was established in the reward of the novitiate; and all the Assembly that heard the Law were established in the same reward.

Some time afterward, when Kisagotami was one day engaged in the performance of her religious duties, she observed the lights in the houses, now shining, now extinguished, and began to reflect, "My state is like these lamps." The Buddha, who was then in the Gandhakuti building, *sent his sacred appearance to her*, which said to her just as if he himself was preaching, "All living beings resemble the flame of these lamps, one moment lighted, the next extinguished; those only who have arrived at Nirvana are at rest." Kisagotami, on hearing this, reached the stage of a saint possessed of intuitive knowledge (Arahathood, or in Western language, Christhood.)

BUDDHIST ART.

A traveller in Japan describes the Daibutz (the image of Our Lord) at Kamakura, as follows: "The tree-bordered, gray stone-walk that brings you to the Daibutz was skillfully contrived, so that without any previous glimpses, a sudden step brought us full into the presence of his bronze majesty, in the very spot where he has rested immobile for over six-hundred years. He loomed up right before us, a colossal figure of the Buddha, represented sitting in oriental fashion, on a tremendous granite platform. His great hands were lying palm up, on his enormous lap, and the sitting posture and the inadequately low pedestal made the figure look so disproportionately broad, that it was at first difficult to realize its height. But a glance at the surrounding trees and buildings over which it towers, and the feeling of being microscopically minute, which crept over us, soon brought us to a sense of its size. It bears a strong family likeness to all other images of the Buddha, but its proportions render it unusually impressive, for a god forty-four feet high and eighty-seven in circumference, with an eight-and-a-half-foot face, a thirty-four-foot knee, and a thumb three and a half feet in circumference, is not to be sneered at. Huge earrings and a close fitting, bead-like head-dress, give it rather an Egyptian air. . . . We were struck at once by the discolored appearance of the bronze, which is gray, mottled, and weather-beaten from the suns and storms of six centuries, and then by the wonderful expression of the figure, which is the embodiment of majestic repose. It is somehow more natural to look to the texture than to the meaning of any oriental work of art, and their intelligent expression of an idea is always a surprise. In our lordly way, we expected skill rather than ideas from them; but acquaintance with them very soon changed that misconception. Like all images of the Buddha, the Daibutz repays study. It is artistically valuable as the almost perfect expression of a grand idea—the idea of Divine Repose [Nirvana].

There is nothing dull in its immobility, yet nothing sphinx-like behind its serenity; no riddle to unravel or to vex you. It is simply the perfection of philosophy—a Passionless Calm. It is the perfect gratification of all the faculties; the consequent absence of Desire and Unrest. Those who study and love it, fancy that the spell of its quiet serenity descends upon them and fills them . . . with a sense of Perfect Peace."—MINNIE B. UNGER.

A MONGOLIAN FABLE.

There was a lion that used to vary his diet by eating in turn one from all the kinds of beasts of the field. One day it was the hare's turn, and the lion, looking sorrowfully at the animal said: "A poor meal for me to-day. You're not worth eating; you won't even fill up the chinks between my teeth. Little use in eating you." The hare answered: "Do please condescend to eat me; I have just had a narrow escape from being eaten by an animal as terrible-looking as you." The lion, in a rage, demanded, "Where is there any animal like me; let me see it!" The hare led him away to a well, and told him to look down. Look down he did, and there sure enough saw a beast that twisted its face, looked daggers, set up its mane, and showed its teeth as fiercely as he did. The lion could not stand this; and leaping down to fight his rival, perished in the water.

MORAL: If a man has good intellectual powers, don't despise him though his bodily strength may be small; and since powerful enemies can be overcome by mental power, seek to develop the powers of the mind.

SLAVES.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.—J. R.

LOWELL.

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"THIS ANCIENT ONE [THE BUDDHA] IS OUR ANGEL, WHOM WE REVERE AND OBEY."—SWEDENBORG.

In our next number we shall begin the publication of a mystic story founded upon facts, entitled, "What Swedenborg saw and heard in the Buddhist Monastery," by the author of "Swedenborg the Buddhist."

* * *

We believe ours to be the first Buddhist baby born in Christendom. And as it is our baby, it is of course a very good and pretty baby. That it will take the first prize at the baby-show, we doubt; for the judges there have babies of their own. But we shall love it notwithstanding. We shall give it short rations of wholesome food, once a month; not oftener, lest it become, like a good many babies about us, a windy, dyspeptic nuisance. We shall give it all the sweetmeat it wants; trusting to inherited tendencies that it will not take too much of it and become oversweet and sticky. We shall teach it good manners, lest it scandalize honest persons by using, for instance, the vulgar, jejune, religious cant, in vogue at this time and in this Western quarter of the globe. We shall teach it not to gabble about love, but to cultivate a *uniform good motive*, and justice to man and beast. We shall teach it to reverence the authority of the SOULS REGENERATE; and to ignore the authority of the anointed, consecrated, ermined bookful blockheads that sorely afflict a wretched humanity. We shall teach it to respect the Motherhood of God, and to ignore the "Fatherhood of God."

As we have said elsewhere, we shall be thankful for mental and physical nourishment for it; especially for concentrated, easily digestible, non-flatulent food.

OM MANI PADME HOUM!

"HAIL TO THEE, PEARL, HIDDEN IN THE LOTUS!"

This formula, says Renan, seems to be the rhythm of pulsation of Buddhist life, from one end of Asia to the other. Men and women, old people and children, laymen and monks are ever repeating it on the beads of an endless rosary. Engraved over the doors, it also hangs in long streamers from one house to the other, from one tree to another; sometimes, crossing over a stream or a ravine, it unites two mountains, casting on the valley an ever moving shadow. It may be read on the bark of trees, on rocks, on heaps of stones, on dried up skulls or shoulder-blades, on fragments of skeletons heaped up by the public roads. It is the first sentence a child pronounces; like a perpetual murmur it resounds through cities and deserts alike; the caravans measure their steps by these mystic syllables. No other sound is heard from those bands of disciples who spend their lives in going the round of the Soumeru. "From the sea of Japan to the frontiers of Persia," says the Abbé Gabet, "a long and uninterrupted murmur agitates all people, animates all ceremonies, is the symbol of all beliefs, the accompaniment to all festivities. The trunk of the Buddhist religion covers a great part of the world with its gigantic branches, and everywhere this prayer is the vehicle of its life and of the movements that animate it."

Those that believe, with us Buddhists, that everything in the visible and invisible Universe is governed by a Law, will understand that the repetition of this mystic formula by millions of faithful souls, must be productive of a stupendous reaction for good, no matter whether the formula is understood to mean: "the One Life is in the centre of the Heart," or something of equal import.

I have been taught from experience, that a man that is in a state of integrity, or in a Celestial State [has reached Arahatsip], can never die.—SWEDENBORG.

THE ESSENCE OF LIFE IS DIVINE.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but
their Subtile Suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the Secret
that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the Strain
that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the Mean-
ing outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows but a Mystery
guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows but a Majesty
scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared but a Strong-
er than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells but a Mightier
Seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the Painter
is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the Soul of the
sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lies the Infinite
Issues of Feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the Glory
that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but That
Which is Symbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the
Inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the Silence, back
of the gift stands the Giving;
Back of the hand that receives, thrill the
Sensitive Nerves of Receiving.

Space is nothing to Spirit, the deed is out-
done by Doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer
the Heart of the Wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver,
and up from the heights where those
shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and
the Essence of Life is Divine.—RICHARD
REALF.

THE NEW WINE.

In the seventh edict of the Buddhist
Emperor Asoka, are these words:
"King Piyadasi, beloved of the gods
(devas), honors all sects."

And so do we, his fellow-Buddhists.
We honor Taoseans, Shintoists, Kon-
fucians, Brahmans, Zoroastrians, Jews,
Christians, Mussalmans, Fetich-worsh-
ippers, Spiritists, and Materialists. We
honor him that honors himself by
honoring his fellowmen. A man
honors himself and his fellowmen when
he respects his own and their belief,
home and life. Belief includes a spir-
itual or material, an affirmative or nega-
tive state of mind with regard to visible
or invisible affairs. Home includes
family, gods and lands. Life includes

pursuit, physical being and name.

This is our attitude. Therefore, let
no one say that because we point out
what appears to us errors of definition,
in mind, and life, we dishonor ourselves
and so our fellowmen. For our *motive*
is not to sneer, to decry, to misrep-
resent anyone's belief; to violate anyone's
home; to hurt anyone's pursuit and
name; but to teach, relieve, succor,
and support, according to the best of
our knowledge and ability.

Let us therefore not be misunderstood
when we state that, in the West, within
the present decade, a new wine has
been set abroad. The first stock of it
was put into the market by a Russian
lady, Madame Helena Petrovna Bla-
vatsky; with whom by the way we are
not personally acquainted, nor in
conversation. This lady brought the
recipe for it from Asia, and gave it
without any stint to all that asked for
it. For which, we are sorry to say, a
goodly number of dogs barked at her,
and a goodly number of swine rent her.

In color rich, in bouquet delicious, in
effect wholesome, it stands without a
peer in the Western market. It was
originally labelled, "Theosophy;"
which label, many dealers still retain;
but now, commonly, "Esoteric Chris-
tianity." We have analyzed it and
found it to be composed of the follow-
ing ingredients: Astrology 1 per cent;
Protestantism 1; Quietism 5; Roman-
ism 8; Spiritism 10; and Paganism 75.

The majority of those that have
tasted it speak highly of it, and the Med-
ical profession recommend it in the
following mental diseases: in congeni-
tal narrow-mindedness; in wasting of
the organs of modesty, kindness, and
gratitude; in enlargement of the organs
of greed, pride and cruelty.

Why, however, it should be labelled
"Esoteric Christianity," we do not see.
Give Astrology, Quietism, Spiritism,
and Paganism their due, and how much
of it remains that is Christian? The
Metropolitan of Moscow, the Pope of
Rome, and the Arch-bishops of Can-
terbury and Upsal, as the heads of
Christendom, would we are sure look
upon this even, as a wry affair. Let
us have a plainer label; say, *Paganic
Christianity!*

THE THREE GEMS.

In the last verse of Edwin Arnold's beautiful and instructive poem, "The Light of Asia," are these words:

I take my refuge in thy *Name* and thee!
I take my refuge in thy *Law* of good!
I take my refuge in thy *Order*!

These words have, contrary perhaps to the poet's intention, given many Western readers in mind that we Buddhists look to the Buddha for salvation; that, in other words, we are idolists. Christian missionaries and scholars have been, and are, all agog to confirm the mistake. But "lay me stark naked and let the water-flies blow me," if there is any ground in Buddhist doctrine and life for it. The Buddha was sublimely in earnest when he inculcated the truth corporified in these words, also found in the said poem: "*Within* yourself Deliverance must be sought: each man his prison makes." The fact is that European scholars have translated the Pali words of the Three Precious Gems of Buddhism, as they are called, with rather poetic license. The word translated "refuge" should be either Guide, or Destroyer; so that the translation might run thus: I follow the Buddha, the Law, and the Order as my Guides; or thus: I go to the Buddha, the Law, and the Order as the Destroyers (of my fears); the first by his preaching, the second by its axiomatic truth, the third by their virtuous example and precepts (Buddhist Catechism, p. 52).

Knowest thou that Swedenborg, the Swedish Buddhist, hath hid these Gems in the ashy womb of his theosophic writings; out of which no Christian theologic midwife hath had skill to deliver them? But there he benameth them, however, in another guess fashion, thus: The Three Essentials of the Church—the Lord, the Word, and the Life of Charity (D. P. 259). Dost thou believe in accidents? "I will be more newfangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey," if I believe in accidents and miracles!

We Buddhists follow in our feeble way the Communion of Saints, which in matchless self-abnegation, without de-

sire of reward, and without fear of pain, has since its establishment by the Lord, by visible and invisible means, kept alive the wee flame of spirituality in us, and has kept us from the bottomless pit of ignorance and despair!

We Buddhists follow in our feeble way the Law, which teaches us that the sooner we let go our hold on desire for a sensuous life on earth, in the intermediate world, or in heaven, and so let go our hold on desire for separate existence, the sooner will the Divine Life suck us into its vortex, and so make us one with itself,—the Soul of the World!

We Buddhists follow in our feeble way the Lord, not because we expect him to save us (we must save ourselves without the aid of vicarious villany), but because, out of love for us, he came forth from the Infinite Ocean of light and Life, took upon himself our nature, lived for us, and showed us that are weary and becrippled, that in the Three Worlds there is no deliverance from pain and no lasting happiness. We follow him because, balanced by thought and love, he has gone athwart the bridge of the slender beams that connect Corporeality and Spirituality—Blessed Nirvana! Home of Light, Love, Peace!—PHILANGI DASA.

MODESTY.

The organ of the "Rochester Brotherhood," *The Occult Word*, publishes a "Rosicrucian" sermon, in which are these words: "Oh, 'Nirvana'! glorious but vain dream of the noble-souled Gautama! False and delusory vapors arising from a wearied, hungry soul who died and saw corruption like any other mortal! Oh for 'Nirvana' in these earthly souls! Oh for immortality here, *now*, in the flesh!"

Good brother, rise as high as the Buddha rose, when according to the Sacred Scriptures, he "sat under the Bo-tree and enjoyed the sweetness of Nirvana," and you will taste "immortality here, *now*, in the flesh." You have probably not, if we judge by your language, ascended above our Lord, and why should you judge of his state in the flesh or out of it?

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

Somebody has said, "the world loves to be deceived, therefore, it is deceived." And it was said probably in view of the fact that most persons hate those that try to open their eyes, or actually open them. The weak, fond woman that sentimentally loves a man will not thank you for showing her that he is low, foul, pestiferous; dangerous even to touch. The political ignorantist that affirms that only his party can save the commonwealth from impending ruin will not thank you for showing him that the leaders of it, under whose influence he is, are an arrant, naughty pack of hungry wolves. The braggart that trumpets himself a saint will not thank you for showing him that there is much cry and little wool about him. And the fatuous soul that is enwrapped in the fumes of his religion and dreams it the ladder that connects nullity with entity will not thank you for showing him that it is only an effluvium of his and others' brains.

Should we however work for thanks? A Buddhist, for whose heart we have great regard, said a few weeks ago in our hearing: "the good man does not work for reward but for justice. He that works for praise, money and glory, will in the end find he has worked in vain!"

We do not think the Christian Swedenborgians, the members of the so-called "New Church" society, will thank us for what we are about to say. Not at all the less we will say it:

Swedenborg, born in Sweden in 1688, was the son of a Bishop of the Church of Sweden. He received a careful literary and scientific education, and became noted and honored for his learning in natural science and speculative philosophy. In the fifty-fifth year of his age he became conscious of the presence with him of, what he then thought, the souls of the dead. And, to be sure, souls of this kind were no doubt occasionally present with him; especially the souls of those that had newly left their earthly tabernacle, and had not yet obtained rest in the Good Subjective State, vulgarly called Heaven. But there were also present

with him spirits of the elements ("genii," or "activities"), and the Soul-bodies, or "Sacred appearances" of *living* Buddhist Saints (Arahats) and their disciples (Chelas). Swedenborg began at this time, and under the cover of the Jewish-Christian scriptures, whose "spiritual sense" he purported to give, to write and publish his spiritual experiences, and to proclaim the establishment of a "New Jerusalem Church;" and he continued this work until his death in 1772. He founded, however, no church, sect, or society.

Now what did Swedenborg in reality publish? The "spiritual sense" of the Jewish-Christian scriptures? The "doctrines of the Lord's New Church?" Fudge!

Swedenborg, inspired by *living* Buddhist Saints ("Celestial Angels," as he sometimes calls them), published covertly the old, old, old teachings of Buddhism!

He tells us that in the company of a Buddhist Saint ("Angel"), he visited on one occasion the home of an Asian Grandee; and that he charged his host with polygamy and idolatry; and that while he was engaged in this most Christian work, there appeared at the gate of the house as it were lightning,—probably produced by the "Angel" that had led him thither and that listened to his moral and religious zeal. Swedenborg asked his host what it meant, and was told that it was prophetic of a future Buddha ("an Ancient One"), who would raise mankind out of its present obscure and formal worship into heavenly light.

"*This Ancient One*," said the Grandee, "*is our Angel, whom we revere and obey*" (C. L. 78).

We can, sometimes, tell a man by the company he keeps. In Swedenborg's case we can, and unerringly withal. His private and published writings are before us, and they speak for him. The Theosophical Society, in its official or authorized publications, has persistently asserted that Swedenborg received his inspiration from Central-Asian Buddhist Saints ("Mahatmas," that is, Great Souls),

and the Christian Swedenborgians, or the "New Church" society, have persistently, and in the face of the writings of Swedenborg, given it the lie; and have openly charged that its Mahatmas are satans, in league with a "spiritual hell." By all that is holy, a brave performance! Like that of the jackdaw in the borrowed peacock-feathers; or like that of the ass in the lion's hide; performances with a sad end!

We are not the official nor unofficial champions of the Theosophical Society; but as Buddhists we are interested in Buddhism wherever it appears: in the Pitakas, in the Christian scriptures, in the Theosophical Society's publications, in the writings of Schoepenhauer and Swedenborg, or elsewhere. And we intend to show our readers what Swedenborg meant by the "Celestial Angels" and the "Guardians of the Ancient Word in Great Tartary." We intend also to go to the bottom of the "Doctrines of the New Church," the "New Christianity," or by whatever other name our Christian Swedenborgian brethren make their peculiar views known. We want it distinctly understood, however, that we are not critics (our digestive apparatus is too sound for that profession) but that we are seekers after the Ancient Wisdom and the Divine in Humanity!

The author of "Swedenborg the Buddhist" tells us that when, on one occasion, a few years ago, he held converse with an Asian Buddhist Saint, exalted in wisdom and divine in power, he asked among other questions: "Did Swedenborg get the doctrines hidden under his pseudo-Christian theology, through members of the Assembly of the Saints in Buddhahood?" And the saint answered curtly: "Where else did he get them!"

* * *

BUDDHISTIC PANTHEISM.

The Angels acknowledge that a Universal Principle (Ens Universale), could never be universal except it were *in* things most particular and minute; and that thus there could not possibly be a universal providence [Karma] unless it were *in* the minutest things.—SWEDENBORG (S. D. 349).

NOTES.

To make it a handy volume we print our little paper in its present shape. And we intend, at the end of the year to furnish our friends and subscribers with a title-page and an index. When bound we believe the RAY will prove an interesting and useful compendium of Buddhist teaching, for young and old.

* * *

To those of our readers who are interested in philosophical and spiritual matters we commend the following publications: *The Path* (P. O. Box 2659, New York), an able Western expositor of the truth that underlies all priestly caricatures. *The Theosophist* (Adyar, Madras, India), learned in both Western and Eastern mystic lore. *Lucifer*, the "Lightbringer," (15 York St., Convent Garden, London), an adversary of, what Swedenborg would call, the "satanic" theology of the Christian world. *The Platonist* (Osceola, Missouri), an expositor of the philosophy of the divine Plato, and of noble thought in general. *Le Lotus* (Paris, France), a theosophical magazine, in French. And *Die Sphinx* (Leipzig, Germany), another, in German.

* * *

The Hermetic Publishing Company (629 Fulton St., Chicago) has sent us a little pamphlet entitled, "The Future Rulers of America," which reads like the beginning of an interesting occult story, and whets one's appetite for a continuation of it. Price, 25 cents.

SWEDENBORG THE BUDDHIST, OR THE HIGHER SWEDENBORGIANISM, ITS SECRETS, AND TIBETAN ORIGIN. By Philangi Dasa. 322 octavo-pages.

It is an interesting and valuable book.—*The Path*.

Written in the sarcastic style of Carlyle, and bristling with useful information, it is a deathblow to the "New-Church" materialistic gospel.—*The Platonist*.

It is a work that we can read through, and then open it at random, every day, for a passage to meditate upon, and the price is cheap.—*The Hermetist*.

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