



THE BUDDHIST RAY.

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

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

THE TEN PERFECTIONS.

Ages ago, say the Sacred Scriptures of Buddhism, a rich Brahman, named Sumedha, gave all he had to the poor and went to the Himalaya mountains to live an ascetic life. And there he quickly attained supernatural knowledge and power, or, to use Swedenborg's mode of speech, became a "Celestial angel." At that time also the Teacher Dipankara was born into the world, attained Buddhahood, and wandered about preaching the Law. Now when Sumedha heard that Dipankara, "lord of the ascetics", had attained Buddhahood, he left his hermitage, and "came through the air," to a certain place where the people were making preparations to receive the wandering god. And when he told them he wanted to help them in these preparations, they gave him a large piece of miry ground to fill out, —for they perceived him to be possessed of supernatural power, and supposed he would use this. But holy men seldom use their supernatural power for natural purposes, and Sumedha began to fill it out in the usual way: by fetching earth and throwing it upon the spot. He had nearly finished his task when the Dipankara Buddha, surrounded by a halo (magnetic aura) of a fathom's depth, and sending forth in streams the six-hued Buddha-rays, linked in pairs of different colors, and wreathed like the varied lightnings that flash in the gem-studded vault of heaven, suddenly neared him. Now rather than to let the Blessed One and his Arahats ("Ce-

lestial angels") walk in the mire, Sumedha made up his mind to sacrifice his life by making a bridge of his own body for him and them.

When the Buddha got up to the outstretched ascetic, he turned to his followers and said, "Behold ye this austere hermit lying in the mire?" "Yes, Lord," they answered. "This man," continued the Buddha, "lies here, having made the resolution to become a Buddha, and his prayer will be answered; for he will in after-ages become a Buddha named Gautama." And the Buddha and his disciples departed.

Sumedha, having heard the words of the Dipankara Buddha, thought thus within himself, "The Buddhas are beings whose words cannot fail; there is no deviation from truth in their speech. . . . Verily I shall become a Buddha." And having thus made the resolution, "I shall surely become Buddha," with a view to investigating the conditions that constitute a Buddha, exclaiming, "Where are the conditions that make the Buddha; are they found above or below, in the principal or minor directions?" investigating successively the principles of all things, and beholding the first Perfection of Almsgiving, practiced and followed by former Bodhisattas, he thus admonished his own soul:

(1) O wise Sumedha, from this time forth thou must fulfil the Perfection of Almsgiving; for as a water-jar overturned, discharges the water so that none remains, and cannot recover it, even so if thou, indifferent to wealth and fame, and wife and child, and goods great and small, give away to all that come and ask everything that they require till naught remains,

thou shalt seat thyself at the foot of the tree of Bodhi and become a Buddha."

With these words he strenuously resolved to attain the first perfection of Almsgiving. But considering further, "there must be beside this, other conditions that make a Buddha," and beholding the second Perfection of Moral Practice, he thought thus,

(2) "O wise Sumedha, from this day forth mayest thou fulfil the Perfection of Morality; for as the Yak ox, regardless of life, guards his bushy tail, even so thou shalt become a Buddha, if from this day forward, regardless of thy life, thou keepest the moral precepts."

And he strenuously resolved to attain the second perfection of Moral Practice. But considering further, "These cannot be the only Buddha-making conditions," and beholding the third Perfection of Self-abnegation, he thought thus,

(3) "O wise Sumedha, mayest thou henceforth fulfil the Perfection of Self-Abnegation; for as a man long the denizen of a prison feels no love for it, but is discontented, and wishes to live no more, even so do thou, likening all births to a prison house, discontented with all births, and anxious to get rid of them, set thy face toward abnegation, thus shalt thou become Buddha."

And he strenuously made the resolution to attain the third perfection of Self-abnegation. But considering further, "These cannot be the only Buddha-making conditions," and beholding the fourth Perfection of Wisdom, he thought thus,

(4) "O wise Sumedha, do thou from this day forth fulfil the Perfection of Wisdom, avoiding no subject of knowledge, great, small, or middling; do thou approach all wise men and ask them questions; for as the mendicant friar on his begging rounds, avoiding none of the families, great and small, that he frequents, and wandering for alms from place to place, speedily gets food to support him, even so shalt thou, approaching all wise men, and asking them questions, become Buddha."

And he strenuously resolved to attain the fourth perfection of Wisdom. But considering further, "These cannot be the only Buddha-making conditions," and seeing the fifth Perfection of Exertion, he thought thus,

(5) "O wise Sumedha do thou from this day forth fulfil the Perfection of Exertion. As the lion, the king of beasts, in every action strenuously exerts himself, so if thou in all existences and in all thy acts art strenuous in exertion, and not a laggard, thou shalt become a Buddha."

And he made a firm resolve to attain the fifth perfection of Exertion. But considering further, "These cannot be the only Buddha-making conditions," and beholding the sixth Perfection of Patience, he thought thus,

(6) "O wise Sumedha, do thou from this day forth fulfil the Perfection of Longsuffering; be thou patient in praise and reproach. And as when men throw things pure or foul upon the earth, the earth does not feel either desire or repulsion toward them, but suffers them, endures them and acquiesces in them, even so thou also, if thou art patient in praise and reproach, shalt become Buddha."

And he strenuously resolved to obtain the sixth perfection of Longsuffering. But further considering, "These cannot be the only conditions that make a Buddha," and beholding the seventh Perfection of Truth, he thought thus within himself,

(7) "O wise Sumedha, from this time forth do thou fulfil the Perfection of Truth; though the thunderbolt descend upon thy head, do thou never under the influence of desire and other passions utter a conscious lie, for the sake of wealth or any other advantage. And as the planet Venus at all seasons pursues her own course, nor ever goes on another course, forsaking her own, even so, if thou forsake not truth, and utter no lie, thou shalt become Buddha."

And he strenuously turned his mind to the seventh perfection of Truth. But further considering, "These cannot be the only conditions that make a Buddha," and beholding the eighth

Perfection of Resolution, he thought thus within himself,

(8) "O wise Sumedha, do thou from this time forth fulfil the Perfection of Resolution; whatsoever thou resolvest be thou unshaken in that resolution. For as a mountain, the wind beating upon it in all directions, trembles not, moves not, but stands in its place, even so thou, if unswerving in thy resolution, shalt become a Buddha.

And he strenuously resolved to attain the eighth perfection of Resolution. But further considering, "These cannot be the only conditions that make a Buddha," and beholding the ninth Perfection of Good-will, he thought thus within himself,

(9) "O wise Sumedha, do thou from this time forth fulfil the Perfection of Good-will, mayest thou be of one mind toward friends and foes. And as water fills with its refreshing coolness good men and bad alike, even so, if thou art of one mind in friendly feeling toward all mortals, thou shalt become a Buddha."

And he strenuously resolved to attain the ninth perfection of Good-will. But further considering, "These cannot be the only conditions that make a Buddha," and beholding the tenth Perfection of Equanimity, he thought thus within himself,

(10) "O wise Sumedha, from this time forth do thou fulfil the Perfection of Equanimity, be thou of equal mind in prosperity and adversity. And as the earth is indifferent when things pure or impure are cast upon it, even so, if thou art indifferent in prosperity and adversity, thou shalt become Buddha."

And he strenuously resolved to attain the tenth perfection of Equanimity.

Then he thought, "These are the only conditions in the world that, bringing Buddhahood to perfection and constituting a Buddha, have to be fulfilled by Bodhisattas; beside the Ten Perfections there are no others. And these Ten Perfections are neither in the heaven above, nor in the earth below, nor are they to be found in the east or the other quarters, but reside in my heart of flesh." Having thus realized that the Perfections were estab-

lished in his heart, having strenuously resolved to keep them all, grasping them again and again, he mastered them forward and backward; taking them at the end he went backward to the beginning, taking them at the beginning he placed them at the end, taking them at the middle he carried them to the two ends, taking them at both ends he carried them to the middle. Repeating "The Perfections are the sacrifice of limbs, the Lesser Perfections are the sacrifice of property, the Unlimited Perfections are the sacrifice of life," he mastered them.

And the angels came and offered him garlands and perfumes, and uttered these and other words of praise and blessing, "Venerable Sumedha, this day thou hast made a mighty resolve at the feet of Dipankara Buddha, mayest thou fulfil it without let or hindrance! Fear not, nor be dismayed; may not the slightest sickness visit thy frame; quickly exercise the Perfections and attain supreme Buddhahood. As the flowering and fruit-bearing trees bring forth flowers and fruit in their season, so do thou also, not letting the right season pass by, quickly reach the Supreme knowledge of a Buddha." And thus having spoken, they returned each one to his celestial home. And the Bodhisatta, having received the homage of the angels, made a strenuous exertion and resolve, saying, "Having fulfilled the Ten Perfections, at the end of four asankheyyas and a hundred thousand cycles I shall become a Buddha."

Winds and wild waves in headlong huge commotion

Scud, dark with tempest, o'er the Atlantic's breast;

While underneath, few fathoms deep in ocean,

Lie peace, and rest.

Storms in mid air, the rack before them sweeping,

Hurry and hiss, like furies hate possessed; While over all, white cloudlets pure are sleeping,

In peace, in rest.

Heart, O wild heart! why in the storm-world raging

Flit'st thou thus midway, passion's slave and jest,

When all so near above, below, unchanging, Are Nirvan and rest.

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

"A FAILURE in a good cause is better than a triumph in a bad."

THERE is a very kind review of "Swedenborg the Buddhist" in the *Banner of Light* for April 21. The book can be had through us. Price, \$1.50.

SIR MONIER WILLIAMS, the Sanskrit scholar, has lately made several attacks upon the great religions of Asia, in favor of Christianity; and many of our contemporaries seem puzzled at his quixotism. But let them only bear in mind that but few intellects escape what Dr. Johnson calls, the "pantomime of life," that is to say, the dotting of superannuation, and they will not be puzzled at the quixotism either of Sir Monier or of his like.

THE organ of the Buddhists of Ceylon, *The Sarasavisandaresa*, in its issue of March 17, has a notice concerning us in the vernacular, and in its issue of March 20, another in English. On the last page of this number of the RAY our readers will find a few extracts from the latter. We rejoice to learn that our brethren in far-away Ceylon sympathise with our humble efforts to spread the only religion under heaven, whose record, from its dayspring in Divine Manhood of our Blessed Lord to this day, can, because it is pure, sweet, and saintly, be read by young and old, everywhere, without causing a single ripple of shame or of indignation.

IN the issue of May 1 of *La Voce Del Popolo*, an Italian newspaper published in San Francisco, we notice the following item: "At Kioto, Japan, they are about to build a Buddhist temple, which is to cost \$3,000,000. In its construction a ton of rope made

of woman's hair is to be used." Why woman's hair rather than newspaper reporters'? Because it is a physiologic-spiritual fact that the quality of the brain under the hair is always imparted to it. Now the main thing to attend to, in the making of a rope for a Buddhist temple, is the quality of the material. It must be good. Hence, see the wisdom of our brother Buddhists in selecting woman's hair rather than newspaper reporters'!

In a copy of the *Womans World* we find these words: "The Swedenborgians go to sleep, and when you rouse them say, 'Swedenborg has seen all;' and when you say, 'Live from within and you will see the writing on the wall to tell you what is happening and what is going to happen in your own time,' they say rather gravely, 'I assure you, Swedenborg has seen all there is to see.' . . . It really would seem as though it were impossible for a seer's experience to be recorded without doing more harm than good. . . . Swedenborg was shown vast symbols [by the Buddhist Arahats], and he read them wrongly. His writings have the effect of stopping spiritual life in those that read them; his own was stopped, and he stops others; he often interests people in spiritual things for the first time in their life; but presently you find they have fallen into the idea that Swedenborg did all the seeing there was to do; that all we ordinary mortals need to do is to read what he says; that it is final and exhaustive;—next they become sectarian and are just as hard to rouse as any other religious people." [We compliment our esteemed contemporary upon this truly admirable statement of facts; and we would add this, that their sleepiness, or spiritual fossility, has its root, first in their lack of practical knowledge of the affairs of the Human soul and its world; and, second, in their ignorance of the esoteric and exoteric teachings of Asia, and the consequent delusion that Swedenborg's books contain a spick-and-span new revelation direct from the First Cause!—[Ed.]

SWEDENBORG IN THE LAMASERY.

BY PHILANGI DÅSA.

(Continued.)

Christian missionaries and travellers in Thibet and Mongolia have had a great deal to tell about the thaumaturgists of those countries. And what they have told about them has by the Romanists been attributed to his Reverence the Devil; by the Protestants to evil spirits; and by the Infidels to addressful sleight of hand. Emil Schlagintweit, the German traveller, says: "In the wonders which, 'by means of acquired ability,' the Lamas pretend to perform, they show a surprising skill in the higher art of jugglery." (*Der Buddhismus in Thibet*). If instead of being a rationalist the writer had been a theologian, he would no doubt have attributed the "jugglery" to infernal power. It is seldom that ignorance and superstition fail to find shelter; when the Lord is not at hand the Devil is; when the Devil is not, Evil spirits are; and when Evil spirits are not, the Art of Jugglery is!

I have before me a book entitled the "Issues of Modern Thought," by a Christian Swedenborgian preacher; the fore-end of which is devoted to the theologic insipience characteristic of the pulpit of the West, and the after-end, to a clownish attack upon the Saints of Buddhism, whose thaumaturgic skill the clumsy author, in his Johusonese, does not deny, but ignorantly asserts to have its source in a "spiritual" hell. After all, what does he and his like know about thaumaturgy, the Saints of Buddhism and the "spiritual" hells? Impotent chatter-boxes! They seem to forget that whenever they talk against the Saints of Buddhism, the Guardians of the Ancient Word in Tartary, they give their idol Swedenborg the lie!

It is Lord Bacon that says: "The empirical philosophers are like pismires: they only lay up and store; the rationalists are like spiders: they spin all out of their own bowels; but give me a (true) philosopher who, like the bee, hath a middle faculty, gathering, (practically) from abroad, and digesting that which is gathered by his own

virtue." Are the clerics trustworthy? do they speak from experience? do they gather knowledge by their own virtue, abroad, in the Spiritual world?

Cervantes says, "The path of virtue is very straight, the road of vice broad and spacious; but their end and issue are different; because that of vice—wide and easy—closes in death, and that of virtue—narrow and toilsome (*trabajoso*)—closes in life: and not in life perishable, but in that which shall not have an end;" and as I would fain walk in the latter path, I beseech ye, most gracious Gods, to give me an *able* guide, and to keep out of my way all cleric chatter-boxes. For sweet mercy's sake. Amen!

Now that we have the subject of thaumaturgy before us, I may as well tell my readers that the orthodox Christian Swedenborgians hope to be able to rediscover this "lost" art—once practiced by Swedenborg. The *New-Church Life*, their representative organ, says, in its wonted childish way: "The latter [thaumaturgy] seems to be one of the lost arts known to the old alchemists and doubtless to be 'resuscitated from its ashes' by means of New Church scientists." (April 1887.) Yes, dear editors, it is, as far as *you* are concerned, a lost art; but beware to think that it is a lost art among Swedenborg's teachers in Thibet, the land of thaumaturgy "par excellence," for, alive, it is not!

By the way, how does a "New Church" scientist look?

Bless the Life Divine, O Soul of Swedenborg, for that thou art in a whereness to which the odor of the mawkishness of thy worshippers cannot penetrate!

"Isis Unveiled," like the theosophical writings of Swedenborg, gives a number of instances of Thibetan-Mongolian thaumaturgy, and I will here cite two or three of them:

"Many of the lamaseries contain schools of magic, but the most celebrated is the collegiate monastery of the Shu-tukt, where there are over 30,000 monks attached to it, the lamasery forming quite a little city. Some of the nuns possess marvelous psychological powers. We have met

some of these women on their way from Lha-Ssa to Candi, the Rome of Buddhism, with its miraculous shrines and Gautama's relics. To avoid encounters with Mussalmans and other sects, they travel by night alone, unarmed, and without the least fear of wild animals, for these will not touch them.

At the first glimpses of dawn, they take refuge in caves and viharas prepared for them by their co-religionists at calculated distances; for notwithstanding the fact that Buddhism has taken refuge in Ceylon, and nominally there are but few of the denomination in British India, yet the secret Byauds (Brotherhoods) and Buddhist viharas are numerous, and every Jain feels himself obliged to help, indiscriminately, Buddhist and Lamaist. Ever on the lookout for occult phenomena, hungering after sights, one of the most interesting that we have seen was produced by one of these poor travelling Bikhshuni [nuns]. It was years ago, and at a time when all such manifestations were new to the writer. We were taken to visit the pilgrims by a Buddhist friend, a mystical gentleman, born at Kashmir, of Katchi parents, but a Buddha-Lamaist by conversion, and who generally resided at Lha-Ssa.

'Why carry about this bunch of dead plants?' inquired one of the Bikhshuni, an emaciated, tall and elderly woman, pointing to a large nosegay of beautiful, fresh and fragrant flowers in the writer's hands. 'Dead?' we asked inquiringly. 'Why, they have just been gathered in the garden?' 'And yet they are dead,' she answered gravely. 'To be born in this world, is not this death? See, how these herbs look when alive in the world of eternal light; in the gardens of our blessed Foh [Buddha]?'

Without moving from the place where she was sitting on the ground, the Ani took a flower from the bunch, laid it in her lap, and began to draw together, by large handfuls as it were, invisible material from the surrounding atmosphere. Presently a very, very faint nodule of vapor was seen, and this slowly took shape and color, until, poised in mid-air, appeared a copy of the bloom we had given her.

Faithful to the last tint and the last petal it was, and lying on its side like the original, but a thousandfold more gorgeous in hue and exquisite in beauty, as the glorified human spirit is more beautiful than its physical capsule. Flower after flower to the minutest herb was thus reproduced and made to vanish, re-appearing at our desire, nay, at our simple thought. Having selected a full-blown rose we held it at arm's length, and in a few minutes our arm, hand, and the flower, perfect in every detail, appeared reflected in the vacant space, about two yards from where we sat. But while the flower seemed immeasurably beautified and as ethereal as the other spirit-flowers, the arm and hand appeared like a mere reflection in a looking-glass, even to a large spot on the fore-arm, left on it by a piece of damp earth which had stuck to one of the roots."

This thaumaturgy is certainly superior to that at which Swedenborg hints in the following passage: "It is well enough known that shrubs, plants, and flowers burnt to powder, are reborn in water, provided their vegetative lives and spiritual essences, be, as it were, excited by a certain art. When the vessel is shaken this very figure, thus excited, relapses into its ashes and grows up again, and so several times. These parts cannot be disjoined and separated, but they come together in their pristine form, and after death join old friendships and customs, and indeed so that they altogether coalesce into the pristine form. What must not human souls do after the death of the body!" (De Anima, p. 237.)

(To be continued.)

Ignorance of what a human being really is, on the part of most religionists of the Western churches, and ignoring of that which he chiefly is, on the part of most materialistic scientists of the present day, conspire to produce in the former the credulousness of superstition, and in the latter the superstitions of incredulity, better known as "rational agnosticism."—ELLIOTT COUES.

THE MONTO TEMPLE AT KIOTO.

We enter by one of the three magnificent gates, built of wood and splendidly carved, but alas! painted. Here and there the paint has chipped off, and it is a continual disappointment to see marks of neglect in what was so gloriously planned. . . . Passing the gate, you enter a court-yard paved with stone. Stone lanterns stand on either side; on the left is a fountain, and on the right a sacred tree, looking suspiciously like maple, but in truth grown from a twig of that tree under which Gautama, in India, breathed forth his soul, and was absorbed in Nirvana.

The idea of the original model of all buildings, the tent, has been completely retained in the Buddhist temples; the entrance, however, is from the side, and not from the end. The building is of a reddish-brown color, ornamented at the eaves with painted figures, yellow, red, and green dragons, and the fabled Kirin. . . . We remove our shoes, and, having put on the straw sandals, ascend the broad steps to the piazza, which runs the whole length of the building, and stand within the temple. Above the altar sits the Buddha on the lotus flower. The altar itself, of polished lacquer ware, is resplendent with bronze candlesticks and vases filled with flowers; slowly and languidly a thin spiral smoke ascends and is absorbed in the upper air. Below are the boxes in which is placed the sacred canon, remarkable in that that here it is in the vernacular, while elsewhere it is in the mystical Sanskrit. The illuminated MSS. at San Marco, or the Armenian convent at Venice, are not to be compared with these in brilliancy of color or delicacy of touch.

The Japanese measure their temples by the number of mats it takes to cover the floor. A mat is about three feet by eight. This temple has 370 mats, *i. e.*, it contains 8880 square feet of floor. About one-sixth of this space is fenced off as a chancel; on a line with the chancel-rail is an alter-screen depending from the roof about

fifteen feet. This is covered with gold, and wonderfully carved in chrysanthemums; it makes one think of the pomegranates in Solomon's temple. The chancel-wall and the pillars which support the roof are overlaid with beaten gold! Within this inclosure the monks alone may enter. The floor is covered with clean, cool mats of straw, and from the roof hang bronze lanterns of exquisite workmanship and delicately carved. The pillars are of Kiaki wood, perfectly plain, but polished like cedar.

Opening from this is the Mikado's reception-room, where in former days the abbot received his Majesty. The walls are covered with gold lacquer, on which are pictures of peacocks and other birds of gorgeous plumage. At the end is a dais, and above that a painting representing the Emperor receiving homage from the Liu Kiu Islands. In the next room is a painting of the reception of the Mikado's son into the monastery. . . . On entering the abbot's room, lions, tigers, and leopards seem ready to spring upon you, so faithfully are they carved upon the wall. Each piece of the carving, however, is done separately and fitted in like a child's puzzle, the whole fastened to the wall by minute brass-headed nails.

Passing from room to room we come to the garden, a beautiful and peaceful spot; it is here the monks read and meditate, and do penance. In the centre is an artificial pond, in which the gold and silver carp, some of them two feet long, were darting hither and thither till there were as many colors as in the sky at sunset.—L. PARKS.

VANITIES.

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see
That light for ever flying.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!—MOORE.

BROTHERLY WISHES.

[From The Saranavasiandaresa.]

... It is with peculiar pleasure that we hail the advent of this, our new contemporary [THE BUDDHIST RAY]; for it is the first instance on record of the publication of a Buddhist newspaper in a country which calls itself Christian. We welcome it therefore as a sign of the commencement of a new era—as the forerunner of many others—as a token that the civilization of the West is shaking off its degrading superstitions, and advancing into the light of pure philosophy. It is true that the Buddhism which inspires it is that of the Northern Church—the Doctrine of the Greater Vehicle—and therefore differs in some points from that which is taught in Ceylon; but the great fact remains that it is devoted to spreading the praise of our BLESSED LORD, and the knowledge of His glorious DHARMA [Law] in a new country, and therefore it is worthy of our heartiest support and approval. . . . One of its articles commences thus . . . 'King Piyadasi, beloved of the gods (devas), honors all sects. And so do we, his fellow-Buddhists.' This is a brave and liberal declaration, such as we love to see, and entirely agrees with our own policy. All who truly love the LORD must wish success to an enterprise conducted on such principles. Another fact which should give us in Ceylon a specially friendly interest in this little paper is, that although it is not in any way connected with the Theosophical Society, it yet freely acknowledges the great work which that Society has done and is doing for the cause of Buddhism. . . . The journal, though small, is beautifully printed on very good paper. . . . We shall be very happy to receive and forward, without extra charge, the subscriptions of any of our friends who wish to encourage this most laudable enterprise, and we hope that a large number will come forward and enter their names, so as to show that the Buddhists of Ceylon are not ungrateful to those who are trying, amid much difficulty and opposition, to spread our religion on the other side of the world."

[As to the statement that we are inspired by the Buddhism of the Northern Church (the Thibetan), we have this to say: No matter through what Buddhistic medium the "degrading superstitions" of the West are dissipated, so only they are dissipated, and room is made for the justice and mercy of the glorious Dharma. We assure our Singhalese brethren that, to carry on our present undertaking, we intend to draw upon the Southern Church as well as upon the Northern. The teaching and example of Our Lord, the Buddha, are, side by side our little differences, like the Great Light of heaven side by side the Lesser Lights! And it is this teaching and this example that we intend to proclaim in the spiritually benighted land into which our Karma has cast us.—ED.]

DRY FACTS.

[From The Theosophist.]

The following cutting from the *Tablet*, the leading English Roman Catholic organ, is very suggestive and might be reprinted with advantage in all missionary reports:

"The official statement as to the moral and material progress of India, which has recently been published, supplies a very interesting contribution to the controversy on the missionary question. It appears from these figures that while we effect a very marked moral deterioration in the natives by converting them to our creed, their natural standard of morality is so high that, however much we christianize them, we cannot succeed in making them altogether as bad as ourselves. The figures representing the proportions of criminality in the several classes are as follows:—Europeans, 1 in 274; Eurasians, 1 in 509; Native Christians, 1 in 799; Mahomedans, 1 in 856; Hindoos, 1 in 1,361 and *Buddhists, 1 in 3,787*. This last item is a magnificent tribute to the exalted purity of Buddhism . . ."

The true sage is he that knows his former abodes, that sees heaven and hell, and that has reached the end of birth, and is perfect in wisdom.—DHAMMAPADA.