



THE BUDDHIST RAY.

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

VOL. I. SANTA CRUZ, CAL., U. S. A., JUNE, 1888. No. 6.

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

STRAY THOUGHTS.

[From the Diary of a Buddhist Layman.]

Dec. 7. I have just read the November number of *The Audubon Magazine*. The spirit moved me to buy it because I saw on the title page, "published in the interests of the Audubon Society for the protection of birds." It is noble, said I in myself, to protect the birds; to protect the weak, the defenceless, the innocent. Our Lord saw on one occasion some herdsmen driving a flock of sheep to some priestly sacrificants. In which flock was a ewe that ran hither and thither because fearful to lose one of her little ones that toiled behind bleeding. And full tenderly He took the little one upon his neck and said, "Poor woolly mother, be at peace. Whither thou goest I will bear thy care. 'Twere all as good to ease one beast of grief as sit and watch the sorrows of the world with the priests that pray." So He paced patiently, in dust and sun, bearing the lamb, beside the herdsmen; the wistful ewe low-bleating at his feet. And when he came to the sacrificants He spoke so tenderly and eloquently about the love of life in all creatures; of pity and of justice, that they let the innocents go. Well, I opened the magazine and felt pleasure until I met these words: "The purpose of the Audubon Society is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes." Then I said to myself, "Why this partiality? Why not ex-

tend your benevolence to all birds; indeed, like the Buddha, to all creatures?"

Dec. 22. A few days ago I saw in a newspaper that the new slaughter house in our city is in full operation; that a thousand head of cattle could be slaughtered a day; and that many of the "first" families were visiting it. And, not to be behind these families I thought best to pay the institution a visit. At the gate I met the head-clerk, Mr. M——, a young man with whom I am somewhat acquainted. He is a "good" young man; usher in the F—— avenue Episcopal church; secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association; teacher of the City Mission Sunday School; and umpire of the Baseball Club. The young ladies say he is "awfully nice." And he is. His hair is well combed; his mustache has the right twirl; and he has been at Harvard University. I call him Adonis. Well, he said he was pleased to see me, and willing to show me about. He carried me first to the swine-department. The beasts were whipped into a narrow pen, the noose of a chain was put round one of their hind legs; and, up into the air they went by machinery, slid along a few feet on an inclined rail to a place where a young man armed with a bowie-knife stood waiting for them. I am not at all hysterical and sentimental. Indeed, I have read too much science, have heard too much religion, and have lived in too good society to permit myself any, even the least, nonsensicalness. Well, that young man with, the knife was an expert: for, with one never-failing thrust did he cut the throat of the dangling, terrified beasts, as they slid

past him at the rate of five in a minute. The blood spurted and literally covered his whole person. He was a living mass of gore and stood in it up to his ankles. Adonis smiled, looked at me, and said, "Business, is n't it?" "Yes," I answered, "business!" Then he carried me to the cattle-department, where they were about through with the day's work. A few terrified, bellowing cows were left. The ruminating brutes seemed to have a horror of the smell of blood, and of the Christians about them. Well, the same ceremony with a little variation. A man with a huge axe beat their brains out; another cut their throat; and a third ripped their belly open. Now and then a nearly fullgrown calf would roll out into the gore, would receive a few kicks, or strokes of the axe, and be no more. Adonis smiled again, and said, "Business, is n't it?" I smiled in return, and with a gentle bow answered, "Yes, business!" Then I asked, "How often are cows like these slaughtered?" "Every day, almost," answered Adonis, "we get large herds from the prairies, and there are often as many as a score of cows in each, about to cast their calves. But you do n't think it a sin to slaughter them?" "Oh no, not at all," I answered with a gentlemanly smile, "not if a man looks to the Lord and shuns evils as sins against God," as the Christian Swedenborgians put it, while he is about it." Adonis looked pleased. Among gentlemen I never fail to be a gentleman, though privately I am only a plain man. Besides, I can trace the source of much of the poetry, art, literature, prosperity, as well as the entire pulpit-inspiration of our "glorious" city direct to the products of this slaughter house.

Jan. 5. I have just read Isaac Walton's "The Complete Angler." There is a good deal of religion in it; a good deal. Walton was a religious sportsman. He loved to sit upon the bank of a quiet, meandering stream, and think of Jesus while he baited his hook with living insects and worms, and hooked living fish through the eyes. Had not Lord Byron been a

melancholic and atheistic churl, he would not have wrote:

Angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to
pull it.

I love to see a religious man, especially a clergyman, well fed upon the products of the slaughter-house ("inspired"), who loves "wine, women, and song," as Luther is said to have loved them, ramble about with a fishing-rod or a gun. It looks apostolic! So like the life of the Buddhist mendicant that said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Jan. 27. I met Dr. B— yesterday. He is an anticarnivorous soul, who loves to hear the Buddha's Gospel of Righteousness. He gave me the *Columbus Medical Journal* for January, and pointed out the following words in it: "The day has come when every active, progressive surgeon should have his laboratory for vivisection, and there study out every intricate problem that may puzzle him in his daily practice." (p. 294.) When I get sick I shall be careful not to send for one of these "progressive" apathists. For in his presence I would feel as if I were in that of such an infernal being. Literally so. To such a degree are these apathists interested in experimentation and phenomena, that they care not a whit how much they pang either man or beast. Vivisection is the corporification of the selfishness of hell!

Feb. 6. General Spinner, the Ex-Treasurer of the United States, has an article in *The Audubon Magazine*, which begins thus: "Boys, spare the birds. What I am going to say will not be addressed to the ingrain bad boy; for him there is little hope of reform. The boy who feels pleasure in killing a poor, innocent bird, or in robbing it of its eggs, or its young, is not far removed from the Pomeroy boy, who took pleasure in enticing little children into cellars, and other out of the way places, and then killing them. To such boys I have not a word to say; they are past redemption, and unless they repent and reform, the

devil, in his own good time, will surely get them." I can add a little to the General's eloquence: Christian clergymen, angling, shooting, and robbing, no matter whether ye repent and reform, the devil, that is to say, re-acton, will, in its own good time, in your next incarnation, set in, and cause you to be angled, shot, and robbed. For it is written in the Universe: As ye sow so shall ye mow!

April 12. On my way home to-day I bought a newspaper (*The Morning Press*, Santa Barbara, Cal.), and the first news my eyes fell upon was this: "A Cruel Practice. Bloomington, Ill., April 9.—During the last few months thousands of cattle have been dishorned in this section and most of them have recovered from the operation until to-day. News has been received that about a hundred animals near here on farms, are in a pitiable condition, mortification having set in after the removal of the horns." The people of that community must be ardent Bible-readers, and zealous followers of Jehovah, the Jewish god, who commanded innocent horses to be houghed. (Josh. xi. 6).

HENRY BERGH.

He spoke for those that could not speak;
His voice rose ever for the weak;
His courage never faltered when,
Reviled and ridiculed by men,
The path seemed long, the way grew dark,
And Hope withheld her cheering spark.

No sordid motive stirred his soul,
Fame came but could not gain control.
He checked, with equal fortitude,
Brute men and Fashion's heartless brood,
And taught both low and high degree
New meanings of humanity.

Of tender heart, and spirit sweet,
Yet stern in following Duty's feet:
The gentle ways and winning voice
Of soft Persuasion were his choice;
But when confronting cruel might
He forced the wrong to do the right.

His work goes on; the seeds once sown
By Law, in Mercy's flowers have blown;
Brutality now hides its face,
And Freedom dawns on one more race,
While love for those he lived to save
Adorns and venerates his grave.

—H. L. ENSIGN, in *The Metropolitan*.

NALAKA.

When Kala Devala, the ascetic, who has been called the "Buddhist Simeon," perceived that he would not live to see Prince Siddhata reach Buddhahood, he wept, and said to himself, "Will it be granted or not to any one of my relatives to see him as a Buddha?" And he perceived it would be granted to his nephew Nalaka. So he went to his sister's house, and said to her, "Where is your son Nalaka?" "In the house, brother." "Call him," said he. When he came he said to him, "In the family of Suddhadana, the king, dear, a son is born, a young Buddha. In thirty-five years he will become a Buddha, and it will be granted you to see him. This very day give up the world!"

Bearing in mind that his uncle was not a man to urge him without a cause, the young man, though born in a family of incalculable wealth, straightway took out of the inner store a yellow suit of clothes and an earthenware pot, and shaved his head and put on the robes. And saying, "I take the vows for the sake of the greatest Being upon earth," he prostrated himself on the ground and raised his joined hands in adoration toward the Bodisat. Then putting the begging bowl in a bag, and carrying it on his shoulder, he went to the Himalaya mountains, and lived the life of a monk.

When the Tathagata had attained to complete Enlightenment, Nalaka went to him and heard the way of salvation. He then returned to the Himalayas, and reached Arahatsip. And when he had lived seven months longer as a pilgrim along the most excellent Path, he past away when standing near a Golden Hill, by that final extinction in which no part or power of man [that is, of his personality] remains. — THE NIDANA-KATHA.

Delivered, deliver; having crossed to the other side, help others to cross to it; consoled, console others; having entered upon complete Nirvana, enable others to attain it.—THE BUDDHA.

THE BUDDHIST RAY.

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

WE regret to inform our friends that
we cannot supply back-numbers of the
RAY.

THE BUDDHIST RAY is on hand,
strong and fresh as an "army with
banners," doing valient service for
the cause it loves.—*The Hermetist*.

Notes and Queries for May, says:
"The inner meaning of much that
underlies the surface of the Swedish
Seer's works is here [in "Swedenborg
the Buddhist"] given in an entirely
new light, and the work will be an in-
centive to a renewed study of Eman-
uel's works." We hope this renewed
study will end in an ever-increasing
progress, and not in "New-Church"
fossilization.

THE American Theosophists have
just held a Convention at Chicago.
The Report of Proceedings is before us,
and shows that the good work of the
Society—spiritual enlightenment, not
"spiritism and magic," as scandal-
mongers would have it—is making
steady progress. As the work of the
Society prepares the way for Bud-
dhism, here in the West, it has our
cordial sympathy.

A semi-religious Swedish newspaper,
Wort Land och Folk, published in Chi-
cago, prints in its issue of May 23, the
following: "The enemies of Christian-
ity, have, at Madras, India, formed a
Tract Society for the publication of
scurrilous tracts against Christianity.
It is a plain proof that Heathenism is
undergoing a rapid disintegration
when Christian institutions are in this
way aped by the heathens for the coun-
teraction of Christianity." Indeed!

But who are these "Heathens" that
lower themselves to the aping
of a Christian institution of scurrility?
Not Brahmans, nor Zoroastrians; and
certainly not Buddhists!

THE first three numbers of the
Buddha-Bandhu ("The Friend of
Buddhists"), a little newspaper pub-
lished at Chittagong, India, for the
improvement of the 200,000 poor Bud-
dhists, cut off, in that distant corner
of India, from their co-religionists,
have reached our table. We notice
that the President of the Theosophical
Society, Col. S. H. Olcott, has visited
the district, delivered lectures there,
and encouraged self-improvement and
the study of the Sacred Scriptures
of Buddhism; and that the Singhalese
Buddhists have begun to interest
themselves in these our poor brethren.
This speaks well for all concerned.
We welcome "The Friend of Bud-
dhists" and invoke upon its editor the
blessings of the Lord and His Arahats.

WE have just had a proof of the
great characteristic of Buddhism:—
charity! We sent a few copies of the
RAY to Ceylon, Burmah, India, and
Japan; not to get subscribers, but to
show that the light of the Law of
Righteousness has penetrated even
to the far-away West, where the Bible
and the cannon (superstition and vio-
lence) go hand in hand to curse a suf-
fering humanity. We thought of no
return,—at least not in the form of cold
cash. When, lo, in a single mail from
Ceylon come letters, not of cheap sym-
pathy, but letters with money from fifty
subscribers, and a promise of many
more. And a letter from a High-Priest,
too; which we publish elsewhere. Char-
ity, as Prof. Max Müller has truly said,
is the characteristic of Buddhism. The
Buddhist has ever, at the risk even of
his life, sought to extend the influence
of the Law of Righteousness. And if,
at any time, he has ceased to extend
it, insurmountable superstition and
violence have stood in his way.
Friends that sustain us! consider the
privilege to help to spread the Law of
Righteousness the reaction of good
done in a former incarnation.

SWEDENBORG IN THE LAMASERY.

BY PHILANGI DASA.

(Continued.)

Let it not be understood that I hold Swedenborg to have been a genuine thaumaturgist. For he was too passive a soul for thaumaturgy. In other words he was too mediumistic, too passionate, too superstitious, to be able to affect his surroundings by those forces of Nature which the genuine thaumaturgist manipulates for the production of what the ignorants call "miracles." The genuine thaumaturgist is ever that which Swedenborg was not—an initiate into the mysteries. The magic to which he refers in the passage just quoted is the magic of the chemical laboratory; not that of the laboratory of the Higher soul of man. Not at all the less, Swedenborg did, as I shall presently show, associate with genuine thaumaturgists: Tibetan Lamas and Initiates; from whom he obtained the anti-christian philosophy which, ridiculously enough, some persons in the West, imagine he extracted from the Jewish-Christian scriptures. He has everywhere in his writings recorded "things heard and seen" in their company; but in language so peculiar as to deceive all that have but a theoretical knowledge of spiritual affairs.

But, I was citing "Isis Unveiled." Its author, speaking of Shamanism, says:

"What is now generally known of Shamanism is very little; and that has been perverted, like the rest of the non-Christian religions. It is called the 'heathenism' of Mongolia, and wholly without reason, for it is one of the oldest religions of India. . . . Shamans are called sorcerers, because they are said to evoke the 'spirits' of the dead for purposes of necromancy. The true Shamanism—striking features of which prevailed in India in the days of Megasthenes (300 B. C.)—can no more be judged by its degenerated scions among the Shamans of Siberia, than the religion of Gautama Buddha can be interpreted by the fetishism of some of his followers in Siam and Burmah. It is in the chief lama-

series of Mongolia and Thibet that it has taken refuge; and there Shamanism, if so we must call it, is practiced to the utmost limits of intercourse allowed between man and 'spirit.' The religion of the lamas has faithfully preserved the primitive [white] magic, and produces as great feats now as it did in the days of Kublai-Khan and his barons. The ancient mystic formula of King Srong-ch-Tsans-Gampo, the 'Aum mani padme houm,' effects its wonders now as well as in the seventh century. Avalokitesvara, highest of the three Boddhisattvas, and patron-saint of Thibet, projects his shadow, full in view of the faithful, at the lamasery of Dga-G' Dan, founded by him; and the luminous form of Son-Ka-Pa, under the shape of a fiery cloudlet, that separates itself from the dancing beams of the sunlight, holds converse with the great congregation of lamas, numbering thousands; the voice descending from above, like the whisper of the breeze through foliage. Anon, say the Thibetans, the beautiful appearance vanishes in the shadows of the sacred trees in the park of the lamasery."

We find these events recorded in the Swedenborgian theosophical books. Only in a little different language. Suppose he had written: "I have seen Son-Ka-Pa under the shape of a fiery cloudlet conversing with the Lamas." Straight to the madhouse would he have gone! Bishop Filenius had an ecclesiastical plan to bring him thither, but it miscarried. With the left eye on the madhouse, and the right on the paper, Swedenborg wrote: "I have seen the Lord in a fiery cloudlet conversing with the Angels." Ah, the Lord and the Angels! Can the prating impotencies in the pulpit have any objection to this? No, Honorable Assessor, not at all. Truths and facts in a harlequin garb are ever unobjectionable. So also are lies. A few days ago I heard a man say, "People are hungering and clamoring for the truth." I told him I should be very careful not to satisfy their hunger even with the few little crumbs in my possession—lest turning they would rend me. I have heard that

conventional lie from my infancy up; and I have a silent contempt for it. I have a silent contempt for a good many other lies. But why silent; why don't you speak out? Dear reader, I do; but in doing it I have, in Swedenborg's fashion, my left eye on the madhouse and my right on the "hungry" ones; and this squint in two directions (divergent squint) modifies my speech so as to make it unobjectionable to them. In my youth I met a Wise Soul who told me that a young man, with my fiery, anthracitic tendencies, could hardly find an exercise more useful than that of thus squinting in two directions: for, it would restrain his tongue and pen. Oh, let me tell you, my reader, I have a good many times worshipped Son-Ka-Pa under the name of the "Lord"—squinting meanwhile immoderately. But a woman caught me once in this exercise; and she took me aside and said, "Friend, the people here like you; and so do I; but, you squint! Out with your secret!" "Sweet woman," said I, "can you restrain your tongue?" "Of course." "Well, then, the Lord means, in this instance, Son-Ka-Pa; the Celestial angels means the Thibetan initiates; Heaven means Devachan; Hell means Avitchi; the It-state means Avitchi-Nirvana; the Divine Sun means Nirvana; the Ancient One means the Buddha; the Lords Divine Providence and Permission means Karma, good and bad; and so forth, and so forth."

I have ever since loved that woman!

Let us now return to "Isis Unveiled;"

"The late Patriarch of Mongolia, Gegen Chutuktu, who resided at Urga, a veritable paradise, was the sixteenth incarnation of Gautama, therefore a Boddhisatva. He had the reputation of possessing powers that were phenomenal, even among the thaumaturgists of the land of miracles 'par excellence.' Let no one suppose that these powers are developed without cost. The lives of most of these holy men, . . . are miracles in themselves. Miracles, because they show what a determined will and perfect purity of life and purpose are able to accomplish, and to

what degree of preternatural asceticism a human body can be subjected and yet live and reach a ripe old age. No christian hermit has ever dreamed of such refinement of monastic discipline; and the aerial habitation of a Simon Stylite would appear child's play before the fakir's and the Buddhist's inventions of will-tests. But the theoretical study of magic is one thing; the possibility of practicing it quite another. At Bras-ss-Pungs, the Mongolian college where over three hundred magicians teach about twice as many pupils from twelve to twenty, the latter have many years to wait for their final initiation. Not one in a hundred reaches the highest goal; and out of the many thousand lamas occupying nearly an entire city of detached buildings clustering around it, no more than two per cent. become wonder-workers. One may learn by heart every line of the 108 volumes of Kadjur (the Buddhist great canon, containing 1083 works in several hundred volumes, many which treat of magic), and still make but a poor magician. There is but one thing which leads surely to it and this particular study is hinted at by more than one Hermetic writer. One, the Arabian alchemist Abipill, speaks thus: 'I admonish thee, whosoever thou art, that desirest to dive into the inmost parts of nature; if that thou seekest thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee. If thou knowest not the excellency of thine own house, why dost thou seek after the excellency of other things? . . . O man, know thyself! *in* thee is hid the treasure of treasures.'

(To be Continued.)

Half the teachings of Buddhism are spent inculcating charity. Not only to men is man enjoined to show kindness, but to all other animals as well. They practice what their scriptures preach. The effect indirectly on the condition of brutes is almost as marked as its more direct effect on the character or mankind.—P. LOWELL, in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

THE WISDOM-RELIGION.

As a man whose eyes are enlightened
Is able to clear away every obstruction in his path,
So the man whose mind is illuminated
Is able to avoid the evils of life.

—*Vipassin Tathagata.*

Buddhism has ever been termed the Wisdom-Religion, not especially in contradistinction to the erratic, unwise, blind faith that characterizes the modern theological mind, but because the Buddhas have taught wisdom to be the highest good, and have constantly inspired their disciples to self-examination and the study of Nature in mankind, knowing that there alone would they find the way of salvation. Thus it is written: "There was a Shaman that asked the Buddha Gautama, 'By what influences does a man acquire reason (or, become enlightened), and by doing what may a man know his previous modes of existence?' The Buddha answered: 'Reason has no form or characteristics by which it may be known; . . . the man that wishes to acquire this knowledge should guard his power of will, and his conduct. You may compare it to the act of rubbing a mirror and removing the dust; the lustre of the mirror is thus preserved, and you see at once its self-included character. So if you banish lust and keep yourself free (from defilement), you will at once attain enlightenment, and straightway know your ultimate destiny.'"

Again, the Buddhas have taught Will to be the most essential force to effect self-emancipation, and have incited their disciples to the cultivation of Will, as well as the discernment of truth from error. The Buddha Gautama defined religion (or philosophy) as a harmony subsistent between the Conscience and the Will. "Who is the good man?" he asked; adding, "The religious (philosophical) man alone is good. But what is goodness? First and foremost it is the agreement of the Will with the Conscience (reason). Who is the great man? He that is strongest in the exercise of patience. He that patiently endures injury and maintains a blameless life, he is a great man indeed. And who is a worshipped man (a man deserving reverence or worship—a Buddha)? A man whose heart has arrived at the

highest degree of enlightenment. All dust removed, all wicked actions uprooted, all within calm and pure, without any blemish, who is acquainted with all things from first to last—and even with those things that have not yet happened—who knows and sees and hears all things, such universal wisdom is rightly called 'illumination.'" This Buddha judged of the worthiness of the monks by the powers of intuition developed in them, and to that end put questions that were not always readily answered. Thus he once asked the Shamans, "In what does a man's life consist?" One answered "In length of days." The Buddha said, "Son, you are not able to obtain supreme wisdom." Again he asked a Shaman the same question. And he answered, "In eating and drinking." The Buddha said, "Son, you are not yet able to attain supreme wisdom. Again he asked the same question of a Shaman; and he answered, 'Man's life is but a breath, a sigh.'" The Buddha answered, "Well! son, you are able to speak about the acquirement of supreme reason." The last Shaman had recognized the insignificance of transitory existence, when compared with the infinity of Nirvana. He had meditated upon the Real with the senses well subdued. For this great Wisdom-Religion teaches that while the senses are active and absorbed in reflecting the dense realm of earth-life, the higher consciousness is asleep; but as reason is aroused to the fact that sense-life is a mere mirage, which vanishes even while we long to hold it most, then there springs up a desire for the Real, the Soul of this Shadow, and for the first time the Ego awakens to the exquisite consciousness of a subtler, greater and boundless "I," to be ultimately wedded to that wondrous state of the unspeakable bliss called Nirvana.—LOUISE A. OFF.

ASPIRATION.

"O my Soul, look thou on high; heed not things foreign to thy nature, lest the body triumph over thee, and lead thee into darkness."

FROM A BUDDHIST HIGH-
PRIEST.

WIDYODAYA COLLEGE, }
COLOMBO, CEYLON, April 14, 1888. }
To the Editor of THE BUDDHIST RAY, Santa Cruz,
Cal., U. S. A.

Dear Sir: I thank you much for so kindly sending me a copy of No 1. of THE BUDDHIST RAY. Even as the bards rejoice over the victories of a great and pious monarch, so do we, here in Ceylon, the ancient home of Buddhism, rejoice to see that the Dharma of our dear LORD has made such great progress in the far-away land of America as to be able to support a journal like yours. I like the general appearance of your paper very much, and I hope that the following issues may keep up to the very high standard of the first number. If agreeable to you it will give me pleasure to contribute short articles from time to time as I have leisure. Please put down my name as a subscriber, and send me the number commencing with No. 2. Most heartily wishing you every success, I am

Yours faithfully in our Blessed LORD,
H. SUMANGALA.

High Priest of the Peak and of Galle. Principal of the Widyodaya College. Vice-President of the Theosophical Society. Member of the Italian Royal Asiatic Society, and of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, etc., etc.

TO THE RT. REV. H. SUMANGALA.

Rt. Rev. Sir: We give thanks to the Holy Ones, the successors to our LORD'S Arahats, for the impulse that has brought about the present struggle for spiritual freedom, light and life, in this our Western World. And we also give thanks to you for the active interest you take in this struggle as shown first, in the fact that you hold the Vice-Presidency of the Theosophical Society; and second, in the fact that you practically sympathize with us in our humble efforts to extend the Gospel of Righteousness—the DHARMA of our Blessed LORD. It is, Rt. Rev. Sir, greatly to the credit of our Holy Faith, and characteristic of it, too, that a representative of it so distinguished as you, should, among all the representatives of the faiths of the earth, in this age of spiritual imbecility and physical violence,

be the first to come forward in the sacred cause of the Brotherhood of Man. Praying for a continuation of your sympathy, we are, Right Rev. Sir, with profound gratitude,
Your Humble Servant.

BUDDHISM AND WOMAN.

[From Earnest Renan.]

. . . . Women were also indebted to Buddhism for a momentary amelioration of their fate. The new religion gave them religious importance. They were permitted to embrace monastic life, and to practice the same rule as men. . . . In a state of perfection there will according to Buddhism, be no women [and no men]. . . . That is what happened to Sugata's daughter, who achieved perfection, recognized the equality of all laws and of all beings, and was always animated by thoughts of charity and compassion for all creatures. At the sight of all the worlds she caused the signs of her sex to disappear. Transformed into a Bodhisatva, she seated herself beneath the Tree of Intelligence, and entered into Supreme Rest.

THE TOPPI-KARAYO.

[From T. W. Rhys-Davids.]

The Singhalese have an epithet which they apply in good-humored sarcasm to Europeans, and which means "fellows with hats, hat-fellows" (Toppi-karayō). These fellows with hats and eighty-ton guns, and other signs of artistic and spiritual pre-eminence, are sometimes gifted with a sublime and admirable self-complacency which leads them to be surprised when they find fundamental truths of morality or good sense in philosophy, taught among peoples who are not white and who go bare-headed. And being thus surprised, they are led to produce any evidence of such things, as if they were remarkable and interesting phenomena.

These are the sentiments that belong only to Buddhism—horror of bloodshed, delicate sensibility, lofty spirituality.—RENAN.