



THE BUDDHIST RAY.

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

VOL. I.

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

A BIRTH-DAY CELEBRATION.

[From The Theosophist.]

The celebration of this year's anniversary of the birthday of Lord Buddha, was marked by an enthusiasm of national fervor never before seen in the island of Ceylon. Though the day was observed with much rejoicing last year, yet the Sinhalese nation did not appear to have quite awakened to the fact that their holiest festival had been actually gazetted by the Government as a public holiday. There were many religious processions and much offering of flowers at Lord Buddha's shrines, and at Badulla there was a miraculous display of celestial light (Buddhurasi) over the Dagoba, which was duly reported to the *Theosophist* by the venerable High-Priest Sumangala [see RAY, p 64]; but in comparison with the rejoicings and religious zeal shewn this year on the anniversary, all those seem as nothing. Most probably the Budulla phenomenon contributed partly to revive the love of Buddhism in the Sinhalese heart, and the constant increase in the circulation and influence of the Theosophical Buddhist journal, *Sandaresa*, and the consequent discussion of Buddhist doctrines, led to the present national excitement.

It will be remembered that Mr. John Robert de Silva and Colonel Olcott jointly devised a Buddhist flag which, while devoid of the least political significance, affords an inspiring religious symbol which can, and will be, accepted by all Buddhist nations

as the banner of their common faith, as the Christians accept the symbol of the cross. It is of the ordinary proportions as to length and breadth of the flags of the Western nations, has no armorial bearing or device, but is composed of vertical stripes of the six colors alleged in the Buddhist Scriptures to have been blended in the nimbus or aura surrounding the head and body of the Buddha.

This year, on Wesak day, the divine symbol fluttered in the air above every monastery in the island, over many thousands of private dwellings, many triumphal arches, and was carried in many religious processions. The conventional rays are the following colors: red, blue, yellow, white, rose, and a tint compounded of them all. The day, from first to last, was a glorious success. The whole island put on a garb of rejoicing; never—since the European advent, for the last three hundred years—has there been so much vigorous religious activity. Colombo, the commercial, was transformed into a religious city. Its bustle and commotion had banished, and a new city of a true Buddhist type had, for the time, taken its place. The spectacle was something wonderful. All the streets were decorated; arches, pandals, etc. Every Buddhist house had its *Buddharasi* flag. Some thousands of flags must have been hoisted that day. Every town and village had its part to play. Not to speak of the interior of the island, where the entire mass of population is Buddhist, all the large towns along the coast, where the Christian element has the upper hand, testified to the Revival. Notwithstanding the unremitting efforts of

some bigoted Catholics to put a stop to Buddhist processions, the streets were alive with them. Carol-singing parties of young boys went about; the singers dressed in Chinese, Indian, and other Buddhist national costumes; processions of women and girls, insensible to fatigue carried on their heads baskets of flowers; carols were sung in praise of Lord Buddha, announcing the anniversary of His birth, and recounting His spotless life, in Hindustani and English; some of the airs having been expressly composed the evening before.

In short, from the richest mansion to the meanest hovel of the Buddhists the flag of Lord Buddha's rays of six colors, floated over the housetop of every town and village that day.

[The recognition of Wesak Day by the Government, as a legal Buddhist holiday, is said to be due to the exertions of Colonel Olcott.]

The following is a short account of the carol sung at Panadure, and it was one of the most beautiful. It is called the Buddhist Universal Carol, and was composed by four friends, *i. e.*, Messrs. J. M. de Silva, J. T. Peiris, T. Dias, and G. Cooray, under the general direction of Mr. John Robert de Silva, an earnest, hard-working member at the Colombo (Buddhist) Branch of the Theosophical Society. Mr. J. M. de Silva is a convert to Buddhism from the Catholic religion, and it is owing to his indomitable zeal and attention that the work was brought to such a successful issue. As the name of the Carol indicates, it is a faithful and true representation of the various existing Buddhist nations. The singers comprised 12 choristers, walking two and two, each couple dressed in special costume, and representing an adult and a boy, of the Hindu, Burmese, Siamese, Chinese, Japanese, American, and British people respectively. The leader who helped and led the singing, was appropriately dressed in the costume of an up-country Nilamé (gentleman), the affair being conceived and carried out by the Sinhalese

It really laid before the public the motley Buddhist world in its diversity and variety of costumes. The senior of each couple carried a banner with an ornamental staff, representing the colors of a nation, and the senior of the European couple carried a banner bearing on one side the Union Jack, representing the British people, and, on the other side, the American flag with its stars and stripes, representing the American nation, to which Colonel Olcott belongs. The junior of the European couple was dressed in a Highland suit; each boy carried in his left hand a basketful of flowers, which were strewn about the streets during the singing of such parts of the songs as described how grateful rains and blossoms were showered down from Heaven on the natal day of Lord Buddha. Further, to beautify the scene, the carol procession was preceded by a transparency, the composition of Mr. John Robert de Silva, representing on one side the assemblage of Devas (gods) with their hands uplifted in supplication to the Bodisat to descend upon earth and help the world, and His compliance with their prayer, in Pali text, which may best be rendered in these words from the "Light of Asia:"

So that the Devas knew the signs and said,
Buddha will go again to help the world.
"Yea," spake He, "Now I go to help the world,
This last of many times: for birth and death
End hence for me, and those who learn my Law.
I will go down among the Sakyas,
Under the southward snows of Himalay,
Where people live and a just king.

And on the other side was represented Prince Siddartha immediately after his entrance into the world under the Sala-tree, in the pleasant groves of Lumbini; how he walked seven steps northward, and seven lotuses spontaneously sprang up to receive the holy feet; and how the Prince, standing on the last flower, recited the Pali stanza which was given at the foot of the painting—with the Queen mother standing under the shade of the lofty Sala trees; the very counterpart of a heavenly goddess, and gazing in rapt wonderment on her glorious son.

The excellent artistic taste of the design in the conception and carrying out, is worthy of all praise.

The carol-singers consisted of 13; six couple and a leader; in the centre walked 14 torch-bearers, and on either side were four violinists, besides many attendants, in white. Perfect order was kept throughout the day, and not a movement was made by the procession without the signal from a silvery-toned bell, carried by Mr. G. E. R. Goonawardene. The carol started from their head-quarters at a short distance of a few yards from the temple—Rankot Wihara, to the temple itself, in a slow march, which bore a religious character in its dignified pace and the military exactitude of the regular measured steps, time being kept to the air of the song, melodiously accompanied by the violins.

On a given signal, the party took up their posts in the courtyard of the Wihara, between the temple-house and the Dagoba—in a figure formed of three lines—each line consisting of two seniors in the middle with two juniors of each corresponding nationality, on either side. Then with one voice they recited a scriptural verse, in Pali, in praise and worship of Buddha. Then came the songs. The leader of the party chanted a song in praise of Lord Buddha, which was taken up by the foremost line. The first verse of the song being finished, the four actors in the van separated themselves into two couples, and in regular order each couple marched on either flank of the other two lines and took up their posts in one line in the rear, whilst the line which was in the middle marched into position in the van, taking up the next verse of the song simultaneously with the retiring of the first two couples to the rear, and, in its turn, the third line repeated the same manoeuvres. The alternations of place, executed with rhythmic precision, were very effective, and greatly impressed the public. In this manner hymns of praise and worship were offered before the majestic recumbent image of Lord Buddha, then around the Dagoba, or sacred Dome of Relics, and finally under the memorable Bo-tree. The chant was concluded with a song to a Hindustani melody. . . accompanied by a dance in minuet time.

Then the party divided into two opposite lines, facing each other, with a space of a few yards between them. Then both ranks with the first line of each verse faced sideways to right and left; with the second line of the song, advancing till they met each other in the centre, shaking hands each with another of a different race to show the Buddhist unity in faith; and chanting the last two lines of the verse, retired to their former position with a graceful movement, and waving of the hands in eloquent response to the welcome and wish of long life and blessings to all, expressed in the chorus of the song. The whole service concluded with the recitation of a Pali verse offering "merits" to gods and all other beings. But as the meaning of the carol could not be understood by all alike, Mr. T. Dias, one of the members, a good Sinhalese scholar, explained the significance of the various costumes and flags in an able and succinct speech, which so pleased the whole assemblage that they spontaneously broke out into the shout of *Sadhu!* Then the party visited Abayakarunaratna Ramaja, at Welipitiya, and thence, almost every Buddhist house was visited; and no door was passed without chanting the last verse of the song, wishing Colonel Olcott long life and happiness.—TWO BUDDHISTS.

As the Great Universe has no boundary, and the eight quarters of heaven no gateway, so Supreme Reason has no limits.—THE BUDDHA.

"These sons belong to me; this wealth belongs to me;" with such thoughts is a fool tormented. He himself does not belong to himself, much less do sons and wealth.—BUDDHA-GHOSHA PARABLES.

Him indeed I call a Brahman who knows his former abodes, who sees through heaven and hell, who has reached the end of births.—SUTTA NIPATA, v. 647.

It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters.

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

—Two liberal, progressive members of the "New Church" sect have sent each, three dollars to sustain the RAY. They have become tired of the narrow views of their sect, and have begun to look Eastward for some that are broader and nobler.

—THE *New-Church Life*, for August, publishes three columns of slurs against woman. In the eyes of that paper she seems to be good for nothing but the harem. "Honor thy father and thy mother," is the teaching of Buddhism.

—THE *Buddha-Bandhu* for May has arrived from India. The editor, though laboring under great idiomatic difficulties, displays a zeal for the spread of the Buddha's Gospel of Mercy that is enough to stir the heart of every Buddhist to its profoundest depths.

—A letter from Ceylon, dated June 20, has this news: "We hope to bring out a weekly Buddhist journal on the 23d of next month. That is the day on which the Lord Buddha preached his first Sutra to his first five disciples. It is an auspicious day and I hope the new venture will prove a success. . . I am gratis advertising 'Swedenborg the Buddhist' in our paper." We wish the new journal a large sphere of usefulness.

—We publish elsewhere a letter from the High-Priest, H. Sumangala, to the *Theosophist*. We have headed it "A 'Miracle' ", though, as Buddhists we do not believe in the possibility of a miracle. That is, we do not believe in anything said to be done in contravention to the laws of Nature—whatever these may be! Phenomena, like the one here reported, are

always possible, where, as within Buddhism, real Saints exist, who are able to manipulate natural forces as yet unknown to Science, and so to the profane.

—THE boys at the school of the "New Church" sect in Philadelphia, have begun to meddle with Buddhism. Some time ago they got hold of a copy of "Swedenborg the Buddhist," read it, and, as might be expected from boys, did not comprehend the principles therein. They saw, however, that the author of it uses a good many words and expressions not in use in their school-books (though in use by the writers of the Elizabethan age—the Golden Age of English literature); and, in boyish fashion, at once concluded that these must be slang! Whereupon they filled several pages of their "divinely inspired" *Life* with puerile epithets and personalities, calling the author of it a "slangy border-ruffian!" The principles of Buddhism, whether found in the Sutras or in Swedenborg, are, of course, as yet, beyond their grasp; but, in his puppy-age, being full of importance and combativeness, the masculine man of the West has to have something to say, be it sense or nonsense, on all subjects under heaven! And hence it has come to pass that these boys have also begun to take exceptions to some words and phrases used by us; and, at the same time, have begun to speak contemptuously of Buddhism as a "new" affair. Now, boys! let us tell you two facts: (1) As to your so-"yclept" English scholarship, note this: you may by it make a deep impression upon the younger boys and girls at school, but you will never (be assured of it) set any of our rivers afire by it. (2) As to Buddhism: While your ancestors were yet howling savages in the wilds of Europe, cave-dwellers and lake-dwellers, feeders on carrion, the brightest and noblest minds of the Morning Land bowed in reverence to its principles and sought to conform their life to them. Boys! never forget the teaching of Swedenborg (whom your creed proclaims divinely inspired) that the secrets of the World are in the hands of Central-Asian Buddhists!

SWEDENBORG IN THE LAMASERY.

BY PHILANGI DASA.

(Continued.)

As in Thibet so in Mongolia, we find everywhere Lamas of extraordinary spiritual development: development that is the outcome of a holy life: of mercy to all creatures, of rigid temperance in eating and drinking, of absolute sexual abstinence, of concentration upon eternal, divine verities; a development, in fact, which is at this day unknown in Christendom; because, to use Swedenborg's words, "most Christian priests, as well as their bishops, riot in worldly and corporeal indulgence" (Diary, 3462), either legally and religiously (Reader, "Vous comprenez!"), or illegally and irreligiously; so that they are mere prating, spiritual impotencies!

"Isis Unveiled" says that the religion of Mongolia, has, from pure Buddhism, degenerated in Lamaism, but that the latter, with all its blemishes—purely formalistic and impairing but little the doctrine itself—is yet far above Catholicism [and Protestantism]. The poor Abbé Huc very soon found it out for himself. As he moved on with his caravan, he writes: Every-one repeated to us that, as we advanced toward the West, we should find the doctrines growing more luminous and sublime. Lha-sa was the great focus of light, the rays from which became weakened as they were diffused. One day he gave to a Thibetan Lama "a brief summary of Christian doctrine," which appeared by no means unfamiliar to him [we do not wonder at that], and he even maintained that it (Catholicism) did not differ much from the faith of the Grand Lamas of Thibet. . . "These words of the Thibetan Lama astonished us not a little," writes the missionary; "the unity of God, the mystery of the incarnation, the dogma of real presence, appeared to us in his belief. . . The new light thrown on the religion of Buddha induced us really to believe that we should find among the Lamas of Thibet a more purified system." It is these words of praise

to Lamaism, with which Huc's book abounds, that caused his work to be placed on the Index at Rome, and himself to be unfrocked.

We shall by and by see whether or not the statement of "Isis Unveiled" as to the knowledge of the Lamas touching the "Christian" mysteries of incarnation and of the real presence of their gods in the bread and wine, is a fact. Now let us have an illustration of Mongolian magic.

John Bell, who in 1719 travelled with a Russian embassy from St. Petersburg to Peking, tells the following story:

"A Russian merchant had gone to Uрга, with an intention to trade with the Chinese. While he was at this place, some pieces of damask were stolen out of his tent. He made a complaint to some Lamas with whom he was acquainted and the matter was soon brought before the Khutuktu (the ecclesiastical authority), who immediately ordered proper steps to be taken with a view to find out the thief. The affair was conducted in this uncommon manner: one of the Lamas took a bench with four feet, which seems to have been one used for mystical purposes; after turning it several times in different directions, at last it pointed directly to the tent where the stolen goods lay concealed. The Lama now mounted astride the bench, and soon carried it, or, as was commonly believed it carried him, to the very tent; where he ordered the damask to be produced. The demand was directly complied with, for it is in vain, in such cases to offer any excuse."

Bell imagined that the Lama, while astride the bench, carried it to the tent—not that the bench carried the Lama. But for that he was ignorant of the forces which a trained, spiritual mind, like that of the Khutuktu, is able to employ to bring about a desired result, this is not to be wondered at. We see at this day how many of our brethren of Spiritism, attribute the marvellous phenomena, seen at their scéances, either to the passive, powerless medium, or to the equally passive,

powerless departed. We see how ignorant they are of the powers of the Elemental spirits, of those inherent in the Human soul, and of those of White and Black magicians, and therefore we do not wonder at the inferences and the delusions under which they labor.

It may interest the reader to hear some of the fables and facts related by Bell anent this powerful White magician, the Khutuktu, who made the bench carry the Lama to the tent of the damask thief.

"I cannot," says he, "leave this venerable personage without taking some notice of him. I shall therefore relate a few things concerning him. . . which the people in this country (Mongolia) tell and believe.

This extraordinary man assumes to himself the character of omniscience, which is the interpretation of the word Khutuktu; and the people are taught to believe that he really knows all things past, present, and future. . . They also believe that he is immortal, not that his body lives always, but that his soul, upon the decay of an old one, immediately transmigrates into some young, human body, which, by certain marks, the Lamas discover to be animated by the soul of the Khutuktu, and he is accordingly treated as High-Priest.

Till the new Khutuktu arrives at a certain age, he is entirely under the government of the Lamas, and very few are permitted to see him, except at a great distance, and even then it is not easy to get access to him. It may seem surprising, that in so numerous an assembly of Lamas no intrigues should be carried on, nor disputes arise among the electors. All is conducted without noise and contention.

The Mongols relate that their Khutuktu has now lived fourteen generations, and renews his age every moon; for at the new moon he appears like a youth; when she is full, like a full-grown man; but when near the change, he is an old man with gray hairs.

The Khutuktu and his Lamas are all clothed in yellow, and no layman is allowed to wear this color, except the prince. This mark of distinction

makes them known and respected everywhere. . . . The Mongols believe and worship one Almighty Creator of all things. They hold that the Khutuktu is his vice-regent on earth, and that there will be a state of future rewards and punishments."

What is here said about transmigration, and the Khutuktu's ability to see into the past and into the future, is by no means incorrect. We would not, however, with Bell, in speaking of his clear-seeing, say that he was omniscient; for omniscience is predicable only of the Divine Life, and of those that are absolutely at-one-ment with it. As to the statement that the Khutuktu, to use the expression of a Hebrew poet, "renews his youth like the eagle," at every new moon, this is no doubt a fable, which, like a good many other fables, has its source in fact; in this particular fact that, age is not predicable of a Soul Regenerate (Arhat), nor of a soul that is at rest subjectively; as is the soul in the subjective state called Devachan or Heaven. Swedenborg represents one of the latter saying: "We have lived blessed in Heaven ever since the Golden age, and perpetually in a like flower of our age to that in which you see us to-day" (M. 42). And he tells us that these subjectively resting, dreaming entities appeared to him in a state "between adolescence and young manhood" (ibid.). Those that have had the good fortune, or, if you please, the good Karma, on our plane of life to see Souls Regenerate, say the same of them; that they seem to have grown out of childhood into young manhood; and, to use Swedenborg's words, to "stand still in it" (M. 444). It will not do for us to draw any hard and fast line between possibilities and impossibilities, when planes of life, higher than our own, are on the tapis; for we may some day have to awake to the realization of the fact that this is supercilious vanity. The majority of us have but little, if any, trustworthy knowledge of these planes, wherefore it seems to me that in this respect conservatism is the best policy.

(To be Continued.)

A GOOD LAMA.

[From Lucifer.]

Whatever may be said against godless Buddhism, its influence, wherever it penetrates, is most beneficent. One finds the spirit of "Lord Buddha . . . most pitiful, the Teacher of Nirvana and the Law," ennobling even the least philosophical of the dissenting sects of his religion—the Lamaism of the nomadic Kalmucks. The Caspian steppes witnessed, only a few months ago, the solemn cremation and burial of a Mongolian saint, whose ashes were watered by as many Christian as Lamaic tears. The High-Priest to the Russian Kalmucks of the Volga, died December 26, 1886, near Vetlyanka, once the seat of the most terrible epidemics. The Ghelungs had chosen the day of the ceremony in accordance with their sacred books; the hour was fixed astrologically, and at noon on January 4, 1887, the imposing ceremony took place. More than 80,000 persons assembling from all the neighboring Cossack stanitzas and Kalmuck ooloosses, formed a procession surrounding the pillar of cremation. The corpse having been fixed in an iron arm-chair, used on such ceremonies, was introduced into a hollow pillar, the flames being fed with supplies of fresh butter. During the whole burning, the crowd never ceased weeping and lamenting, the Russians being most violent in their expressions of sorrow, and with reason. For long years the defunct Lama had been a kind father to all the poor in the country, whether Christian or Lamaist. Whole villages of proletarians had been fed, clothed, and their poll-taxes paid out of his own private income. His property in pasture lands, cattle, and tithes was very large, yet the Lama was ever in want of money. With his death, the poor wretches, who could hardly keep soul in their body, have no prospect but starvation. Thus the tears of the Christians were as abundant, if not quite as unselfish as those of the poor Pagans. Only the year before, the good Lama received 4,000 roubles

from a Kalmuck oolooss (camp), and gave the whole to rebuild a burned down Russian village, and thus saved hundreds from death by hunger. He was never known during his long life to refuse any man, woman, or child, in need, whether Pagan or Christian, depriving himself of every comfort to help his poorer fellow-creatures. Thus died the last of the Lamas of the priestly hierarchy sent to the Astrakhan Kalmucks from beyond the "Snowy Range" some sixty years ago. A shameful story is told of how a travelling Christian pilgrim imposed on the good Lama. The Lama had entrusted him with 30,000 roubles to be placed in the neighboring town; but the Christian pilgrim disappeared, and the money with him.

"FOLLOW ME!"

Then the Master perceived that Yasa, a young man of good family, was capable of entering the Paths. And at night-time, as he was going away, leaving his home in weariness of the World, the Master called him, saying, "Follow me, Yasa!" and on that very night he attained the Fruit of the First Path, and on that the next day to Arahatship. And He received also his fifty-four companions into the Order of Monks, with the formula, "Follow me!" and caused them to attain Arahatship. Now when there were thus in the World sixty-one persons that had become Arahats, the Master, after the rainy season, and the Feast with which it closes, were over, sent out the sixty in different directions, with the words, "Go forth, O mendicants, preaching and teaching!" And himself going toward Uruvela, overcame at the Kappasiya forest, half-way thither, the thirty young Bhadda-vaggiyan nobles. Of these the least advanced entered the First Path, and the most advanced the Third; and He received them all into the Order with the formula, "Follow me!" And sending them also forth into the regions round about, he himself went on to Uruvela.—THE NIDANAKATHA.

A "MIRACLE."

[From the Theosophist.]

Maligakanda, Ceylon,
June 4, 1887.)

My Dear and Respected Brother:—

I am in receipt of your last letter and had a pleasant conversation with the friend that bore it. It gives me exceeding pleasure to make mention of our Brother, Mr. Leadbeater, who labors among us with unflagging zeal and earnestness. Lately he visited Ratnapura with letters of introduction from me to chiefs there, and has opened several Sunday schools. I have also to give you glad tidings of the universal rejoicing we had here, owing to the 6th of May being a Government holiday, in commemoration of the birth of our Lord Buddha. In every town and village there were processions and the hoisting of flags. On the morning of the 7th of May, which is the proper full moon day of the month Vaihakta, there was a miraculous radiation of the Dhaturasmi of our Lord from the Mentizangana Cetiya of Badulla. It lasted about two hours, and there are my pupils who attest to the fact among a great many others who saw it. I also hear there was a repetition of the phenomenon on the two following days.

I remain, yours fraternally,

H. SUMANGALA.

Note.—The radiation spoken of by the High Priest is a bright white light which is said to ascend from the dagoba of the ancient temple at Badulla annually on the birthday of Lord Buddha. Reputable eye-witnesses described the radiance as so bright as to be visible sometimes even in daylight. It comes from the whole dagoba, making a body of light a dozen or more feet in diameter, in the diffused brightness of which bubbles and threads of brighter luminosity ascend, like jets in a fountain, curve over and fall within the diameter of the cone. It is said to have been seen and closely studied by educated European as well as Sinhalese gentlemen, who were unable to detect any trickery.—H. S. O.

"ARNOLD THE PAGANIZER."

When Edwin Arnold published his "Light of Asia" it was received, both within and without Buddhahood, with well-merited praise. Decorations were bestowed; and the British Government went so far as to knight him. The poem fell in time into the hands of a zealous Christian, one Wilkinson; who, owl-like, stared at it, as at a bright object; saw nothing in it save slang and delusions; and wrote a pamphlet on his discovery, entitled, "Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and as Paganizer." It fell into our hands, we waded through the hypocritical and hypercritical drivel, put it away, and forgot it. When, behold, here it is again before us, in the *New Church Independent* for July. A woman admits in this paper that this Wilkinson is "rather harsh and hypercritical;" and that Sir Edwin "is a poet;"—for which, may her god bless her heart! If the British Government had not already too many letters to open we would write and call its attention to the fact that Sir Edwin "is a poet." But, the good woman objects to his idealization of Paganism. She says that "Christianity frees and ennobles woman: Paganism enslaves and degrades her." Bless us; has she read Swedenborg's work on "Scortatory Love;" or, the *New Church Life* for August? She objects to Sir Edwin's effort to picture the Hindus as "mild and benignant," when, in fact, they are very devils! She objects to the Buddhist (*sic.*) ethics that, "a lie is not such unless it be detected." She says that "nothing is more striking in Buddhist ethics than their exceeding childishness;" and that "Nirvana is a euphemism for annihilation." Well, sweet woman, we thankfully kiss your little hand for all this information—new to us!—and Pagans though we are, we would not, in return say, as your "New Christian Church" says, that, as a woman, you have no reason nor originality, being a mere parrot (*Conjugal Love*, No. 175.); we would rather encourage the reason you have left; the reason not yet extinguished by your church, and thus help to make of you a rational being—a true Buddhist!