



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 LIFE OF THE BUDDHA.

[From "Christ and Christianity" by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A., of the Church of England.]

About 620 B. C. there lived at the city of Kapilavastu, in Nepaul, a princess of astonishing beauty. They called her Maya, or the Illusion, because, say the ancient records, her body was of such unreal loveliness as to be more like a dream or a vision. Her virtues and acquirements were equal to her graces. She was the daughter of a neighboring king named Soupra-Boudda, and she lived and died at Nepaul, the cherished wife of a still more celebrated king, Koudhodana. He belonged to the great family of the Sakyas, a branch of the Goto, a warrior clan. Maya died seven days after giving birth to a son. This was the young prince who became known later on as the Buddha, or the Enlightened One. He also bore another name, prophetic of his great mission, Siddartha, or "he whose objects have been attained," and when breaking with the royal family he became a wandering missionary, he was called Sakya-Mouni (Monos, or the monk, the solitary).

The enchanting splendors of his father's palace at Kapilavastu, the pleasure gardens of Loubhini, the obsequious slaves, the luxury and ease of an oriental court, left Siddartha ill at ease and restless. Like a wild bird caged from the nest, he seemed to have intuitions of an outer world from which he was shut off. He walked much alone in the woods; the recreations and pageantries of the court did not satisfy him. He was wiser than his

counsellors, but they hardly knew how wise. When he had reached maturity, the crown ministers urged him to take a wife and prepare himself, as Prince Royal of Nepaul and heir-apparent, for the duties of the State. There was nothing passionate or fanatical about him. He listened discreetly enough, and merely asked seven days to consider. At the end of that time he consented to marry, "Provided," said he, "that the girl you offer me is not vulgar or immodest. I care not to what cast she belongs, so only she be endowed with good qualities." The "good qualities" enumerated by the prince were, however, so numerous, that most of the young ladies who presented themselves retired in despair.

But the prince now took the initiative; out of a crowd of the most beautiful and cultivated young girls that could be collected at Kapilavastu, he singled out one named Gopa, who also belonged to the Sakya family. She was nothing loath, but her father, Sakya Dandapani, objected on the ground that the prince was an idle, dreamy young man, unworthy of a girl whose relations were all warriors. Prince Siddartha must therefore show that he possessed not only learning but prowess before he could wed the lovely but discreet Gopa. Needless to say that the royal suitor in a fair field overcame all his rivals in swimming, fighting, jumping, and running, besides excelling all his judges, the professors and pundits of the court in wisdom, repartee, reading, writing and arithmetic.

Gopa was married, and from that moment began to exhibit an almost startling firmness of character. She

refused, contrary to all precedent, to wear a veil. "Sitting or walking," she said, "respectable people are always good to look upon. Women who rule their thoughts and tame their senses, are content with their own husbands, and never think of other men; why may they not walk about unveiled like the sun or the moon? The Gods (Rishis) know my heart, my manner of life, my modesty; why should I cover my face?"

We read that when Queen Elizabeth drove abroad all beggars, all signs of woe or pain or death were cleared out of the path of the royal progress, and no less care was taken by the king Koudhodana to keep Siddartha and his Princess Gopa from all that could disturb their happiness. But the Prince was as restless as ever. He would ride abroad alone with Channa, his charioteer.

One day he went out of the east gate of the city to view the Loubin gardens. He came upon a miserable old man, tottering by the wayside. "Stop, Channa," he cried; "what is that creature?" "A miserable old man, my Lord Prince, in the last stages of decrepitude." "And shall we all be like that when we are old?" "Every one of us, my Lord, if we live long enough." "Drive back, Channa," said the Prince, "what have I to do with pleasure, since the helplessness of old age awaits me?"

Again Siddartha drove out. This time out of the south gate of the city, and he saw a man smitten down with the fever. "What is that Channa?" "Oh, my lord, it is a man in mortal conflict with disease." "And must disease come upon all?" "Even so, my Lord." "Drive back, Channa, what have I to do with pleasure since disease awaits me?"

And again the Prince went out. This time from the western gate, and he met a funeral. "What is that?" "A corpse, my Lord." "And shall I too be a corpse?" "My Lord, all must die." "Drive back, Channa, what have I to do with pleasure since all must die?"

Once more he drove forth, this time out of the north gate of the city, and coming toward him he beheld a devotee in rags; his eyes were downcast, his mien noble and self-contained, his face as it were lit up with a supreme calm and contentment; he held in his hand a little wooden cup for alms.

"Who is that man?" asked the Prince, this time with intense curiosity and eager sympathy. "He is called a Bhiskhour; he has renounced all the pleasures of life; he is indifferent to sorrow, to old age, even to disease; and he fears not death since it can deprive him of nothing that he values; he practices austerity, he has subdued his body, he lives only for religion, and he goes about asking alms." "Good!" said the Prince, "The wise of old have ever praised religion, it shall be my refuge and strength, and I will make it so for all men. It shall yield me the fruit of life and joy and immortality!"

Siddartha—the Buddha—went home, to ponder over old age, disease, death, and the way of deliverance. Decision came to him in the stillness of the night. He heard a voice beneath the golden stars. It bade him choose his path. Before him lay human greatness and divine goodness; an earthly kingdom, or the crownless, homeless lot of the World's Savior.

Once more he sought his charioteer, Channa, but not his royal chariot, "Saddle me the horse Kantaka," he said. And he rode forth, a pilgrim under the midnight skies, flaming with portentous meteors, never to rest until he had found deliverance and a new faith for himself and his people.

After all he mused, were not the times ripe? What had the Brahmans done with their prayers and sacrifices? They had enriched themselves, but the people were more wretched than ever. Another path must be found. As he went through the forest the bright legions of the invisibles bent to see. They well knew who rode through the night. They beheld in him Siddartha, the last incarnation of a long line of Buddhas, manifestations of God under the limitations of

humanity—the Stainless One was about to reveal himself afresh, to a sin-stained world. He who was the “essence of wisdom and truth,” the “healer of pain and disease,” who “delighted in the happiness of his creatures,” the form of all things, yet formless, the way and the life—now again took form and became incarnate, at once human and divine, to be adored by-and-by by countless millions of the human race as the last and best—beloved manifestation of Deity, the light unapproachable.

To this day the language of the most ancient Buddhist liturgy used by the Ceylonese priests runs thus: “I worship continually the Buddhas of the ages that are past.”

Thirty-six miles from the royal city Siddartha-Buddha reigned in his steed and dismounted. He was still a learner and as later Jesus came to John, so Siddartha at once sought out Arata, the wisest of the Brahmans. He would drink at the fountain head. He found the sage in the midst of his three hundred disciples. He listened to the ascetic principles, and marked the rigorous discipline. “But!” he exclaimed, “your doctrine does not set men’s spirits free, nor does the practice of it heal their bodily woes. I must labor to complete this doctrine. Poverty and the control of the desires—that will indeed set men free. This needs further reflection.”

Passing through the next kingdom, he was recognised by the young prince royal, who was about his own age. Siddartha was now a beggar in rags, but his appearance was so noble, his smile so sweet, his conversation so lofty and seductive, that wherever he went crowds hung upon his lips, and the greatest efforts were made to detain him at the court of Bimbsara. But he had heard of another teacher and hastened to his feet, only to weigh his wisdom and find it wanting, and to depart, followed by five of the sage’s own disciples—even as the disciples of another master forsook the ascetic of Jordan for the prophet of Galilee.

For six years Siddartha and the five disciples led a wandering life, practicing every kind of austerity,

when their young teacher—he was thirty-five—suddenly declared against asceticism. “Freedom of soul,” said he, “does not after all lie that way;” and to their astonishment, he began to eat and drink freely. The five still wedded to the old system, called him in so many words a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, and left him in disgust. But Siddartha lifted up his eyes and saw the flowers of the field arrayed in more than the glory of earthly potentates, the bright birds of the air, the happy woodland creatures, and knew that over the world brooded a love unseen though felt, healer of pain and grief, “delighting in the happiness (not the torture) of all sentient creatures.”

Still Siddartha, in seeking the perfect way, the Supreme Good, did not abandon his severe discipline. He merely ceased to follow it as an *end*, and began to use it only as a *means* to control the senses, to stimulate thought, to purify desire. He aimed at the plain living, the high thinking—minimizing the necessities and abolishing the luxuries of life.

The daughter of a great chief, named Sonjata, with ten of her companions had for some time been in the habit of bringing him scraps of food and such rags of raiment as he would accept; indeed, he seems to have required but little of either, for at this time he sat cross-legged in meditation. “Let my body dry up,” he said, “my bones dissolve, if I cease from this meditation before I have attained the divine intuition.” His clothes wore out, but Radha, a slave-girl, having died, he proceeded reverently to exhumate her body, took off her shroud, washed it, and wore it as his only covering till it fell to pieces.

Thus he attained complete victory over the senses, and he said, “I have now surpassed all human laws, yet have I not attained to the divine wisdom.” Still he seeks the unknown light, but is, it would seem, led by a true instinct to return to the world for a season, and take a look at human life as it is.

He meets a sacrificial procession, stops it, and explains that the sacrifice

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

—Two new Buddhist papers in English, *The Bijou of Asia*, from Japan, and *The Buddhist*, from Ceylon, have just reached our table. As the RAY is ready for the press, we have to postpone particulars concerning them to a future issue.

—M. EMILE BURNOUF, the French Sanskritist, has an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (July 15), entitled "Le Bouddhisme en Occident" (Buddhism in the West), in which he states that the Theosophical Society is, at the bottom, a Buddhistic propaganda. We have for some years been of the same opinion.

—We publish in this number of the RAY an outline of the life of the Lord Buddha, as seen through the spectacles of a rather fair-minded, possibly free-thinking, Christian preacher. We have omitted a few inferences and comments, interspersed, we think, for no other purpose but to keep the author clear of the charge of being a spiritually rational man,—a true Buddhist!

—THE September number of the *League*, a Christian Swedenborgian paper, states that the "idealized Buddhist doctrine, which has gained ground so rapidly in this country and in England of late," is essentially false, inasmuch as "it promises rewards commensurate with the severity of personal penance." Indeed! We are under the impression that the Lord Buddha rejected penance as useless, and taught that salvation is the result of a self-produced, inward development. The

statement of the *League* is the outcome of slovenly reading and slipslop thinking; and these, in their turn, are the outcome of too much reading of sensational newspapers, and too much hearing of theological discourses—of the kind of the "New Jerusalem" in Cincinnati!

THE BUDDHA.

For Him no martyr-fires have blazed,
No rack been used, nor scaffolds raised;
For Him no life was ever shed
To make the conqueror's pathway red
Our Prince of Peace in glory hath gone,
Without a single sword being drawn;
Without one battle-flag unfurled,
To make His conquest of our world,
And for all time He wears His crown
Of lasting, limitless renown;
He reigns whatever monarchs fall,
His throne is at the heart of all!

—LUCIFER.

THE TIME OF GRACE.

If in this present time of Grace,
You fail to reach the Happy State;
Long will you suffer deep remorse—THE BUDDHA.

The Happy State consists of six divisions: (1) Faith; (2) Modesty; (3) Fear of sinning; (4) Learning; (5) Energy; (6) and Presence of mind. If a man is born into this world and here neglects the salvation within his reach, he may pass many ages in future births before the Time of Grace comes round again. It is folly to expect salvation in some other and future world; it can only be gained here and now!

TO YOUNG MEN.

Receive this Law, young man; keep, read, fathom, teach, promulgate and preach it to all beings. I am not avaricious nor narrow-minded; I am confident and willing to impart Buddha knowledge, or knowledge of the self-born. I am a bountiful giver, young men, and ye should follow my example; imitate me in liberality, showing this knowledge, and preaching this code of Laws and conduct to those that shall successively gather round you; and rouse unbelieving persons to accept this Law. By so doing ye will acquit your debt to the Buddhas.—SADDHARM PUNDARIKA.

SWEDENBORG IN THE LAMASERY.

BY PHILANGI DÀSA.

[Continued.]

Abbé Huc states naively that the Lamas are well acquainted with the "Christian" mysteries; and the ignorants infer straightway that this is due to the work of Christian missionaries. But the fact is that the so-called Christian mysteries and ceremonials are mere perversions and apings and offscourings of the various religions of Asia and Egypt. Take as illustration the Vicarious Atonement. This "mystery" has its root in an old superstitious ceremony in vogue to this day in some parts of Mongolia. The Reverend James Gilmour of the London Mission, who, in 1870, went to Mongolia to convert the "poor Buddhist pagans"—but failed after, years of labor, to convert one, for which failure he, no doubt, prayed that the Old Bogie might take their souls—witnessed there the performance of this ceremony—in the West supposed to be strictly Jewish-Christian—which the teachings of the Lord Buddha have not yet had time to uproot. It is called the "Sawr." "The 'Sawr'," says the missionary, "seems to be a triangular pyramid of dough fixed on a frame of wood. The dough is colored red and moulded to represent flames. On the top, as crown, is the representation of a human skull. In the fore-part of the day the 'Sawr' stands in the temple while a service is held; and before it is carried out, young and old crowd to pass under it. By passing under it men are supposed to escape from disease, disaster, misfortune, calamity or trouble, that would otherwise befall themselves, their enterprises, their cattle or their country. After all have passed under it and a sacred dance has been finished, the dancers, led by the Head-Lama of the temple, in his most imposing ceremonial costume, form themselves into a solemn procession, and followed by the whole mass of devout worshippers, issue from the sacred precincts, and lead the way to an erection of bushes, straw or other inflammable material, prepared and set upon the plain a

short distance from the temple. The procession moves slowly along to the sound of two immense trumpets, ten or twelve feet long.

Arrived at the spot selected, which seems almost uniformly to be beyond the south-east angle of the temple-grounds, the Chief Lama takes his stand, the other performers crowd around, the great body of the temple Lamas, and the spectators generally, close up behind, and a service consisting of the chanting of prayers and the blowing of trumpets is gone through. Sometimes the Chief Lama, at a certain stage of the service, waves repeatedly a black handkerchief toward the skull-crowned pyramid. . . . After a time, at a signal from the Chief Lama, the pile of brushwood is lighted. As it blazes up, the pyramid is thrown headlong into it, a man, who has been standing ready with gun in hand, fires off his piece at it, the attendant Lamas gather round their chief to congratulate him, and he answers: "*It has become fortunate for the many!*" This "is a signal for dispersion,—and the whole crowd of Lamas and spectators hurry off without waiting to see the doomed structure consumed.

The whole ceremony is solemn and suggestive, and seems intended to avert evil on the vicarious principle. The doomed pyramid is set forth in public, prayers are chanted and people pass under it, and thus, it is supposed the evils of the country and inhabitants are concentrated on it; it is carried forth to the desert, the black handkerchief of the officiating Lama seems to wave maledictions toward it, and it is thrown into the fire and shot at, as a thing accursed and to be destroyed."

This ceremony is akin to the idolatrous practice of Leviticus xvi, where the scapegoat is spoken of; also to the later idolatrous practice of eating the flesh and drinking the blood of Jesus; and also of the still later idolatrous deviltry of vivisection. Gerald Massey, one of the most diligent and profound students of the origin of Christianity, whose work, the "Historical Jesus and the Mythical Christ," I recommend to my reader, makes the

following pertinent remarks touching the effect of the doctrine of Vicarious Villainy:

"The vivisection of the dog, man's first friend and foremost ally, is a natural outcome of the unnatural doctrine of vicarious suffering. The cowardly cruelties of its practitioners, and their shameless expositions intended to abash, appall and terrorize the conscience of others, would have been impossible with any race of men who had not been indoctrined by the worship of a vivisectioning diety whose victim was his own son. The Red Indian and other savages will vivisection and torture their conquered enemies for minutes or hours. But it was reserved for races civilized by Christian culture to vivisection and inflict nameless torments on their helpless fellow creatures and harmless familiar friends for weeks and months or years together. This must have been unbearable to a nation of animal-lovers unless the motor nerve of the race had been paralyzed by the curare of vicarious suffering, which confers divine sanction on the doctrine of saving ourselves by means of the suffering inflicted upon others."

The effect of this vicarious doctrine is noticable throughout all Christendom, in business and politics. Thieves and gamblers make themselves lawfully rich on Stock Exchanges at the expense of thousands of homes; soldiers and politicians win glory and power in the same way. The mystic sense of the vicarious doctrine seems to be this: No matter how much others suffer thereby make yourself lawfully, christianly comfortable, rich and great, on earth and in heaven!

The mind of every man, whose conscience has not been seared by this doctrine, will spontaneously shrink at the bare suggestion of raising a throne of earthly or heavenly happiness for itself at the expense of any sentient being—be it a god, a man, or a beast,—but the hellish civilizee, with the Bible in one hand and the butcher-knife or the vivisection-knife in the other—shrinks at nothing low and dastardly, provided it bears the stamp of Western conventionality.

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of bulls and goats is useless; inner righteousness being the thing to aim at. "Thou requirest truth in the inward parts, and shalt make," to understand wisdom secretly."

He next falls in with a poor Su. of the lowest caste, and eats with him to the astonishment of all men; and with this one personal stroke the great prophet abolishes caste from his spiritual system.

"Pity and need make all flesh kin; there is no caste of blood which runneth of one hue; no caste in tears which trickle salt in all; who doth right deeds is high born, who doth ill deeds, vile!"

After this momentary, yet significant contact with the depths of human life, he passes to the sacred Wisdom Tree, where he meets the Tempter, and foils him, the temptations closely resembling those later offered to Jesus in the desert.

Then, at length, the Senses being subdued, Ambition mortified, and Self forgotten, abstracted from all earthly sights and sounds, the inner secret of the Universe is flashed upon his inner vision, in the successive watches of the night.

In the third night-watch the mystery of Inexorable Law is revealed, the order of the universe is seen transferred to the plane of human life as guide to immortality. Cause and Effect are beheld operant in all lives, leading naturally enough to transmigration of souls, since all causes set in motion in three-score-years-and-ten have not by any means time to work themselves out in effects.

In the middle watch he is sustained by a vision of Immortality, or the impersonate forces of the Universe. In Edwin Arnold's poetical language, he beholds "The silver islands of a sapphire sea," and beyond and within, all the "power that builds."

In the next watch the secret of Sorrow is unfolded. It proceeds from imperfections which, in a world conditioned like ours, cannot be avoided, and from moral evil which, as we are human, will not be avoided. Sorrow, therefore, will never cease on earth, and

the wise man has nothing better to do than to rise above it and aspire to a more perfect state.

As the meditation deepens, the finished path is at last revealed to the seer as he sits under the Wisdom Tree. It consists in the removal of all the impeding conditions, emancipation from all flesh-trammels, which are never again to be imposed, and, consequently, deliverance from the need of all further transmigrations.

In the last spiritual analysis all soul is known to be one with the Supreme Lord of the Universe. The Universe itself is perceived to be a mere illusion which has served its turn; nothing but Thought, in fact, remains. Thus at last, without priests or sacrifices, without prerogative and caste, the wise and good possess Nirvana—which is nowhere, nothing—but yet is a consciousness here as well as yonder—a state, not a place—"this is life eternal." "The life that shines beyond our broken lamps. The lifeless, timeless Bliss." And as this supreme and amazing spiritual conception bursts upon the Buddha, he looks up and perceives that the night is departing:

The dew is on the lotus. Rise great sun,
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave;
Om Mane Padme Hum, the sunrise comes,
The dewdrop slips into the shining sea.

The rest of the life of Siddhartha-Buddha is enveloped in a fresh cloud of mythic marvels, enclosed however, in what seems to be certain large historical outlines. The record tells how kings sat at his feet and vied with each other in sending him presents; troops of disciples followed him wherever he went; monasteries and schools, practicing his rule and studying the revealed Law, sprang up throughout the Peninsula. He became the idol of the people, for he taught and practiced an infinite charity; his walk was swan-like and dignified, his skin was perfectly clear, the outline of his features finely proportioned, his look full of overpowering sweetness, and his voice melodious and thrilling. His speech, we are assured, was quite irresistible in its charm; his teachings abounded in parable and allegory; at one time

persuasive and tender, at another full of scathing invective and irony. He was the unflinching foe of the Brahmins (the priests), and he inveighed ruthlessly against the established religious ceremonial of the day. For twenty-three years he labored chiefly in the garden of Anatha Pindika, a rich minister of State, and thither flocked to him from all parts of the country, all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, to be taught the Law. To the narrow formalists he was severe, and the bitter enemy of all hypocrisy, but to the outcast women he was tender and forgiving.

Toward the close of the narrative, the life of the Buddha grows singularly clear and distinct, and, strangely enough, all touches of the supernatural seem to fall off. It is like the clearing of a landscape after rain toward sunset. This is how he died:

At the age of eighty-four, Siddhartha-Buddha, who, in his last days, seems to have resumed his wandering missionary habits, arrives in his travels on the western bank of the Ganges, and, standing on a rock, looks across the water. The language now rises in stately dignity, it is clothed in the princely dialect, and seems indolent of a certain sumptuous splendor as of the "Arabian Nights." "It is for the last time," he exclaims, "that I behold yon city of Radjaghria and the Throne of the Diamond!" Then he crosses the Ganges, and visiting the villages on the other side he bids farewell to the crowds that flock out to meet him—happy if they may but touch the hem of his garment.

He seems to the end busy ordaining new teachers and sending them forth to spread the knowledge of the Law.

The last thing which occupies him was the pitiable condition of a poor beggar-man called Soubhadra. Strange that such a trifling incident should have survived the withering touch of two thousand five hundred years!

As he neared a forest, toward the going down of the sun, his strength failed him. The weeping disciples aid him beneath a tree, and there the beloved Master passed quietly away, his soul sinking into the Nirvana

—the eternal rest—for which his whole career had been as one life-long sigh . . . "There is no more pure, no more touching figure than that of the Buddha in all history. His life is without a blot, his heroism equals his convictions, he is the example of the virtue he preaches. His self-sacrifice, charity and indescribable sweetness never fail him. At twenty-nine he leaves his father's palace out of love for the people, to become a lonely wanderer and a preacher of righteousness; he studies and meditates for six years, and then for more than half-a-century preaches his faith and spreads the truth by the weapon of persuasion alone. He dies in the arms of adoring disciples with the serenity of a sage who has lived only for the good, and feels persuaded that he knows the truth!" (Saint-Hilaire) . . .

The characteristic of the Buddha's religion is a sublime and severe morality wedded to a tender pity and a world-wide charity. Its popularity, from age to age, is undoubtedly due to its powerful advocacy of those moral precepts which alone bind human society together, and its inspired recognition in the spiritual as in the physical world of the inexorable order of Cause and Effect. It lives so far by virtue of its absolute truth. . . .

Its strong grasp of personality in the doctrine of transmigration, together with its apparent loss of it in the doctrine of Nirvana, has been for centuries the stumbling-block of Western philosophy and the despair of European metaphysics. The explanation of this—the reconciliation of transmigration and Nirvana—will probably be found in the ideal character of the old philosophy, which reduced the outer world to an illusion, a mere Berkeleyan dream—made matter in fact, non-existent—so that the extinguishment of self was simply the release of mind from the illusion called body, and the restoration of self, yet without loss of Individuality, to the Ocean of Universal Being. . . .

The traveller gazes in wonder at the rock-hewn Buddhist monasteries—there are about eight hundred of them known—hidden in lone wildernesses

and long since disused and deserted. He comes across vast temples—there are about nine hundred of them, chiefly within the Bombay Presidency—they were scooped out of the live rock between 300 and 200 B. C. They are full of elaborate carvings, often grotesque, sometimes beautiful with florid decoration—submerged in jungle—the home of wild beasts—neglected, almost forgotten. They attest the old glories of Buddhism in India; but we must look for it now chiefly beyond the frontiers of Nepal. . . .

Its sacred books, consisting of the words of Buddha and his exploits, the *Logia* and the *Acta*—together with the voluminous commentaries of his disciples—are preserved independently in Ceylon, Nepal, China and Thibet. . . .

But it is no part of my purpose to follow the more recent history of any one of the great religions of the world, and Buddhism, numbering three hundred and sixty [or nearly five hundred] millions, is certainly amongst them, I do but aim at seizing the central facts of each mighty development as the eye sweeps over the centuries. I can but do as Dante, when privileged to pass in review the terrors, the wonders, and the joys of that other world, when he obeyed the voice of his guide—"look and pass on."

Still as the ages roll on, and God [the Divine Life] fulfills Himself [itself] in many ways, the solidarity and unity of the religious consciousness in man steadily emerges. The teacher whatever else he may have to set forth, has still to show the eightfold path of Buddha—the path of (1) right doctrine, (2) right purpose, (3) right discourse, (4) right action, (5) right purity, (6) right thought, (7) right loneliness, and (8) right rapture. And still we "listen to the lordly music flowing from the illimitable years," as the voice of the Sweet Master who taught the people wisdom proclaims aloud the solitary supremacy of the Soul, the transitory character of all priests and rituals, the root of all sacrifice in self-purification, the tireless love and service of man, as the only road to the joy of God [the Divine Life] the ultimate rest, the Nirvana, the perfect peace,—

"The dewdrop slips into the shining sea!"