



# THE BUDDHIST RAY

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

VOL. II.

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## GUARDIANS OF THE FAITH.

[EXTRACTS FROM A MISSIONARY JEREMIAD.]

DEAR BROTHER,—



OU asked me, on my departure for Ceylon, to write you a few lines touching my work among the natives. . . . The greatest obstacle in the way of the christian-

ization of them, is the untowardness of the buddhist woman.

To illustrate: One of them, a youthful, black-eyed Venus, whom I exhorted to repentance, answered me curtly and self-righteously, "I have never sinned. I have always kept our dear LORD'S law." Another, not more than twelve years of age, to whom I wanted to read a bible-story, tossed her little head, and said, "What good there is in your book I know, for it was stolen out of our books; what bad, I do n't want to know." A third, whom I tried to show the necessity of Christ's blood as an ablution of sin, objected, "I wash myself daily. I would n't touch blood. The TEACHER of gods and men says, 'Shed no blood.'" Well, it will go hard with these self-righteous women in the day of the judgment. . . .

Hardly has a buddhist woman become a mother, before she is off with her offspring to some altar, where, holding its tiny hands together before the BUDDHA-idol, she teaches it to lisper a 'refuge.' As she is free: unrestricted by the laws which usually obtain in

oriental countries, she can pilgrimage anywhither she pleases, and even climb Adam's peak and there kiss the footprint of her TEACHER. And she does it, too; and carries along every child she has. Holidays, she dons her white devotee robe, and marches, like a drum-major, ahead of her children, to the nearest BUDDHA-shrine, where she devoutly recites her vows. At home she sees to it, that no dust falls upon the altar, where the TATHAGATA stands behind the veil. She fills the minds of her children with marvels about the saints of buddhism, and so anticipates and nullifies all the bible-stories that we may have to tell them; or, what is worse, tells them that the bible-stories are mere plagiarisms. . . .

I care but little for the opposition of the monks, if I can but get a hold on these proud idolatresses; who, like queens, stalk about, despise the bible and look down upon Christ's servants as upon distempered foolishness. A christian brother, who, for many years has labored in China, tells me that the proudest persons there, are not the great mandarins, but the self-saving, self-righteous, buddhist nuns, who utterly ignore Christ's precious blood and merit, and look upon his servants as upon unclean sybarites, only because they eat flesh and marry. . . .

I shall soon open a school for young girls. This will enable me to insinuate into their minds a little knowledge of Christ's merit, without suspicion on the part of their unmeek mothers. . . .

Yours, in the Lamb's blood,

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Of the Wesleyan Mission.



## THE PATH TO THE DIVINE.

## A MONGOLIAN FABLE.

Once upon a time a lama retired to a cave in a mountain, to fast, concentrate his mind, and study, for three years, hoping by these means to get a glimpse of the BORHAN (BUDDHA).

But, when, at the end of this time, the BORHAN did not appear to him, he became disheartened and set about to go back to the haunts of men. On the way he came to a place where a man was sawing through a hill with a hair. And he looked at the man for a while, and wondered at his exceeding patience. Then he felt ashamed of his own impatience, and returned to the cave.

And having abode there for other three years, without any apparent result, he became dispirited, and set out to join the world. On the way he saw a man occupied in filling an enormous cauldron by catching a drop of water that trickled now and then from a hillside. At the sight of this he felt ashamed of his own impatience, and returned to the hermitage.

After three more years he got tired and dispirited, and set out for home. At some distance from the hermitage he came upon a sick dog, covered with sores infested by numberless maggots. And he was seized with deep pity for the creature; still he felt at loss to know what to do for him; for, if the worms were left on him, he would surely die, and if he were rid of them, they would die. And he bethought himself and saw that nothing but self-sacrifice could help him out of the dilemma; and he sought and found a sharp stone wherewith to cut out of his own thigh one piece of flesh for the sick dog, and another for the worms.

And as he was about to do so, the dog disappeared, and the BORHAN, in all His glory, stood before him. The lama prostrated himself before the glorious apparition and stated his case.

"Foolish man," said He, "all these years, I have never been away from you more than two inches! Look! Do n't you see how your spittle has soiled my robe!"

MORAL.—The Divinity appears to him, who, through aspiration, patience and charity to all creatures, draws nigh to it.

## QUEER "CHRISTIANS."

The american department of state, says the *Scientific American*, has received from the legation at Pekin, China, under the date of July 3, an account of the death of the rev. J. Crossett, an independent american missionary. He died on the steamer El Dorado, en route from Shanghai to Tientsin, on June 21. In speaking of mr Crossett, minister Denby says,—

"Mr Crossett's life was devoted to doing good to the poorest classes of chinese. He had charge of a winter refuge for the poor at Pekin during several winters. He would go out in the streets on the coldest nights, pick up destitute beggars and convey them to the refuge, where he provided them with food. He also buried them at his own expense. He visited all the prisons, and often procured the privilege of removing the sick to his refuge. The officials had implicit confidence in him, and allowed him to visit at pleasure all the prisons and charitable institutions. He was known by the chinese as the 'christian BUDDHA.' He was attached to no organization of men. He was a missionary pure and simple, devoted rather to charity than proselytism. He literally took Christ as his exemplar. He travelled all over China and the east. He took no care for his expenses. Food and lodging were voluntarily furnished him, innkeepers would take no pay from him, and private persons were glad to entertain him. It must be said that his wants were few. He wore the chinese dress, *had no regular meals, drank only water, and lived on fruit with a little rice or millet.* He aimed at translating his ideal Christ into reality. He wore long auburn hair, parted in the middle so as to resemble the [ideal] pictures of Christ. Charitable people furnished him money for his refuge, and he never seemed to want for funds. *He slept on a board or on the floor.* Even in his last hours, being a deck passenger on



the Eldorado, he refused to be transferred to the cabin, but the kindly captain, some hours before his death, removed him to a berth."

The good Crossett picked up Chinese beggars on cold winter nights; fed and housed them; practiced charity and ignored Christianity; was not a hireling; did not lust after money; was a vegetarian; wore his hair long; and slept on a board.

Now, all this will do in "heathen" China, but it will not do in Christian America. For here, where we are as hellishly religious as we are, the good Crossett would not have pursued a course like that with impunity. No, by the beard of the prophet, no! He would have fared in this wise: the preachers would have denounced him as a fanatic; the Sunday-school children would have mocked him in the streets; the newspapers would have caricatured him and called him a "crank"; the police would have arrested him; and the courts would have sent him to a mad-house.

Here is somewhat of an illustration: A local newspaper, the *Courier-Item*, published a few months ago the following:

"Sheriff Jennings took Robert F. T. Stephens to the insane asylum at Napa on Saturday. Stephens' case is a peculiar one and would undoubtedly repay investigation from a physico-legal standpoint. The moral and mental faculties appear to be abnormally developed, and his physical appearance is very striking. He has lived in this vicinity for several years, and James, the photographer, three years ago, was so impressed with the man's resemblance to the ideal likeness of the savior that he requested him to sit for his photograph. The picture taken at that time is a profile likeness, and the resemblance is still more striking than the front view. His hair and beard are as fine as silk. His mania consists of an utter abnegation of the body and an exaltation of the soul.

On the trip up to San Francisco the sheriff and his charge were in the smoking car, and many persons were interested in the very strange personal appearance of the man. Rev. C. D. Barrows, who was on the same train, studied the man carefully for some time and said that his head, in profile, was a perfect fac-simile of a famous [ideal] head of Christ by del Sarto, now in a Florence art gallery. He was much impressed with this living reproduction of his favorite painting."

In this our land, it is, as our readers see, madness to exalt the soul, to repress the body, and to be born with a head like an ideal Christ. The good Crossett knew this, and went voluntarily to China; Stephens did not, and went involuntarily to Napa. The aura diffused by the pulpit brooks nothing Jesus-like; nothing, at the core, BUDDHA-like: everything has to be Christian, or be made away with.

Some months ago they had a scandal in a fashionable church in New York. The sexton of St. Thomas' Episcopal church had, as was his wont, and according to the tacit understanding existing between him and his employers, put out a stranger who had shown the unwisdom of entering that "sanctuary" for to pray to her gods. It got into the newspapers with many unsavory comments and curses. The slippery, highly nourished, highly polished, highly elastic pastor, to smooth it over, told the reporters that he and his bejewelled lambs were ever ready to embrace and welcome any strange and stray lamb that might enter their perfumed fold; but the sexton, upon whom devolved the duty of showing the stray, unfashionable lambs the door, or a backseat, told another story; namely, that if Christ himself were to enter, in an unfashionable garb, he would quickly show him the door.

There is, of course, no danger that an event of this kind will ever occur; for Christs and others of great spiritual worth, will never enter that or any other church. The great teachers of mankind seldom enter a church; and then, only to rebuke or cowhide those that are there.

But, let us listen to a few sentences of the conversation a reporter had with the sexton.

Reporter.—"Then the plan of free salvation is not favored?" Williams.—"No, sir; not at all . . . We do n't ask people to come . . . We do n't say, 'How are you, brother? Glad to see you, sister! Bless the Lord; come in and have salvation!' Free salvation! Umph! No, I am not looking for souls for the pews. It's the dollars that are wanted!"—PITTSBURGH DISPATCH, Feb. 14, 1889.

Reader; if you want to follow the BUDDHA, or Jesus, go to China!



## THE BUDDHIST RAY.

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

THE agent of the American bible society, writes to the *Occident* that Olcott's only object in Japan was money and fame. And so he judges of the colonel by his own unselfish self!

—SAN FRANCISCO is blessed(!) with about 25,000 celestial, confucian laborers, huddled together in a close, filthy quarter (not to speak of its thousands of stock-gamblers, thieves, hoodlums, whisky-politicians, cyprians, fœticides, and hypocrites); and the *Call* groans thus: "We go to China in search of converts to our religion, but we dare not face the heathen of our own country." Sad truth, sadder confession!

—THE remains of John Bright, the great english statesman, were refused burial in Westminster abbey, because he was not, while living, a member of the established church,—this too, in the nineteenth century of christianity!

—*San Rafael Enterprise*.

—IN our last issue we recorded one of the noble deeds of mrs Dias-Ilangakoon. It is with sorrow that we now record her decease, after a long and severe illness. The last *Buddhist* brings this mournful news. To what we have already said, we add that this good woman paid also for the publication of the first english and sinhalase editions of Olcott's "Buddhist Catechism." We pray that her rest, dream and rebirth may be sweet.

—"THE Light of Egypt; Or, The Science of the Stars. By 'Swastika'. Religio-Philosophical Publishing Co. Chicago. 1889." All that is valuable

in it has been stolen out of the writings of Blavatsky, Sinnet, and other theosophical writers; all that is valueless is by the author himself. If regret could mend matters, ours would be profound.

—THE steamship on which Sir Edwin Arnold left this coast for Asia, carried also fifteen missionaries. Fifteen days on the pacific with fifteen missionaries! O lucky Sir Edwin! O enviable "paganizer"! Thou wilt not return to proud Albion without a knowledge of the glad tidings that Jonah lived, without hurt, for three days and three nights, in an atmosphere composed of herring, gastric juice and carbonic acid gas!

—THE following is from *Munsey's Weekly*:

"Mr B—. My dear mrs C—, may I not put your name down for tickets to professor P—'s course of lectures on buddhism? Mrs C—. Oh, by all means! You know I am passionately fond of flowers!"

"Only newspaper wit!" In very deed, reader, you make a mistake. Not long ago the editor of the *RAY* went, as is his wont, into a bookshop in San Francisco, to see what light might be in store for him there. Going from shelf to shelf, but finding nought, he finally called an assistant.

Editor (slowly and emphatically). "Any—stray—work—on—BUDDH-ism?" Clerk (stupidly). "What?" Editor (more slowly and emphatically). "Any—stray—book—on—BUDDH-ism?" Clerk (after a long mental effort and study of the editor's eyes). "Y-e-s, y-e-s; come;—here are all our works on BUDS and flowers!" (Complete collapse of the editor).

—A writer in the *New Church Independent*, speaks of the lately held convention of the New Church sect as follows: "I read twenty-one columns of the convention's doings, and arose from the task as if a nightmare had been upon me. Death seems to reign triumphant and without rival in the convention of that New Jerusalem." And this is the sect (whose doctrine is a profane mixture of christianism and northern buddhism), that despises all the other christian sects, and flamingly advertises itself as the "crown of all the churches," when, according to this swedenborgian, it is, in reality, the *death's-head* of them all.



[Continued.]  
SWEDENBORG IN THE LAMA-  
SERY.

A SEQUEL OF "SWEDENBORG THE  
BUDDHIST."

BY PHILANGI DASA.

The chief agricultural product of Thibet is black barley; and this serves as the basis of the food of the entire population, rich and poor. The ordinary repast consists of buttered tea and barley mush. Meat is seldom eaten, and then only as a delicacy. Of fermented barley they make a non-intoxicating acidulous drink of rather pleasant taste. In some of the warmer valleys, rice, vegetables and fruits are grown; but these do not go far beyond their immediate borders. Hence, though Thibet is rich in gold and silver it is poor in the necessaries of life. Importation of food-stuffs, except in very small quantities, is made impossible by the long and frightful roads that have to be traversed.

The thibetans do not, like the chinese, shave the head, but let the hair grow and flow over their shoulders, contending themselves with clipping it, every now and then, with scissors. The ordinary head-dress is a blue cap, with a broad border of black velvet surmounted with a red tuft. On holidays they wear a great red hat decorated at the rim with a long, thick fringe. A full robe fastened on the right side with four hooks, and girded round the waist by a red sash, red or purple cloth boots, complete the simple, yet graceful costume of the men. Suspended from the sash is a green taffeta bag, for the eating-bowl, and two small purses, of an oval form and richly embroidered, which contain nothing at all, being merely ornamental.

The dress of the women closely resembles that of the men; the only difference is, that over the robe, they add a short many-colored tunic, and that they divide their hair into two braids, one hanging down each shoulder. Those of the poorer classes wear a small pointed, yellow cap; those of the

richer classes decorate their head with a graceful little crown composed of pearls.

A romish missionary, speaking of the thibetans, says, "they are of the middle height; and combine, with the agility and suppleness of the chinese, the force and vigor of the tartars. Gymnastic exercises of all sorts, and dancing are very popular among them, and their movements are cadenced and easy. As they walk about, they are always humming some psalm or popular song; generosity and frankness enter largely into their character; brave in war, they face death fearlessly; they are as religious as the tartars, but not so credulous."

CHAP. V.

A few days later we find Hpo Kha seated alone in the library, reading a thibetan book of a mystic nature. The thibetan tongue is essentially religious and mystic, and conveys with much clearness and precision all the ideas respecting the soul, and the supermundial states,—*kama loca*, *devachan* and *NIRVANA*,—and the rules and observances necessary for concentration, abstraction and enjoyment of these *subjective* states. The book in our friend's hand contained short stories about buddhist saints, and accounts of wonders performed by them.

Let us hear a few of them:

"And whereas with other *BUDDHAS* a light shone from their bodies to the distance of eighty cubits on every side, it was not so with the *MANGALA BUDDHA*, but the light from his body permanently filled ten thousand worlds... By day all living beings went about in the light of the *BUDDHA* as if in the light of the sun, and men ascertained the limits of night and day only by the flowers that blossomed in the evening and by the birds and other animals that uttered their cries in the morning."

"That," muttered Hpo Kha, "must have been in very ancient times; when we lived in bodies more ethereal than these; when our Inner man had greater sway over our Outer man than at present; when matter had not yet become



as dense and unyielding as it is now ; in other words, when we had not descended as deep into hell as at present. It must have been before the "Most ancient church," to use an expression of Swedenborg ; when we existed in states and conditions now unbelievable,—except to a few souls of transcendental knowledge and experience."

Then he read on,—

"Several hundred years ago, the thunder roared and destroyed part of a certain mountain in northern India, the grottoes of which sheltered a bickshu of extraordinary appearance, who was seated with his eyes closed ; his hair and beard falling in thick locks, covered his shoulders and face. Some wood-fellers went to inform the king of the land of the occurrence ; and he hastened to go to look at him, and do him homage. The news having spread, the magistrates and the people,—an immense crowd,—rushed from all parts to do homage to the bickshu, who was soon surrounded by heaps of flowers.

'Who is this man?' inquired the king.

'He is a Lo-han [Rahat],' answered a monk, 'who has left his family, and who, having extinguished the principle of [physical] thought, has entered upon complete ecstasy. Since then, many years have elapsed. That is why his hair has grown so wonderfully long.'

'How can we wake him, and make him get up?' inquired the king.

'When a man comes out of abstraction,' said the monk, 'after having for many long years been deprived of food, his body will soon fall into decomposition. We must first moisten him with cream and milk, so as to lubricate his muscles. Afterward, we shall strike a gong, in order to startle and rouse him.'

In accordance with the monk's advice, the corpse-like body was at once lubricated with milk, and a gong was struck. The Lo-han opened his eyes, and, looking round, asked,—

'Who are you all, wearing religious garments?'

'We are bickshus,' they answered.

'Where is now,' asked the Lo-han, 'my master Kia-che-po-jou-lai?' [the KACAYAPA-THATAGATA.]

'It is a long time,' they answered, 'since our LORD entered upon the NIE-PAN.'

Upon hearing these words, he gave a cry of pain ; then he went on,—

'Did Chi-kia-wen-fo [SAKYA-MUNI-BUDDHA] succeed in reaching complete, unsurpassed intelligence?'

'Yes, indeed ; and, after procuring happiness for all creatures, He entered upon silence and extinction.'

Hearing this, the Lo-han cast down his eyes ; then, after a long pause, he raised his long hair with his hand, and rose majestically in the air. Then, by a divine miracle, appeared a fiery orb which consumed his body ; and his bones fell on the ground.

The king, and the monks of the Great Assembly gathered his relics together and erected a shrine."

"The heathens everywhere," said Hpo Kha, within his teeth, "would read this and believe it to be something like a tale out of the 'Arabian Nights': which they fancy inholds nothing of fact, being merely fiction for the entertainment of harems. From long inusitation of the reasoning faculty, or, maybe, from undevelopment of it, they have, in belief, become hare-hearted, if not, materialistic ; so that, as a writer has it, 'seeing they do not see, and hearing they do not hear.' And, for aught I know, it is well that it should be so. It is I believe Cicero that says,—

*Vulgus ex veritate, pauca : ex opinione, multa aestimat.*  
(The populace judge of few things according to truth : but many things as their fancy leads them.)

Have I not, with my whole soul, sought to lift many a man and woman out of the slough of priestly black magic and theology and other idolatry ; have they not seemed to me, and verily to themselves, lifted up ; when, having turned my back upon them, have they not, presto, sunk back into their old state ; or, like dogs, have they not returned to their vomit ? By Tsong-kabba, I sometimes think that a spiritual teacher should be invisible and insensible, so that his teaching might, as it were, stand upon its own legs : or, be independent of personality, or personal



magnetism. As the years run by, I am, for this and other reasons, becoming more and more loath to personal intercourse with the religious and irreligious worldlings; and I hope for the day when I shall be able to work unseen and unknown,—as works that Illuminee who first taught me the doctrine of karma.

It would be mightily loathsome to me to have to return in person to the society of the wordlings; for my life in it was like a very life among the devil and his angels. Had I only read of it, I should not believe that it was so bad as it was."

Soliloquizing thus, Hpo Kha looked up; and as he did so, his eyes happened to fall upon those of a life-size picture of a thibetan saint, that hung on the wall before him.

The living expression about them surprised him; and, as he continued to look at them, this surprise became presently turned into wonderment, for *they began to move!* But when he saw the whole face become animate, he became, for a second, as it were, benumbed.

The living picture looked benignant—down upon him, opened its lips and said,—

"Even so it is; wherefore, so much the more is your presence in it needed. Shun not it. Seek not the quiet of heaven: for it is a profitless, though sweet and restful dream; in it you get neither intelligence nor goodness, thus nought deific. A Byang-tch'oub-sems-dpah [Bodhisat] knows that here, and only here, can he attain to that supreme intelligence and godship which is called, NIRVANA!"

Upon this the lips closed and the life died away, so that nothing save the former inanimateness remained.

Then it occurred to our wondering onlooker that the living face was a familiar one; and casting about in his mind for a while, it came suddenly upon him that it was none other than Ra Ma's.

"The old lama," said he mentally, "is a practical mystic. Yes, yes; how often has he not told me that, in his younger days, he accompanied Swedenborg to and fro this land. Sure

as sure can be, it was the old adept. My name is not Hpo Kha, if I do n't get for myself light upon this matter. Meanwhile, it is beyond question, that the ceilings, walls, and floors of this lamasery have eyes and ears."

He sat for a while sunk in deep thought, then he read,—

"In the time of our LORD, a rumor went abroad, of a certain brahman, from whose navel shone forth a light, in appearance like a moon. The heretics, to whose society he belonged, exhibited him in the villages and cities, as a living example of their own miraculous power.

After a time they brought him to the monastery at Jetavana. But barely had he come into the presence of our LORD, when this light went out. At the sight of which he angrily retired; but, behold, hardly had he passed the threshold, when it re-appeared. And as this took place three times, the brahman was at last compelled to acknowledge the greater power of the BUDHA.

But he attributed this greater power to some secret, magic formula, and asked the MASTER to impart to him the knowledge of it.

Our LORD, however, told him that He used no magic formula. 'I possess only one power,' said He, 'and this I gained under the Tree of knowledge, during the seven weeks I spent there. Know now, that the light emitted by you, which has attracted the attention of the multitude, is a reward for the gift of a moon-like diadem to the BUDHA in a past age. Know also, that this reward for thy charity is unending. Learn now my Law, for it will secure you an enduring reward.'

These words touched the brahman, and he followed the LORD."

[To be continued.]

#### THE SUM OF IT.

Love, fame, ambition, avarice,—'t is the same,

Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst;  
For all are meteors with a different name,  
And death the sable smoke where vanishes  
the flame.

—BYRON.



## IS BUDDHISM A RELIGION OR A PHILOSOPHY?

BY SUBHADRA BICKSHU.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE RAY.]

European savants have often asked, whether buddhism can properly be considered a religion or a philosophy. It is in fact both: for in it we find joined as an undividable whole, the most exalted moral-religious doctrine and the deepest philosophic knowledge.

As a *religion* it enlightens man with regard to the nature of the universe and the laws and powers that govern it; it shows him the core of his inner life; shows him his true, higher destiny; that which lies above his ephemeral, earthly life; enlightens his mind; awakens the moral powers and faculties; kindles in him the bent to the good and noble; and makes it possible for him, through an earnest effort and conscientious use of its precepts, to reach the highest goal of every living being: redemption, salvation,—NIRVANA!

As a *philosophy* it does not demand a blind faith of its followers, but a fortified conviction, gained by self-examination and earnest reflexion. It does not support its teachings by the will of an incomprehensible divine creator, or by a supernatural revelation, but by the natural constitution of the world and life. It does not, by threatening everlasting punishment seek to terrify the evil-doer; but it clarifies the eye of the erring, dimmed by earthly illusion, and brings the honestly struggling into the way of spiritual development and moral self-perfection,—to a point of view, where all the earthly, as unsubstantial semblance, lies behind him, and the difficult, seemingly insolvable contradictions of the course of the world and human life, disappear in the clear cognition of the immutable and eternal.

### "THE GLAD TIDINGS."

FROM A BUDDHIST SCRIPTURE.

#### I. "THE ANGELS AND THE SHEPHERDS."

At the time of the birth of our LORD, an ascetic named Kala Devala, who

had passed through the eight stages of religious attainment, had eaten his mid-day meal, and had gone to the tavingsa heaven to rest through the heat of the day. Whilst there sitting resting, he saw the angels there, and asked them, "Why are you thus glad at heart and rejoicing? Tell me the reason of it." The angels answered, "Sir, to Suddhodana, the king, is born a son, who seated under the Bo-tree will become a BUDDHA, and will found a kingdom of righteousness. To us it will be given to see his infinite grace and to hear his Word."

#### II. "THE BAPTISM."

Now on the fifth day they baptized the Bodhisat's head, saying, "Let us perform the rite of choosing a name for him." So they perfumed the king's house with four kinds of perfumes, and decked it with dalbergia flowers, and made ready rice well cooked in milk. Then they sent for some brahmanas, and gave them pleasant food to eat, and did them great honor, and asked them to recognize the signs of what the child should be. Now, it was by these that the dream on the night of conception [or "ANNUNCIATION"] had been interpreted. Seven, holding up two fingers, prophesied,—“If a man having such marks should remain a householder, he becomes a universal king; but if he takes the vows, he becomes a BUDDHA.” But the youngest of them, beholding the perfection of the auspicious marks, raised up only one finger, and prophesied without ambiguity,—“There is no sign of his remaining amidst the cares of household life. Verily, he will become a BUDDHA, and remove the veils of sin and ignorance from the world.”

This man had, under former BUDDHAS, made a deep resolve of holiness, and had now reached his last birth. Therefore it was that he surpassed the others in wisdom, and perceived how the Bodhisat would be subject only to this one life.—THE NIDANAKATHA.

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

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