



THE BUDDHIST RAY

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

VOL. II.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., U. S. A., MARCH, 1889.

No. 3.

BOSTONIAN "BUDDHISTS" AND TEARFUL THEOSOPHISTS.



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He has been critized for unsympathy with the bostonian "Solar Biology" and its deluded, unclerklike frontispiece; for unsympathy with the adjective *Esoteric*; and for unsympathy with the hysteric women, weak-minded men, and plagiarists that have formed the

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Poor "chela" Butler; poor "arhat" Ohmart! And ye, poor, bewildered, now tearful, theosophists! Had the venerable president-founder of your society asked you to get a few subscribers for that sound old war-horse, *The Theosophist*, ye would not have run about as friskily as ye have run for the adjective *Esoteric*! No; when the teachings of the Lord BUDDHA are given openly and honestly, as in that and in this magazine, they are dry and dull; but when strained through spirit-mediums, secretly and dishonestly,— "oh, wondrous and divine revelations!"

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MORAL:—For those that seek salvation outside themselves:

WITHIN yourselves deliverance must be sought;
Each man his prison makes.—THE BUDDHA.

—For those that seek short-cuts:

How narrow is the gate of life! how difficult that way leading thither! and how few are they that find it!—JESUS.

[“The Bijou of Asia.”]

A BUDDHIST PROPAGANDA.

This society is a new movement in Japan. It has been established under the presidency of Mr Akamatsu to spread buddhism in foreign lands. With which object in view, it purposes,

First,—To correspond with foreign buddhists, and others that may be interested in buddhism: to answer questions about doctrine. Second,—To publish buddhist books, and journals in english, and translate sutras and sastras. Third,—To do buddhist missionary work in foreign lands.

The society intends to promulgate the great truths taught by the BUDDHA; not any special form of buddhism.

Beside the fund given by the founders for the purposes of the society, other native buddhists are also generously contributing toward it.

THE BRUTE AND HIS DOG.

A strange scene occurred the other day at Sireck on the Moselle. A brute named Schmidt had a dog which he wished to get rid of. Rowing out into the middle of the river, he fastened a stone round the dog's head and threw him into the water. The poor creature sank at once, but during his struggles the rope slipped the stone,—and he rose to the surface and tried to get back into the boat. The brute, however, continued to push him back; but as the dog persevered he lost his patience, and striking at him with his oar, lost his footing and fell into the water himself. He was unable to swim; but the dog, seizing him by the coat, succeeded in bringing him safely to the land, after having been washed away by the current. Strange to say, the dog's life was spared.—*Ex.*

Kill not—for pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

—THE BUDDHA.

A CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral
strand,
Comes no distinct appealing for England's helping
hand;
The poor, benighted buddhist, compelled, unclothed,
to dwell
Without our cost-price bibles, enjoys life very well.

What, though the spicy breezes are very nice and dry,
And every prospect pleases a missionary eye?

In vain with lavish kindness the gospel tracts are
strewn,
The buddhist in his blindness does better left alone.

A happy, soulless creature, he lives his little day;
Directly on conversion it seems ensues decay.
Why seek the cheerful buddhist to tell him he is vile?
Ah! leave him gay and godless upon his palmy isle.*

From England's greatest city, through all her pomp
and pride,
One bitter cry rings ever, unsilenced, undenied:
From Stepney's crowded alleys, from Bethnel
Green's close lanes,
Men call us to deliver soul's from the devil's chains.

And women call,—our sisters,—blind, mad, with
want and wrong;
They call on us for succor, poor, driven, goaded
through,
By all their griefs and curses, by all our joys and
prayers,
They call on us to save them from death-in-life like
theirs.

Oh, women, sister women!—do you not hear the cry
Of those who sin and suffer—are doomed in life to
die;
O! these whose lives are withered, whose youth is
trampled down,
The victims and the scourges of every christian
town?

Women who have no chances, women with chances
lost.

The outcast and the branded, the weary tempest-
tossed;

These call to you forever—“Help! for in life we die!”
What foreign dreams can stifle that everlasting cry?

[*Ceylon.]

—E. NISBET.

—“WHEN a true genius [like Blavatsky] appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that all the dunces are in confederacy against him.”—SWIFT.

[Advertisement.]

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

It is an interesting and valuable book.—The Path.
This book should be read by all buddhists.—Occult Review.

All Buddhists and Hindus should read this valuable book.—Buddha Bandhu (India).

It is a work that we can read through, and then open it at random, every day, for a passage to meditate upon; and the price is cheap.—The Hermetist.

We commend the perusal of its pages to the thoughtful mind, in search of more light on the subject of life, its causes and objects.—Golden Gate.

The inner meaning of much that underlies the surface of the swedish seer's works is here given in an entirely new light.—(Gould's) Notes and Queries.

Written in the sarcastic style of a Carlyle, and bristling with useful information, it is a deathblow to the “New-Church” materialistic gospel.—The Platonist.

The net result is a very excellent compendium of the esoteric doctrine as set forth by recent theosophical writers, and supported by apt references to ancient works.—The Theosophist (India).

The quaintness of the phraseology in which the author of this volume greets his readers will attract the attention of any one into whose hands it may fall, and lead him to a full perusal of its fair, broad-margined pages.—Banner of Light.

The author's description is interesting, spirited and instructive, and set forth with a quaintness of diction that is at times decidedly humorous. As a contribution to theosophical literature it is well adapted to general comprehension, and will repay perusal.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Price, \$1.50, post-paid. Address, Publisher THE BUDDHIST RAY.



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THE ORDER.

I follow the BUDDHA as my guide!
 I follow the LAW as my guide!
 I follow the ORDER as my guide!

We republish from *The Buddhist* the following statements about the members of the sacred Order of buddhism in Ceylon, made by christian writers :

"Davy, writing in 1821, says, 'The rank of a monk, next to that of the BUDDHA, is considered the most exalted. . . . Their character in general is moral and inoffensive. The liberty they have of laying aside their yellow robes and of quitting the order at pleasure has, no doubt, an excellent effect, and must tend greatly to exclude licentiousness and stop corruption, which (witness the old christian monasteries) are too apt to spring up and grow to a monstrous height when no natural vent can be given to the violence of passion. Like the monks of Europe in the dark ages, they are the principal proprietors of the learning and literature of the country. . . . As moral teachers they appear in their best light; in this character I am not aware of any objection to them.' The rev. mr Cordiner, who as manager of the public schools of Ceylon (1800—05), had great opportunities of collecting trustworthy information, says, 'All the wants of the buddhist monks are supplied by the people, and the most beautiful females in the country attend them in their houses without wages. So great is the sanctity of their character that a virgin who has served in their abodes is considered by the young men as an enviable wife'. Percival, writing in 1803, after much personal experience, says, 'The monks of the BUDDHA are in Ceylon accounted superior to all others. In such high veneration are they held that their persons are accounted sacred. The honors and respect with which they are everywhere attended, show the strong hold which they have on the minds of the people. All ranks bow down before them.'"

"WHEN the outer man is subdued [as in the case of true ascetics], lusts are dispersed, and good and true affections are implanted in their place."—SWEDENBORG.

[*"The Bauddha-Bandhu,"*]

ILLUKHWATTE MEDANKARA.

The last words of a dying man have always a certain solemnity about them—at least to us that can recollect but one incarnation. And in the case of a holy man they have an additional claim upon our attention, as the parting advice of a revered mentor: the advice of one that has made his life a spiritual success. And, if ever there was a man of noble and stainless life, it was the buddhist monk, Illukhwatte Medankara, who has just departed, in the 39th year of his age; and we desire therefore to place on record his last words. When he felt himself sinking he called his chief pupil, the monk Swarnajoti, and, seeing traces of sorrow upon his face, when he came, he laid his hand upon his head, and said,

"You must not regret my departure. It is but for a time; and you see that I have no regret; nay, I am triumphant! During my life, *my MOTIVES have been pure*. I have devoted myself to the cause of truth. I have unswervingly been faithful to my teachers. I have therefore overcome difficulties; I have therefore triumphed! I triumph therefore even now! And now, listen to what I, who am dying, have to say to you about death: As your life is, so will your death be! There have been monks that, because they have not lead the true life, have lost hope and have died as though they were laymen: let it be otherwise with you. Live dispassionately; observe the precepts of the LORD; be ever ready to sacrifice your life for the cause of truth: for then will you triumph in the hour of death! Take courage, and work! My influence will be with you! In ten or fifteen years there will be a great reaction in favor of buddhism; and then you will observe a certain person working for the advancement of the cause. Now my time is near. I salute my elders! Remember always: association with the righteous is good; is a thousand times good! May my company be with the righteous!"

Almost immediately afterward he sank peacefully into that sleep from which his personality shall not awake.

YATRAMULLE UNNANSE.

A CHRISTIAN ON THE BUDDHIST ORDER.

"Of one thing I am sure," says Rhys-Davids, the english pali scholar, "that europeans in buddhist countries are often misled by appearances. A european sees a strange-looking native, in curious robes, and almost uncanny-looking from the effect of a closely shaven head, walking slowly along with a fan in his hand. If he follows him to his home under the palm-trees, he will admire the picturesque appearance of the cleanly-swept ground, the flowering shrubs, the quivering silver leaves of the bo-tree, and the graceful shape of the little buddhist tope that adorns the enclosure.

At the further end there will be the monk's abode, and perhaps a dark chamber containing one or more painted images of the BUDDHA, before which are stone slabs on which the villagers place flowers. The walls may be painted in gorgeous colors, not arranged according to modern taste; and the visitor may chance to see a worshipper praying before the image. This the onlooker naturally takes to be a prayer to the image; and he goes away with contempt for the monk, and with a comfortable sense how much superior a white man is to the brown, hatless 'idolaters', and how much better than theirs are his own ideas and education.

Now there is a great deal [!] to be said for the truth [?] of his opinion. But it is not the whole truth. The particular brother of the buddhist Order of recluses whom he has met may be inferior to himself. . . . But he may be very much the reverse. There is reason to believe that the ancient spirit of the Order is by no means extinct in China, Japan, and Thibet. And I know from personal experience that it survives in Ceylon.

Go and talk to the yellow-robed and tonsured man—not, of course, through an interpreter, or out of a book of phrases; you must know not only his language, but something of buddhist ideas; and you must speak with him as man to man, not as the wise to the barbarian [i. e., not with the egregious

impudence and asininity characteristic of the european savage that visits Asia]. You will certainly be courteous; [remember that! lay aside for a minute your european bestiality!] for whatever else a buddhist monk may be, he will be sure to give proof of courtesy, and to maintain a dignified demeanor [graces which a "civilized" western "gentleman" is not always sure to manifest]. And it will be strange if you do not find a new world of thought and of feeling opening before you.

I once knew such a monk. He would have seemed nothing to a passing observer but a thin and diseased-looking man, rather mean in stature. When he first came to me, the hand of death was already upon him. He was sinking into the grave from the effects of a painful and incurable malady. I had heard of his learning as a pali scholar, and of his illness, and was grateful to him for leaving his home, under such circumstances, to teach a stranger. There was a strange light in his sunken eyes, and he was constantly turning away from questions of pali to questions of buddhism. I found him versed in all the poetry and ethics of the suttas, and was glad to hear him talk. There was an indescribable attraction about him, a simplicity, a high-mindedness, that filled me with reverence. I used sometimes to think that the personal impression of Yatramulle Unnanse might have led me to color my judgement of him too highly; but Mr Childers [another english pali scholar] told me, after my return to England, that the dying buddhist scholar had made a similar impression upon him. We are not likely to have been both mistaken. And throughout the long history of the Order, its influence over those who had eyes to see, and ears to hear, must have been moulded and guided by many such men as Yatramulle Unnanse. Whatever we may think of the folly of abandoning the world, [the flesh, and the devil,] let us at least be sure of this that the teachings of the buddhist suttas have not been recorded, the buddhist Order was not founded, in vain."

THE BUDDHIST RAY.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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

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

LCOTT'S "Buddhist Catechism" has appeared in Swedish,—the fourteenth foreign language into which it has been translated.

—"We recommend the BUDDHIST RAY to the especial notice of theosophists who wish to help in a very good work which is done under great difficulties."—The Theosophist.

—THE royal Swedish library, Stockholm, has acknowledged the receipt of the first volume of the RAY. Some time ago it bought one copy of "Swedenborg the Buddhist", and the author presented it another.

—THE first seven numbers of The Buddhist, full of true thoughts and good feelings, have arrived from Ceylon. And four numbers of the Bauddha-Bandhu, likewise full of them, have arrived from India.

—THE Theosophist for February chuckles because of "Swedenborg Bifrons", and says, "it is a very remarkable pamphlet, indeed, and deserves to be widely known. The writer evidently knows his Swedenborg by heart," &c. We have been told, that this pamphlet, and the writings of Philangi Dasa, are but introductions to the work to come.

—THE Path scowls because some persons in Kansas City have published a pamphlet called "Illuminated Buddhism or the True Nirvana"—drivel, adorned with a picture of a newly incarnated "buddha" with a long beard!! We suspect that this new "divine" revelation and "buddha" have come to the world through the seance-room. If "arhats" and "buddhas" visit the "esoteric" coteries of Boston and Santa Cruz, why not those of Kansas City?!

—THE Morning Star says, "Swedenborg the Buddhist" is a book that will cause some trouble in certain quarters, even in this country [Scotland], if we mistake not. Quotations in next number." It may also open some blind eyes. It has already in several quarters opened such. The Star, a neat little magazine, is devoted to christian mysticism, and can be had, a year, for ten 5-cent stamps at Mackill & co.'s, 127 Stockwell st., Glasgow, Scotland.

—THE San Francisco Chronicle said, a few days ago, that the wicked madam Blavatsky will, in the future, have a good deal to answer for. She will! At the last judgment, when the angels, now busy on the staff of that paper, beat the great bass-drum, she will! Indeed, she will! In the first place, she will have to answer for having disturbed the spiritual dunderheads at the six quarters of the heavens; in the second, for having helped to expose the unspeakable, double-distilled impostures, which, in the shape of "divine" revelations, have for ages, like blasphemous and bedevilling incubi, ridden a sorrow-laden humanity!

—We acknowledge, with hearty thanks, the receipt of £3 from our distinguished compatriot and co-religionist, colonel H. S. Olcott, the president of the Theosophical Society. As we are not personally known to the colonel, and as this kind gift to the RAY comes without solicitation on our part, and unexpected, it is to us a proof that, in the midst of his arduous duties in connection with his society, he takes time to think of his poor co-religionists in all lands, and what is more, assists them substantially to spread the Good Law. Colonel Olcott is a regularly ordained buddhist monk and is empowered by the highest buddhist authorities in Ceylon to preach, administer the vows, and form buddhist communities. To him apply, with propriety, these words,

"This is the noblest truth sublime,
The wisest thought of sages,
Who lives to bless his age and time
Has lived for all the ages."

May the buddhists in Japan, for whom he is now working, heartily co-operate with him to stay the black, pestiferous flood of corporealism which, from the west, has inundated their unlucky island! And may colonel Olcott live long to bless his age and time!

—AN american McMillan ("from Cork, sorry!"), travelling in Asia, writes to the Pittsburgh Dispatch, that while at Colombo, Ceylon, he visited a monastery near by. And he found that the monks there, chewed betel nuts (instead of tobacco and carrion); that they were dirty, and coarsely clad (instead of being "whited sepulchres, full of dead animal bones and all uncleanness"); that they, and their abbot, begged for rupees (instead of legally stealing them); and that the walls of their temple were full of pictures representing unfashionable virtues, like chastity (instead of naked, lascivious, theatrical strumpets). He says also that if the idiots in Boston (the "esoterics"?) and New York, who "affect theosophism and the religion of the BUDDHA" (instead of popery and bibliolatriy), could get only a glimpse of what he saw in Ceylon, they would, presto, drop both monks and BUDDHAS! Now, dear McMillan, do n't break our heart by the suggestion that the poor monks should become like yourself—"civilized"!—for if they do, we will, be sure of it, through sorrow, first, suspend the publication of the RAY, and then, ourselves!

[Continued.]

SWEDENBORG IN THE LAMA-
SERY.

A SEQUEL OF "SWEDENBORG THE
BUDDHIST."

BY PHILANGI DASA.

It had been his mother's highest desire that he should become a christian gentleman. Now there are gentlemen that are not christians: sinhalese, hindu, japanese, chinese, mongolian, and other,—men of noble soul and life. But for all that, they are said to lack that subtle, unspeakably mysterious, what shall I call it, air or grace, which the civilizee claims to be characteristic of the christian gentleman; and which can be developed only at church and sunday-school, and by a careful study of "Chesterfield's Letters to his Son"; especially those of them wherein he gives his estimation of christian womanhood, and what a young man may expect from it for his advancement in life!

But as this docile, sensitive child, and prospective christian, stepped out of his child's shoes into those of a man, there grew in him, from what baneful root I know not, a sinful faculty, called *reason*; overshadowed by another, still more sinful faculty, called *intuition*; which, by their upas-like influence, blasted the tender sprouts that were to make him a christian gentleman. For they grew in strength; overwhelmingly so; and as they grew, made his mind, a rushing, thundering Niagara, and his heart, a fiery, heaving, explosive Manua Loa; hidden however behind a serene countenance.

The history of the christian church in all lands, of its inquisition, of its witch-craft trials, of its 9,000,000 tortured and burnt victims*, gave it hot into his mind that some great demon, not Jesus, was the founder of it. And he began to twit himself with imbecility, but methinks without fair occasion, for not having already at the bap-

tismal font, whither, as an infant, he had been carried by his mother, seen through and through church, priests, books,—all! His father had now and then hinted that both priests and so-called divine revelations are "as crooked as ram's horns", that old Asia hides the wisdom of the ages, and that he might some day wake up to discover this for himself. But, owing to his mother's influence, these hints had made no deep impression upon him.

It was not until after he had stayed in Europe and America a few years—years that had been devoted to close study and observation—that he found that just as little as his father was he a christian. And the day he fully realized this: when the feeling, like a mighty earth-din, shook him through and through, he walked up and down his room, fists clenched, teeth set, eyes spouting fire, and, by the violence of his feeling, set the astral atmosphere about him into a terrific vibration. For it seemed to him as if the church had wilfully held him by a hair in the steam and smoke of a fiery hell of fraud, forgery, brutality, and murder, and that his reason and intuition had, in the eleventh hour, saved him from being hurled, body and soul, into the accursed pit.

It was not Jesus, nor his teachings, that were objectionable to him, but the spirit of jewish-christianism. His father had more than once told him that if he would but set aside the forgeries and interpolations of the church, and look at the character and life of the galilean ascetic, he would see him in a true light, that is, as a true buddhist. He would see him a homeless mendicant, begging from door to door; would see him wearing but one garment, and hear him exhort his disciples to possess but one; would hear him exalt voluntary celibacy over marriage; would see him in fellowship with outcasts and cyprians; would see him retire to lonely and dessert places for fasting, concentration of thought, and magnetic recuperation: thus for developmental purposes; would hear him preach peace and fraternal solidarity; would see him heal the sick; would

*"Dr Sprenger, in his 'Life of Mohammed' computes the entire number of persons that have been burned alive by the christian church, at 9,000,000."—CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

hear him comfort those afflicted by politicians and monopolists; and, above all, would hear him denounce fashionable or state religion: its hirelings, man-made scriptures, and gods; and would hear him exalt his Inner self (his "Father") as the throne of the Causeless First Cause. All, out and out, buddhistic teachings and doings!

His father had at one time said to him, "My son, listen to me: when you hear it reported, that the galilean buddhist said, 'I have not come to send NIRVANA (peace) but hell (a sword)', you may put that down as an example of the lefthandedness of the compilers of the christian scriptures, the 'fathers', who thereby belie him. For a declaration of this kind is never made by a heaven-born soul, as full of the spirit and practice of the LORD BUDDHA as Jesus seems to have been; but it is ever made by earth-born souls, as full of the spirit of hell: ebriety, edaciousness, pride, luxury, dominion, cruelty, intolerance, and elench, as the church, from the time of its establishment to this hour, has been!"

At another time he had said, "My son, listen to me: when you get to Europe and America, I want you carefully to study humanity there,—not merely books;—to see for yourself. I want you to visit the churches of the different sects: romish, protestant, and greek. I want you to observe the gentlemen at the vatican, Rome, at lambeth palace, London, and elsewhere, who imagine themselves, and who make others imagine, that they are the successors of Jesus. But do n't let them foist any of their biblical interpretations, any 'spiritual sense', or any the like trash, upon you. Just observe for yourself and in quiet.

Observe who receive most attention in their 'temples of god',—whether the poor, heavily burdened widow in rags, with half a dozen little children about her; the half-starved, overworked factory or sewing girl; or the rich, gay woman in silks, and the pompous, abominous usurer and swindler: observe to whom the 'shepherds' bow deepest. Penetrate to the core of the 'lord's old church' and the 'lord's new church'—

observe how the latter, as well as the former, under the pretext of serving heaven curries with hell, and is beyond cure afflicted with chthonophagia.

Nevertheless, bear in mind that it is unbuddhistic to exalt yourself or anything that belongs to yourself, at the expense of others. Your duty in this world is to use your five senses, quietly and determinedly, on the physical plane as well as on the moral. Luke-warmness and vacillation are, in a buddhist, as detestable as butchering and persecution: outright denials of the LORD, the Law, and the Order; thus of all that is holy.

Visit the slums, grog-shops, and bawdy-houses: not, mind you, as a 'reformer', as a celestial deva that deigns to descend into hell, but as a fellow-soul. Converse with the 'girls' (the victims of karma and of religiosity), especially with those of them that are young in misfortune, and ascertain how far abuse, squalor, cold, hunger, and desperation pinched them before they resorted to this form of business for a living,—business morally as legitimate as butchery and war. Be sure you do not edulcorate your discourse with the insinuation that *they* are sinners and *you* a saint, just dropped in upon them from a theological seminary, young men's christian association, or from heaven! Bow in sorrow before misfortune; do n't, by insult, add elding to it! For, mark well, all these 'girls' are your sisters; and all the filthy, drunken, draggled-tailed, old women that swarm in the by-ways of the european and american cities are your mothers. Therefore, be careful in all you say and do.

Visit the legislative halls to observe the rivers of wisdom that empty thence into the great ocean of space—to the astonishment of the devas!—wisdom, beside which, that of the Good Law is an undershaped and sorry spectacle. Observe how the honorable gentlemen, 'with great applause', vote millions toward the hellishness of official intrigue, and luxury, and war, while thousands of men, women, and children are murdering one another competitively, and other thousands are dy-

ing from starvation, under the windows of these halls or hells!

Read the literature of to-day, and note, until you spew, what a great age *we* live in, how enlightened *we* are, how unselfish *we* are, what gigantic strides *our* science takes, and how blessed the asiatic nations would be were they only like *us*!

Attend the public meetings of the rich missionary societies and hear them vote ten thousand pounds sterling a year for the conversion of some jewish Nathanael, or some buddhist Yatra-mulle Unnanse. That will finish your study of humanity in the west.

On your return home, I will have a new house ready for you, with a pretty wife in it,—should you then want one!"

Now, the young man had returned from the west with a head full of new ideas,—ideas though, mightily unlike those usually gotten by asians and eur-asians in that region of the world;—for he had followed his father's instructions and had so, very nearly, had the love of the world starved out of his soul. And no persuasion on the part of his ambitious mother had been able to make him again nourish and cherish it there.

Wretched souls are they, who in a normal way once get their eyes fully open to the meaning of existence: for them there is thenceforth no intoxication, be it of station, of glory, or of sensualness, great enough, to deaden the all-consuming realization of the words of the wise jew, who, in the spirit of buddhism, wrote:

Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.

What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever.

The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits.

All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full: unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return.

All things are full of labor; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.

Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us.

There is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come after.—ECCLES. I. 1—11.

In other words, he had begun to realize that those things for which short-sighted men, in this age of obscuratation, scramble, are but will-o'-the-wisps, which involve them more and more in *sang-sara* (transmigration), and withhold them from NIRVANA (peace) and its blessedness; and he had earnestly begun to look for a path out of the former into the latter.

[To be Continued.]

[“The Buddhist.”]

THE GOOD LAW IN AUSTRALIA.

We have just received notice of a striking proof of the rapid spread of the interest taken in foreign countries in the religion founded by our Blessed LORD. To hear of discussions on buddhism, magazine articles on buddhism, &c., in Europe and America is now no longer uncommon; but until now little has been heard of our faith in the great “fifth continent” of Australasia. In a newspaper which has just reached us from the far-away island of Tasmania, however, we read that,—

A large attendance of the members and friends of the (Hobart) literary association met last evening in the memorial hall to listen to a lecture on “BUDDHA and buddhism” by Mr W. H. Dawson. For an hour and a half Mr Dawson held the close attention of his hearers in tracing BUDDHA, the indian teacher, from His birth to the termination of His work, and in minutely analyzing the system He taught. The lecture appeared to have been most carefully prepared, and proved to be a deeply interesting and instructive one, and at its conclusion Mr Dawson received the thanks of the association.

As Mr Dawson is a member of the theosophical society this adds one more to the long list of proofs of how much that world-famed association has done for the good of our beloved faith. The lecture itself, which has also been sent to us, is well worthy of attention, and we shall probably quote from it when space permits. Meanwhile we note it as one “sign of the times.”

BUDDHIST ART.

A LARGE BELL.

Near Mandalay, Burmah, is a very large bell, the largest in the world, with the exception of that at Moscow. It is 12 ft high, and more than 16 ft in diameter at the lip, and could easily contain twenty persons. The thickness of the metal varies from 6 to 12 inches, and its actual weight is about 90 tons. The exterior measurements do not much exceed those of the great bell at Pekin, which is 13 ft in diameter and 14 ft in height, but weighing only 53½ tons, being much thinner than this.

A RECLINING BUDDHA.

Near Pechaburi, Siam, is an immense reclining image of the LORD. It is built of brick and lime, is covered with thick gold-leaf, and clothed with yellow garments. It lies in the ordinary state of repose: upon the right hand and resting on an ornamental pillow. It measures 135 ft in length,—its feet being 7 ft in width, its ears 10 ft, and the other members of the like enormous proportions.

ANOTHER RECLINING BUDDHA.

In the temple, or wat, Poh, Bangkok, Siam, is another reclining image of the LORD, of the same material. It measures 145 ft in length, and 65 ft in height at the shoulders. The soles of the feet, which are 16 ft in length, are covered with mystic symbols, inlaid with mother-of pearl, and finished with gold-leaf.

THE "EMERALD" IMAGE.

The beautiful altar in the temple of P'hza Keau at Bangkok, is surmounted by an image of the LORD, 12 in. in height and 8 in. in width. Into the virgin gold of which its hair and collar is composed, must have been stirred, while the metal was yet molten, crystals, topazes, sapphires, rubies, onyxes, amethysts, and diamonds,—blended in such proportions as might enhance to the utmost imaginable limit the beauty and cost of the admired effigy. It is called the "emerald image." Below it on the altar, are many larger images covered with pure gold, whose robes are ornamented with precious stones.

HOW TO LEARN THE LAW.

Translated from Foucaux' French translation of the Thibetan "Dsang-loun" for the RAY, by Sarah J. B.

Upon a time there lived near Benares, five hundred hermits. And their leader, named Oudpala, began to go about and cry out, "If any one that knows the Good Law will teach it to me, I will give him his heart's desire, and I will be his slave!" A brahman, who came that way, heard it, and answered, "I know that Law; and since you desire to learn it, I will teach you." Then the hermit folded his hands, and supplicated thus: "For pity's sake, teach me the Good Law!" The brahman answered, "To learn that Law is difficult, for it can be learnt only through manifold sufferings! A mere desire to learn it, does not suffice; your heart must demand it; and you must carry out my directions." Then the hermit said, "Great master, I will with my whole heart carry out them!" The brahman continued, "If, after having tanned your skin and made parchment of it; and if, after having made a pen of one of your bones and ink of your blood, you will write down the Good Law, I will teach it to you!" And the hermit was filled with joy, and did straightway, by carrying out his directions, homage to the Law of Dejing-chegpa (TATHAGATA); and having done so, he whispered, "I am about to die; pray, hasten to teach me!" Then the brahman recited these stanzas:

"Restrain the habits of your body;
Do not murder any living creature, nor steal, nor commit adultery;
Do not falsify, gabble, slander, or lie;
Do not cultivate a desire for anything;
Root out hatred, and every false view!"
Behold the conduct of a Bodhisattva!"

And when they had been recited, the hermit recorded them, and published them throughout India; and the inhabitants learnt them and lived according to them.

"I only smoke and swear! I have n't yet got so low as to kill animals and eat their flesh!"—PHILANGI DASA.

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