



THE BUDDHIST RAY

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

VOL. II.

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No. 8

VEGETARIANISM.



ATHER de Smet, the romish missionary that labored a life-time though in vain, for the humanization of the sioux indians, uttered a volume in a few words, when he sorrowfully exclaimed, "Alas, how helpless is our theol-

ogy on a diet of bull-beef!"

The carnivorous diet with its inhumanity and effusion of blood, is as little as religious persecution and warfare, productive of ennoblement and spirituality.

The western nations boast that, on a carnivorous diet, they have attained to the acme of civilization.

They have, on a carnivorous diet and foul animal (vaccine) virus, attained to a state of body characterized by scrofula and —!

The "blue"-blooded, princely families of Europe, are saturated with filth-disease. They have for centuries subsisted upon choice, well-prepared flesh-food.

In Europe, pure blood is to be found only among the slave-population,—laborers and peasants; who, through poverty, have, for centuries, been forced to subsist upon a diet almost exclusively vegetarian.

Nine-tenths of the space of the western newspaper is devoted to the record vice and crime—the outcome of an earthly hell.

In mechanical arts the carnivorous nations of the west surpass at present the vegetarian nations of the east; still, this does not make them healthier and happier.

While mentally drunk and in public, they are boastingly optimistic; while sober and in private, they are shockingly pessimistic.

The vices and diseases of the carnivorous western nations, have, within this century, been the direct cause of the extinction of whole races.

On a carnivorous diet, they will never experience the "peace and good will among

men", spoken of in the christian scriptures.

The dream of a pearly-gated, peaceful "New Jerusalem", on a carnivorous diet, is the dream of a fool or a visionary, be his name St. John or St. Swedenborg.

The good jew, the good christian, or the good mussalman, is better than his "bible", church and god. His goodness is inborn.

Millions of men live and die vegetarians.

The teeth and inside organs of man and the man-like ape, are those of a vegetarian.

The teeth and inside organs of the cat and wolf are those of a flesh-eater.

The most useful and clean-smelling animals are vegetarians, as; the horse, elephant, ox and camel. The most useless and foul-smelling are carnivorous, as; the hyena, lion wolf and tiger.

A few vegetarians have always existed in western lands. And they have, as a rule, been members of secret, spiritual brotherhoods: jews, christians, and mussalmans in name, buddhists in practice!

Within the last twenty-five years the principles of vegetarianism have, in some western lands, become well diffused, mainly through progressive persons, spiritualists, and mystic christians.

We rejoice greatly at this.

The first effect of a vegetarian diet is, aversion to stimulants; the second is, health; and the third is, love of peace, with a recognition of the buddhist maxim, "all men are brethren," that is, a recognition of the Brotherhood of man.

Before us are the "Articles of Incorporation of the Vegetarian Society of America, and 'Food' Publishing Company."

Our readers will do well to procure and examine this document.* The articles of incorporation begin as follows,—

The subscribers being desirous of improving the public health and promoting correct habits in the selection of food, and believing that the flesh of animals when taken as food, frequently causes sickness, disease, and premature death, as well as an unnatural appetite for stimulants in food and drink, thereby laying the foundation of intemperance and all its attendant evils, hereby associate themselves together for the purpose and in the manner hereinafter stated," etc.

The organ of the society, "Food, Home and Garden" is a practical paper: full of hints and recipes for vegetarian housewives.

*Of Rev. H. S. Clubb, 2915 Fairhill st., Philadelphia.

THE DYING ARAHAT'S SERMON.

From the Pali, for the RAY, by C. Sameresingha.

INTRODUCTION.

Owing to the depredations committed by the tamils, a formidable race that trooped down from India and seized the throne of Lanka (Ceylon), Tissa, the heir-apparent, was obliged to leave Anuradhapura, and to establish the seat of government at Keleney, a town thrice visited by our LORD.

Tissa was pious, and daily gave alms, particularly to the Arahāt-monk Kelenitissa, his spiritual and temporal teacher.

Tissa had a brother named Uttiya, a man of loose morals, who managed secretly to gain access to the queen-consort's apartment. After a time he began to fear discovery and capital punishment, and so he fled to a remote and obscure village in Ruhuna.

There he wrote an anonymous letter to the queen, and entrusted it to a confidential servant, disguised as a buddhist monk. This man reached Keleney, and placed himself at a short distance from the palace gate. Presently the Arahāt-monk Kelenitissa came to enter the palace for alms; and the pseudo-monk stole himself in behind him.

The king, attended by the queen, gave alms to both, bowed down before them after they had eaten, took his leave, and turned to go away. But he had gone only a few yards when the sound of something falling on the floor reached his ears. And having turned he saw a letter, went, picked it up, and read it. The handwriting seemed to be that of the Arahāt-monk. And he became enraged, and in the heat of his passion ordered the executioners instantly to burn Kelenitissa and the pseudo-monk in oil, and to cast their bodies into the ocean.

Now the Arahāt-monk had been the tutor of the brothers Tissa and Uttiya, and the latter had, on this occasion, imitated his tutor's handwriting. This did not occur to the enraged king; and he took his tutor to be the author of the criminal message.

While the Arahāt-monk stood in the burning-oil, and before he breathed his

last breath, and attained the blissful state of NIRVANA, he repeated, as his last sermon, a hundred pali stanzas, of which the following "Meditation on Death" was a part.

Soon after this tragedy, a tract of land, consisting of three hundred hamlets, along the sea-coast of Keleney, was swallowed up by the ocean; a remarkable event, noted in the annals of history, as a mark of disapprobation on the part of the Gods. Nor was the king exempted from punishment for his injustice and cruelty to the holy man. For, one day, while out riding on an elephant, he was thrown off, and was swallowed up by the earth; thus becoming a prey of the flames of the Avichiya hell. The spot where this happened, twenty-two hundred years ago, is, even at this day, pointed out to travellers.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

1. What is there substantial in life, when the most graceful body is deformed by infirmity, when every degree of physical energy is snatched away by malignant disease, and when one's existence, supported by nourishment, is made away with.

2. Beings that are subject to ruin by the drift of wind of actions of merit and demerit in the mighty ocean of metamorphosis with waves of dire disease, hasten to do good and to obtain NIBBHANA, having undone what may entail grief and pain on any one.

3. Neither his wealth, friends, children, relations, servants, nor his wife, as dear as life, accompany him that is about to depart this life; only the result of his own deeds of merit and demerit done in this world.

4. Since the vessel of the body, while sailing in the ocean of eternity, is sure to be wrecked in a moment, being subject to the drift of violent storms of actions of previous births, acquire noble merits.

5. The life continually held up in this world in various ways, is as easily knocked down as an unannealed vessel of clay. Lead a meritorious life that will take you to heaven; since it is evident that good deeds are not left un-

rewarded, even in the same stage of life.

6. In accordance with their merits, the gods at the expiration of their term of blissfulness leave heaven, and so do the children of the earth when their life is extinct. Now, should any being of sound sense cleave to existence, when it is limited both on earth and in heaven.

7. Neither the Supreme BUDDHA with his train of disciples, nor the moon with the myriads of stars, nor Indra with the host of celestial beings that prostrate themselves at his feet, nor anything that has existence, is free from extinction of existence. Hence life is equal to a bubble of water.

8. Beings pregnant with the desire of existence and lost in the labyrinth of ignorance, why should you deviate from the path of rectitude; seeing that the flower of youth and beauty, like as it is to a diadem, and the association with the agreeable, though dear as life, are in no way unlike the existence of a flash of lightning.

9. The son in a previous birth took the place of the father, and the father that of the son; the wife, too, on another occasion was either the mother, the father, or the son. Hence this world is like a theatre where magnificent but contrary events are displayed.

10. Observe that there are beings, now admitted to embrace a period of celestial happiness with goddesses in Indra's paradise, but now animated to suffer the grief and misery in hell where there are trees full of sharp thorns sixteen inches long.

11. There are also beings who, after an acquirement of irdhi, and after taking ambrosial food from golden dishes, are born in the bottomless pit to swallow the fiery thunderbolts there.

12. There are also beings that, after acquiring wealth and comfort, and after driving in stately carriages in this world as well as in the abode of the blessed, invade the infernal regions to take their rounds in the brunt of sharp weapons.

13. There are moreover beings that are now doomed to take their turn in the Wetarani hell, after passing a pe-

riod of merriment and joy in heaven in the company of goddesses on the banks of the celestial river that springs from the habitable quarters of the god, Iswara.

14. The most embellished gardens, abundant with verdure and foliage, and and the highest Meru, and the Kaylasa mountains, dotted with the habitable groves of the most amiable goddesses, must eventually be brought to an end.

15. Is it wise in any being to stick to life and wealth; when wealth is like to wind, fire, or water; when life is like a flash of lightning, which is impermanent; and when the body is like mirage, enchantment, or the reflection of the moon in water.

INGERSOLL AND KARMA.

"I believe in the Gospel of Justice—that we must reap what we sow. I do not believe in forgiveness. If I rob a man, and God forgives me, how does it help the man? If I by slander cover some girl with leprosy of some imputed crime, and she withers away like a blighted flower, and afterward I get forgiveness, how does that help her? If there is another world [or incarnation], we have got to settle; no bankruptcy court there. Pay down! Among the ancient jews, if you committed a crime, you had to kill a sheep; now they say, 'charge it;' or 'put it on the slate.' It will n't do! For every crime you commit you must answer to yourself and the one you injure. And if you have ever clothed another with unhappiness as with a garment of pain, you will never be quite as happy as if you had not done it. No forgiveness! Eternal, inexorable, everlasting justice—that is what I believe in! And if it goes hard with me, I will stand it. And I will stick to my logic, and I will bear it like a man."

COURAGE.

A look of scorn is hard to meet,
And words of human praise are sweet;
But he that battles with the wrong,
In field or forum, speech or song,
Must scorn the hisses of the throng,
And trample fear beneath his feet.

—F. S. WALTERS.

THE BUDDHIST RAY.

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

NUMBERS 16—30 of *The Buddhist* have arrived from Ceylon. (No. 15 has not.) The last number contains a poetical translation of the Dhammapada, ch. 1, made specially for it by Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of the "Light of Asia."

—COLONEL Olcott has returned to Ceylon from Japan,—where he delivered 76 public addresses to audiences that averaged 2,500. His success was phenomenal. The mischief of the "foreign devils" received a check.

—WHEN those limber-fingered, elegant and refined japanese buddhists do anything, it is always done well. Olcott illustrates this by the following story: "One evening before I left Japan there was a splendid display of fireworks [in my honor], and as one of the bombs burst at the height of one hundred and fifty yards, out from it there came a buddhist flag, so beautifully arranged that it stood up straight and fluttered in the breeze. This went to my heart, for there in the sky I saw the sign of the brotherhood of buddhist nations."

—To read items like the following, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, makes us smile as broadly as the full-moon: "The fundamental rules of the Theosophical society forbid any member to preach his own religion to others not of the same faith. In Japan, colonel Olcott has been preaching buddhism to buddhists; but when he comes to England [he comes] to preach theosophy—not any sectarian creed or religion."

Holy simplicity! We know somebody whose resignation has been in order for some years.

—THE buddhist women in Ceylon have recovered from the stunning blow given them by the agents of the christian missionary societies. They have formed a Women's Educational Association, and, among other good works, are going to restore the ruined tomb of the princely nun, Sanghamitta (the daughter of emperor Dharmasoka of India), who, 2,200 years ago, brought with her from India, and planted the twig, which to-day is the wonderful old Bodhi Tree at Anuradhapura.

—MADAME Blavatsky enlivens the pages of *The Buddhist*, by giving Sir M. M. Williams, the Oxford sanskritist, a sound trashing for talking nonsense about buddhism in his Oxford "Duff Lectures." Seeing that the old knight is in his dotage, let us overlook his mumblings. The good lady ends by saying: "No amount of western pride and prejudice will ever prevent the truths which the BUDDHA taught from coming home to the hearts of the most intelligent thinkers of the West."

—A christian preacher that has been reading the RAY, writes us as follows: "I am delighted with your description of buddhism in the RAY and with your success... I am satisfied that your co-religionists have been grossly misrepresented by the missionaries who have gone among them." Our christian brother puts it very mildly. "Misrepresented!" Hellishly persecuted! would be a better description. First came the papists with their torture-instruments; then came the protestants with their jewish-christian scriptures, commercial schemes and coercions. The former tortured and burnt our innocent co-religionists; the latter, by "conversion", turned thousands of them into stinking hypocrites! But few months ago the christians in Ceylon attempted to suppress the religious processions of the buddhists. But they failed. When we succeed in opening the eyes of the better class of christians they will quickly see the nature of the spirit that moves the agents of their rich missionary societies.

[Continued.]
SWEDENBORG IN THE LAMA-
SERY.

A SEQUEL OF "SWEDENBORG THE
BUDDHIST."

BY PHILANGI DASA.

PA PO—reads: "5. HELL. The tortures of hell, or purgatory, which ever you may prefer to call it, are described with a minuteness and detail too horrible for us to dwell on; but there is one thing worth remarking, that is, the fitness of the punishment to the sin. Just take one example: A man has lived and died a glutton. He is born with perhaps a body as large as a mountain, and a stomach capacious as a cavern; food is within his reach, and he is as hungry as all the wolves in Siberia; he would eat, but his mouth is as small as a needle's eye, and his throat is as narrow as a hair. Gluttony was his sin, and hunger is his punishment. It is the same all through; a man's punishment springs directly from his sin."

HPO KHA: As is also the teaching of Swedenborg when he says,—

Every evil carries along with it its own punishment.—R. 762.

Every one is the figure of his own evil.—H. 553.

RA MA: In other words, the outer shows forth or corresponds to the inner. It is so on all the planes of life: the physical, astral, spiritual and divine. It is characteristic of the teaching of our BLESSED LORD that the sorrows and sufferings with which we are plagued do not come upon us through any deva or deity, as the jewish and christian heathens imagine, and would have us buddhists imagine, but through our own ignorance and selfishness.

PA PO—reads: "6. PRAYER.—Another of the good things of mongolian buddhism is the power it ascribes to prayer. On one occasion a lama came to my tent, and asked me to divine for him. I said I could not divine, and asked him what the matter was. He said that the other day his temple had been robbed, and he would to discover in what direction the thieves had gone.

Next morning I pitched my tent at the temple, when, hearing the sound of long-continued services, I asked what it meant, and was told that they were holding services, in the hope that their god would have the thief apprehended. That very day the thief was brought in, and still the sound of services went on. Asking again, I was told that they were now holding a thanksgiving service."

RA MA: I should like to know what this our heathen friend means by "their god." Some guardian deva, or some image of the DIVINE MAN, our LORD? It is hard to get the christian heathens to understand that we buddhists are not, like themselves, idolaters or worshipers of man-made gods, be these below or above the clouds.

PA PO—reads: "Every mongol believes most devoutly in the value of prayer. Many of his prayers are mere charms, perhaps, or simple repetitions; but no concurrence of circumstances can arise in which he does not believe it advantageous to say them. As to the decision of the nature of his future state, he believes not only that he must *pray*, but also that he must *work*. Many instances of works could be quoted. I heard of a man that kept silver beside him, bound up in little parcels of three mace, and gave one of these packets to every lama, good, bad and indifferent, who came and asked for it. I have seen miles of stony road cleared and smoothed, and the stones piled up in pyramids by the pious hands of one man."

HPO KHA: *Prayer and work: holy thinking and holy living!* Behold, the sum of our LORD'S Good Law! Thinking holily and living holily, does the mongol need the jewish-christian superstitions and idolatries; the offscourings of the old religions of Asia and Egypt? "Prayer," says Swedenborg, "is a kind of opening of man's *internals* toward god."—A. 2535. It is a spiritual aspiration. It is a longing for light and love from the god within, the Seventh principle, who is at-one-ment with all the BUDDHAS, or the DIVINE IN HUMANITY! It is a beautiful buddhist teaching that of Swedenborg, when he says,—

When he is in the life of charity man is continually praying, though not with the mouth, yet with the heart; for that which is of the love is always in the thought also, whether man knows it or not.—E. 325. A. 1618.

So that it is true that there are prayers and prayers: prayers that attract, prayers that repel, and prayers that are dissipated. The last are liturgical.

PA PO—reads: "7. PROFOUND DOCTRINES.—Mongolian buddhism affords doctrines and speculations whose depth and magnitude surpass the grasp of the greatest minds. For the understanding of the weak, it veils its glory, comprehending itself in the smallest possible compass, and gives the ignorant six syllables: "Om Mane Padme Houm," to pronounce, as the sum and substance of all. If a man's spirit is of a wandering nature, or disinclined to devotion, it puts into his hand a wheel filled with prayers, and tells him to turn that, and it will count as if he had repeated the whole of the printed formulæ contained in it; and if even this is too much for him, he can depute the duty to the flutter of a flag or the crank of a windmill."

RA MA: I am glad to learn that the missionary found out that there is something besides "atheism" and "annihilation" in our religion: that it contains doctrines of the profoundest nature. It is quite possible that these profound doctrines are the "Lost Ancient Word;" which our swedish disciple says is hidden in this part of the world; and which also he says is too holy to be approached by christians—

HPO KHA: Of the "New Jerusalem" and the "Old Jerusalem." When in the west, I heard much prattle about "exoteric" and "esoteric" buddhism: about buddha-ism and budh-ism. I have thus far failed to find where the former ends and the latter begins. But I have found that there are, in general, three classes of buddhists, namely, the natural or lowest class, the spiritual or middle, and the celestial or highest; above whom are all the BUDDHAS, or, to use a swedenborgian phrase, the DIVINE HUMANITY OF GOD."

PA PO—reads: "8. GENTLENESS.—It is scarcely possible to believe that

the present mongols are the descendants of those that rode behind Genghis Khan in his wild career of bloodshed and slaughter. Their bravery seems completely gone. Not long since a perfect stampede was created in Central Mongolia, by the report that robbers had been seen travelling together in a body. Everybody fled; flocks and herds were driven off, heavy goods abandoned, and a large district left without inhabitant. The panic overtook a caravan in which were some travellers in camel-carts. The camel-carts were left in the desert, and the whole company fled to the hill country. For some weeks the russian post was interrupted, and things looked serious. It was afterward discovered that it was all a mistake. The supposed robbers were a few persons going to Urga to pray; so few that even had they been robbers of the bravest kind, a tithe of the men who fled might have driven them off; and the whole flight might have been prevented, had there been found one man with bravery enough to reconnoitre the supposed enemy. More than half of the whole population now are lamas, who, of course, from their vows could never be warriors."

KPO KHA: And that is "too bad," I suppose!

PA PO—reads: "9. THE MOTIVE. Mongolian priests recognize the power of motive in estimating actions."

HPO KHA: And so does Swedenborg, when he says,—

All things of the will and thought, and the quality of every action, depends on the end [motive] as the first and ruling principle.—A. 6571.

The quality of the whole man, the very love of his life, and the true nature of his charity and works, can only be known from the end [motive] which prevails with him.—A. 1317.

If the end [motive] or intention is good, the life itself is good, though it may appear otherwise externally.—A. 4839.

Hence no one is punished for an evil act if it be done from a TRULY good end [or motive].—A. 1963.

PA PO—reads: "One night a hungry dog entered my tent, and stole nearly my whole stock of mutton. A day or two afterward, in talking of the event to a lama, I asked him, in a joke, if he would consider that I had any

merit in thus feeding the starved animal. 'No,' said he keenly, 'you did not mean to do it, and you were sorry for it when it was done. If you had voluntarily taken the mutton and fed the dog, your act would have been meritorious; but as you did not mean to do it, you get no merit by the event.' And so throughout all their actions. The attitude of the mind decides the nature of the act."

HPO KHA: This then is good buddhism,—

Good ends [motives] evince that man is in heaven; evil ends, in hell. By attending to the ends of his life, every one may know whether he is regenerating [or making spiritual progress].—A. 3570.

PA PO—reads: "He that offers a cup of cold water only, in a proper spirit, has presented a gift quite as acceptable as the most magnificent of gifts. The theory of the religion, and even of the popular notion of it, lays stress on the attitude of the spirit in prayer also. . . .

Many of the teachings of buddhism resemble those of our own christianity."

RA MA: I believe it, and can also account for it: First, because buddhism is some hundred years older than christianism; second, because the supposed founder of christianism, Jehoshua the son of Pandira, the essenian, like the other essenians, lived practically the life of a buddhist mendicant; and, third, because the christian scriptures, which were not in existence among the christians of the first century of their era, were compiled from older asian and egyptian scriptures and traditions. This, though unknown to the vulgar in christendom, is not unknown to scholars and to Rome. Now read on.

PA PO—reads: "To enumerate all would take up too much time and space. It will suffice to speak of a few.

The Flood. — The teachings of this narrative—the destruction of the wicked, and the escape of men and animals for the sake of one righteous man—agrees quite with the mongolian doctrine.

Abraham [A brahman]. — A man,

the result of whose faith and piety is felt to the latest ages; Joseph and David, men whose faith carried them through the mightiest adversities, up to the highest rank of honor; these the mongols hail almost as heroes of their own religion, while the story of Elisha multiplying the widow's oil, they say is exactly like their own legends."

RA MA: These legends were taken out of books older than the jewish.

PA PO—reads:

"The Prodigal Son.—Sin followed by suffering, and repentance by forgiveness. And the parable of the pharisee and the publican, they welcome as orthodox [buddhist stories]. But that which delights their hearts most of all, is the picture of the Good Samaritan beside his kneeling camel, pouring oil into the wounds of the sufferer They recognize in the Samaritan the ideal of their own religion—self-denying help to the distressed. Though the listeners are frequently lamas, they never fail to express their hearty disapprobation of the red-coated priest who passed by on the other side."

[To be continued.]

CONJUGAL LOVE.

FROM A BUDDHIST SCRIPTURE.

"Among the newly converted lay-disciples of our BLESSED LORD, was an old married pair, Nakula's father and mother, of the brahmanic caste. They had in former existences been closely related by blood to the Bodhisattva. And as soon as they met our BLESSED LORD they remembered this. And He rewarded them for all the kindness they had formerly shown Him, by teaching them the Good Law and by leading them into the path of salvation. Soon after this, He honored them with a visit; and they prayed Him as follows,—

LORD! we have in many former existences been a very happy pair. Our domestic joy has never been disturbed by bickering and fight. We pray Thee, that, when next reborn, we may be united in the same love.

And our LORD heard their prayer, and pronounced them blessed among the children of men."

THE TALKING IMAGE OF ERROR.

A CHINESE PARABLE.

Told by KARL FRIEDR. NEUMANN.

From the German, for the RAY, by SARAH Jane B.

The founders of the three religions of China, the BUDDHA, Laou-tsze and Confucius, met once in the World of shadows to converse about their works and the effects of these. After a long conversation they agree that the present humanity is sunk in wickedness; and they agree, also, once more to descend into the Sublunary world to see if they cannot find some one willing to preach and practice the forgotten doctrines of virtue and righteousness.

And the three sages descend and journey through many lands and cities, but find no one. Then they leave the inhabited regions and betake themselves to deserts and solitudes, in which they wander about until they become very thirsty. And they find a spring guarded by an old man.

"GAUTAMA," say Confucius and Laou-tsze, "go up to him and beg some water. Thy hosts of mendicant followers show that with you begging is inborn and easy."

The BUDDHA goes.

"Who are you?" asks the old man.

"I am the SAGE OF SAKYA, who once appeared in the west." "Aha, aha! the renowned BUDDHA, of whom I have heard so much! It is said that you are a tender-hearted man. When you have answered a question I shall certainly give you water. You buddhists say, 'All men are brethren'; how then comes it, that you have a Grand Lama and priests of all degrees: archbishops and bishops, abbots and abbesses, monks and nuns of every cowl?"

The BUDDHA bows Himself, turns, and goes away.

Then Laou-tsze goes up. "Who are you?" asks the old man. "I am Laou-tsze!" "Indeed, indeed; the founder of taouism! I know you! You have a good name! You will get water as soon as you have answered a question: You taouists boast that you have the drink of immortality: have you or have you not?" "Certainly we have; do not

you see that it has made me immortal!" "Good, Laou-tsze," says the old man, "why, then, have you forgotten filial love? Why have you suffered your father to die?"

Master Laou-tsze feels embarrassed, turns, goes up to Confucius, and says, "Brother, it is now your turn to try the impertinent old fellow; both the BUDDHA and I, have been baffled by him."

"Who are you?" queries the old man as Confucius approaches him. "You do not know me? I am Confucius; the one born in Lu; the exalted one; the wise one; the only man!" "Certainly, certainly! Now I know you; you are the famous Confucius, the teacher of the Middle kingdom! Ah, I could n't suffer you to thirst! Still, before I give you water, resolve me a little difficulty: Your precepts touching filial love are excellent. You say, among other things, 'While thy parents live, do not leave home. But if you must, remain at least in one place.' Very good; why then do you now run up and down the earth; and even this solitude?"

Master Confucius becomes dumfounded and turns away.

Then the three thirsty sages sit down at a distance for conference about the sapient old fellow at the spring.

"Good luck!" exclaims the BUDDHA, "although we have not found water, we have found the right man to make our doctrines blossom for the spiritual renewal of humanity."

And they arise, go up to the old man, and open their hearts to him.

But he laughs loudly and answers: "My dear, good sirs; really, you do not seem to know whom I am! Look at me! Look! This upper half of my body is flesh and blood; this lower, stone! I can *prate* and *preach* eloquently about virtue and righteousness; but follow *you*,—live a virtuous, righteous life;—never!"

The three sages look at one another in wonderment. The old man's words dishearten them; and they ascend with sorrowful hearts into the Supermundial world.

The Old man is the Humanity of to-day!