



— Om Mani Padme Hum! —

VOL. IV.] SANTA CRUZ, CAL., U. S. A., MAY-JUNE, 1891. [NOS. 5-6.

"THE SECRET OF THE EAST."

IT doubtlessly will surprise our readers to hear a western savant lay the anti-naturalism and crimes of the christian church to the fact that Jesus, its alleged founder, was a follower of the LORD BUDDHA.

A controversy is now on the tapis in the *Arena* between Dr Felix L. Oswald and Prof. Jas. T. Bixby, touching this matter. Dr Oswald asks,—"Was Christ a Buddhist?"—and answers the question affirmatively. Prof. Bixby maintains that the quotations from the buddhist scriptures, with which Dr Oswald fortifies his position, are not to the point, seeing that they are from those of them written within the christian era: from the Mahayana school of buddhists, who are heretics, having been corrupted by the christian doctrine of "salvation through the power of another," preached centuries ago by nestorian missionaries throughout Central Asia; a doctrine altogether unknown among the stanch, "self-sufficient" and self-saving sons of the BUDDHA in Burma, Ceylon, India, and elsewhere.

Such is the tenor of the controversy.

Dr Oswald is a noted physician, naturalist, traveller, and author, whose productions are always readable. Some years ago he published a little work entitled "The Secret of the East; or,

the Origin of the Christian Religion, and the Significance of its Rise and Decline;" which was dedicated "to the memory of Jordanus Bruno, the heroic apostle of nature, freedom, and true religion;" and which may be summarized in these words:

Christianism, ancient and modern, greek, romish, and protestant, is the "Gospel of Anti-Naturalism;" the worst delusion that has ever afflicted humanity; the enemy of health, purity, thought, freedom, and progress; the oppressor of the poor; the embodiment of fraud, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. Its history is that of a demon persecuting the children of man; its priests are satans; its temples moral and physical charnel-houses; its votaries are immature minds or charlatans; and, *its source is in buddhism.*

But, hear the writer himself:

India, the seed-plot of the most contagious diseases, and the home of the opium-habit, was the birthland of pessimism (buddhism).

The doctrine of pessimism is the master-key to the ethical enigmas of the christian creed.

The Prophet of Nazareth was a buddhist emissary, and preached his gospel in the name of BUDDHA SAKYAMUNI.

The doctrines of the Galilean Buddhist have burdened the record of human misery with thousands of devastating wars.

Did the Apostle of Nazareth ever speak one word in favor of industry, of rational education, the cause of health, the study of nature, of physical and intellectual culture? Buddhism is the worship of sorrow.

Christianity has always marched in the rear of civilization.

The christian "faith" is mental prostitution.

Gnosticism, essenianism, sufism, and the doctrines of the New Testament, with all the various subdivisions of its votaries, are so many excrescences of the buddhistic parent tree.

The dogmas of the christian church have smitten its victims with the nauseous disease of hypocrisy. The atmosphere of our whole social life is tainted with the poison of cant and dissimulation.

The old egyptians turned their funerals into holidays; the christians celebrate their holidays like funerals.

The christian doctrines are a mixture of god-insulting idolatries, nature-insulting precepts, and reason-insulting superstitions.

If the christian priests have done any good, it has been done in spite of their creed.

Christian intolerance has promoted science as the plague has promoted the quarantine.

For thirteen centuries the rack, the stake and the cross were leagued against nature and mankind.

The blood of 13,000,000 of our fellowmen [put to death by the christian priesthood] cries out against the nature-hating fanatic [Christ].

It seems strange to us, that a man like Dr Oswald should so wholly have failed to grasp the *spirit* of the BUDDHA as to confound it with the spirit of the christian church; we do not say, with the spirit of Jesus, for we do not regard him as the founder of that body.

The failure of Dr Oswald to grasp the spirit of the BUDDHA's teaching and life seems stranger still, when we consider that a christian professor of world-wide note, the representative of an old orthodox christian university, should have openly stated that the teaching and life of the MASTER might be summed up in one word—*charity*; as did Prof. Max Muller of Oxford, a few years ago, in the *North American Review*,—a statement which he could not conscientiously have made of the christian church.

The christian scriptures portray two leading characters blended into one, to wit; one a buddhist ascetic, whom let us call, Jesus; the other a tribal god or savior, whom let us call, Christ.

Jesus is an humanitarian, a socialist, a natural healer, a humble seeker after truth, the inward light, love and peace—the "Kingdom of Righteousness"—

NIRVANA; and who, because of his revolutionary teachings and practices, is slain by the priests and Tories of his day.

Christ is an aristocrat, an oppressor, a haughty high-priest, a woman-hater, who, in priestly fashion, threatens all that do not obey and worship him with eternal punishment:

Woman, what have I to do with thee!

He that believeth not [he that reasons] shall be damned.

I have not come to send Peace [NIRVANA], but a Sword [Hell].

Depart from me ye cursed ones, into that everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.

In the life of the LORD BUDDHA, and in all the buddhist scriptures, it will be impossible to find a single instance where the MASTER, or a true disciple, has insulted his mother, or taught doctrines like these, or uttered malediction upon or judgment against a poor mankind: fallen, so to say, out of darkness into an enigmatic world: born blind out of the past, with a sure rebirth, at death, into the same darkness: thus with darkness behind it and before it—an ignorant, erring, pitiful mankind in the land of the dying!

The christian scriptures did not exist among the so-called primitive christians. They were compiled by the priests, from various sources, asiatic and egyptian: according to Gerald Massey mostly from egyptian;* and Jesus, the humane, buddhist teacher and ascetic, touching whom tradition existed, was pretty well hidden under the hideous christ-mask, patched together by the designing priests, for their own sinister purposes: a mask not beautified, humanized or sanctified by poetic, mystic, or esoteric drivel, in or out of the pulpit.

The confounding of the all-loving, fully enlightened rationalist, the BUDDHA, with this priestly Mask, is a signal blunder on the part of Dr Oswald; because,—

The BUDDHA's gospel, first heralded by Him while on His way to Benares, was not of sorrow but of joy: not pessimistic but optimistic and altruistic.

*"The Historical Jesus and the Mythical Christ, or Natural Genesis and Typology of Equinoctial Christolatry." By G. Massey.

The teachings of modern science concerning the universe, are practically those of the MASTER, 2400 years ago.

He pitied *all* living beings : thus not only those of the brotherhood of man but also those of the brotherhood of beasts : so that He never added a mote to the burden of any soul ; nor did He at any time debar any one from the little joys of life.

He never threatened any one with temporal or eternal punishment.

He never shunned any one because of low-caste--social leprosy : the high-caste prince and the low-caste barber were among His intimate disciples ; the millionaire and the pauper, the matron and the courtesan, likewise.

He turned away from priests and churchly mummeries ; and ridiculed mildly their impotent god or gods.

He exalted free-thought, reason, knowledge, and wisdom ; and debased "divine" revelation.

His whole career was void of ill-will and ill-deed ; and, dying, He exhorted His disciples *to have faith in the infinite capacity of the human Intellect TO SAVE ITSELF.*

For these and many other reasons, we say that Dr Oswald has altogether failed to grasp the spirit of the BUDDHA, who beyond even a shadow of a doubt was the first free-thinker, the first liberal, the first rationalist, the first socialist ; and thus the first champion for liberty, equality, and fraternity of which history has record.

Since Dr Oswald has undertaken to drag down the "LIGHT OF ASIA" to the level of the christian god, and has counted him with inquisitors, "witch"-burners, quaker-whippers, forgers, jew-torturers, and other religious anti-humans, it may not, we trow, be invidious to put the asiatic LIBERAL and the belgic-american Liberal side by side for a little humanitarian comparison :

A christian child in Mexico wails and weeps and begs its father to flay a caged squirrel *alive* and to pepper the naked flesh of the little flayed animal, for having been the indirect cause of the death of a pet monkey.. Dr Oswald stands by, but does not instil a

single humane lesson into the head of the little christian. About to depart he asks the father, Are you going to do it? What good would it do, answers the mexican, These squirrels are rodents, and gnaw at everything, even at the tail of a monkey. Again, Dr Oswald is out hunting monkeys,—who are probably hybrids : offsprings of early human races and animals ; more likely so than our ancestors,—and he, or his companion, brings down one, sitting in a tree, by a shot. Coming up to the spot where it fell, they find a dead female holding her young one in her arms : the young one has one arm around its mother, the other hangs broken by its side. It looks at the anti-priests with fear, and clings closer to its dead mother ; they "pity" (!) it, take it out of its mother's arms, and cast it to the dogs, who tear it into pieces and devour it ! (Dr Oswald's "Summerland Sketches.")

On a certain day the BUDDHA is visited by two monks, who have travelled from afar to pay Him reverence. He learns that one of them, being without a water-strainer, has on the way drank unstrained, infusorial water, and upbraids him for want of compassion for the little animals. Again, He meets some shepherds driving a flock of sheep to a sacrifice. A wounded lamb limps painfully behind its mother. He takes it up, lays it on His shoulders, and as He walks along preaches compassion to the shepherds, and thereby prevents the sacrifice of the innocents.

"Kill not, for pity's sake,

And lest ye slay the meanest thing upon its upward way."

"Sentimentality !"

Just so, Dr Oswald, said the priests that stood about the stake of Jordanus Bruno !

The root of this indifference to the sufferings of animals lies in the fact that these, otherwise humane minds, have not in all things risen superior to savages and priests : for they seem to act upon the notion that the animals have been created for man's use. Their antagonism to the BUDDHA lies partly in ignorance, and partly in prejudice, gotten through works on buddhism written by aliens, like Kœppen.

The Buddhist Ray

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



NDER the rule of millionaire senators, rich politicians and prurient prudes, our bravest and most advanced men go to prison, while our rogues remain in society through the technicalities of lawyers' laws."

—*Foot's Health Monthly.*

—THE London *East and West*, containing several items concerning the buddhist propaganda there, has reached our table. We intend to republish them.

—THE late madam Blavatsky, with whom be rest and peace, prophesied, many years ago, while in Ceylon, that the christian missionaries there would not succeed in perverting the people by subverting buddhism; and she lived to see the fulfilment of her prophecy.

—*The Better Way* has this news: "Chinese students of Mr Moody's Mt Hermon (Christian) School were stoned by a mob in Holyoke, Mass. Another example of christian consistency! They send missionaries to China to convert the 'heathen', and when the latter seek conversion here, are stoned."

—THE Twentieth Century Publishing Co., New York, has sent us No. 35 of its Library, "Valmond the Crank" by "Nero." Price, 35 cents. It describes the life and death of the lunatic ass Valmond, who believed he could change the present chaos of society by dynamite. As an antidote to anarchism the book is commendable.

—SUBHADRA BHIKSHU's "Buddhist Catechism," in japanese, has reached our table. The translation was made

by our good brother, Mr Masatoshi Ohara, and the preface was written by Philangi Dasa. The typographic dress is in the good taste usual with japanese; and we congratulate our brethren in Japan upon this useful addition to their literature.

—IN a baptist missionary organ, *The Kingdom*, Boston, February, 1891, we read as follows: "Professor Christlieb estimated that every missionary sent out to the heathen creates a trade with civilized lands worth fifty thousand dollars a year." Note, O reader, that the sordid motives of these "civilized" missionary societies are not even concealed, but are unblushingly blazed abroad.

—THE Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, has sent us a pamphlet, "On Double Consciousness," by Alfred Binet, which contains an interesting description of the scientific researches of french psychologists to determine the existence in man of a double consciousness; or, if we may so put it, of an inner and an outer man in the physical body. Read in connection with baron Reichenbach's "Der sensitive Mensch und sein Verhalten zum Ode" ("The Sensitive Man and His Relation to Od"), it is truly suggestive. Price, 50 cents.

—WE regret to see that the Ceylon *Buddhist* should have fallen into the snare of a treacherous fowler; to wit: should have republished a notice which appeared some time ago in an american newspaper, in which these words occur:

"We know that there are believers enough in this [New York] city to erect a [buddhist] temple that would rival in magnificence any in India," etc.

Tillyvally! An impudent lie!—like those sent to this country from Asia by the christian missionaries touching their numerous conversions of buddhists. If any one doubts our word let him write to our brother, Mr Chas. T. Strauss (to whom, by the way, the RAY is greatly indebted for its present appearance), no. 424, Broadway, and we think this statement will be borne out, namely; that in New York buddhists are few and far between and poor.

THE STORY OF DHAMMAPALA.

Translated from the Pali, for the RAY,
By C. SAMERESINGHA.

In the days of yore, when a prince of the Brahmadatta dynasty was ruling at Benares, there was a flourishing village called Dhammapala, in the district of Cassic. It derived its name from a race of brahmans, that had settled there in early times. They were very religious: they observed the Ten noble precepts, gave alms, and practiced strictly the rules of meditation. Even their maids and servants made it a point to follow their example.

Our LORD, GAUTAMA, in one of His previous incarnations, was born in this race, and He was usually called Dhammapala. When He attained proper age for instruction, his parents gave him a purse containing thousand pieces of gold, and sent him to Taxala, which in those days, was the principal seat of learning.

Arrived in Taxala, he presented the gold to Disapamok, the principal of that academic grove, and began his studies. By and by, he distinguished himself among the students, who then numbered about five hundred, and became second to none in oriental learning.

It happened one day, that the eldest son of Disapamok fell sick and died. The old savant, deeply mourning the untimely death of his son, invited his relatives and students to attend the rematory rites. And when these were over, they returned home and filled the house with lamentations at the loss of so accomplished a youth.

Dhammapala was the only one present who shed no tears, nor betrayed any sign of sorrow. To him alone the separation was not an event to overwhelm him with grief. He was surprised only because his fellow-student had died in the flower of youth and beauty.

On hearing from the other students that young Dhammapala was not in the least moved by grief, Disapamok immediately sent for him to question him about it.

Dhammapala answered that the members of his family never died young. The teacher thought this very strange, and made up his mind to go and inquire of his pupil's father touching this matter.

A few days later, he gave the management of the school to Dhammapala, and, with an attendant carrying a bag of sheep-bones, set out for the home of his pupil; which the laws of hospitality allowed him to enter, and in which he was civilly and kindly treated.

"Brahman," said he, "your son, clever and wise in the vedic sciences, is no more. As everything in this world is inconstant and perishable, do not grieve at his loss."

"My son," answered Dhammapala's father, "must be in the land of the living, and some one else must have died."

Disapamok then opened the bag, showed him the bones, and assured him that his son was actually dead.

"These bones," said the brahman, "belong to some animal, and my son is alive. For the last seven generations, not one of our family has died young."

Disapamok then wanted to know why children of his family were exempt from death.

The brahman answered,—

1. We follow the Ten good rules [of the buddhists], speak the truth and avoid bad works, and everything condemned by our teachers. Hence our children are not subject to death in early life.

2. We listen to the moral precepts, avoid every vice, and associate with sincere friends. Hence our children live long.

3. Our hearts are in it, when we give alms, pure and free in the act of giving, and happy when we have given. Hence our children attain ripe old age.

4. We support ascetics and brahmans, entertain travellers and beggars, and any others that may be in want.

5. We shun wedbreach.

6. The noble women of our race bring forth hale and stout children, who readily acquire a thorough knowledge of the four Vedas. Hence our

children escape death in their youth and vigor.

7. Parents and children, wives and husbands, sisters and brothers, and every body else of our race, strictly adhere to the Law. Hence our children do not die in their early days.

8. Our maids and servants, nurses and attendants all lead a life according to the doctrine that produces a blissful state hereafter. Hence Death's hand does not reach them in early life.

9. He that walks in the path of the Law, is indeed under its protection, without any fear of the infernal regions; and he that has made himself intimately familiar with it will be happy in heaven and on earth, and will finally attain NIRVANA.

10. He that is guided by the Law, is always on the safe side,—as one protected by an umbrella in a shower. My son, Dhammapala, is under the protection of the Law, and must therefore be in the land of the living. These bones are not his."

When SIDDHARTHA underwent His austerity, the gods observed that He lay senseless on the ground, for want of food. They then went and told his father, the king Suddhodana, that his son was dead. But he disbelieved them, and answered that his son could not die, before attainment of Buddhahood.

After SIDDHARTHA had become a BUDDHA, He called at His father's palace during His first visit to Kimulwatura. Suddhodana told Him then that the gods [devas] had brought him tidings of His death, and that he had doubted it.

"O king," said SAKYA SINGHA, "not only in this birth, but also in a previous, has the report of the Bodhisatva's death been disbelieved by you." He then told the king the story of Dhammapala.

Now, Dhammapala the brahman, was Suddhodana the king, and his son was the Bodhisatva.

[Moral.—What we think and do in one birth, has a tendency to repeat itself in another, or in several other.—Ed.]

STUDIES IN SCHOPENHAUER.

III.

THE CAUSE OF LONELINESS.

The two foes of human happiness are Pain and Boredom. To turn away from the one, is to approach the other. Life, then, is an oscillation between the two.

Poverty produces pain; riches, boredom. So that while the lower classes are engaged in a ceaseless struggle with need, that is, pain, the upper carry on a constant and often desperate battle with boredom.

The true source of all boredom is *emptiness of mind*. And it manifests itself in a continual panting after excitement, in order to have a pretext for giving the mind something to occupy it. It is mainly because of this inner emptiness of mind that people go in quest of society, diversion, amusement luxury, churches, and the like.

Nothing is so good a protection against the misery of boredom, as wealth of mind; because the greater it grows, the less room it leaves for boredom. The inexhaustible activity of thought! finding ever new material to work upon in the multifarious phenomena of self and nature, and able and ready to form new combinations of them,—there you have something that invigorates the mind, and apart from moments of relaxation, sets it far above the reach of boredom.

The wise man will, above all, strive after freedom from pain and annoyance, after quiet and leisure, after a tranquil life, with as few encounters as may be; and so, after a little experience among his so-called fellow-men, he will elect to live in retirement or even, if he is a man of great intellect, in solitude. *For the more a man has in himself, the less he will want from others.* This is why a high degree of intellect tends to make a man unsocial. True, if *quality* of intellect could be made up for by *quantity*, it might be worth while to live even in the great world; but, unluckily, a hundred fools together will not make one wise man.

Of course, no discerning man will mistake the unsociability, the desire for retirement, or solitude, on the part of misers, and the like low characters, for a sign of intellect; as it is the outcome of weak-mindedness and grovelling habits.

In solitude, where every man is thrown upon his own, inner resources, what he has in himself comes to light: the fool in fine raiment groans under the burden of his miserable personality, a burden which he can never throw off, whilst the mentally rich, peoples the waste places with his animating thoughts.

As a rule, it will be found that a man is sociable just in the degree in which he is intellectually poor, and generally vulgar. For our choice in this world, does not go much beyond solitude on one side, and vulgarity on the other. It is said that the most sociable of all people are the negroes; and they are at the bottom of the scale in intellect.

The reason why people of limited intellect are apt to be lonesome, is that their intellect is absolutely nothing more than the means by which the motive power of the will is put into force: and whenever there is nothing particular to set the will in motion, it rests, and their intellect takes a holiday, because, equally with the will, it requires something *external* to bring it into play. The result is an awful stagnation of whatever power a man has—in a word, boredom. To counteract this miserable feeling, men run into trivialities which please for the moment they are taken up, hoping thus to engage the will in order to rouse it to action, and so set the intellect in motion; for it is the latter which has to give effect to these motives of the will. We see men twirl their thumbs, beat the devil's tattoo, chew cigars, play at cards, stare at women, read newspapers and the like worthless stuff, from sheer emptiness of mind.

Thus, what do you get from most people's leisure?—only bores and boredom! Brother philosophers, let us, therefore, rejoice, that "we are not sons of the bondwoman, but free!"

The happiest man is the one that has enough of his own inner wealth, and requires little or nothing from the outside for his maintenance. No man should expect much from others, or, in general, from the external world. What one human being can be to another is not a very great deal: in the end every one stands alone, and the important thing is *who* it is that stands alone.

Himself is the source of the best and most a man can be or achieve. The more this is so—the more a man finds his sources of pleasure in himself—the happier he will be. Hence Aristotle says, "To be happy means to be self-sufficient." For all other sources of happiness are in their nature most uncertain, precarious, fleeting, the sport of chance; so even under the most favorable circumstances they can easily be exhausted; nay, this is unavoidable, because they are not always within reach. And in old age these sources of happiness must necessarily dry up:—love leaves us then, and wit, desire for travel, delight in horses, aptitude for social intercourse; friends and relations, too, are taken from us by death. Then more than ever, it depends upon what a man has in himself; for this will stick to him longest; and at any period of life it is the only genuine and lasting source of happiness. There is not much to be got anywhere in the world. It is filled with misery and pain; and if a man escapes these, boredom lies in wait for him at every corner. Nay more; it is evil which generally has the upper hand, and folly makes the most noise. Fate is cruel, and mankind truly pitiable. In such a world as this, a man that is rich in himself is like a bright, warm, happy room at christmastide, while without are the frost and snow of a December night. Therefore, without doubt, the happiest destiny on earth is to have the rare gift of a rich individuality, and more especially, to be possessed of a good endowment of intellect; this is the happiest destiny, though it may not be, after all, a very brilliant one.

The man to whom nature and fate have granted the blessing of a refined

intellect, will be anxious and careful to keep open the fountains of happiness which he has in himself; and to this, independence and leisure are necessary. To obtain them, he will be willing to moderate his desires and harbor his resources, all the more because he is not, like others, restricted to the external world for his pleasures. So he will not be misled by expectations of office, or money, or the favor and applause of men, into surrendering himself in order to conform to low desires and vulgar tastes.

A large endowment of refined intellect tends to estrange the man that has it from ordinary people, rich and poor, and their doings; for the more a man has in himself, the less he will be able to find in them; and the hundreds of petty things in which they take delight, he will think shallow and insipid.

A man with a common or vulgar intellect is usually deeply interested in matters which are comparatively indifferent to one with a refined, as; "business," hunts, balls, women, politics, churches, etc. And he deludes himself, and his like, with the belief that he is a very unselfish man, one thoughtful of others, while he is the very incarnation of noisy selfishness; taking interest in these things only to escape the boredom that is inevitable in the absence of internal wealth and true intellectual refinement.

Great intellectual gifts mean an activity pre-eminently nervous in its character, and consequently a very high degree of susceptibility to pain in every form. Hence it is easy to see why a man with such gifts and susceptibilities shuns the noisy, obtrusive, and coarse "gentlemen" met in every walk of life, and why he cultivates solitude.*

*We heard once a society belle upbraid one of her lovers, a man of the type here indicated, for his unsociability. She wanted, namely, to introduce him to some one; and when he declined to be introduced, she exclaimed,—"What makes you so afraid of people?" He replied: "The fear of pain!" And the belle, seeing not much farther than to his teeth, looked non-plussed. It was not the first time he replied thus.—ED.

(Journal du Magnétisme.)

BUDDHISTS IN PARIS.

From the French by PHILANGI DASA.

The occultists [buddhists?] are jubilant. On Saturday, the 21st inst. [March], at 10 A. M., at the Museum of Religions, two monks of the BUDDHA celebrated a buddhist ceremony,—one might say, a thanksgiving-mass—in honor of Sin-Kan, a Japanese saint, the founder of the shin-shiu sect.

By what chance came a ceremony of this kind to be celebrated in Paris? In this way: two monks, who filled a position analogous to that of catholic almoners on board of two men-of-war sent by the mikado on a mission to Constantinople, landed here after a journey across Europe.

When they saw the wonders of the Museum of Religions, and found there the traditional objects of their religion, it struck them that they might be able to celebrate their cult according to the requirements of the rites. They asked permission to do so; which M. Guimet granted, placing a large buddhistic chapel at their service.

The altar of this chapel is a kind of buffet with two doors, upon which, surrounded by lights and perfums, is a copper image (*en repoussé*) of the BUDDHA AMIDA.

On both sides are censers, which, lest the [hysteric] public might get headache, have not been lighted. A little more to the left is another, very small altar for the shrine that encloses the holy scriptures.

Finally, in front of the altar are two arm-chairs for the celebrants. The one celebrant has by his side the gong of oriental ceremonies; and the other, a suspended copper-plate, with a resonance an octave higher than the gong.

Each has before him a casket, holding the (buddhist) missal, censer, and fan, which are integral parts of the costume and ritual.

The ceremony began after nine prostrations. And, a man must be blind not to see the similarity between this

han-ou-kan and a chanted (christian) mass.

The sacred stanza which serves as an introit, is chanted in a manner almost identical with our (romish) plain-chant. The sense [of the sanskrit] is :

"To cease from all sin (selfishness) ;
To get virtue ; and
To cleanse one's own heart ;—
This is the doctrine of all the BUDDHAS."
[Like the jewish :]

"Thou wilt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean."

Then some flowers, represented by leaves of gilded paper, are offered to the disembodied spirits, to the BUDDHAS that float in the air ;* and like the shepherds in Virgil, the monks chant in alternate verse the Credo of their sect, in sanskrit.

After the Credo comes the invocative formula,—

"Namu AMIDA BUTSU ;"†

which is very well translated by the christian,—

"Kyrie Eleison ;"‡

and which, like the Kyrie, is repeated nine times.

Two hymns end the ceremony ; which very strongly resembles that part of the (romish) mass which ends with the canon.

The acolyte, a japanese, is dressed in black. Behind the celebrants are two ushers of the Museum, stiff and decorated like swiss guards with operahat and silver chain.

The strange voices of the celebrants, which at times seem to *iodler* (warble) like those of tyrolese shepherds, have not provoked even a smile ; and the assistants—the fashionable members of these—have been intensely interested.

It seemed as if some one had opened a window, facing, not a distant land, but an ancient time ; of which parallel rites of sister-liturgies, separated by continents and oceans, have survived to our day.

One seems to have got hold of some of the links of that esoteric, mysterious chain which connects the Rishis of India, the reformers of China or of Nip-

*Nonsense, the BUDDHAS do not float in the air.—Tr.

†"Hail, AMIDA BUDDHA."

‡"Lord, have mercy on us."

pon and the prophets of the Bible or the fathers of the desert of Thebes ; something of that tradition which puts almost the same ritualistic phrases in the mouth of the japanese monk and the catholic priest.

REST.

There is peace in power. The men who speak

With the loudest tongues do least,
And the surest sign of a mind that is weak
Is its want of the power to rest.

It is only the lighter water that flies
From the sea on a windy day,
And the deep blue ocean never replies
To the sibilant voice of the spray.

—J. B. O'REILLY.

["Le Figaro," Paris.

THE MAGNETIC SOMNAMBULE,

OR,

A SOUL'S LAST EXPERIENCE AMONG
THE DEVILS OF THIS WORLD.*

By MICHEL DELINES.

From the French, for the RAY, by PH. DASA.

To its full glory, hypnotism needs as yet one experiment : a "suggestion" of decapitation, and an exact record of the impressions received during an execution. People wonder why the [hypnotic] school of Nancy have thus far failed to try this experiment. In the person of the celebrated belgian painter Wiertz, whose memory has been so piously preserved by Brussels, in its "Musee Wiertz," they would find an illustrious example.

Wiertz was not an adept in the occult sciences. He was moved by a generous feeling, not a foolish curiosity. The question of the "complete" painlessness of death absorbed him, and he was distressingly ghosted by the desire to penetrate the mysteries of decapitation by the guillotine.

*"There are many devils in the world."
—SWEDENBORG in A. R. 798.

Is it true that the execution lasts but an instant? What does the condemned think and feel when the fatal blade strikes his neck? These questions absorbed the painter.

Wiertz was on familiar terms with M. M—, the prison-physician at Brussels, and Dr D—, who had practiced hypnotism some thirty years, and who had frequently put him to sleep and found him a capital subject.

With the consent of the prison-physician, Wiertz obtained permission to hide himself and his friend Dr D—, under the guillotine, at the place there, where the head of the culprit would fall into the basket.

To gain the knowledge desired, Wiertz acted thus: a few days before the execution, he had himself put to sleep by Er—, who then "suggested" that he should identify himself with different persons: read their thoughts, penetrate their soul and conscience to experience the feelings that moved them. This delicate mission was satisfactorily carried out by Wiertz.

On the day of the execution, ten minutes before the arrival of the condemned, Wiertz, Dr D—, and two witnesses, took up their places under the guillotine, near the basket; in such a way, however, that the public did not suspect their presence there.

Dr D— put the painter to sleep: "suggested" that he should identify himself with the culprit, follow his thoughts, experience his sensations, and enumerate his reflections the instant the blade struck his neck; then, that he should try to penetrate the brain and analyze its last thoughts the instant the head should fall into the basket.

Wiertz fell asleep at once.

By the noise above them, the four friends understood that the executioner had brought the condemned. . . . The latter ascends the scaffold; and, yet a moment, the guillotine shall have done its work.

Wiertz is very much agitated, and prays to be awakened. Too late. . . . The blade has fallen. . . .

"What do you feel? What do you see?"—demands the physician.

Wiertz writhes in convulsions, and answers with a moan:

"A flash of lightning! The thunder-bolt has struck. . . . Oh! horror! It thinks! It sees!"

"What thinks? What sees?"—demands the physician.

"The head! . . . It suffers horribly. It feels, it thinks, it does not comprehend the event. . . . It seeks its body. . . . It seems to it as if the body were about to rejoin it. . . . It awaits death. . . . but this does not come!" . . .

While Wiertz uttered these horrible words, the witnesses saw the head fall through the sack and land at the bottom of the basket. With the hair downward, the bleeding neck upward, the mouth open, the teeth set—the head looked at them! The arteries were still beating at the place where the blade had cut, and a jet of blood washed the face, eyes, and hair.

Wiertz continued to moan:

"Ah! whose hand is it that strangles me? An enormous hand,—pitiless! . . . Oh! this weight crushes me. . . . I see nothing but a great red cloud. . . . But, I will rid myself of this cursed hand! . . . Ah! monster, let go. . . . I grapple in vain with him! But, what is this I feel? . . . A gaping wound. . . . My gushing blood. . . . I am a severed head! . . ."

It is only after long agonies, which seem like an eternity, that the guillotined head becomes aware of its separation from the body. . . .

Wiertz dozed again. The doctor continued:

"What do you see? Where are you?"

"I ascend in space," answered the painter,—"as a spinning-top hurled into the fire. But, am I dead? . . . Is all ended? . . . If only they would join me to my body! . . . Oh! people, pity me; give me my body! I am yet alive. . . . I yet think. . . . I yet feel. . . . I yet remember all. . . . Behold my judges in their long, red robes. . . . I hear the sentence. . . . My poor wife! My poor little baby. . . . No, you do not love me any more. . . . You leave me. . . . If you would join me to my body I would again be with you. . . . No, you refuse. . . . Nevertheless, I

love you dear'y, my poor beloved . . .
 Let me once more embrace you . . .
 What, baby, you cry fearfully . . . Oh!
 mercy, I have stained your hands with
 my blood . . . Oh! when will the end
 come? The end? Is not the criminal
 doomed to an everlasting punishment?

As Wierz uttered these last words,
 the four onlookers thought they saw
 the eyes of the guillotined head open
 themselves fully, indicating at once
 intense suffering and ardent prayer.

The painter continued to moan :

"No! . . . no! . . . The suffering can-
 not last forever . . . God is merciful . . .
 All earthly things disappear before
 me . . . Afar off I see a small star,
 brilliant as a diamond . . . Oh! up
 there, how happy they are! . . . I feel
 a calm enter my whole being . . . How
 sweetly I shall sleep . . . Ah! what
 joy!" . . .

These were the painter's last words.
 He still slept, but failed to answer the
 physician's questions.

Dr D— approached the head and
 touched the forehead, temples, teeth,
 —all were cold. The head was dead.

This dreadful experience of the bel-
 gian painter has been told in several
 ways. M. Larelez has given one ac-
 count of it in his biography of Wiertz,
 and a contributor to the *Novosti* has
 lately given another.

I have sought to give all the salient
 facts of these two accounts, and a faith-
 ful analysis.

Is there at present an amateur strong
 enough to verify the experience of
 Wiertz.

That would be a healthier curiosity,
 more instructive at any rate, than that
 which attracts the crowd to the scaf-
 folds on days of execution.

But, it is unlikely that the painter
 Wiertz will find imitators among the
 "hunters of the dying," as one of our
 brethren wittily calls them; —for it is
 no doubt much more painful to put
 oneself in the place ("la peau," skin)
 of the guillotined, than unconcernedly
 to see the executioner ("Mons. de Pa-
 ris") skilfully cut the trembling flesh.



And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot.

—SHAKESPEARE.

WHY I OPPOSE VACCINATION.

BY ALEX. M. ROSS, M. D., F. R. S. L.,
 (Eng.) Etc., Etc.

Because no rational theory ever has
 been or can be advanced to support the
 ridiculous assumption that vaccination
 protects from small-pox. One thing is
 certain, thousands of children are killed
 annually by vaccination, or its after-
 results, and these victims of medical
 ignorance and cupidity are the only
 persons it can be asserted with truth
 that vaccination protected from small-
 pox.

Because vaccination is an unmitigat-
 ed curse, and the most destructive
 medical delusion that has ever afflicted
 the human race. I know full well that
 the vaccinator sows broadcast the seeds
 of many filthy diseases of the skin, the
 blood, the hair and the eyes, which
 are transmitted from generation to gen-
 eration—an ever-abiding curse to hu-
 manity.

Because nearly forty years experi-
 ence as a medical practitioner has con-
 vinced me that vaccination does not
 afford the least protection or mitigation
 from small-pox—the unvaccinated and
 vaccinated being equally liable to the
 disease, under similar conditions.

Because I believe the propagation of
 disease on the pretext of thereby pre-
 venting disease is bad in logic, wicked
 in morals and futile in practice.

Because I have frequently seen vac-
 cination result in terrible corrosive ul-
 cers on the arms, glandular swellings
 in the arm-pits, filthy cutaneous dis-
 eases, erysipelas and intractable dis-
 eases of the eyes, ears and scalp.

Because I have seen many children
 die from erysipelas and hydrocephalus
 (water on the brain) caused directly by
 vaccination. I saw two children die
 from corrosive ulceration of the eyes,
 in one case the eyes were actually eat-
 en out of the child's head before death
 relieved the little victim from its suf-
 ferings. I have known several cases
 where amputation of the arm has been
 necessary to save the lives of those who
 had been vaccinated.

Because I know, that 1100 children under twelve years of age were vaccinated into small-pox, and died from it, during the epidemic of 1885 in Montreal.

Because I know, of several cases of death from tuberculosis caused by vaccination with *pus* from tuberculous cattle.

Because I know, that filthy cattle diseases have been transmitted to children by vaccination with the rotten, cast-off *pus* from diseased cattle.

Because I know that the best living microscopists are unable to certify to the purity or impurity of *vaccine pus*—falsely called "lymph"—still less, to its harmlessness.

Because the authorities who order and enforce vaccination, will not guarantee or indemnify a parent against the evils that so frequently result from it.

Because it is a cruel wrong to poison the pure blood of a healthy child with impurity from a diseased beast.

Because the danger incurred by vaccination is infinitely greater than that from small-pox—we know what small-pox is, but do not know what hideous poison may lurk in *vaccine pus*.

Because we have no antidote for vaccine poison,—for all other poisons we have—but for vaccine poison none!

Because all the protection we have against small-pox and other *filth* diseases comes from our improved knowledge of hygiene and sanitation, and if one quarter the money now spent for vaccination was applied to improving the conditions of life in localities where small-pox and other *filth* diseases originate we would not only "stamp-out" small-pox, but cholera, diphtheria, scarlatina, measles and other diseases that are born in *filth* and thrive upon *filth*. Cleanliness is our only natural, hence scientific protection, not vaccination, incantation, charms, witchcraft, or any other fetich.

[To be free from *filth* disease, it is also necessary to abstain from filthy food, as; the flesh of dead animals: to prohibit their *burial* in us, the "temples of the living god."—ED.]

BUDDHIST "PRIESTS."

In our issue of September, 1889, under the heading, "The Brotherhood of the Select," we asked our brethren in Asia, and elsewhere, to cease to apply the term "priest" to members of the Sangha (the LORD BUDDHA'S Order of Ascetics); inasmuch as it is false and hurtful to the cause: false, because buddhism is a priestless system; hurtful, because it is a stumbling-block to a large majority of inquirers in the West, who, having worked themselves out of the claws and teeth of one priesthood (the christian) scorn to imperil themselves in those of another—real or imaginary.

In his latest work, "Buddhism," sir M. Monier-Williams says that words like *sin*, *ordination*, *holiness*, *faith*, *trinity* and *priest*, are wholly unsuitable in connection with the buddhist system—Preface, pp. x-xi—; because this is not a religion, a church, a "supernatural" Hocus Pocus, but a Humanitarianism, a Gospel of Humanity, and, we would add, a Philosophy (p. 11).

"True buddhism has no ecclesiastical hierarchy, no clergy, no priestly ordination; no divine revelation, no ceremonial rites, no worship, in the proper [priestly] sense of these terms. Each man was a priest to himself in so far as he depended on himself for internal sanctification" (p. 85).

Some years ago, in this "free" country, several men lost their liberty and life for calling themselves "anarchists" when in reality they were only harmless socialists. And, if we buddhists use misleading terms, we shall surely keep progressive, anti-priestly, anti-churchly minds from looking into the philosophic and humanitarian system of our BLESSED TEACHER.

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

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