



THE BUDDHIST RAY.

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

VOL. I. SANTA CRUZ, CAL., U. S. A., FEBRUARY, 1888. No. 2.

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

NEW REVELATIONS.

All so-called new revelations, philosophies, religions and churches, are but the untimely chits of the mental wombs of ignorant men. Ideas, new to them, arise; and without the least suspicion that they are but the psychic echoes of old facts, they formulate them, and by enthusiastic suasion, or will, or violence, or a combination of these, force them as new, divinely begotten and conceived revelations upon an ignorant, guileless, unsuspecting mankind. Thus came Judaism, that olio of corrupt Brahmanism, Zoroastrianism, Egyptian and Canaanitish idolatry; Christianity, that olio of Buddhism, Osirianism, Judaism, Gnosticism, and other pagan philosophies and idolatries; and Mohammedanism, that olio of Judaism, Christianity, and Arabian idolatry, to be sprung upon a suffering mankind.

When the Buddha Gautama, about 600 years before the Christian era, entered the stage of materiality, it was not to spring a "new" idea upon an already overburdened mankind; but to continue the work of the former Buddhas; to give a sunken, struggling mankind a spiritual impulse that would enable it to renew its efforts to rise out of the slough of Materiality, into which involutory and evolutionary necessity had cast it, and so to enable it in after-ages to stand forth in Spirituality—a Divine Humanity!

Buddhism existed ages before the Buddha Gautama. It originated in the A'di-Buddha, the Unknowable

Wisdom; which from everlasting to everlasting impels from its great heart the countless myriads of unconscious and unknowing Divine Monads, that, after æons of circulation throughout its body return conscious and all-knowing to it.

The Jaina sect in India claims that Buddhism was derived from its tenets, and that Buddhism existed before the Buddha Gautama. The latter claim is correct; the former not. And the Brahmans have authentic records of the incarnation of the first Buddha, and of the spread of Buddhism, or the "Ancient Wisdom-Religion," in Thibet, China, Japan, and elsewhere, thousands of years before the Christian era.

Swedenborg, by some the supposed and accepted revelator of a new religion, was in reality but the harbinger of the Buddhist propaganda for which the French and American revolutions prepared the way in the West. His writings may contain something that is new to an ignorant Christian worldling, but they contain nothing that is new to an intelligent Buddhist ascetic.

The future will see a great spiritual struggle; but it will not, as some suppose, be between the growing Materialism and the decaying Christianity of to-day; but between Materialism and Buddhism. The old, earth-fast Wisdom of the Ages will confront the new, flimsy Folly of a few Centuries, and cast it into the dust.

As surely as the miasmatic exhalations of a swamp disperse before the rays of the morning's sun, so surely will the Newfangled Revelations of the West disperse before the Old Wisdom of the East.

"SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS."

We give below two instances of what Christian missionaries, in the abuseful moods, consequent upon their non-success in converting the "heythen" Buddhist, call the "self-righteousness" of Buddhism. Which "selfrighteousness" hath its origin in this, that the Buddhist spurns all that is absonous to reason. Thus he hath in great abomination the pretentious balderdash founded upon the imaginary converse with the First Cause on Sinai; as well as a great abhorreny from that founded upon the imaginary vicarious villany of Golgatha.

No. I.

[From the Book of the Great Decease]

Now when the Blessed One had entered upon the rainy season, there fell upon him a dire sickness, and sharp pains came upon him, even unto death. But the Blessed One, mindful and self-possessed, bore them without complaint.

Then this thought occurred to the Blessed One: "It would not be right for me to pass away from existence without addressing the disciples, without taking leave of the Order. Let me now, by a strong effort of the will, bend this sickness down again, and keep my hold on life till the allotted time be passed." And the Blessed One, by a strong effort of his will, bent that sickness down again, and kept his hold on life till the time he fixed upon should come. And the sickness abated upon him.

Now very soon after, the Blessed One began to recover; when he had quite got rid of the sickness, he went out from the monastery, and sat down behind it on a seat spread out there. And the venerable Ananda went to the place where the Blessed One was, and saluted him, and took a seat respectfully on one side, and addressed the Blessed One, and said: "I have beheld, Lord, how the Blessed One was in health, and I have beheld how the Blessed One had to suffer. And though at the sight of the sickness of the Blessed One my body became weak as a creeper, and the horizon became dim to me, and my faculties

were no longer clear, yet notwithstanding I took some little comfort from the thought that the Blessed One would not pass away from existence until at least he had left instructions as touching the Order."

"What, then, Ananda? Does the Order expect that of me? I have preached the truth without making any distinction between exoteric and esoteric doctrine: for in respect of the truths, Ananda, the Tathagata has no such thing as the closed fist of a teacher, who keeps some things back. Surely, Ananda, should there be any one that harbors the thought: 'It is I that will lead the brotherhood,' or: 'The Order is dependent upon me,' it is he that should lay down instructions in any matter concerning the Order. Now the Tathagata, Ananda, thinks not that it is he that should lead the brotherhood, or that the Order is dependent upon him. Why then should he leave instructions in any matter concerning the Order? I too, Ananda, am now grown old and full of years, my journey is drawing to its close, I have reached my sum of days, I am turning eighty years of age: and just as a worn-out cart, Ananda, can only with much additional care be made to move along, so, methinks, the body of the Tathagata can only be kept going with much additional care. It is only, Ananda, when the Tathagata, ceasing to attend to any outward thing, or to experience any sensation, becomes plunged in that devout meditation of of heart which is concerned with no material object—it is only then that the body of the Tathagata is at ease. Therefore, O Ananda, *be ye lamps unto yourselves; be ye a refuge to yourselves; betake yourselves to no external refuge; hold fast to the truth as a lamp; hold fast as a refuge to the truth; look not for refuge to any one besides yourselves.* And how, Ananda, is a brother to be a lamp unto himself, a refuge to himself, betaking himself to no external refuge, holding fast to the truth as a lamp, holding fast as a refuge to the truth, looking not for refuge to any one besides himself?

Herein, O Ananda, let a brother, as he dwells in the body, so regard the

body that he, being strenuous, thoughtful and mindful, may, whilst in the world, overcome the grief which arises from bodily craving—while subject to sensations; let him continue so to regard the sensations, that he, being strenuous, thoughtful and mindful, may, whilst in the world, overcome the grief which arises from the sensations—and so, also, as he thinks, or reasons, or feels, let him overcome the grief which arises from the craving due to ideas, or to reasoning, or to feeling. •

And whosoever, Ananda, either now or after I am dead, shall be a lamp unto themselves, and a refuge unto themselves, shall betake themselves to no external refuge, but holding fast to the truth as their lamp, and holding fast as their refuge to the truth, shall not look for refuge to any one besides themselves—it is they, Ananda, among the Bhikkhus (the ascetics) who shall reach the very topmost height—but they must be willing to learn."

NO. II.

[From Swedenborg's Diary, No. 226]

The angels and I then began to speak about the Indefinite;—namely: (1) That things indefinite can by no means exist but from the Infinite. (2) That things indefinite, in themselves regarded, are images of the Infinite. When they said that they had been instructed in those things of which they were before ignorant, it was answered them, that they were not taught by me, but *by or from themselves*; which appeared a paradox to them, but which was explained by this; namely, that man derives from himself, and from the operations of his mind, philosophical knowledges, and when he has learnt these things and digested them into rules, he is ignorant that they are *from himself and in himself*, and indeed, in a manner indefinitely more perfect (than he is able to explain them) It may hence be concluded how poor and worthless philosophy is, from which, nevertheless, men are called 'learned'; inasmuch as every little boy is much more learned *from himself, or in himself*.

The first paragraph was written

before the Christian era; the second, in the last century. Their source is the same—Buddhism—and their substance also. The disciple must be willing to learn; and when he has learnt he must hold fast to the truth in himself. For only that which is in himself can serve him as a lamp and a refuge. It appears as if truth that is in others, and that is imparted through others, may serve as a lamp and a refuge. But not so. Only that which comes through the disciple's own reason and experience can serve him in the dark storms that rage on the ocean of existence. Gods, Souls Regenerate, "angels," "spirits," and men may teach man, but they cannot save him. Salvation lies *within* himself. True, it does not in all lie within immediate reach, because they have not accustomed themselves to look for it in that direction; but in an opposite, outward direction. The corporealists in the pulpit have by dint of sophistic spell taught them to look thitherward. Nevertheless, all can by steady purpose, by degrees, abduce the eyes unto the "Lord within"; and in him find their lamp and their refuge.

THE ORIGIN OF BELLS.

In the Buddhistic system, during the religious services, the gods of the Deva Loka are always invoked, and invited to descend upon the alters by the ringing of bells suspended in the pagodas. The bell of the sacred table of Siva at Kuhama is described in Kailasa, and every Buddhist vihara and lamasery has its bells. We thus see that the bells used by Christians come directly from the Buddhist Thibetans and Chinese. The beads and rosaries have the same origin, and have been used by Buddhist monks for over 2,300 years.—ISIS UNVEILED.

LOVE.

Love that asketh love again,
Finds the barter naught but pain;
Love that giveth in full store,
Aye receives as much and more.

Love exacting nothing back,
Never knoweth any lack;
Love compelling love to pay,
Sees him bankrupt every day.

—Morning Light.

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

We find ourselves obliged to postpone the publication of Philangi Dàsa's story, "Swedenborg in the Lamasery."

We have just received a kindly letter from a Buddhist in Japan, with valuable information about Buddhism there, and the promise of more. He writes: "I should like to be informed what the people of your country think of the Buddha's doctrines." We intend to inform him that all rational, independent thinkers here, who have read these doctrines, have embraced them. But that, owing to the hostility of the creed-bound, materialistic Christian sects about them, they make but little public profession of what they think.

A YOUNG GIRL, with an unusual tendency to rationality, has written us a letter touching her mental life. She says: "In one minute I think more than I could write down in one hour. Still, I believe my mind is gradually coming out of the (Christian) chaos in which it was a year ago. Yes, I am getting a firmer grip on the knowledge that is." Good! now take these "occult" hints: Read less, especially newspapers, novels, and religious trash; center your mind, as much as you can, on one spiritual subject at a time, and you will emerge out of your chaos into an ever-increasing order and light. Much-reading and much-eating produce dyspepsia; the former of the mental stomach, the latter of the physical. This age is eminently one of ravenous eating and dyspepsia.

THE SOUL'S EMBLEM.

Not uncommonly in the courtyard of a Japanese temple, in the solemn half-light of the sombre firs, there stands a large stone basin, cut out from a single block, and full to the brim with water. The trees, the basin, and a few stone lanterns—so called from their form, and not their function, for they have votive pebbles where we should look for wicks—are the sole occupants of the place. Sheltered from the wind, withdrawn from sound, and only piously approached by man, this antechamber of the god seems the very abode of silence and rest. It might be Nirvana itself, human entrance to an immortality like the god's within, so peaceful, so pervasive is its calm; and in its midst is the moss-covered monolith, holding in its embrace the little imprisoned pool of water. So still is the spot, and so clear the liquid that you know the one only as the reflection of the other. Mirrored in its glassy surface appears everything around it. As you peer in, far down you see a tiny bit of sky, as deep as the blue is high above, across which slowly sail the passing clouds; nearer stand the trees, arching overhead, as if bending to catch glimpses of themselves in that other world below; and nearer yet—yourself.

Emblem of the Spirit of Man is this little pool to Far Oriental eyes. Subtile as the soul is the incomprehensible water; so responsive to light that it remains itself invisible; so clear that it seems illusion! Though portrayer so perfect to forms about it, all we know of the thing itself is that it is. Through none of the five senses do we perceive it. Neither sight, nor hearing, nor taste, nor smell, nor touch can tell us it exists; we feel it to be by the muscular sense alone, that blind and dumb analogue for the body of what consciousness is for the soul. Only when disturbed, troubled, does the water itself become visible, and then it is but the surface that we see. So to the Far Oriental this still little lake typifies the Soul; the eventual purification of his own; a something lost in reflection, self-effaced, only the alter-ego of the outer world. P. LOWELL.

A BUDDHIST BIRTH-STORY.

"Long ago the Bodisat was born to a forest life as Genius of a tree standing near a certain lotus pond. Now at that time the water used to run short at the dry season in a certain pond, not over-large, in which there were a good many fish. And a crane thought, on seeing the fish—'I must outwit these fish somehow or other and make a prey of them.' And he went and sat down at the edge of the water, thinking how he should do it. When the fish saw him, they asked him, 'What are you sitting there for, lost in thought?' 'I am sitting thinking about you,' said he. 'Oh sir! what are you thinking about us?' said they. 'Why,' he answered, 'there is very little water in this pond, and but little for you to eat; and the heat is so great! So I was thinking, What in the world will these fish do now?' 'Yes indeed, sir! What *are* we to do?' said they. 'If you will only do as I bid you, I will take you in my beak to a fine large pond, covered with all the kinds of lotuses, and put you into it,' answered the crane. 'That a crane should take thought for the fishes is a thing unheard of, sir, since the world began. It's eating us, one after another, that you're aiming at!' 'Not I! So long as you trust me, I won't eat you. But if you don't believe me that there is such a pond, send one of you with me to go and see it.' Then they trusted him, and handed over to him one of their number—a big fellow, blind of one eye, whom they thought sharp enough in any emergency, afloat or ashore. Him the crane took with him, let him go in the pond, showed him the whole of it, brought him back and let him go again close to the other fish. And he told them all the glories of the pond. And when they heard what he said, they exclaimed, 'All right, sir! You may take us with you.' Then the crane took the old purblind fish first to the bank of the other pond, and alighted in a Varana-tree growing on the bank there. But he threw it into a fork of the tree, struck it with his beak and killed it, and then ate its

flesh, and threw its bones away at the foot of the tree, and then he went back and called out—'I've thrown that fish in; let another come!' And in that manner he took all the fish, one by one and ate them, till he came back and found no more!

But there was still a crab left behind there; and the crane thought he would eat him too, and called out—'I say, good crab, I've taken all the fish away, and put them into a fine large pond. Come along; I'll take you too!' 'But how will you take hold of me to carry me along?' 'I'll bite hold of you with my beak.' 'You'll let me fall if you carry me like that. I won't go with you.' 'Don't be afraid! I'll hold you quite tight all the way.'

Then said the crab to himself, 'If this fellow once got hold of the fish, he would never let them go in a pond! Now if he would really put me into the pond, it would be capital; but if he doesn't—then I'll cut his throat and kill him!' So he said to him—'Look here, friend; you won't be able to hold me tight enough; but we crabs have a famous grip. If you let me catch hold of you round the neck with my claws, I shall be glad to go with you.' And the other did not see that he was trying to outwit him, and agreed. So the crab caught hold of his neck with his claws as securely as with a pair of black-smith's pincers, and called out, 'Off with you, now!' And the crane took him and showed him the pond, and then turned off toward the Varana-tree.

'Uncle,' cried the crab, 'the pond lies that way, but you are taking me this way!' 'Oh, that's it, is it?' answered the crane. 'Your dear little uncle, your very sweet nephew, you call me! You mean me to understand, I suppose, that I am your slave, who has to lift you up and carry you about with him! Now cast your eye upon the heap of fish bones lying at the root of yonder Varana-tree! Just as I have eaten those fish, every one of them, just so will I devour you as well!' 'Ah, those fishes got eaten through their own stupidity,' answer-

ed the crab; 'but I'm not going to let you eat *me*. On the contrary, it is *you* that I am going to destroy. For you in your folly have not seen that I was outwitting you. If we die, we die both together; for I will cut off this head of yours and cast it to the ground!' And so saying, he gave the crane's neck a grip with his claws, as with a vice. Then, gasping, and with tears trickling from his eyes, and trembling with the fear of death, the crane beseeched him, saying, 'O, my lord! Indeed I did not intend to eat you! Grant me my life.' 'Well, well! Step down into the pond, and put me there.' And he turned round and stepped down into the pond, and placed the crab on the mud at its edge. But the crab cut through his neck as clean as one would cut a lotus-stalk with a hunting knife, and then only entered the water!

When the Genius that lived in the Varana-tree saw this strange affair, he made the woods resound with his plaudits, uttering in a pleasant voice the verse:—

The villain, though exceeding clever,

Shall not prosper by his villainy,

He may win indeed, sharp-witted in deceit,

But only as the Crane here from the Crab.

THE SPIRITUAL SENSE: The little pond is the world; the fishes are mankind; the old, half-blind fish is the priest; the crane is lust, hate, greed, pride, cruelty, superstition, revelation, divine authority, and every other folly conceivable; the crab is the Soul Regenerate (Arhat); and the large pond is Nirvana.

AFTERWARD.

I heedlessly opened the cage
And suffered my bird to go free;
And, though I besought it with tears to
It nevermore came back to me. [return,
It nests in the wild-wood, and heeds not my [thrall?]
call. [thrall?]
Oh, the bird once at liberty, who can en-

I hastily opened my lips
And uttered a word of disdain
That wounded a friend, and forever es-
A heart I would die to regain; [tranged
But the bird, once at liberty, who can en- [can recall?
thrall?
And the word that's once spoken, Oh, who

—Independent.

THE BUDDHIST SIMEON.

A famous hermit, living on the slope of the Himalaya, and versed in the five transcendental sciences, on witnessing the marvelous apparitions at the time of the incarnation of the Buddha Gautama, concluded that the Great Diamond had appeared. With his *all-seeing eye*, he saw in the town of Kapilavastou the child worshipped by all the worlds. He came *through the air* (in his soul-body), and stopped at the king's door. The king received him with respect. "O, hermit," said he to him, "I do not recollect having ever seen you before. What is the object of your visit and what do you wish?" The hermit answered: "Mighty king, to you a son is born, and I have come here to see him." The king answered: "Great hermit, the child is sleeping, wait a little until he wakes." "Mighty king," retorted the hermit, "such beings do not sleep long." Indeed, the Bodhisatva (future Buddha) soon showed that he was awake. And the king brought him to the hermit, who, seeing his body perfect (he possessed the thirty-two signs that indicate a great being, as well as the eighty secondary marks), clasped his hands, kissed the child's feet, took him in his arms, and remained thoughtful. Seeing him sigh and shed tears, the king said to him: "O, hermit, why do you weep?" "Mighty king, it is not over the child that I weep; he has not the slightest defect. It is for myself I shed tears. I am stricken with years, and this young prince will manifest the perfect and complete intelligence of a Buddha. To beings afflicted by passion, envy, and distress, he will restore calmness. Beings held in the trammels of transitory life, and whose doom is corruption, this child shall free from their bondage. Even as the flower of the fig-tree is but seldom seen, so hundreds of Kalpas (ages) have to elapse before the advent of a Buddha. This child shall enable hundreds of millions of beings to cross over to the other shore. And I shall not see this Pearl of Buddhas! That is why, mighty king, in my sadness I heave such sighs."

DIVINE AUTHORITY.

A Catholic Prelate, Mgr. Preston, delivered a few weeks ago a political harangue in his church in New York, in which he is reported to have said: "You must not think as you choose. You must think as Catholics. The man that says, 'I take my faith from Peter, but I will not take my politics from Peter,' is not a true Catholic."

A Catholic congregation (the St. Stephen's in New York), met a few days afterward and passed a series of bombastic resolutions against the political position of Mgr. Preston. Now, in spite of these foolish Catholics, I hold him to be in the right. For, if I took my faith from Peter, I would take my politics from Peter. Sure as sure can be! To me my faith is dearer than my politics. My faith touches my soul; my politics only my body. As a Catholic I would put a thousand times more trust in the simple, fasting priests at Rome, than in the double, swilling politicians at Washington. For the former would save my soul, body, country,—all! The latter might lose all.

A Christian Swedenborgian paper, the *New-Church Life*, says: "All New-Church papers accept the writings of the New-Church, [*i. e.*, the writings of Swedenborg] as a divine revelation. The *Life* goes a step further and says: Consequently, they are an infallible divine authority. To dispute the one proposition is to dispute both." [See *New-Church Messenger*, December 21, 1887.]

O ye Catholic fools; the infallible divine Peter is there! O ye Swedenborgian hypocrites; the infallible divine Swedenborg is here! Do ye admit the divine origin of a thing and then turn round and deny its infallibility in any matter? Why,—beside your "faith," the faith of Mgr. Preston and the *New-Church Life* is se-raphic!

With my mother's milk I sucked in a profound reverence for authority. And this reverence lorded my nature out and out until the dawn of Reason; when, from out of the windows of my soul, I began gravely to look at the

world about me. And I espied to my amaze a scene of sorrow: a battle-field on which crawling, swimming, flying, and walking creatures struggled fiercely for existence. In which struggle the strong ever got the best of the weak. I saw also how the strong, when chode for their unmercifulness, brought forth "divine" authority. Then, with all the ardor of my nature, I began to hate "divine" authority. Still, I always bow to the "divine" authority of the thick book, the babbling prophet, the verbose lawyer, the canting priest, the self-styled lord, and the pompous king; and, in my heart, mock and scorn it! I bow to it lest it slay me overtly; or, before I have learnt the lesson of this enfleshment. I bow to it because I see that Nature, like its miniature, the mighty ocean, is self-cleansing. That when the filth of "divine" authority makes life on this earth intolerable, she opens her wide jaws for the engulfment of it in hell; and so gives the weak another chance to live and learn. She has done so many a time. The "divine" authority of Atlantis was her last morsel.

Let us hear the Buddha: "Do not," says he, "believe in anything because it is rumored and spoken of by many; do not think that it is a proof of its truth. Do not believe merely because the written statement of some old sage is produced; do not be sure that the writing has never been revised by the said sage, and can be relied on. Do not believe in what you have fancied, thinking that, because an idea is extraordinary, it must have been implanted by a deva, or some wonderful being. Do not believe in guesses, that is, assuming something at hazard as a starting-point, and drawing conclusions from it—reckoning your two and your three and your four before you have fixed your number one. Do not believe merely on the authority of your teachers and masters, or believe and practice merely because they believe and practice." (Alabaster: *The Wheel of the Law*, pp. 43-47.)

Ah, pay attention to that! Do not

reckon your number two, three and four before you have fixed your number one. That is; see that your starting-point is right. Admit the Jewish proposition that Moses talked with the First Cause on Sinai; the Christian, that Jesus was the only son of the First Cause; the "New-Church," that Swedenborg's writings have a *new* revelation in them; the Christian, that the "Bible" is of divine origin, or that the Pope is Peter's successor, and—you are lost! For, by not fixing your number one you permit the devil ("divine" authority) to take you!

No;—do as we Buddhists: Take number one by the horns and beat the life out of it. Thereby you paralyze the "divine" authority of two, three, and four, and—save your Reason!—
PH. D.

THE BUDDHA'S SHADOW.

Hiouen-Tsang, the Chinese pilgrim, during his visit to India, whither he had gone to collect information about the Buddhist scriptures, went once to a cave in which the Buddha's shadow could be seen. When he first peered into the cave, it appeared to him plunged in funereal darkness. "Master," said his guide to him, "go straight in; when you have touched the eastern side, go fifty steps back and look eastward; it is there that the shadow dwells." Hiouen-Tsang entered the grotto alone. Having touched the eastern wall, according to his guide's instructions, he drew back and stood still. Animated by the most profound faith, he then salaamed a hundred times, but could not see anything. He bitterly reproached himself for his sins, he wept and cried aloud, and abandoned himself to grief. After that, he devoutly and with a sincere heart began reciting the Buddha's praises, taking care to prostrate himself after each verse.

Having thus salaamed about a hundred times, he noticed on the eastern wall a gleam of light about as large as a monk's pitcher, which vanished all at once. Filled with joy, and also with grief at the disappearance of the apparition, he renewed his

salaams, when the same gleam re-appeared, this time somewhat larger; it shone and vanished like lightning. In transport of admiration and joy, he then swore not to leave the spot until he had seen the Buddha's shadow. He continued to pay his homage, and when he had salaamed about two hundred times more, the whole grotto was flooded with sudden light, and the Buddha's shadow, of dazzling whiteness, majestically displayed itself on the wall, as when the clouds open, and the marvelous image of the Golden Mountain is seen. A radiant brilliance lit up his divine face. Hiouen-Tsang, plunged in ecstasy, long contemplated the sublime and incomparable object of his adoration. The Buddha's body, as well as his religious vestments, were of a reddish yellow. The beauty of his person shone in full light; on the left, on the right, and behind him could be seen the shadows of the Bodhisattvas and Sramanas, forming his retinue.

Hiouen-Tsang having clearly seen this divine phenomenon, respectfully prostrated himself, celebrated the Buddha's praises, and strewed flowers and perfumes. The Brahmin that accompanied him was overjoyed and astounded. "Master," said he, "had not your faith been so sincere and your vows so ardent, you would not have witnessed such a marvel. Of his six attendants five saw the phenomenon and one saw nothing.

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

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