



THE BUDDHIST RAY

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

VOL. II.] SANTA CRUZ, CAL., U. S. A., DECEMBER, 1889. [No. 12.

OUR OFFERING.



It is a sweet and true verse that, worthy of remembrance, which occurs in the Khadirangara Jataka, and which runs as follows,—

If only there be a believing heart,
There is no such thing as a trifling gift
To the IMMORTAL ONE, BUDDHA, or His
disciples.

There is no such thing as a trifling service
To the BUDDHAS, to the ILLUSTRIOUS
ONES;

If you only can see the fruit that may
follow,
E'en a gift of stale gruel, dried up, with-
out salt!

We believe this, and show our belief, not by mere talk, for that would be less than silence, but by this little offering, soon to enter upon its third year: the publication of the first magazine, in the West, setting forth the Law of the ILLUSTRIOUS ONES!

By the continuance of a fearless opposition to unreason and corporeality, and by a bold advocacy of reason and spirituality, we hope, the coming year, to make our magazine a useful visitor both to buddhists and to well-disposed heathens.

We shall be thankful to our friends for a renewal of their subscriptions, for new subscriptions, for news concerning buddhism, or, for any other offering, which, through us, their love of the true and the good may quicken them to offer to the ILLUSTRIOUS ONES!

THE DYING BUDDHIST.*

"Do you understand the word 'charity', or *maitri*, as your St. Paul explains it?" said the king† [of Siam] to me one morning when he had been discussing the religion of the BUDDHA. "I believe I do, your majesty," was my answer. "Then, tell me, what does he really mean; to what custom does he allude, when he says, 'Even if I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing?'" "Custom," said I, "I do not know of any custom. The giving of the body to be burned is by him esteemed the highest act of devotion, the purest sacrifice man can make for man." "You have said well. It is the highest act of devotion that can be made by man for man. But if it is done from a spirit of opposition, for fame, or any other such motive, is it still to be regarded as the highest act of sacrifice?" "That is just what St. Paul means: the motive consecrates the deed." "But all men," said the king, "are not fortified with the self-control which should fit them to be great exemplars; and of the many that have appeared in that character, if strict inquiry were made, their virtue would be found to proceed from any other than the true and pure spirit. Sometime it is indolence, or restlessness, or vanity impatient for its gratification, and rushing to assume the part of humility for the purpose of self-delusion. Now, St. Paul evidently and strongly applies the buddhist word

*From Anna H. Leonowen's "The English Governess at the Siamese Court."

†The father of the present king.

maitri [love or charity]; and explains it through the buddhist custom of giving the body to be burned, which was practiced centuries before the christian era, and is found unchanged in parts of China, Ceylon and Siam to this day. The giving of the body to be burned, has always been held by devout buddhists the most exalted act of self-abnegation. To give all one's goods to feed the poor is common in this country, with princes and people,—who often keep back nothing, not even one *cowree*, or the thousandth part of a cent, to provide for themselves a handful of rice. But then, they stand in no fear of starvation; for this is unknown where buddhism is preached and practiced."

"I know a man," continued the king, "of royal parentage; and once possessed of untold riches. In his youth he felt such a pity for the poor, the old, the sick, and such as were troubled and sorrowful, that he became melancholy, and after spending several years in the continual relief of the needy and helpless, he, in a moment, gave all his goods,—in a word, ALL,—'to feed the poor.' This man has never heard of St. Paul or his writings; but he knows and tries to comprehend in its fulness, the buddhistic word *maitri*."

At thirty he became a monk. For five years he had toiled as a gardener; for that occupation he preferred, because in the pursuit of it he acquired much useful knowledge of the medicinal properties of plants, and so became a ready physician to those who could not pay for their healing. But he could not rest content with so imperfect a life, while the way to perfect knowledge of excellence, truth and charity remained open to him; so he became a monk.

This happened sixty-five years ago. Now he is ninety five years of age; and, I fear, has not yet found the truth and excellence he has been in search of so long. But I know no greater man than he...

Once, when he was a gardener, he was robbed of his few poor tools by one whom he had befriended in many ways. Some time after that, the king met him, and inquired of his necessi-

ties. He said he needed tools for his gardening. A great abundance of such was sent him; and immediately he shared them with his neighbors, taking care to send the most and best to the man that had robbed him.

Of the little that remained to him, he gave freely to all that lacked. Not his own, but another's wants, were his sole argument in asking or bestowing.

Now, he is great in the *buddhistic* sense,—not loving life nor fearing death; desiring nothing the world can give, beyond the peace of a beatified spirit. This man, who is now the Chief Abbot of Siam, would, without so much as a thought of shrinking, give his body, alive or dead, to be burned, if so he might obtain one glimpse of eternal truth, or save one soul from sorrow or death."

More than eighteen months after the king had entertained me with this, essentially buddhistic argument, and its simple illustration, a party of pages hurried me away, one evening, with them... His majesty required my presence... I followed my guides, who led the way to the monastery of Watt Rajah-Bah-dit-Sang... There a young man, robed in pure white, and bearing in one hand a small lighted taper, and in the other a lily, beckoned me to enter, and follow him... As he approached the threshold of one of the cells, he whispered to me, in a voice full of entreaty, to put off my shoes; at the same time prostrating himself with a movement and expression of the most abject humility before the door, where he remained, without changing his posture. I stooped involuntarily, and scanned curiously and anxiously, the scene within the cell. There sat the king; and at a sign from him I presently entered, and sat down beside him.

On a rude pallet, about six and a half feet long, and not more than three feet wide, and with a bare block of wood for a pillow, lay a dying monk. A simple garment of faded yellow covered his person; his hands were folded on his breast; his head was bald, and the few blanched hairs that might have remained to fringe his sunken temples had been carefully shorn; his eyebrows

too, were closely shaven; his feet bare and exposed; his eyes were fixed, not in the vacant stare of death, but with solemn contemplation or scrutiny, upward. No sign of disquiet was there; no external suggestion of pain or trouble. I was at once startled and puzzled. . . . In the attitude of his person, in the expression of his countenance, I beheld sublime reverence, repose and absorption. He seemed to be communing with some spiritual presence. My entrance and approach made no change in him.

At his right side was a dim taper in a golden candlestick; on the left, a dainty golden vase, filled with white lilies, freshly gathered: these were offerings from the king. One of the lilies had been laid on his breast, and contrasted touchingly with the dingy faded yellow of his robe. Just over the region of the heart lay a coil of unspun cotton-thread, which, being divided in 77 filaments, was distributed to the hands of the monks, who, closely seated, quite filled the cell, so that none could be moved without difficulty. Before each monk were a lighted taper and a lily, symbols of faith and purity.

From time to time one or other of that solemn company raised his voice, and chanted strangely; and all the choir responded in unison:

V. Thou Perfection! I take refuge in Thee!

R. Thou that art named BUDDHA! I take refuge in Thee!

V. Thou Holy One! I take refuge in Thee!

R. Thou Truth! I take refuge in Thee!

As the sound of the prayer fell on his ear, a flickering smile lit up the pale, sallow countenance of the dying man with a visible mild radiance, as though the charity and humility of his nature, in departing, left the light of their loveliness there. The absorbing rapture of that look, which seemed to overtake the invisible, was almost too holy to gaze upon. Riches, station, honors, kindred, he had resigned them all, more than half a century since, in his love for the poor and in his longing after truth. Here was none of the wandering or vagueness or incoherence of a wandering, delirious death. He

was going to his clear, eternal calm. With a smile of perfect peace he said to the king: "To your majesty I commend the poor; and this that remains of me I give to be burned." And that, his last gift, was indeed his all.

I can imagine no spectacle more worthy to excite a compassionate emotion, to impart an abiding impression of reverence, than the tranquil dying of that good old "pagan." Gradually his breathing became more laborious; and presently, turning with a great effort toward the king, he said: "I will go now!"

Instantly the monks joined in a loud psalm and chant:

Thou Sacred One! I take refuge in Thee!

A few minutes more and the spirit of the Chief Abbot of Siam had calmly breathed itself away. The eyes were open and fixed; the hands still clasped; the expression sweetly content. My heart and eyes were full of tears, yet I was comforted. By what hope? I know not, for I dared not question it.*

On the afternoon of the next day, I was summoned by his majesty to witness the burning of that body. It was carried to the cemetery Watt Sah Kate; and there men, hired to do such dreadful offices upon the dead, cut off all the flesh and flung it to the hungry dogs that hunt that monstrous garbage field. The bones, and all that remained upon them, were thoroughly burned; and the ashes, carefully gathered in an earthen pot, were scattered in the little gardens of wretches too poor to buy manure. All that was left now of the venerable devotee was the remembrance of a look.

"This," said the king, as I turned away sickened and sorrowful, "is to give one's body to be burned. This is what your St. Paul had in mind,—this custom of our buddhist ancestors, this complete self-abnegation in life and death,—when he said: 'Even if I give my body to be burned, and have not charity (*maitri*), it profiteth me nothing'."

*To what a degree of confusion theology can bring a simple soul, is finely illustrated by this woman. She hopes the saintly buddhist will not be everlastingly damned; but, lest the churchy owls should set up a heresy-ulation, she apologizes for it, by hinting that it is unauthorized by them.—EDITOR.

THE BUDDHIST RAY.

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

 Unbound copies of the 2nd vol. of the RAY (1889), can be had at the usual price. The 1st vol. is out of print.

 HE *Christian Weekly*, Tokio, Japan, says that prohibitory liquor laws existed and were rigidly enforced in China, three thousand years ago; which we believe to be false! For, the chinese have never had anything among them like the jewish scriptures to fuddle their mind, and could not therefore crave a liquor to fuddle their body; wherefore, the demand for, and the use of, such a law, could not exist!

—A NOTED chinese monk at Shang-Hai, has presented the Theosophical society with an illustrated copy, in four vols folio, of the *Lalita Vistara*, the chinese biography of our LORD.

—A JAPANESE gentleman sends us his subscription, and tells us that he often translates articles in the RAY, for the japanese newspapers. Our brethren elsewhere in Asia, are welcome to use anything that appears in it.

—THE "Queen's own" classic, refined, and *only* christian organ, the *New-Church Life*, says: "Buddhist travelers in Europe, . . . with curious unanimity describe their horror at the selfishness, greed, corruption, animality, dishonesty, hatred and irreligiosity which they everywhere found among the [other!] christians."—[Alas, alas! By not looking into the "Lord's own" sect, while in Europe, our co-religionists missed the cream of Jah's elect!]

THE ARHAT'S FLOWER.

[Sheffield Independent.]

A french paper, *Les Mondes*, gives a fascinating account of a newly-discovered flower, of which rumors have from time to time reached the ears of floriculturists. It is called the snow-flower, and is said to have been discovered by count Anthoskoff in the most northern portion of Siberia, where the ground is always covered with frost. This wonderful object shoots forth from the frozen soil only on the first day of each succeeding year. It shines for but a single day, and then resolves to its original elements. The leaves are three in number, and each about three inches in diameter. They are developed only on that side of the stem toward the north, and each seems covered with microscopic crystals of snow. The flower, when it opens, is star-shaped, its petals of the same length as the leaves, and about half-an-inch in width. On the third day the extremities of the anthers, which are five in number, show minute glistening specks like diamonds, about the size of a pin's head, which are the seeds of this wonderful flower. Anthoskoff collected some of these seeds and carried them with him to St. Petersburg. They were placed in a pot of snow, where they remained for some time. On the 1st of the following January the miraculous snow-flower burst through its icy covering, and displayed its beauties to the wondering russian royalty.

[Lucifer.]

It is interesting to note that one of these wonderful snow flowers is mentioned in [Blavatsky's] "Voice of the Silence", p. 39. The passage runs as follows: "Arhans are born at midnight hour, together with the sacred plant of nine and seven stalks, the holy flower that opes and blooms in darkness, out of the pure dew and the frozen bed of snow-capped heights, heights that are trodden by no sinful foot."

Tradition adds that the flower blooms fully only when an Arhan* is born.

*The buddhist Arhans, Arhats, Arahats, Rahans, or Lohans, are, by Swedenborg, called "Celestial" men. He distinguishes Them carefully from the lower, or "Spiritual", and the lowest, or "Natural." He pictures Them as rare and wonderful Souls.—ED.

[Continued.]
 SWEDENBORG IN THE LAMA-
 SERY.

A SEQUEL OF "SWEDENBORG THE
 BUDDHIST."

BY PHILANGI DASA.

CHAP. VI.

On a fine day a few months after the event related in the last chapter, we find our friends Hpo Kha and Pa Po, on their way from Buddha-Lha, the residence of the Dalai Lama, where they had attended the service.

And they met a caravan of worn and weary pilgrims, and jaded and starved animals, which had just entered the holy city.

The frightful hardships of a six-months journey through trackless and snowy wilds, had decimated both men and beasts, and had, upon the survivors, left lasting arrs, not effaceable even by the exhilaration felt as, once more, they found themselves within habitable and friendly borders.

As the caravan filed by, the men saluted the two lamas, who returned the salutation.

"See that poor camel," said Hpo Kha to his companion. "Poor, ugly beast; only skin and bone; and yet burdened heavily. It stabs me to the heart to see it."

"I assure you," answered Pa Po, "the sight of it does not make me mirthful. Many a time, in my younger days, when I was as strong as a yak, did I lighten the burden of some poor jade, by placing some of it upon my own back. Now I can no longer do so. For, as my mind grows stronger and sharper, my body grows weaker and duller: it is withering, hardening; becoming more and more unfit for use. It will be a holy day that, when, in a future enfleshment, I shall, like my divine Master, be able gradually to put off this earthly body, and to put on another physical body, fitter for my soul's use."

"Truly," said the younger man, as they continued their walk, "it seems

to me that the human family, in this world, fares not a whit better than the animal. Battle-fields, floods, earthquakes, pestilences, storms, diseases, and, in the over-populated, because over-breeding centres of humanity, devil-born competition, with the, in christian lands, thereupon dependent murders of the unborn and newborn, seems vehemently to cry it. What does your reverence think?"

"The same: that we, as a whole, fare not a whit better than the mindless. That headless old wives' tale, that 'Jehovah wipes away all tears from our eyes,' and like the good woman of our childhood, spits in his hand, and then strokes the hair out of our eyes, and stuffs our mouth full of sweetmeat, may do for western gree-grees and the like maggo-ish brains, but not for observers and thinkers. No; we fare not any better than the brutes. Some dogs eat out of porcelain and sleep on silken pillows; others, eat out gutters and sleep on dung-hills. I can easily see why the former should, out of liturgies, howl praises to Jehovah, or any other imaginary deity; but, by Tsong-ka-ba, not why the latter should! You remember that missionary at Mandalay, —who would not pick up my little worm. He said to his hearers: 'Jehovah is good even to you dark-minded buddhists!' At which, in myself, I said: 'As good as a tiger to lambs!'"

HPO KHA: That old indian goldsmith, Govinda, who lives on yonder hill-street, seems to harbor similar thoughts about the hindu god, Brahm. I called on him, the other day, to see him work. Well, while chatting, he hammered a piece of gold and I petted his dogs. "This dog," said I, as I stroked the yellow one, "is as intelligent-looking as a man." "I lay you a pound of gold-dust, he is," answered the old smith, with a smile; "and the more I see of men, the better I think of dogs! The Great Brahm is not just; otherwise, he would sooner receive the souls of dogs than those of most men I know. But, perhaps the dogs fare after death, as well as men. They fare no worse in this world. I believe you buddhists are of that opinion."

PA PO: Govinda is a first-rate artisan, and, at heart, a good man. It is now thirty-five years since he came to Thibet out of India. Some relatives wanted a piece of land that was by right his, and began a lawsuit about it; which so embittered him, that he left all he had, and disappeared; that is, came hither. As he was born under a just sign, justice is at the root of his soul. It would be utterly impossible for him to overreach any creature, rational or irrational. You know the saying, "As the tree falls so it lies." Govinda cultivated justice in his former life; died, and was reborn under a just sign; thus a just man. Since he came hither, he has earned ten times the worth of his lost property: for his ware is, because of its beauty eagerly bought especially by the women, who, when adorned with it, hold their head higher and walk lighter than usual. So that it is not the loss of the little property that galls him, but the injustice of his relatives. And a hundred years more in this world, would, in this matter, intensate rather than lessen his feelings. He has what few men have: a character founded upon a rock. His angels are embodiments of justice; his devils, of injustice. As a duck takes to water, so Govinda takes to justice. Only after a few more enfleshments will he take to something else.

HPO KHA: Which shows that, whatever a man loves and cultivates in one life, of that he becomes an embodiment in another.

PA PO: In very deed! The law of cause and effect is immutable and eternal. The Masters made this plain to Swedenborg: and it is plain enough in his writings; at least to those of his readers that can rise above hell-hated judaism. But here is the weakness of most men: mental inertitude; the lack of fixation; inability to hold on to one idea for its thorough examination.

We were discussing the animal creation. How do you account for the existence of gentle and herbivorous animals on the one hand; and of fierce and carnivorous, on the other?

HPO KHA: In the same way as I account for the existence of the like

men: the gentle are the more developed and humanified.

PA PO: No; that is not a good hit! Which existed first in the world, men or animals?

HPO KHA: The animals, I guess.

PA PO: Ah, you are a follower of that "peeling" [englishman], Darwin. I shall have to have you restudy that portion of the jewish books, which, according to Swedenborg, was copied out of the "Lost Word", now in the possession of our buddhist Initiates here in Central Asia? Do we not read there that "Out of the dust the Lord Gods* formed every beast and brought them unto Adam that he might name them"?

HPO KHA: Ah, but that contradicts the story in the first chapter, where the animals are said to have been created before man.

PA PO: No, my brother. The animals and the man of the first chapter are heavenly; the man and the animals of the second, are earthly.

HPO KHA: Please tell me the difference.

PA PO: In time; not now. We are now discussing the earthly. Man appeared first; the animals afterward. And here is an arcane doctrine, known only to the Arahats and their disciples. If Swedenborg had not been instructed by Them, he would not have known anything about the Seven principles, kama loca, avitchi, devachan, the it-state, NIRVANA, re-incarnation, planetary chains, and the existence of man before the animals.

HPO KHA: It has really escaped my attention, that he knew of the existence of man before the animals.

PA PO: I do n't think it has. You have read it many a time; but, because of the satanic theology, with which he has hedged it, you have failed to take it in. But come: let us go to the library and examine a book or two, of his.

A few minutes later, we find the two men seated on the floor of the library, in which we have before seen them.

"Now," said Pa Po, as he handed Hpo Kha a swedenborgian book, "read that."

*Hebrew: ALEH, god; ALEHIM, gods.—Deut. 32, 17.

And he read :

Beasts and wild beasts, whose souls are similar evil affections, were not created from the beginning. . . . BUT HAVE ORIGINATED and ARISEN WITH HELL.—A. E. 1201.

"Good," said Pa Po, "now, read this."

And he read :

"All things that (the) God (in man) created and creates, were and are good; but such (evil beasts and) things arose together with hell, WHICH EXISTS FROM MAN.—T. C. R. 78.

"In other words," said Pa Po, "the Natural man created and creates hell, and through it, the evil and noxious animals and plants; the Spiritual man ('god') created and creates heaven, and through it, the good and harmless animals and plants. This is Swedenborg's teaching in a nutshell. And, freed from the 'heavenly' putridities of the 'New Jerusalem', it imbodyes the arcane doctrine, that man existed upon earth before the animals: that *the animals are the sheddings or exuvie of man.*"*

"But, I do n't understand how these exuvie came to be animals," objected Hpo Kha.

"That is another matter," replied Pa Po. "We have not been discussing *how* they became so. Far back in eternity, when we habited other bodies, of different stuff and shape, we shed them; and these sheddings, sown, as it were, in our path, were, by the hand of Nature, fashioned, first, into ethereal, and then, into gross animals. *How* it was done, is known only to the Masters and their MASTERS, the BUDDHAS. Ask the Masters: if They answer, it is well for you to know it; if not, it is not!"

After a pause, he continued, "Nature reveals her secrets only to the

*"Having appeared at the very beginning and at the head of sentient and conscious life, man became the living and animal UNIT, from which the 'cast-off clothes' [exuvie] determined the shape of every life and animal in the Round. Thus, he 'created' for ages the insects, reptiles, birds, and animals unconsciously to himself, from his remains and relics [exuvie] from the Third and the Fourth Rounds."—BLAVATSKY'S "Secret Doctrine," Vol. II, p. 290.

single-minded; and the Masters, as her servants, serve but them. To be single-minded, you have to make your mind as clean of biblical superstition and lie as that of a thibetan suckling; you have, as it were, to spew out every remaining atom of the infelicitous religious gallimaufry, with which your ignorant, though well-meaning, nurses and teachers, in childhood and youth, filled your intellectual stomach."

After another pause, he continued: "What a spiritual giant Swedenborg might have been, had not, in early days, his mind been mudded by a beluine and demoniac judaism,—blasphemously called 'God's Word'. See how the grains of ancient wisdom, given by our ever-beloved Masters, have fared: scattered by him on the dung-hill of jewish theology, they are, at this day, by vain human fowls, as grains of sand and chaff, now indigestibly bolted, now scratched aside: and this through an insane desire to perpetuate the 'truths' of those brats of hate and hell—the fatuous sects!"

For a while the two men sat in deep silence. Then, as the sound of a gong, in another part of the building, was heard, Pa Po said: "Let us go."

CHAP. VII.

Some months later we find Hpo Kha ready to set out with a caravan for the celebrated lamasery of Kounboun, where he was, for two years, to continue his studies. Ra Ma, Pa Po and several other lamas came to the starting place of the caravan, to see him off. And they called down upon him the blessings of the Gods. The venerable Ra Ma accompanied him afoot for a short distance; and as they were about to part he said in a low, sweet breath:

"My young brother: In this long, long life's journey, I have learnt one most precious lesson; which I will freely impart to you."

"Reverend sir," said the young man, "I thank you with my whole heart."

"For a mind like yours," continued the centenarian, "impetuous and fiery as it is, this may prove a hard lesson; but when once gotten, of incalculable

value. It is this: I have learnt to be childlike and serpentlike!"

He paused for a few minutes, then he continued: "Above me, in this world, are Divine Men; whose mental horizon is immensely wider than my own; above Them, They tell me, are Others, with a still wider horizon; above These again are Others; and so on infinitely. So that there is, in Nature, no limit to knowledge, spirituality and godlike exaltation. Now, I cultivate the childlike, in this, that I am ever open to knowledge; and the serpentlike, in this, that I am ever circumspect, permitting no so-called divine revelation or authority to fence in my mind or to limit my horizon."

Having walked a few steps farther, he continued, "Let your fellow-journeymen, both human and mindless, receive nothing but love and gentleness from you. And, as you trudge on, say to yourself,—

To cease from all sin;
To get virtue;
To cleanse one's own heart:
This is the religion of all the BUDDHAS!
Farewell!"

And as the venerable man turned away to go back, the young man said, with tears in his eyes: "May the Gods bless your reverence!" Then he turned and took his place in the line of the caravan.

THE END.

[The Theosophist.]

A REBIRTH.

"Man exists similarly before his birth as he exists afterward."—SWEDENBORG.

"I have been giving temporary accommodation to one Gyal Chang and his family. He is a bissahiri of the weaver caste, and emigrated hitherward some years ago from his native village Sungnum in Kuniawas on the borders of Thibet. For some time he served the rajah of Rampur Bissahir, Shumshere Sing, as court tailor. First three daughters were born to him, and then five sons, and for anything I know his family may still go on increasing. But I am concerned with his eldest son, Numyul Chering, who is brought up as a lama, with great solicitude on

the part of the entire family, by whom he is treated as a demigod. The bissaheris are buddhists by religion and hindus by caste; even the weavers setting great store by caste observance.

Well, their eldest son, Numyul Chering, till the age of three years, was much like other children; but one day when his father offered him a cup of water from which he had drunk, he refused it, saying, 'I cannot drink after you, as I am not your son.' Being asked who then he was, he answered, 'I am the rajah's guru [preceptor], Tumbaderya, who died a year before I was again born.* Instead of remaining a celibate, I married, therefore my early death and rebirth into your low caste family.' Afterward he pointed out his widow and daughter, the rajah and many other persons with whom he used to associate in his former birth; amongst them his old guru, Choang, who lived at Taling. Choang, after a long conversation with the child, acknowledged the truth of his statements. He told his parents to keep him apart from the rest of his family, to let his hair grow long, and to bring him up as a lama. Choang died three years afterward at the age of eighty-six; he also recollected his former birth, having had a similar experience to that of the boy, Numyul Chering. Choang was a ningwa lama. They are clothed in red, and use the same liturgy as the dugpas. The only difference, apparently, between the two sects, is, that the ningwas wear their hair long, while the dugpas crop it short.

I see no reason to disbelieve this story, which I heard at first hand. The boy, Nymyul Chering, only spoke of his former birth when between the ages of three and five. Since then he appears ashamed of his present surroundings, and maintains a stubborn silence about his former birth. He is now fourteen, but looks younger."—A. BANON.

*A rebirth so soon after death is an extraordinary event, and takes place only in the case of unusually high Souls, and because of special causes.—EDITOR.

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

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