



# THE BUDDHIST RAY

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

VOL. II. SANTA CRUZ, CAL., U. S. A., JANUARY, 1889. No. 1.

## AN INTERESTING FACT.



NE of the facts given below, will show the reader that the LORD BUDDHA'S disciples occupy a position on the lower plane of life, which represents, in

truth, the position they occupy on the higher planes:

The atmosphere becomes lighter and more rarified as its distance from the level of the sea increases.

In consequence of the diminished pressure of the atmosphere on high mountains, the boiling point of water is correspondingly lowered.

The lowering of the boiling point is about 1° Fahr. for every 590 ft of elevation, and hence the temperature of boiling water has not unfrequently been employed for measuring heights.

The pressure of the air at the level of the sea is equal to 14.7 lbs on the square inch of surface. The surface of the body of a man of middle size is about 16 square ft; the pressure, therefore, which a man supports on the surface of his body at the level of the sea is 34,560 lbs, or nearly 16 tons.

The air contained *in* the body, being as dense as the air outside it, cannot be further compressed, and so prevents this enormous weight from crushing it.

Some animals, like cats, are said to die at an elevation of 13,000 ft; where-

as other, like dogs, can live at any elevation that man can live.

In the Highlands of Quito, at 13,000 ft, the strongest horses and mules pace slowly, frequently stand still, tremble all over, fall upon the ground and die, if not allowed to rest.

When Humbolt ascended the Pichincha he was at the height of 13,800 ft seized with giddiness and nausea, and fell senseless upon the ground. Bouguer had several hæmorrhages on the Cordilleras of Quito at less than 15,000 ft. When Major Lloyed ascended the Himalayas, he began, at 15,000 ft, to feel the effects of the rarified air; his respiration became greatly oppressed, and compelled him to sit down every few yards, and thus only could he inhale a sufficient supply of air; and the least motion was attended by debility and mental dejection.

The hardest mountaineers in the Andes, accustomed from infancy to breathe the light air of Puna, cannot walk ten paces, after attaining 16,000 ft, without resting several minutes.

Tissandier, Croce-Spinelli, and Sivel ascended accidentally to 29,000 ft: Tissandier, though he inhaled oxygen, lost consciousness; and when, later, he awoke, he found the balloon rapidly descending, and his two companions dead; their livid faces and blood-suffused mouths showing their struggles in the cold, rarified air.

The highest inhabited spot on the globe is the Buddhist cloister of Haine of Thibet; where at an elevation of 16,000 ft, the good monks breathe air attenuated more than one half of what the normal breath requires.

## BUDDHA AND JUGGERNAUT.

From "Buchanan's Journal of Man".

Moncure D. Conway has exploded the old stories about Juggernaut. He says: "There is no horror more widespread than that of the car of Juggernaut. No church or chapel or Sunday school in Christendom is unfamiliar with the vision of idolaters throwing themselves beneath the bloodstained wheels. There are few American girls—boys even—who have not shed tears and dimes for the victims of that very cruel idol. The dreadful self-immolation has added a proverbial similitude to pulpit and platform eloquence. Grim Juggernaut has got into cyclopædias. But the chariot of truth is passing through the world; many cherished fallacies must be cast beneath its remorseless wheels; among them must be crushed this world-wide notion about Juggernaut. It is a delusion. Hard as it is to lose one's pet horror, this one must be given up. The supposed custom of immolation under the wheels of Juggernaut does not prevail, never did prevail. On the contrary, Juggernaut is the most humane of all oriental deities, and his cult the most civilized. I could fill a column with official and unquestionable paradox, but reserve the space for some facts of more interest to the reader. It will be sufficient to substantiate the point by a few competent authorities whose testimony has not been disputed."

Mr Conway quotes the testimony of Dr W. W. Hunter, gazetteer general of India, Abul Fazl, the Mussulman, Wilson, the orientalist, and Mr James Geddes, magistrate at Orissa, where the festival is held, and their testimony is positive.

"According to Wilson, the orientalist, pilgrimages to Juggernaut have been customary for only some 150 years, so that the annals are traceable. Dr Hunter has gone carefully through them, has conversed with the oldest inhabitants, and found no explanation of the bad reputation of the cult. It is surmised that some early missionary who witnessed the car festival did not understand that the reason why human

beings drew it instead of animals is lest one of these should get killed and so pollute the sacred precinct. Although to the Christian spectator the worship may appear merely that of a painted 'stock,' this is not true. It symbolizes a resurrection of Krishna's dead body. The only sacrifices before it are flowers, each a hope of immortality. The associations with Juggernaut are unique, and the spirit investing the shrine so far in advance of anything else known in India that the cult has become of social and political importance. Forbes, in his 'Plea for Indian Missions' (1865), says, 'Caste is the devil's yoke,' and 'Juggernaut was invented by devils.' This is not felicitous, for at the shrine of Juggernaut caste disappears. It is the one temple in India where the prince and the pauper, the Brahman and the pariah, kneel together in peace. Through this peculiar characteristic of equality has been developed a means by which a certain fraternization with the English has been secured. It has long been caste law that none of Brahman family can touch any soil but that of India without defilement. Young Hindus were for a long time restrained from visiting England, to prepare themselves for civil service, because of the really defiling and costly ceremonies of purification entailed on their return. But in recent years it has been ascertained that it is only necessary for the returning traveller to go straight to the shrine of Juggernaut. Having obtained a certificate of pilgrimage to Juggernaut, no further questions are asked; his caste is safe. In this way Juggernaut, while still signifying savagery for Christian pulpits, has become a potent patron, not to say missionary, of English civilization [or savagery] in India. Juggernaut has also become the shrine of religious toleration in India. At all the great religious festivals his image may be seen, with peaceful Buddha seated beside it. Buddhism was exterminated from India many centuries ago. There is no Buddhist temple nearer than Ceylon; but the great and gentle Teacher, whom we are all beginning to love as the 'Light of Asia', has,

within a few generations been taken by the hand, so to say, by Juggernaut. Buddha is gradually coming back to the heart of India, through the liberalism of the worshippers of Juggernaut. This is the most important sign of moral progress and intellectual movement among the 200,000,000 of India. Juggernaut and Buddha are now [beginning to be] venerated together in every part of the country. They are the gentle, or, one may say, the gentlemanly gods of the land. No violence, no cruelty nor blood-stain can approach them. The pious devotee will not slay an insect near their temples. Such is the record of the actual as contrasted with the imaginary Juggernaut, whose only human sacrifices have been drawn from the pious pockets of christianism."

#### LAMAIC BUDDHISM.

Translated from the German of Koeppen, for the RAY, by Sarah Jane B.

Lamaic Buddhism occupies without doubt a very high position in the history of the culture of the orient. It has solved a great historic problem: it has plucked the nations of Central Asia — the most beastially barbarous and blood-thirsty within the memory of man—out of their natural savageness and bruteness; it has by the doctrine of metempsychosis, by endless, fictitious [?] rewards and punishments, and by the inculcation of the buddhist moral precepts restrained their raging thirst for blood and rapacity; has habituated them to mercy toward the living and pity for all creatures; and has thus generated among them a state of soul, a sentiment, compatible with peaceful development: for it has, along with the doctrine of the Son of the Sakyas (the Buddha) brought them the elements of indian culture: arts and sciences, like writing, architecture, metallurgy, &c. How blessed all this has proved, is best seen by comparing the state of the converted tibetan tribes with that of their unconverted brother-tribes in the Himalayas, which are sunk in a most frightful barbarism: being in part even cannibals. Moreover, what the mongols were before their conversion

by the lamas, is with gory strokes inscribed upon the memorial tablets of Asia and Europe.

It is among the children of terrible Kingdom of Snow (Tibet) and the inhospitable Steppe (Mongolia), that the educating and restraining power of Buddhism has most signally and gloriously shown itself: for it has among them counteracted and partly removed the misery of life, the fight with the elements, the frequent deprivations and hardships, and the hurtful, enervating weakening influences about them.

#### BLAIR'S BOSH.

Little did the freethinkers that framed the constitution of the United States dream that any one would dare to offer bosh as an amendment to that instrument; as has now been offered by senator Blair. Inspired by christian fanatics, who have for years sought to deracinate the spirit of the constitution, and to sow biblical cockles in its place, he has offered the following bosh, which beats all other bosh that has been offered on the floor of the senate of the United States:

##### Toward religious tolerance:

No state shall ever make or maintain any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

##### Toward religious intolerance:

Each state in this Union shall establish and maintain a system of free public schools adequate to the education of all the children living therein, between the ages of six and sixteen years, inclusive, in the common branches of knowledge, and in virtue, morality, and the principles of CHRISTIAN religion.

Resistance to the "principles of christian religion", will, we suppose, be, loss of the right hand, or the tongue, or both eyes; or better still, death at the stake.

The *American Sentinel* says that this bosh was inspired by ambitious women unreformed "reformers", and, we would say, by emasculated, religious fanatics.

We have in this country a mighty host of champions of woman's rights, the christian religion, and reform, who at heart, care as little for these matters as an old turk cares for them: what they care for is political power!

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

**B**UDDHISM has, after an absence of several hundred years, begun to return to its old home, India. See our article, "Buddha and Juggernaut." (Sanskrit, Jagannatha, i. e., the Lord of the world.)

—"THE BUDDHIST RAY has completed the first year of its existence. It is an 8-page octavo, beautifully printed on thick, tinted book-paper, and ably edited. We wish the RAY another successful year."—*Salinas Index*.

—THERE are thirty vegetarian restaurants in London; and a vegetarian hotel is the latest move in the right direction. The best scientific argument in favor of the vegetarian diet, is Gustav Schlickeysen's, "Bread and Fruit: A Scientific Diet."

—The *Morning Star*, a theo-philosophical magazine, Glasgow, Scotland, in noticing the RAY, expresses surprise to learn that there is something besides christian dogma in the writings of Swedenborg. The RAY has shown, and will show, that there is.

—THE editor of *Light on the Way*, Dover, Mass., writes us as follows: "I have read the RAY with profit. I wish the last number (11) could be put into the hands of every christian in the world. The Dhammachakkappavattana Sutta, among other things, contains more truth of vital importance to humanity, than there is to be found in the entire christian bible. With your permission I shall reprint some of your articles in my paper."

—LAST year we forwarded the RAY to scores of persons, at their request,

without the subscription price; and, as we expected, found it a slovenly and expensive business. It will not be done this year. Orders should be accompanied by the price. Subscriptions are counted from January to December inclusive. Single copies for missionary purposes, will cheerfully, and at our expense, be forwarded to any address furnished us by our friends.

—THE *Religio-Philosophical Journal* has the following words: "Ingersoll says he can forgive Swedenborg a deal of nonsense because he says he saw Calvin in hell; and the lower hell of his grim theory is endless and hopeless. Read Swedenborg with fair discrimination and he is a great help, but to read and accept all, is like eating fish and swallowing bones as well as meat—the choking is distressing." Moral:—Do n't swallow anything whole!

—THE Theosophical Publication Society, London, has issued its 15th pamphlet. It is entitled, "Swedenborg Bifrons: or Swedenborg, the New Church Sect, and the Theosophical Society." We have read many a critique of swedenborgianism, but none like this. It is unanswerable. The writer has, with a vigor like that of the coruscations of lightning, sketched the rise and progress of the new church sect, has contrasted the christian and pagan teachings of Swedenborg, and has shown that whatever of rationality there is in this author's works is due to buddhist influence. We hope our buddhist contemporaries will republish the chapter on "Christians and Gentiles"; for the teaching therein is that of a european senator, nobleman, scientist and literatus—a son of a christian bishop, and brother-in-law of an arch-bishop. It will make delightful holiday-reading for sinhalase boys that attend the missionary schools. The price of the pamphlet is only threepence, and it can be had at 7, Duke street, Adelphi, London; or of any of the theosophical journals. By issuing this serial of pamphlets, which contain the thoughts and experiences of some of the brightest and most progressive minds at this day, the society is doing an incalculably good work.

[Continued.]

SWEDENBORG IN THE LAMA-  
SERY.

A SEQUEL OF "SWEDENBORG THE  
BUDDHIST."

BY PHILANGI DASA.

CHAP. I.

It was at Mandalay, Burmah, that a christian missioner had taken up his abode for the conversion of the "poor heathens"—as the cant is. He had acquired some knowledge of the vernacular: spoke it fairly well, and was, with some labor, able to translate easy parts of the jewish-christian scriptures into it.

He stood on a day, a fine buddhist festival day, upon a shaded platform of bamboo, surrounded by some gaping natives; and—as is usual with men who, in their itch to save the souls of others forget to save their own—vociferated, gesticulated, and exhorted them to turn from their heinous sins,—sins which consisted mostly in the eating of fruits and vegetables, the attention to their little occupations, and the wish that the peace of the LORD BUDDHA would descend into their hearts!

At a distance, near a kyoung, or monastery, upon another shaded platform of bamboo, sat a clean-shaven phoongye, or monk, surrounded by a large number of other, devout natives, in their best clothes. the women with flowers in their hair, and the men with brand-new headkerchiefs and waist-clothes of silk of the brightest colors. In a gentle, sweet voice he exhorted them to be slow to anger, to refrain from judging one another hastily and harshly, and to bear in mind that the knowledge of hearts and motives belongs to the BUDDHAS alone. And to illustrate and confirm what he had said he opened a sacred book and read out of it as follows:

"The knowledge of hearts and motives belongs to the BUDDHAS alone, and to no one else; and hence it happened that even the Minister of Righteousness—Sariputta—prescribed corruption as a subject of meditation for a young monk under his rule, through

ignorance of his true character. Now this monk derived no benefit from that religious exercise—for the following reason: he had come to life in many successive births in a goldsmith's house; and from the continual sight, through so long a period, of the purest gold, the idea of impurity was difficult for him to grasp. Four months he spent without being able to get the faintest notion of it. As the Minister of Righteousness was unable to bestow salvation—Arahatship—on his coresident junior, he said to himself, 'He must be one of those whom only a BUDDHA can lead to the truth. I will lead him to the TATHAGATA.' And he led him to the MASTER. The MASTER inquired of Sariputta why he brought the monk before him. 'LORD, I prescribed a subject of meditation for this brother; but in four months he has failed to get the most elementary notion of it; so I presumed he was one of those men whom only a BUDDHA can lead to the truth, and I have brought him to you.' 'What was the particular exercise you prescribed for him, Sariputta?' 'The meditation on impurity, O BLESSED ONE!' 'O Sariputta! you do n't understand the hearts and motives of men. Do you now go; but return in the evening, and you shall take your coresident with you.'

So dismissing Sariputta, the TEACHER had the monk provided with a better suit of robes, kept him near Himself on the begging round, and had pleasant food given to him. On His return with the monks He spent the rest of the day in His apartment, and in the evening took that brother with Him on His walk round the monastery. There, in a mango grove, He created a pond, and in it a large cluster of lotuses, and among them one flower of surpassing size and beauty. And telling him to sit down there and watch that flower, He returned to His apartment. The monk gazed at the flower again and again. The BLESSED ONE made that very flower decay; and even as the monk was watching it, it faded away and lost its color. Then the petals began to fall off, beginning with the outermost, and in a minute

they had all dropped on the ground. At last the heart fell to pieces, and the centre knob only remained. As the man saw this, he thought, 'But now this lotus flower was exquisitely beautiful. Now its color has gone; its petals and filaments have fallen away, and only the centre remains. If such a flower can so decay, what may not happen to my body. Verily, nothing composite is enduring.' And the eyes of his mind were opened.

Then the MASTER knew that he had attained spiritual insight; and without leaving His apartment, sent out an appearance as of Himself, which said :

Root out the love of self,  
As you might the autumn lotus with your hand.  
Devote yourself to the Way of Peace alone—  
The NIRVANA which the BLESSED ONE has preached!

As the stanza was over, the monk reached Arahatship; and at the thought of now being delivered from every kind of future life, he gave utterance to his joy in the hymn of praise beginning —

He that has lived his life, whose heart is fixed,  
Whose evil inclinations are destroyed;  
He that is wearing his last body now,  
Whose life is pure, whose senses well controlled —  
He has gained freedom!—as the moon set free,  
When an eclipse has passed, from Rahu's jaws.

The utter darkness of delusion,  
Which reached to every cranny of his mind,  
He has dispelled; and with it every sin —  
Just as the thousand-ray'd and mighty sun  
Sheds glorious lustre over all the earth,  
And dissipates the clouds!

And he returned to the BLESSED ONE, and paid Him reverence. The Elder, Sariputta, also came; and when he took leave of the TEACHER, he took his co-resident junior back with him.

And the news of this was noised abroad among the brethren. And they sat together in the evening in the lecture hall, extolling the virtues of the SAGE, and saying, 'Brethren, Sariputta the Venerable, not possessing the knowledge of hearts and motives, ig-

nored the disposition of the brother under his charge; but the MASTER, having that knowledge, procured in one day for that very man the blessing of Arahatship, with all its powers! Ah, how great is the might of the BUDDHAS !''

When the phoongye had ended the reading, he arose, descended from the platform, and went toward the monastery; and the people scattered.

Among the listeners that went away, was a tall, uncommonly lean-fleshed, oldish man, in a robe made up of a score or more of shreds or pieces of various stuffs and seizes, put together overmuch botchedly, and dipped in orange. He looked like a tall skeleton over which a dark, dry hide had been stretched—so lean was he. He made one think of Cæsar's words :

Vond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous . . . .

He reads too much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Anthony; he hears no music: Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.—'Julius Cæsar,' 1, 2.

Still, his features were regular; his eyes, when fully open, large, fiery and piercing; his mouth finely curved, though tightly closed.

He walked toward the missioner; and as he drew nigh, there arose among the listeners a soft murmur; and when he got quite up to them they reverently made place for him: and this without even a look or a sign on his part. The magnetic aura of the man was sufficiently pronounced to make itself felt even at a distance. The missioner also felt it, became for a second a little confused, but plucked presently up spirit and continued his discourse. He had translated and was now reading and making comments upon the last six verses of that part of the christian scriptures, said to have been written by one Mark, a disciple of the jewish ascetic, Jesus :

"And these signs will accompany the believers; in my name they will expel demons; they will speak in new languages; they will take up serpents; and if they should drink any deadly poison, it will not injure them —"

"Hold!" — thundered a stentorian voice. The startled missionary looked up. It was the voice of the last comer. And as he looked the preacher full in the face — greatly to the latter's besetment—he asked calmly, "Who says so?"

"Christ, the only son of the living God! whom I even now make known unto you poor worshippers of idols and devils; Christ, whose blood has been shed also for your sins, that, with us, the children of his holy covenant, you might be made partakers in the resurrection of dead!" answered the preacher, who had now recovered himself somewhat.

"And, do you believe it?" asked the monk.

"I do!" answered the preacher.

"Do you truly believe it?" continued the monk.

"I do!" answered the preacher, somewhat irritated.

"Do you truly and literally and from your heart believe it?"

The now exasperated and bewildered missionary shouted,

"I do, I do, I do truly and literally and from my heart believe it!"

He paused a breathing-while, and then continued with absinthian bitterness:

"And if you do not believe, even as I believe, you will never see life eternal; but your lot will, for aye, be in that lake of fire, which has been prepared for idolaters and unbelievers. In the judgment those orange colored rags will profit you nothing; for they will to your confusion, and before Christ and his angels, fall from off you, and thus will be revealed the selfrighteousness they now cover up. You will also see us humble worshippers of Christ's righteousness, clad in spotlessly white robes; and will then, but in vain, cry, 'Woe, woe, woe to me dark, selfrighteous, filthy idolater!' But Christ will answer you, 'You cursed one, depart

from me into that everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels!"

"Whew!" muttered the monk.

The scene had now begun to make a deep impress upon the silently on-looking natives — whose eyes wandered from the monk to the preacher, and from the preacher back to the monk. A shadow of sorrow and disgust flitted across the monk's face. His eyes assumed then an unwonted brilliancy; he put his right hand into his bosom, drew forth a small most venomous viper; held the wriggling worm aloft, and, as he threw him at the feet of the astonished and horrified christian, cried out, "In the name of Christ, take him up!"

[To be Continued.]

#### A NEW BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

From "Pittsburgh Weekly Dispatch."

I was the more surprised when our Government guide took us to the new temple that is in building. It is to cost \$8,000,000 when completed, and it will be finished next year. It has already been nine years in building, and its funds are made up entirely from the offerings of the people. I went into its workshops. Imagine 40 acres of land covered with low sheds, and in these sheds goes on the work of turning the great logs brought from the Island of Formosa, into the finest of carvings, and and into the numerous pieces of wood work which go to make up a great Japanese temple. Everything is done by hand. Logs four feet thick are sawed into boards by hand, and great beams, two of which would form a good load for a team of senator Palmer's percheron horses, are carried by a score of men in couples up a wide roadway which has been built from the ground to the roof of the temple. This temple will cover acres of ground. It will, like all the temples of Japan, consist of an immense ridge-roofed building, the sides of which will slope downward in the shape of a bow, and the beams and every part of which will be a mass of gorgeous carving. Five hundred men are now at work upon it, and work of all kinds goes on under

its roof. This roof was put upon great poles before the work was begun, and the scaffolding of the building consists of tens of thousands of poles, which range in size from the thickness of a fat man's body at the waist to that of a fishing rod. These are tied together with ropes and upon them these acres of roof are built. Here can be seen better than anywhere in the world, I doubt not, the modes of architecture of the ancients. It is wonderful what man's hand can do unaided by machinery. There are no steam engines, no derricks, and no machines of any kind. Work upon this temple has been and is largely a labor of faith and love. The carpenters and carriers are Buddhists who come from all parts of the country to do voluntary work, and one of the most striking objects of the whole of the building apparatus is the following

#### OFFERING OF BUDDHIST WOMEN.

This is the ropes which have been used in hauling the immense logs, which makes up the material of the temple. They are numbered by the hundreds of feet, and the largest of them are as big around as the thigh of a good-sized man. Great cables of brownish-black. They hang in long strands from the roof of the first floor of the temple, making a screen nearly one hundred feet high and twenty feet wide, so thick that they shut out the light. And these thousands of feet of big rope are made of what? They are entirely composed of human hair. Two hundred thousand women cut off their locks and gave them for this purpose as an offering to Buddha. The whole was braided together and the thin cords were retwisted until they became thick ones. The strands grew into ropes and the ropes became these massive cables.

I fingered them and I tried to clasp them, but they were so large that my thumbs and fingers would not meet. I pressed my thumb upon them and they were as hard almost as a cable of wire. They were dry. All the oil had gone out of the hair and the whole looked more dead than alive.

Still, I could see that all sorts of lives were wrapped up in this rope. Here the fine, silky, brown locks of the maiden were twined in and out with those of the white-haired woman, and long strands were braided about short ones, and at the end of the rope these different locks had become loosened, and they hung down like the tail of a horse, of variegated colors.

One cable alone contained the hair of 2,000 women. Some of the smaller cables were worn thin almost to breaking by the

immense strain that had been put upon them in the pulling of the logs.

These ropes will be kept in the temple, and when this great temple is completed they will have one of the honored places among its relics. They are truly a monument of the desire of the women of the east for something better than they have now.—  
F. G. CARPENTER.

#### BELIEVE IN MAN.

Believe in man, nor turn away.

Lo! man advances year by year;  
Time bears him upward, and his sphere  
Of life must broaden day by day.

Believe in man with large belief,  
The garnered grain each harvest time  
Hath promise, roundness and full prime  
For all the empty chaff and sheaf.

Believe in man with proud belief,  
Truth keeps the bottom of her well,  
And when the thief peeps down, the  
thief  
Peeps back at him, perpetual.

Faint not that this or that man fell;  
For one that falls a thousand rise  
To lift white Progress to the skies;  
Truth keeps the bottom of her well.

Fear not for man, nor cease to delve  
For cool, sweet truth, with large belief.  
Lo! Christ himself chose only twelve,  
Yet one of these turned out a thief.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

[Advertisement.]

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