



Om Mani Padme Hum! •

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THE COMING THEOSOPHICAL CHURCH.

IT has for some years been my belief that, unless the Gods interfere, the Theosophical Society would in time give birth to a Church. And I have lately learnt that many of the warmest friends of that body hold the same belief.

The lines that follow were written by a well-known worker in the Society and speak for themselves. "Mr. X." is a Briton, who has worked for the Society both in India and in Europe.

"Mr. X. is still a healthy optimist and looks upon the Society as an experiment of considerable value to some persons, a future Church, a medium for evolution. . . . Blavatsky will doubtless become a female Christ, in that future when the present will have become a myth. . . and 'theosophy' will become popular. But it will not be the kind that makes a few hard human diamonds glisten: it will be a concession to the age, a pasty imitation, which everybody can afford to buy. I am fast beginning to feel toward the Society as toward any sect. . . . Did you meet Olcott in San Francisco? I had a deep longing to meet him. They write me that they worshipped the handsome old Patriarch. It was pithily said that Mr. Judge DOES theosophy, but Olcott is theosophy . . . and that he is a round, universal man. What is your verdict?"

I did not meet Olcott. My body was too sore and tired from physical work at the time he was on this coast, to

make it possible to go to see him. But even if it had been otherwise I do not think I should have intruded myself among the theosophists, because they, like all other children of god, look upon me with suspicion. In former incarnations I must have sinned greatly, for, though I keep myself as mum as an oyster, all children of god look upon me as upon a christ-slaying Jew. I have scarcely any friends in this land. My friends are in Asia, and they are not children of god. A hindu volunteered once to say to me: "In India every ragged and naked ascetic and mendicant would be your friend. What a host of them you would have!" As he was in earnest, it is plain that the children of god in the Society cannot but look upon me with suspicion. Still, I suppose that Olcott, being a buddhist and a "round, universal man," would not have been shy of me.

The "Grand Old Man" of the Society has now laid down the elephantine sceptre of the presidency: and the bul- lies, beasts, and belials in and out of the Society will get somebody else to blackguard in the most approved fashion of god's children. In his annual address, at the Madras convention last year, he said,—

"I place on record my protest against all attempts to create a Blavatsky school, sect or cult, or to take her utterances as in the least degree above criticism."

Useless, good Colonel; useless!

The Church is coming. I know its Christ, pope, cardinals, and bishops.

I have been instrumental in the formation of three branch-societies (though myself not a member of any); and I have interested more persons in "theosophy" than in the Noble Doctrine (Arya Dharma) of the BUDDHA; yet, I have found it impossible to work in the Society, because the children of god in it, will not allow me to "think aloud" on their pet notions.

The composition of the Society in this country is peculiar: among 100 members we have:

75 Spiritualists,
15 Christians,
5 Blavatskyans,
3 Agnostics, and
2 Theosophists.

100.

And each spiritualist among them wants me to reverence the "dearly-beloved-ones-that-have-gone-before-us" (chinese ancestral worship), and listen to spooks; each christian wants to flay me alive if I refuse to believe that Jesus is my savior (though I am wholly unsaved); each Blavatskyan looks daggers at me if I deny that Blavatsky has unveiled Isis before the profane, and published the secret doctrine among fools (which I *do* deny); and each agnostic thinks I should not concern myself about the "archaic" doctrine of the BUDDHA. Only the theosophists are friendly.

In this country, the majority of the Theosophical Society do not believe in the *buddhist* doctrines of Karma, Transmigration, and Universal Brotherhood, which are the *pivotal doctrines of the Society!* They have joined it for other reasons. In Asia the members do believe in these doctrines: they have imbibed them with their mother's milk; nay, in their mother's womb. The women there have for over two thousand years revered the Great TEACHER of Universal Brotherhood, held up their sucklings before His images, and taught them to lisper praises to His name. It is therefore easy for the latter to *believe* and to *feel* (which is weightier) the truth of Karma, Transmigration, and Universal Brotherhood.

What are the pre-natal and post-natal influences in this land? Overweening pride, love of self, love of

riches, flesh-eating, sexual excesses, contempt of "gentiles," slanders, fratricidal feelings and wars, priests, infant damnation, eternal hells, vicarious selfishness, monstrous gods, etc., etc.

How can souls born in an atmosphere like this, believe in justice (Karma), in evolution (Transmigration), and in the common origin of *all* beings and therefore in equal charity to all?

When they join the Society they are in the state of all "believers:" they *believe they believe*; but they do not *feel*, and so their "theosophy" is short-lived. By degrees Olcott begins to look like a cunning yankee; Blavatsky, like a vulgar adventuress; and the members, like simple dupes.

On a visit to Santa Cruz a prominent representative of the Society told the members there that he had been a vegetarian for seven years, that it weakened him, and that he had to return to carnivorous food. Forthwith they too, felt weak, and had to return to it. See the influence of flesh-eating mothers, the difficulty of overcoming pre-natal influences, and the distance between *belief* and *feeling*.

He also told them that the buddhists are a "Church." [Holy Pope!] And the members in San Francisco have lately circulated a notice about Olcott's resignation and future work in the "Buddhist Church." [Shade of SAKYAMUNI!]

My good brother Dharmapala, the sinhalese ascetic, a sound soul, by the way, who, as Olcott's lieutenant, has for many years worked for the Society in Ceylon, has discovered that the Coming Theosophical Church has begun to christify Blavatsky and belittle the BUDDHA. He writes in the *Theosophist* for February:

"I beg leave to protest against the attempt, however unselfish it may be, of students of religion [Blavatsky, he means] to make the philosophy preached by the 'TEACHER OF NIRVANA and the Law' one specialized aspect of the Truth" [i. e., a Church].

He protests in vain. The Blavatskyans are like deaf adders, and will not listen to the voice of buddhist charmers, charming ever so wisely.

The truth is, that the Society in this country needs a god; and I believe that

Blavatsky will make as good a god as any other being, or shadow. Rather than worship Jehovah I would worship Blavatsky. She *taught* "theosophy" and *practiced* the Noble Law of the BUDDHA and when a soul does that, worship is not too great a reward. I swear I will prostrate myself seven times before the first image of Blavatsky raised by the Coming Theosophic Church. *Meherde*, I will!

Of course, Olcott, Dharmapala, and other buddhists, will object that this is contrary to the spirit of the Society. Oh, never mind! Humanity first, spirits afterward. If the members of the Society in this land, have nobody to lean against, they become utterly disheartened. I call to mind the case of an english-woman, a child of god, who left the Society, and told the newspapers that

The Mahatmas of the Society are cold, heartless beings. Jesus carried the little lambs [women?] in his arms. They do not. Therefore I have left.

And the first president of the large Rochester branch, took her followers and went back to Jesus, for the same reason.

Of course, these little feminine minds have not the slightest conception of the noble end which the Great Buddhists had in view when They formed the Society. For they want *amorous* love. They do not want *human* love. An animalish Beecher or Spurgeon, heated with flesh and wine, is more magnetic to them than is any heavenly Ascetic in Asia. The large, masculine mind of Blavatsky was a very lion in their way. Her worshippers are mostly men.

I have before me the March number of the *New Church Life*, the organ of a little erotic protestant sect in Philadelphia, which believes in the amorousness of the angels and in the infallibility of the fallible Swedenborg. In it I read:

"Theosophy is only a more refined or subtle form of materialism; and hence its spread among atheists."

It is an enigma to me, why a child of god should always misrepresent or lie, when he deals with the belief and practices of the "gentiles," or those that he takes to be "gentiles." Whether he has contracted the habit through

the reading of the Bible or the newspapers, I cannot divine. Possibly, through the combined poison of both. I have met scores of members of the Theosophical Society, but not yet a materialist or an atheist among them. I know there are materialists and atheists among the preachers of the New Church sect, as well as among those of the other protestant sects, for I have met a number. But I can testify to the sound christianity of scores of the members of the Society: to their belief in the saving grace of the priestly vehicles. I have read several "theosophic" tracts issued by the New York branch, in which the writers, in truly orthodox style, talk of the Unknowable ("God") as of their next-door neighbor: an audacity from which "atheistic" buddhists would shrink.

In one of his works Swedenborg tells an instructive fable: namely this:

"There appear at one end of the Spiritual world, two statues, in monstrous human form, with their mouths wide open, and their jaws dilated, by which those seem to themselves to be devoured, who think vain and foolish thoughts concerning the God from Eternity."—T. 28.

Now, the MAHAMUNI used to say to His disciples: Children, do not concern yourselves about the Unknowable. Keep silence, and do good works.

Although the *Vahan*, a monthly of the Coming Theosophic Church, sneers at Olcott's editorials, I say sincerely, that I have never read anything from his pen to which I have had to take exception, save his protest against the looming dogma of the infallibility of Blavatsky. He has lived among eastern theosophists so long that he has forgotten that his western brethren are the sons of christian women: that infallibility is just as necessary to their mind as animal flesh is to their body. They have already an infallible pope, Bible, science, and Swedenborg; why should they not also have an infallible Blavatsky? It would not hurt their "theosophy."

Therefore, I do not second the protest of Olcott.

I salute Goddess Blavatsky, and I welcome the Theosophic Church!

—PH. D.

The Buddhist Ray

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



NE of the rarer Story-Books," says *Lusac's Notes and News*, "which record the former births of the BUDDHA has just been published in the United States. It contains the sanskrit text of the Jataka-mala edited with critical apparatus by Dr. H. Kern, professor of sanskrit in the university of Leiden, from Mss. in the Cambridge university library and the bibliotheque nationale, Paris. The volume heads the indian series originated by professor Lanman and published under the patronage of Harvard university. It augurs well for that series that it is ushered in by a volume which as to choice of subject and careful editing leaves nothing to be desired. The January number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, London, contains an article by T. W. Rhys-Davids entitled, *Schools of Buddhist Belief*."

—"THE BUDDHIST RAY, the only paper published in the United States devoted to buddhism, for Jan.-Feb., is to hand, full as usual of interesting reading. This unique magazine is published at the low price of 50 cents a year. All liberal-minded people should subscribe."—*Maurepas Gazette*.

—THE *Arena* for January contains an article by Charles Schrøder, entitled, "What is Buddhism?" It is condensed from Subhadra Bickshu's "Buddhist Catechism" and is an excellent summary of the Noble Doctrine.

—*Food, Home and Garden*, our vegetarian exchange, which is doing much for the humanization of our christian brethren in this country, has these significant words: "Thomas Paine attacked the practice of duelling and denounced the ill-treatment of the brute creation, saying that 'kindness to animals is faith in God.' It is perplexing to account for the fact that while professing christians like president Harrison will kill for sport, professing infidels like Paine, and the editor the *Twentieth Century* condemn such cruelties."

—"ONE baptist minister said in the pulpit that he would head a mob and raze the College of Life; and that he would be the first to throw a stone to dash out the brains of Dr. Teed." Dr. Teed is the president of that "college" and also editor of the *Flaming Sword*, from which this expression of christian love is quoted.

—How we progress in one year:

1890.	1891.
4,290.	5,906 murders.
125.	123 executions.
2,640.	197 lynchings.
	3,331 suicides.

4,655. 9,557. Increase: 4,902.

Of the suicides 23 were physicians, 12 clergymen, 4 judges, and 3 professors.

—EDITOR Stead of the *Review of Reviews*, does not love his fellow-christians, the bishops of the church of England. In the March issue we read:

"They are dumb dogs, wells without water, and of them emphatically it may be said that humanity, which seeks guidance, must find it elsewhere than on the lawn-sleeved benches of the House of Lords."

Ah, brother Stead, but they are respectable! And respectability covers a multitude of sins!

—THE *Kingdom* (baptist missionary organ, Boston) says that Miss Pickett, a young lady converted to the Noble Law by Olcott, committed suicide at Colombo, Ceylon. That is a missionary lie. Being a sleep-walker Miss Pickett went out in the dark at night and fell into a well and drowned. Do not lie for Christ, or anybody else!

[Continued.]
SCIENTIFIC PHYSIOGNOMY.

BY DR. CHARLES MARTELS.

The body of every man is the outward form of his love, exactly corresponding to the inward form of his mind.—SWEDENBORG.

In the Introduction, I have said that the intuitive physiognomist reads character by means of inborn knowledge: knowledge acquired in former incarnations and stored up in that part of the transmigrating Ego, which the asiatic occultist calls the Manas, and Swedenborg, the Rational degree.

Lavater was a typic intuitive physiognomist. He would show the likeness of some man, and say:

"I am astonished at the beauty and power of this face. It is impossible to predicate anything but what is good and noble of it."

And looking at the object of his admiration, you would not, unless you were an initiate in physiognomy, see anything good and noble in it; nay, more than this, it might seem bad and ignoble to you.

Again, he would show another likeness, and say:

"It is impossible to look at this face without being struck with the weakness and criminality of it. It is most repulsive."

And looking at it, you might find it rather attractive.

Now, though Lavater might not be able scientifically to demonstrate the correctness of his judgment, I would take his, rather than the unintuitive or unscientific judgment of any other man; for his was that of a high soul illumined by the great store of knowledge acquired in many past incarnations, unperverted by the false, unscientific art-standards of the schools of to-day.

I have said that he could not teach others the knowledge that was inborn: the outcome, probably, of a long and careful study of human nature in former lives. And you may think that I only imagine this. But I speak from

experience when I say, that there are men that can instantly, and in one word, describe the character of any person they may meet. They are not many; still they exist. But how can they demonstrate the justice of their judgment when the source from which they derive it lies within? I am aware that nearly every woman thinks herself an intuitive reader of character, a Lavater. And I pity the conceit.

It is, however, noteworthy that one of the ablest works, if not the ablest work, on physiognomy in existence, has been written by a woman. After forty years study and observation Mrs. M. O. Stanton, has published her "System of Practical and Scientific Physiognomy." (2 vols., pp. 1210.)

Lavater used to sigh for some one to put physiognomy on a scientific basis; for some one scientifically to demonstrate the correctness of his intuitive readings of character; and were he now in this sublunary hell, he would rejoice to see how much Mrs. Stanton has done in that direction.

Scientific physiognomy, based upon the research of modern science in the field of evolution, distinguishes humanity into five general classes of men; and beginning with the lowest of these, or the least evolved, they are the following:

1. The Vegetative Class.
2. The Thoracic Class.
3. The Muscular Class.
4. The Bony Class.
5. The Brain and Nervous Class.

If you observe the people about you you will find that they belong to one of these classes; or, what is the same, that one (or two) of these systems predominates in their make-up; and when I have given the characteristics of each, you will, with a little observation, be able correctly to tell to what class a given person belongs.

1. *The Vegetative System.*

Mark the *fat* man.

The adult of this system is characterized by a large mouth, small, depressed nose, *globular* (not round) cheeks and chin, large abdomen, great appetite, love of liquid food, of sleep,

and of ease. His motions are slow. He does not "borrow trouble," is not easily disturbed, does not care whether the earth is round or square, solid or hollow, or whether there is a life hereafter or not. His mouth is often more or less open: ready to swallow anything that may float into it. His eyes are half-shut, lest light, of any kind, should dazzle him and disturb his digestion. He is indolent, good-natured and social.

He may like Nathan Meyer Rothschild, be a banker, or, like the Tichborne claimant, an impostor, or, like Barnum's Fat Lady, a curiosity.

But he is never a thinker or a student, no matter what may be his pretensions. His joys, except when eating, are never great, his sorrows never profound. The cook is his god, and butchers, bakers, liquor-dealers, and fishers are his guardian-angels. His sleep, whether at church, or in bed, is generally sound and dreamless: if disturbed at all it is only by the Devil of Gluttony; a monstrous creation of his own, inhabiting the invisible vital atmosphere that emanates, like a dense, black cloud, from his belly, and surrounds him day and night.

Sometimes, when, upon having gorged himself swinishly, he falls asleep, this magnetic Devil, being strengthened by the beastly emanation, pounces upon him; seats itself upon his breast and exhausts him by sucking his breath; when he struggles, and awakes with cries of distress.

This Devil is vulgarly called a Nightmare.

In his mystic writings Swedenborg relates that once, upon a hearty meal, he saw several of these filthy Demons crawling about on the floor, and that an Adept warned him against intemperance. He however did not belong to the Vegetative class of men.

I would have it understood that there are degrees of this system, as well as of the other systems.

In my pilgrimage through this world I have observed that a large abdomen is a good gift of god, and a valuable passport to good society, especially

when covered with fine clothes and a gold-chain, and accompanied by a dull, stupid cast of face, which is held to be a sign of depth of mind.

Let a man of normal size, or slender habits, enter a public place, or a store, at the same time as a man of the Abdominous habit enters. Note who will be served first.

From the "nigger" in the Pullman car to the millionaire in the counting-house, all reverence instinctively a large abdomen.

Darwin has proved that a persistent action in man or in animal becomes in the offspring instinct. And I take it, that our ancestors worshiped adipose, and that this worship has become instinctive. Now-a-days only physiognomists have contempt for it.

Sidney Smith, the celebrated wit, once sat opposite to a man of this organization at the dinner-table, and for a time he was profoundly impressed with his solemn, portentous-looking face. After watching and waiting a while, to catch the drops of wisdom he expected to fall from the fat stranger's lips, a huge dish of apple dumplings was placed on the table, when in a moment the half-closed eyes opened widely, stared with delight at the dish and the supposed philosopher exclaimed, "Them's the jockeys for me!"

That was a lesson in scientific physiognomy.

Still, it should not be thought that all the members of the Vegetative system are like Sidney Smith's fat sage; for many of them are educated and refined, on the surface, and occupy high stations in life. But you never find really pure and high thoughts in them, nor regenerators of the world among them.

Late in life many persons belonging to the higher systems, become adipose and abdominous, especially through inactivity or disease; but other signs will show that they do not belong to this system.

Among animals the Vegetative system is represented by the hippopotamus, the swine, the sloth, and the oyster.

2. *The Thoracic System.*

Mark the *cheerful* man.

The adult of this system has large lungs and therefore a broad chest, full throat, large nostrils, rather high cheek bones, distinct, well-marked features, lively eyes, animated expression, well-developed limbs, and compact muscles. His step is elastic; he is active, courageous, and very hopeful. The large amount of oxygen which he inhales purifies his blood thoroughly, and makes him playful, restless, buoyant, and hopeful: so much so indeed that his state of life is like that of a man exhilarated by a draught of wine. He looks at life through a golden cloud, his own creation. He is pure-minded and generous. He is aggressive, revolutionary, and war-like. He makes the best pioneer.

To-day belongs to him; to-morrow, to the Goddess of Hope, who is his.

Among animals he is represented by the high-flying eagle, the mountain-climbing deer, and the swift greyhound.

3. *The Muscular System.*

Mark the *round* man.

The adult of this system is characterized by a round or oval (not globose) face, full cheeks, round nose, large and convex eyes, often dimples, small hands and feet, high instep, tapering fingers, and a rounding forehead.

Roundness (not Vegetative globosity) of all parts of the body, is the chief characteristic of this system.

It is not very hard to distinguish between a Muscular cheek, which is round, and a Vegetative, which is globose; for the latter bulges like a cabbage or a turnip, which the former does not. Again, the eyes of Muscular system are large and open; those of the Vegetative, small and half-shut, at least when the mind is in a state of repose, and digestion is going on.

The Muscular man, being round, is rapid in his motions, and agile. Of him is the true dancer, thief, acrobat, adventurer, actor, juggler, designer, poet, painter, and sculptor, made: according to the quality of his make-up. Coarse, rigid muscle will produce one

sort of a man; say, an acrobat; fine, soft muscle, another sort; say, a painter or a sculptor.

As every round form is movable, so is the Muscular. The man of this system is the natural artist (not scientist) in every profession of life.

Like the other systems, this has its high and low manifestations.

Among animals it is represented by the lion, tiger, leopard, coon, lynx, cat, skunk, and fox.

And among these beasts, as among the Muscular class of men, you find, on the one hand, boldness, strength, and courage, and on the other hand, agility, treachery, and cunning.

Have you ever seen a thieving lion, or an honest cat? Yet, both belong to the Muscular animals.

Certain facial signs will indicate whether a given Muscular person is of high or low degree: an artist in music and painting, or in theft and forgery; a sculptor or a dancing-master.

The Muscular man is the woman's man. He is *creative* both mentally and sexually.

4. *The Bony System.*

Mark the *square* man.

His cheek-bones are high, joints large, feet flat, long and bony (but not of the negro type), chin broad and prominent, hands knotty and bony, wrists broad, and the lower part of his forehead projects over and beyond the eyes making them look sunken and small. The tips of his fingers are generally square.

Now, there are long and short bones as well as long and short muscles.

Some members of the Bony class are tall; others short. But this needs not confound you. Just look at the projecting bones over the eyes, the broad bony wrists, and the knotty fingers, and you know where your man belongs.

Other things being equal, here is your square, honest man: your Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln.

How easily a round object may be rolled along: made to change its place. How unlike a square!

Have you observed how easy it is for a Muscular man to make love to

women : what a store of words, like "eternal," "adorer," "beautifullest," "heavenly," he has at his tongue's end? And how hard it is for the Bony man? The Muscular man takes to "wine, women, and song," like a duckling to water.

Sitting in a ball-room, some time ago, I saw two very tall men dancing. In height they were equals. But one was Muscular, having a round face, small, round hands and feet; and the other was Bony, having a square face, large hands and feet. How gracefully the Muscular man danced; how easily. I thought of the fish in the water, of the bird in the air. But the Bony man! "Terpsichore," said I in myself, "shut thy eyes, lest thou see this awkward lubbard!"

In my younger days, I made love to a very pretty woman; and I had for rival an actor, of the Muscular class. Who, think you, spoke the sweetest words in her ears, who sang the most enchanting ditties below her window, who sent the most sweet-scented missiles, and—who was left in the "cold"?

Since that time I have not tried to make love.

The genuine type of the Bony system should not dance, make love, lie, steal, crawl through holes, counterfeit, play on musical instruments, paint, act, and write poetry for it is not natural to him.

A horse should not attempt to sneak and a fox should not attempt to walk uprightly.

Let the member of the Bony system "stick to his last." "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," as Apelles said to the impertinent shoemaker. I have learnt not to make love, twang the guitar, and dance. Only pain teaches wisdom.

Among animals the Bony system is represented by the docile, useful, faithful and patient ones: the horse, dog, camel, ox, elephant, and ass.

When the Bony system is in excess, as in the ass and the camel, it produces obstinacy. It is useless to reason with some men of this system. An excess of earthy matter tends to inertia, and this to obstinacy. The ass and

the camel are useful and good animals, but how obstinate are they not.

I have a neighbor of the Bony type: a good-hearted, truthful, and square man, whose word and work I never doubt; still, I never attempt to reason with him, if I see he has made up his mind about any business: he is very bony.

By the way, upon a time, he too went out to make love to a woman, and had for rival a low, dirty, dishonest man-animal of the Vegetative class, who stank in my nostrils. Still, who think you, got her?

Do not understand me to say that the Bony class of men cannot do this or that, cannot be successful, say, in music or painting or love-making; but that it is not natural to them. Grain-foods are not the natural foods of cats and dogs, still thousands of these animals eat them. Throw a piece of bread and of raw flesh before a kitten that has never smelt either, and you will see which is the natural food of the beast.

So it is with man: he can learn many things; but what does he take to spontaneously and with success?

Are there not everywhere thousands of men that hate their profession or business, and would if they could exchange it for something more congenial? I meet such men every day. It is the educational fanatics, or the parents, or necessity that force them into these uncongenial occupations: not their life's love.

The man of the Bony class is persevering, patient, steadfast, and trustworthy. He is the mechanic, architect, scientist, inventor, and worker of the world. Both in mind and body is he like the animals of his type.

5. *The Brain and Nervous System.*

Mark the *intellectual* man, and the *hysterical* woman.

As the biggest brains are those of imbeciles and idiots, it is necessary to put quality before quantity. The member of this system is characterized by a very fine, thin, sensitive skin; and soft, silky hair, bright eyes, pear-shaped face, relatively small nose, thin

nostrils, small hands and feet, small bones and muscles, slim neck and small abdomen. He is quick, excitable, and a rapid speaker. He is high-strung, sparkling, and bright; easily moved to pity, love, and fear.

His reason is great; *her* imagination is superabundant.

He is a philosopher, ascetic, idealist, revolutionist, communist, socialist, or philanthropist; in one word, a lover of his kind, of freedom, of purity.

She is spirituelle, delicate, refined; often clairvoyant and clairaudient: a spirit-medium: but, if uneducated, or unrestrained by some strong hand, a source of mischief to herself and danger to others, especially to men.

Some time ago I read of a woman of this class, who accused a young man of having raped her: in court it was proved, first, that she was a virgin; and, second, that the defendant was a thousand miles away at the time of the alleged crime. Being pressed to tell the truth, she confessed that she had *dreamt* it.

The New York *Herald* relates that, "Gertrude Brown, aged 24 years, the daughter of an Australian merchant, sailed from Melbourne to London, where she appeared much depressed. She finally killed herself, and left a letter, saying she had been drugged and assaulted on the vessel. An autopsy showed that she was a virgin, and so a victim of imagination."

Of demons, rather. Suppose she had taken into her head to mention the name of some man. Would not the lying newspapers have besmirched him, before the autopsy, and after it, have forgotten (!) to do him justice?

Shall I speak from experience? A young girl, *very repulsive to me*, told her mother, many years ago, that I had taken "liberties" with her. But the mother, an intelligent and refined woman, who knew her daughter's weakness, threatened to whip her, if ever again she made that unfounded charge.

That cured the hysteric damsel.

Suppose the mother had been a low vulgar woman; would not she have

caused a "scene," or rushed into court or print.

Our country is the Holy Land of these women. And the newspapers are constantly publishing accounts of shocking outrages and murders caused by their unfounded charges.

The *Better Times* relates that,

"Miss Alice Perry, of Bridgeport, Conn., called a doctor, stating that she was in terrible agony, having swallowed her false teeth. She could feel the choking object in her throat, and was in constant danger of strangling. On consultation it was decided to resort to trachæotomy, as the patient was liable to die. Drs. Sanford and Payne got their instrument ready and were about to administer ether, when one of them stepped on some object under the edge of the bed. Picking it up, he found it to be the missing teeth. Miss Perry recovered at once."

Some months ago, the *New Church Independent* published an account of a young woman, living somewhere in Illinois, who claims to have given birth to a child, without the agency of any man; that is, that the child was born of her virgin body. It did not surprise me. For I have always believed that a certain class of women can impregnate themselves! Many animals do. And there is no biblical reason why a woman should not; especially if she is a Christian, and has the precedent of the virgin Mary. The Holy Ghost, said to have acted in the latter's case, was, of course, nothing but her own mighty will! In the future a new race of men will be born here in the United States, and they will be the sons of corseted and self-impregnated virgins!

You sceptic and atheistic buddhists may sneer at this, but you may live to be put to shame.

Shall I quote "Saladin," the witty editor of the *Agnostic Journal*, as to the efficacy of the mighty will of the neurotic woman?

"Miss Foote, the actress, got married to lord Harrington. She tried to produce Quality. During gestation she directed her will-power that the unborn child should be a girl. She further directed her desire vehemently

that the girl might be born in the image of Mary Queen of Scots, and to this end she hardly ever averted her adoring eyes from a very handsome portrait of the beautiful and ill-stared queen.

The child was born. It was a girl. It was the very picture of Mary Queen of Scots. And—it was an idiot.

Now, unbelieving buddhists, what say ye?

When the Brain lords it you have a philosopher, like Herbert Spencer; when the Nerves lord it, a creator, like lady Harrington. And the creator is ever above the philosopher!

I believe I have now given a pretty clear outline of the Five Systems, and that any one with ordinary intelligence will be able to tell to which a given person belongs.

The only difficulty to be encountered is where two or three Systems are of equal development.

Let us see: Here is a little woman as broad as she is long; a small mountain of fat. You classify her at once with the members of the Vegetative system. But look at her eyes, shaded by a large projecting ridge of bone, at her broad, wrists, at her knotty fingers. In her the Bony system lords the Vegetative, and the other. She eats little, is very active, and intelligent. This is not characteristic of the Vegetative individual.

Here is a man that is rather lean: his hair is soft, skin thin, face pear-shaped. He looks intelligent, and you pronounce him a representative of the Brain system. But look a little closer and you will discover that the Bony system is as prominent as the Brain.

This is a happy combination.

Another man will present a combination of the Brain and Muscular systems; and a third, of the Muscular and Thoracic. Seldom do we find all the Systems evenly balanced.

Where one System is in excess of all the other, there is inharmony. An excess of bone will produce obstinacy; an excess of fat, laziness and sleepiness; an excess of nerve, hysteria and untrustworthiness; an excess of lungs, restlessness; an excess of muscle, com-

bativess; and an excess of brain, insanity.

[To be continued.]

THE STOTY OF SUBHA.

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

When our LORD GOTAMA lived at the monastery of Dewram, in the city of Sewet, there was a neighboring village named Tudee, where lived a brahman named Todiya, who was prime-minister to Kosala, the reigning king, at the time, and who had great wealth, amounting to eight million seven hundred thousand pieces of gold.

The name of this brahman appears to have been derived from that of the village in which he lived.

Although as to wealth he ranked second to none in the land, he was very sordid and selfish.

He had an only son, named Subha, into whom in early life, he instilled the love of gain, and the science of accumulating riches.

He took particular care to teach his son the following stanza:

"It is certain that sandal wood is worn out by friction. And that ants are capable of making an ant-hill, and bees, honey. Observe these and be wise."

To the BUDDHA, living in the monastery near by, he gave neither a spoonful of rice, nor a dish of porridge. Thus he lived a rich brahman, and died, concentrating his last thoughts upon the riches he had. After death he was re-incarnated in his own house, not however as a man, but as a dog.

Now, Subha became very fond of this dog, and fed him with dainties from his table. The dog was not only washed daily with scented water, but also given a soft bed.

While our LORD GOTAMA, as usual, one morning, cast His divine eyes about, He saw that Todiya had died, and had been re-incarnated, and because of his ruling desire for riches, in his own house, as a dog, and that his son, the young brahman had been rendered fit for conversion.

He then equipped Himself, set out for the village Tudee, and reached the house of the brahman, at an hour when he was absent.

The dog recognized at once the LORD, and began to bark at Him.

"Todiya, brahman," said GOTAMA, "in your former birth, you made contemptuous remarks about superior and noble beings, and as a reward for it, you are now a dog; and you bark at me and will in return gain the infernal regions."

The dog knew at once what GOTAMA meant, and being filled with shame and grief, went and lay down on the ashes near the fire. The BUDDHA then left the house.

The attempts of the servants to put the dog on the bed, were in vain; and Subha, on his return home, asked them who had put the dog out of his bed. They then told him what had happened in his absence.

"Surely," exclaimed Subha, "my father must have been born in the Brahma Heaven. How could it be possible for him to become a dog! It is all nonsense. The Abbot GOTAMA speaks at random."

So saying, he went to Dewram monastery to question the LORD touching this matter; and presumably to impute to Him the charge of untruth.

"Child," answered GOTAMA, "everything I said is true. Tell me, that I may convince you, if there is any household effect of value, of which your father did not speak to you?"

"Yes, my LORD," answered the brahman, "there are four things."

"What are they?" asked GOTAMA.

"Give me a description of them."
"A gold chain," answered the brahman, "worth 100,000 pieces of gold; a pair of golden slippers, worth 100,000 pieces of gold; a carpet woven in tissue worth 100,000 pieces of gold; and a purse of 100,000 pieces of gold. These I could not find, and my father did not speak a word about them."

"Child," said GOTAMA, "go, and give the dog rice cooked in milk, and after allowing him to take a nap on the bed, ask him for the valuables enumerated by you. He will then let you

know where they have been hidden. Thus you may convince yourself that the dog is no other than your late father."

"If GOTAMA's statement is true," said he, whilst returning home, "I am sure to add more to my present stock; and if false, I will call him a liar."

Thus making up his mind, he went home quite satisfied, and carried out the orders given by GOTAMA. Whereupon the dog made a low murmur (as much as to say, "You have found me out"), got down from the bed and scraped the floor, where the valuables had been buried.

Subha at once took up the floor and found them.

Then he was fully convinced of the statement made by our LORD GOTAMA.

Now the brahman Subha made up his mind to visit the LORD a second time; and with suitable presents he took the road to Dewram monastery. And arrived there he fell down before the BUDDHA, and then standing at a respectful distance, prayed for enlightenment touching the following subjects:

"Right Venerable LORD, born of the Gotama race, how is it possible that among people born in this world, some are reckoned high, and others low. What can be the cause of this?"

Why do some attain to old age, and others die young?

Many suffer from asthma, consumption, and other malignant disorders, and many enjoy health. What is the cause of this?

Why are some disfigured and deformed, and others handsome and beautiful?

One class of men are influential and powerful, and another, inconsequential and powerless. What is the cause of this?

Some are poor, and others rich. What is the cause of this?

Some are born in inferior families, and others in superior. What is the cause of this?

Some are foolish and ignorant, and others wise and learned. What is the cause of this?

O LORD GOTAMA, beings born in the human race are thus reckoned in opposite scales. What is the cause of this?"

"Young man," answered GOTAMA, "it is right and proper to attribute the distinction between man and man in this world, to their own actions of merit and demerit, which stand as cause of their birth or reward, support or relation. Hence every one must expect a share more or less equal to his merits."

Now Subha did not fully comprehend the meaning of these words. His position, in this instance, was no better than that of a man pinched with hunger and kept blindfolded in the presence of a table spread with dainties.

It was on account of the high notions Subha had regarding his own knowledge that our LORD briefly expressed His sentiments, to bring him round.

The young brahman then openly declared that he had not actually comprehended the full meaning of our LORD's doctrine, and begged Him to explain it in detail and in a manner agreeable to his understanding.

"Child," answered the LORD, "if there is any man that has been guilty of killing any being, that man will be born in hell to suffer great grief. Should he be born a man, it will be the fate of him to die in youth and beauty.

If a man has not destroyed animal life, and has been kindly disposed toward every one, he will be born in heaven to enjoy great happiness. Should he, in the course of his metempsychosis, be born a man, he will attain to a ripe old age.

If a man, by whatever means, has inflicted bodily pain on others, he will be incarnated in hell to suffer any amount of grief. Should he become a man, he will be unhealthy and subject to disorder, wherever he may be born.

If a man has done no harm to others he will enjoy heavenly bliss for a very long time. Should he become a man, he will be free from sickness, and restored to health, in every stage of his birth.

If a man has been very malicious, and excitable, when spoken to, he will be doomed to the place of torment. Should he be born a man, he will be deformed and disfigured, wherever his birth may take place.

If a man has been free from malice he will be born in heaven to enjoy a blissful state. Should he become a man, he will be attracted and admired by every one, wherever he may be born.

If a man has entertained jealousy or ill-will at the prosperity and well-being of others, he will be born in hell and be subject to great grief and pain. Should he become a man, he will, for many a birth, be inferior in order, destitute of wealth, and deprived of authority.

If a man has been glad at the fortune and welfare of others, entertaining neither jealousy nor hatred, he will be born in heaven to enjoy happiness age after age. Should he become a man, he will be born in a noble family, and assume power and command over his people.

If a man has given no alms to ascetic and brahman, he will be born in the infernal regions and suffer grief and pain to a great degree. Should he be born a man, he will be a slave in distress in many a birth.

If a man has entertained ascetics and brahmans, he will be born in heaven to gain infinite happiness. Should he become a man, he will have great wealth and lead a life free from disease or disorder wherever his birth may take place.

If a man, on account of pride, has neither made offerings, paid homage, nor respected such as are deserving, he will be born in hell, to suffer great grief and pain. Should he be born a man, he will be humble and inferior in birth and race, and exposed to the derision and contempt of the world.

If a man has been submissive and respectful, paying what is due, saluting those that are worthy of respect, he will go to heaven, and enjoy great felicity. If incarnated in this world, he will be born in a noble family, respected by all.

If a man has never inquired of ascetics or brahmans what are the merits and demerits, what should be done and undone, and what actions merit heaven and hell, he will be born in hell to suffer great pain and grief. If incarnated as a man he will be a simpleton birth after birth.

If a man has inquired of ascetics and brahmans what are the merits and demerits, and so forth, he will be born in heaven to enjoy great happiness. In future births he will be endowed with vast understanding.

Thus, O brahman, those actions that merit a short existence bring on a short life, and those that merit a long existence bring on a long life. Those that merit ill-health bring it, and those that merit health bring it. Those that merit beauty bring it, and those that merit ugliness bring it. Those that merit superiority bring it, and those that merit inferiority bring it. Those that merit riches bring them, and those that merit poverty bring it. Those that merit birth in a superior race bring it, and those that merit birth in an inferior race bring it. And those that merit wisdom bring it, and those that merit folly bring it.

Thus, it is evident, that, in every being, merit is origin, nature, fortune, affinity, and fulcrum. Hence men are ranged in opposite scales: high and low, long-lived and short-lived, healthy and unhealthy, beautiful and ugly, noble and common, rich and poor, superior and inferior, wise and foolish.

There is nothing but his own action that ranges a being in the scale of high or low."

At the close of this sermon, the young brahman, Subha, abjured his own faith and took refuge in the Three Gems.

YOUR FAMILY.

To find out how old your family is, take a pencil and multiply: 2 times 2 are 4, 2 times 4 are 8; etc., and you will find that in the 20th generation you had 1,480,576 ancestors, without counting the intermediate generations,

and in the 30th generation you had over 1,000,000,000, without counting those between yourself and the 30th. You can therefore without exaggeration, claim to be the scion of one of the very greatest and oldest families in the land; as old, indeed, as any of the McAllister "set," whose noble ancestors (transported european convicts), helped to found this republic.—*Ex.*

—♦♦♦—
[San Francisco Chronicle.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD ON THE THEOSOPHISTS.

Buddhism a Chastening and Refining Influence Wherever It is Found. Disciples of the Existence of the Invisible.

Sir Edwin Arnold, the philosopher, poet and oriental scholar, more widely known to the reading public as the author of the buddhistic epic, "The Light of Asia," arrived from the East last night.

He told a reporter . . .

"My mission to India is a very interesting one: being a transfer from the brahmans to the buddhists of the great temple of Buddha Gaya. This temple was founded by king Asoka 300 years before Christ. It is to the buddhists what Jerusalem was to the crusaders, or Mecca is to the mohammedans. My work must be accomplished by friendly negotiations, and I have been commissioned to this, both by the buddhists of Asia and the Government at home. I appreciate that the surrender of this great temple will be a difficult matter, and that it must be made upon a friendly basis or not at all.

The statement may appear singular, but it is nevertheless true, that in India, the birthplace of buddhism, there are hardly any professed buddhists: not more than, say, 10,000; the buddhists being found principally in Siam, Ceylon, China, Japan, and Central Asia.

The effect of buddism upon a people morally and physically is good. Wherever you find a community with great tenderness toward the lower creation,

with a deep respect for humankind and a strong observance of duty, there will you find also the spirit of buddhism. It is a moralizing, restraining influence."

"Are esoteric buddhists and theosophists the same?" was asked.

"That depends upon what you mean by theosophists," answered Sir Edwin. "If you mean the theosophists of the school of Blavatsky, Sinnett, and Olcott, I will say that they are so closely connected with buddhism that the buddhist Scriptures ought to be their textbooks, and I don't see how you can do this without a knowledge of sanskrit. I knew Mme Blavatsky very well, and am well acquainted with Olcott and Sinnett, and I believe them to be sincere to the extent of their light.

There is no doubt that the theosophical movement has had an excellent effect upon humanity. It has made a large number of people understand what all India always understood, and that is the importance of invisible things. The real universe is that which you do n't see, and the commonest indian peasant knows that to be true by inheritance. The theosophists have impressed upon the present generation the necessity of admitting the existence of the invisible. The senses are very limited, and everybody ought to know that behind them lies an illimitable field of development."

THE THEOSOPHIC BUDDHISTS.

I call to mind the sensation that the churches and the newspapers got up when the first crematory was built in this country, and Olcott and Blavatsky burnt the remains of baron de Palm. It was a shockingly "heathen rite," and the christians expressed grave doubts as to whether God would, on the resurrection day, be able to find the scattered particles. Being a great "believer" I thought he would, and so gave myself no further concern about it.

A few days after the "heathen rite," the architect of the crematory, a pious god-fearing christian, came to me to

borrow some books that interested him. And as he was about to leave, I said to him:

"By the way, tell me something about those theosophists, Olcott and Blavatsky. The little I have read of them in the newspapers is of course of no value. You have seen and conversed with them. Let me hear."

Mr. W—, who, by nature, was a spirit-medium (though not a spiritualist) became a little excited and exclaimed with a gesture:

"Oh, I could not breathe in the presence of that Olcott! He fairly suffocated me!"

"What of the Russian?" I asked.

"She was not much better. It was a godless crowd. Heathen to the backbone!"

Hearing that they were heathens, I pricked up my ears and said:

"Heathens, eh? What kind; cannibals?"

"No!" he roared, "*Buddhists*. They call themselves Theosophists; but they are nothing of the kind; they are *buddhists*; believers in Nirvana—Annihilation!"

Dreadful!

After that Olcott and Blavatsky went to India; and as I seldom read the newspapers I lost sight of them for a few years. Sir Edwin Arnold's words given above, have called forth this little event out of my Book of Life.

—PH. D.

THE UNCONVERTIBLE SINNERS.

The Better Times.

Sir Edwin Arnold was asked by a New York acquaintance the other day, if missionaries of the christian religion were making much impression on the buddhists of India. He answered with a laugh that they were making about as much impression, as if any one should attempt to perfume the ocean by pouring cologne water into it.

He added that while his comparison might be considered laughable, it was a serious reflection of the situation because there are 280,000,000 people in

India, and each buddhist among them has an idea that no one can bring him any better religion than he already possesses. Their attitude in this respect reminded Sir Edwin of the two soldiers that were walking along, when one remarked to the other: "You are out of step, Jack." Said the offender: "Oh, I am, am I? Well, just change your'n."

[Let the christians change "their'n."
—ED.]

[St. Paul Pioneer.

BUDDHA GAYA.

"Sir Edwin, have you been commissioned to try to secure the restitution of the Buddha Gaya temple?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I carry the commission of the british government looking to the restitution of this temple, and should be in India now. I shall try to go next year.

The temple was founded by king Asoka about 300 years before Christ, and is the central place of the buddhist faith. It is now in the hands of the brahmans, who care no more for it than you do for the mormon temple at Salt Lake City; but they derive a great revenue from it and hold it merely for that purpose.

It was at this temple that Prince SIDDHARTHA, the founder of buddhism, attained enlightenment. He was sitting under the Tree of Knowledge, at the time, and that tree, so the buddhists believe, is standing now. It is an indian fig tree; and when I was there, I plucked several leaves, and wrote some sanskrit verses. One of these leaves is now in the temple reposing in a golden casket.

The temple is a handsome one, and contains many stone relics of buddhism. These stones are carved and are most interesting.

My commission gives me unlimited power to arrange for the restitution of the temple, and I can arrange it, for I know all the people. It will cost a great deal of money, and it will be a silent religious revolution, which means

that buddhism will be restored to India."

"I thank you very much," said the reporter rising. Sir Edwin repeated a sentence and said, "That is how the japanese would say, 'What have I done?'"

MEDITATION.

[Written by Mr. Koga, and Translated from the Japanese for the RAY by K. Cedarville, a Japanese.]

If, after night, you were to visit a graveyard, and were to place yourself under a lugubrious hemlock, hiding the sky, what would be your first reflections?

Here a tomb, there a monument: though they vary in size, still they are nothing but the hiding-places of whitened bones. Perchance, here a warrior, whose martial exploits shook the heavens and the earth; whose boast was that not a single grass had been left green by his iron hoofs. Perchance, there a millionaire, who had treasured up millions, who had clutched all within his reach; or, a lean beggar: the bones of a boor; or perchance, tears and sighs.

Although, while living, these were gathered from the leaves, flowers, and fruits of the earth; although they may have dreamed heavenly dreams; been delighted and saddened, or praised and blamed, by turns: still, they are all gathered here.

Is not their ephemeral existence a thrilling lesson?

One of the gravest questions of human life is, Death; and it is in every sense the greatest of tragedies. Our parents, with whom we would like to live for ages, must depart; so also our near relatives and friends. The conjugal relation must be broken. Our children and grandchildren meet the same fate.

Reflecting thus, our body is like an uprooted plant; and our life like a ship riding upon the waves.

Multitudes of men pray, in vain, for a long life.

There is, I say, no man that loves Death;* and no man that is not overtaken by it in some way. The intellect of man does not elude Fate; and Destruction cares neither for rank nor glory. It is neither affected by gold, nor restrained by might. Oh, the marble-hearted! Saturn, indifferent to us all, bids Death strip us of life, no matter how much we may resist.

The walk of a sheep to the butcher's stall, even when offered sweet herbs for refreshment and shady resting-places, along the path, is not a pleasant one. As it nears the fatal place, every tick of the clock will sound like a knell.

But, is this the case of the sheep alone?

The motto: "No difference between senior and junior," suggests that Fate has no favorites. It would therefore be wiser to think that we *must* die, this year, day, hour, or minute, than that we *may*.

Victor Hugo says that this world would be Heaven itself, were parents always young, and children always infants.

What is life? How did we get hither? Whither do we go? Is the tragedy of Death unavoidable?

We shall do well to ask these questions: lest, like a belated traveller, in the wilderness, darkness overtake us.

Our life is like a flash of lightning. And our deeds are like children's plays. Still, we should not, like self-murderers, dissatisfied with life, take our own life.†

When we have deeply pondered the questions just asked, we shall see that this life is not a real life, and that this death is not a real death. Should we have to retreat from this side of the grave, then should we also have to retreat from that side of it. Should we

*This is a mistake.—ED.

†Why not? Fools and cowards (mostly cowards) say we should not. But, why not? There is nothing gained by it. How do you know? The Gods and the Mahatmas say so. Have you ever heard a God or a Mahatma say so? I did not ask any god's or man's permission to enter this world, and I shall not ask any one's permission to leave it. You know we have free-will!—ED.

not, after all, be able to get rid of the Universe, what though we got rid of the World?

Man is not born accidentally, but for some use. It is therefore our duty to fulfil that use. Think of it, and Fate and Destruction will be as nothing.

Petty political parties, sects, families, brothers strive in vain, and are finally together precipitated into one dream.

Unless we set our heart at rest, through a rational religion, this life will not be an unfading flower of Heaven, but rather an "everlasting bonfire" of Hell.

The funeral smoke sweeps away the Essence of man and leaves only the body.

When the pale moon kisses the hill-top, and its silvery beams illumine the gravestones, we can see the true meaning of existence, and fulfil the condition of life.

CRUELTY.

Despite the many appeals to the sympathy of horse-owners, and often threats, a great number continue to use the cruel over-check rein, and few can give other reasons for using it than that it was purchased with the harness or that it is fashionable. If they understood the torture this causes, they would abolish it. If the horse-owner had a strap placed round his forehead, drawn taut by another from behind, and made to canter while hauling a load, he would realize what the horse suffers.—*Ex.*

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