

The Buddhist Annals of Ceylon



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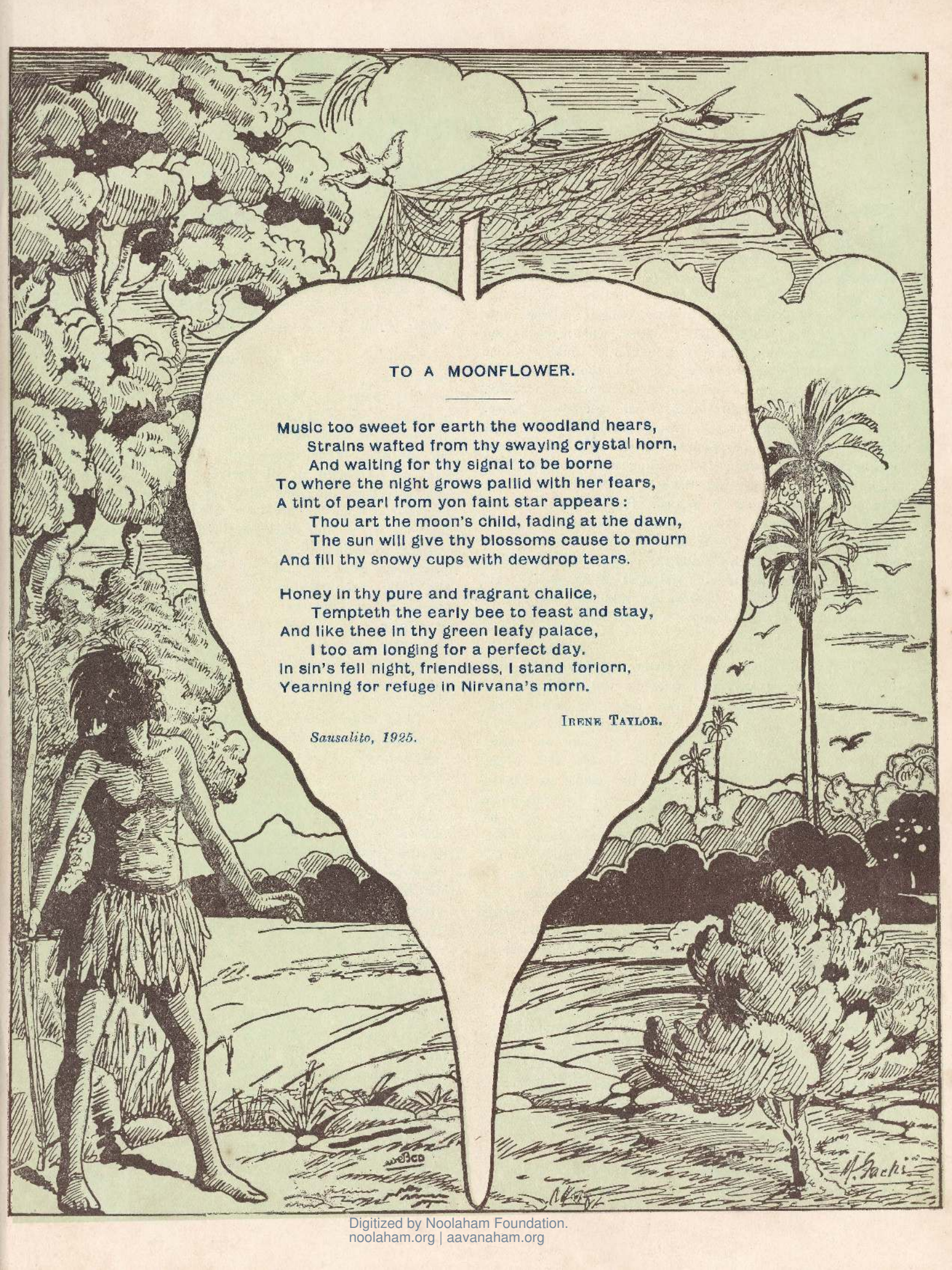
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TO A MOONFLOWER.

Music too sweet for earth the woodland hears,
Strains wafted from thy swaying crystal horn,
And waiting for thy signal to be borne
To where the night grows pallid with her fears,
A tint of pearl from yon faint star appears:
Thou art the moon's child, fading at the dawn,
The sun will give thy blossoms cause to mourn
And fill thy snowy cups with dewdrop tears.

Honey in thy pure and fragrant chalice,
Tempteth the early bee to feast and stay,
And like thee in thy green leafy palace,
I too am longing for a perfect day.
In sin's fell night, friendless, I stand forlorn,
Yearning for refuge in Nirvana's morn.

IRENE TAYLOR.

Sausalito, 1925.

GOING UPSTAIRS.

[BY J. F. MC KECHNIE]



HERE was once a man who lived in the basement of a big house. He had lived there a long, long time; indeed, he had never lived in any other part of the house, so that he did not quite believe there was any other part of the house to live in. And it was not very light down there in the basement; things were always half wrapped in shadow. Neither could much be seen from the low window; through it, indeed, he could see very little of all outside that was to be seen. But the man had lived there so long, and was so ignorant that there was anything better than the half-lights of his semi-underground home, and the scanty view of the outside world obtainable from its window, that he had grown accustomed to its darkness and narrow outlook, and desired nothing more than to have improvements made here and there in the furnishings of his basement. This was all he wanted. Indeed, he was almost unable to conceive of any other wants. All possible happiness for him lay in being able to make these improvements; and in the search for, and the pleasure of discovering, likely ways of making them. And most of his misery just lay in not being able to improve his basement dwelling, in being defeated in his attempts to find some method of improving it.

Thus, all his happiness and misery was bound up with his basement abode, and with what he was able to do or not do therein. And naturally the misery was greater than the happiness; for the number of things in the way of improvement which he was not able to do there was much greater than the number of those which he *was* able to do. At nearly every turn he discovered how unable he was to alter things according to his liking. He discovered how weak he was; and found out that to be weak is to be miserable. Thus the man's plight was an unhappy one, though he did his best to keep himself from despair in his dim abode by hoping that somehow as time went on, he would become a little stronger and a little stronger, and then some day at last, become strong enough to arrange everything there in the way he wanted it to be. But this was only a hope. He did not really see any clear prospect of ever being able to order things as he wanted them; and lived on in his basement trying this, that, and the other thing, to improve it, just because there was nothing else that he could do. In short, his position in his basement was rather a hopeless one although he did not know it. Things there were, and always would be, much stronger than he was, no matter how strong he became. Yet, as already said, he lived on there in the hope that some day he would be stronger than they, for he had nothing else to hope for there in his basement.

But why did not this man just leave his dark basement alone and go upstairs where it was lighter, and where he could get a much better and fuller view of the outside world,

see out of the big windows that looked out unobstructed upon that world?

Ah! why indeed do we not leave the dark basement in which we live our lives, and go where there is more light, more to be seen? For this man, this basement dweller, good reader, is just you and I and all mankind!

Yes, we are little better than basement-dwellers in the house of life; and all we think about, most of us, is only how to make things a bit better in that twilight abode. For this is the only notion we have of what happiness is,—to improve the basement dwelling in which our lives are spent. Yet all the time, if we would only see it, happiness for us can only lie in once for all leaving behind us the basement and everything belonging to it, and—going upstairs! For, disguise it from ourselves by all sorts of devices as we may, it is a dim, dark world that we live in in our ordinary consciousness: and in it we can see but very little, peer about us as desperately as we will. And when, with the little vision we have, we make attempts to improve things in it, we find that it has its own laws that care not at all for us and our plans and desires, and, working inexorably on, calmly and completely crush us as often as they find us standing in their way, hardly even noticing that we are there as they crush us!

Why then should we stay in such a dark, narrow, uncomfortable place when there is a way out of it, a way upstairs? For there is a way upstairs! And the whole duty, nay, the imperative necessity, laid upon man is to find that way and take it. Truly this has been the only object of mankind's long travail upon earth, whatever at different times men may have thought was their object, whatever varied projects they may have pursued in their basement life. At the end of all, what mankind has really been looking for, what it needed to find, and the only thing it needed to find, was just *how to get upstairs*, how to get out of the basement. And behold! the way to do this is known, has been made known these last twenty-five hundred years and more.

Why, then, do not men go upstairs out of the basement by this way, by this staircase, and in such simple obvious fashion, get out of all their troubles? Why indeed, do they not? It can only be, as already said, because they do not believe, they are not wholly convinced, that there is an upstairs. Life in the basement seems to have an uncanny power over the great majority of mankind of making them incapable of believing in any other kind of life but basement life. They do not believe in a staircase leading to it, even when this is pointed out to them. A strange state of affairs; but it is the state of affairs that prevails among the vast majority of men.

What is to be done then? Clearly nothing can be done but just to go on calling men's attention again and again to the stairway, and asking them to try it, to try going up it only a few steps and see what happens,—see if they are getting into a place of more light, where their eyes perceive things more clearly, and they find themselves less uncomfortable, more free from the distresses and the miseries of the basement.

This is all that can be done. And this is all that the Buddhas do or can do. For it is the Buddhas who have found this stairway out of the twilight basement of existence to the upper story; and who call men's attention to it, inviting them to walk up the stairway and find themselves brought out of darkness into clear daylight and an expanded vision, into a deliverance from the distresses of basement life. And this, their stairway, they call the Noble Eightfold Path; and the upper story of light and vision abundant to which it leads, they call Nibbana.

Why do they give this stairway such a fine name as *Noble Eightfold Path*? Because, at bottom, it appeals to the noble part that lies sleeping in every man's breast, if only it can be got at and aroused. Next to the actual experience of the more intense miseries of basement life, the most deep-seated feeling that will drive a man to try to get up these stairs is the feeling of the ignobility, the contemptibleness of grovelling for ever on the lower levels of

life. When this feeling is thoroughly awake in him, he becomes tired of his basement condition in life, weary of it, disgusted with it. He wants something better. And when he is shown how to get it, he starts upon the way to get it that is shown him: he begins to go upstairs upon the Eightfold Path of the Noble.

Yet even those who have not their instinct for the noble sufficiently awakened to induce them to leave the basement, may be induced to start doing so by the personal feeling of reverence and love which they may feel for Him who invites them to do so. These, in the first instance, may well constitute the great majority of those who try to take the Noble Stairway leading upstairs, since, as lying nearer the surface of our nature, reverence and love for a personality are more easy to rouse, and so more readily produce corresponding action, than the deeper-seated feeling for what is worthy of a man, for what is noble. Yet it remains true that the latter feeling, as being more deep of root, once it is roused, will lead to a steadier, more intense and sustained effort than the other. But whatever it is that leads men to try the way upstairs, whether love of Him who has shown that Way, or disgust for the paltriness of basement life, as they mount that stairway, all alike will rise into regions of greater and greater illumination and clearness of seeing, till the great open sky, the fair wide landscape of Nibbanic vision lies clear and open before their gaze, never again to be lost.

THE WORLD'S PERENNIAL MALADY.

[BY PROFESSOR BRODRICK BULLOCK]

THERE is a time which comes to almost all thoughtful persons when the dense veil of illusion, which from their infancy upwards surrounded their path, is lifted, sometimes slowly, sometimes suddenly, and they see their dwelling-house, the earth, no longer bathed in the roseate hues of their dreams, but sharply outlined in the cold grey light of reality.

Hitherto the world had seemed to them, if not "very good," yet on the whole, a fairly pleasant place. Preachers had told them of victories won, of conflicts ended, of trials past, and poets had sung of happy consummations, of better days to come, of the

"one far-off divine event

To which the whole creation moves."

Hitherto the Fortune-goddess had graciously allowed them a little space wherein to build up blissful fancies, so that they had been only theoretically acquainted with the unending suffering, crimes and follies of mankind. Hitherto a light as from afar had seemed to guide them towards a sure haven of peace, where the inexplicable would at last

be explained, where storms and shipwrecks would be unknown, and where all living things would be healed of their grievous troubles: till as the grey realities pressed ever nearer, and, growing more and more distinct, hardened into ugly, pitiless forms, the lodestar faded quite away, and with it the glamour in which all things were wrapped.

But if suffering is the inalienable attribute of all sentient life on this planet, and doubtless also on all other globes throughout infinity, wherever the same conditions prevail, to man belongs the odious distinction of having, of himself, brought into being the pernicious malady, which has enormously increased the possible sources of pain and spread a desolating blight over the world. Soon as he emerged from unconsciousness, and the first gleams of intelligence and curiosity awoke, the gloomy phantom of Theology was at his side, to answer the wondering questions that he put, in utter ignorance of himself and of the world; and from their intercourse arose the dark shapes of Superstition and Mythology, those ill-starred harbingers of woes to come. The horrors wrought by this trio of miscreated imaginings are well-known to all students of history:—un-numbered

cruelties throughout all ages, agonies of physical and mental suffering, broken hearts and shattered lives.

Another symptom of this fatal malady is man's misuse of his intellect. In this connection it is important to bear in mind the essential duality of human nature, consisting, as it does, of two wholly heterogeneous elements, the Will and the Intellect: which duality explains the eternal conflict between "heart" and "mind," and why

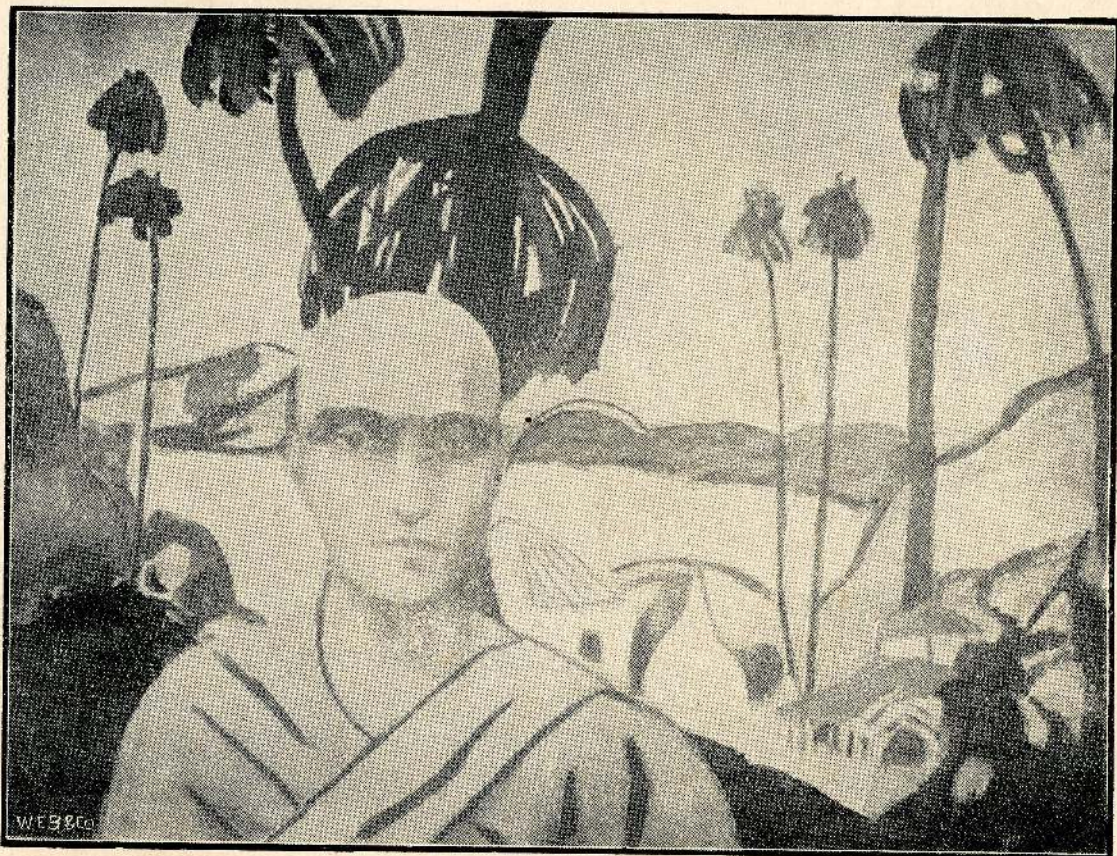
"Video meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor."

The Will is primary, underived; the Intellect is secondary, derived. The former is the metaphysical Reality which is objectivated and individuated in all so-called living matter—in plants, animals and men—and which manifests itself chiefly in a blind struggle for life, at all costs, under the best obtainable conditions, and is striving to reproduce itself in countless successions of generations. The latter has been gradually evolved *pari passu* with the increasing complexity of the brain cells, of which it is a function, and from its earliest dawn it has always been, as it were, the handmaid of the Will, obedient to her master's hests, and yielding to his purposes whatever treasures her clear-sighted vision may have brought to light.

Little by little from slow beginnings the Intellect has developed into a great power. It has wrested many a secret from Nature's reluctant hands, and in the realm of medicine and surgery its triumphs are of inestimable value. It has devised many comforts and conveniences for daily use and humoured the whims of mankind with marvellous toys. Yet in spite of all these triumphs, there is not the least approach to a happier state of things. The wearing strain and artificiality of human life have been heightened rather than diminished, while by the aid of chemistry, monstrously misapplied, overwhelming forces of destruction and desolation are let loose from sky and land and from beneath the sea. This degrading bondage of the Intellect, whose activity is exploited by the Will, instead of being exclusively reserved

for the benefit and welfare of humanity, cannot escape the notice of the impartial observer; and as he views the melancholy procession of the ages from bad to worse, from the rudest stone weapons to poisoned arrows; from poisoned arrows to gunpowder, from gunpowder to poison-gas warfare, foreshadowing death-dealing inventions still more fiendish, he is filled with bitter contempt or profound grief for humanity folly according to the promptings of his inborn temperament.

Ergo hominum genus incassum frustra que laborat
Semper, et in curis consumit inanibus aevom,
Nimirum quia non cognovit quae sit habendi
Finis et omnino quoad crescat vera voluptas.



From a painting By Achsah Barlow Brewster.

A BHIKKHU

Idque minutatim vitam provexit in altum,
Et belli magnos commovit funditus aestus.*

There is yet another deeply rooted source of this malignant disease. Hypocrisy, like the tubercle bacillus, is omnipresent; and all human affairs, including, in a very marked degree, the different world religions, are infested with its odious taint. There are numberless persons in all countries and climes who, adhering outwardly to the faith of their fathers, believe but little in dogmas of any kind and attend the rites and ceremonies, to which from childhood they have been accustomed, through force of habit, and as a kind of aesthetic consolation amid the wear and tear of life.

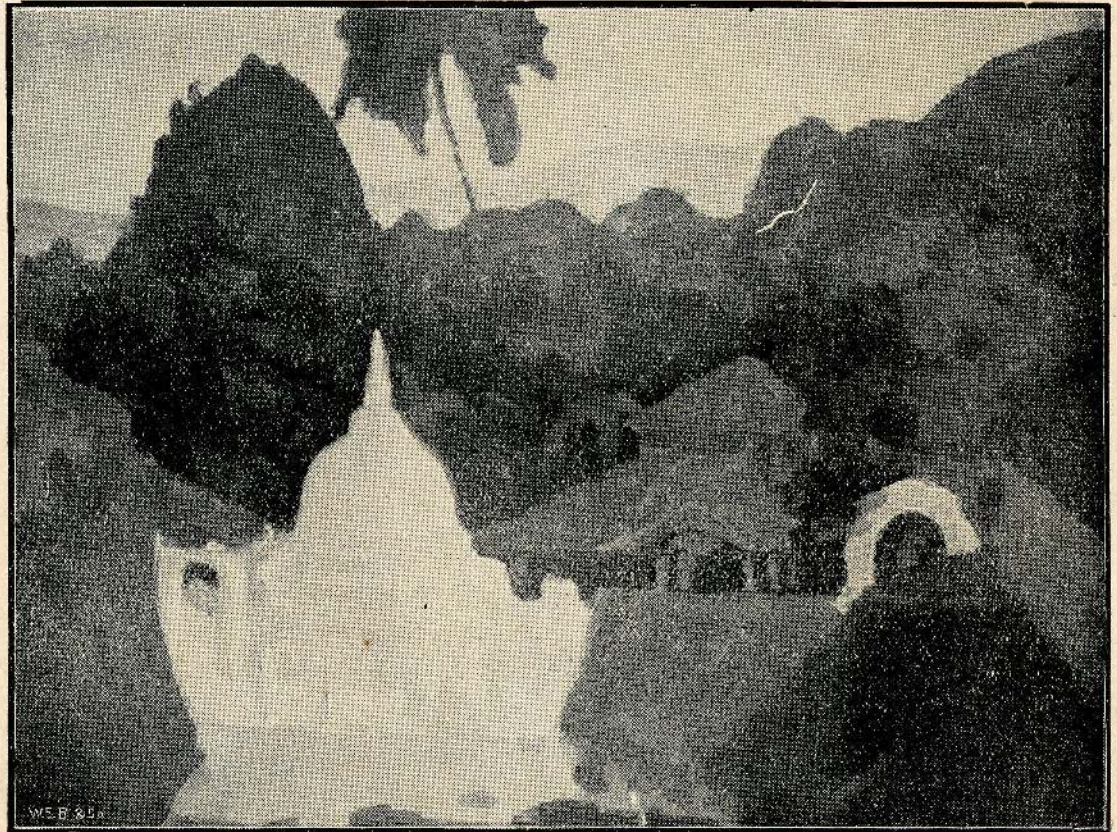
* Lucr. V. 1430—1435.

But if theological imaginings touch no responsive chord in their hearts, if they are indifferent to dogmatic assertions, which they do not understand, they cannot fail to understand the precepts and rules of conduct contained in their Sacred Books. They understand them perfectly, but refuse to make any attempt to carry them out. They discard these counsels of wisdom because they are directed against egoism, and because being "ignorant of what they're most assured" they cannot see that egoism and happiness are inversely proportional. Nor are their characters changed from darkness to light by virtue of the dogmas and doctrines which are the foundation stones of the different theologies, yet in fact merely lifeless formulæ.

The consequence is that while sacerdotal functions abound, and sermons multiply, while the sound of the "church-going bell" from far and near falls perpetually on our ears, while new and fantastic forms of faith are constantly springing up in the restless but unavailing search after something satisfying, something that should bring healing to the care-worn lives of men, the whole world is poisoned by the desolating chaos of conflicting aims and interests, by bitter jealousy between individuals, between groups of individuals, between nation and nation, the primitive savage animal peering hungrily through the frail veil of our so-called civilisation and threatening to rend it in twain. And to all this barbarism must be added a chronic state of feverish unrest, a morbid craving for sensations and "thrills" of all kinds, and for extravagant sexual excitement.

These unwholesome symptoms of disease are largely due to the absence of education, in the true sense of the word, among the masses of the world's population. It cannot be too clearly recognised that education, rightly understood, is of a twofold nature, and consists in the training of the intellect, and the training of the character, the latter being quite different from the former and enormously more important. Speaking roughly, the vast majority of children throughout the world, as regards their intellectual education, acquire nothing but a smattering of many subjects, a slender stock of ill-digested knowledge which is proverbially dangerous;

while their characters, far from being carefully trained, are only infected by the dense atmosphere of mythology and superstition that surrounds them. They are not taught to consider their neighbours, and for that matter, all living things, as much as they consider themselves; still less is the reason and the vital importance of this golden rule ever explained to them. They are not instructed in the fundamental laws of health, and the inevitable consequences which their infringement involves. They are not required to learn how to act promptly and efficiently in cases of emergency and accident. They are left in ignorance of the reproductive processes common to all living things. There is no one to explain why the sexual instinct, which is only second to



From a painting by E. H. Brewster.

A MONASTERY NEAR KANDY.

that of hunger, is so strong, and what is the sole and only motive capable of moderating its force and of thus diminishing the endless tragedies and pitiful sufferings due to it throughout hundreds of centuries. Their intellects are not trained to use their powers of observation and judgment, and to think clearly, steadily, objectively, independently and fearlessly. To neglect these essentials of true education, and to push forward every variety of instruction in other directions, no matter how useful the knowledge gained may be in itself, is but to sharpen the wits, and foster the nauseous trickery of the original savage. A tree is known by its fruits, and the present system of education both as regards character and intellect stands self-condemned.

Such are the primary symptoms of the age-long malady which afflicts humanity and disfigures the world. Its secondary manifestations as seen to-day need not here be enlarged upon, but some of them may be briefly mentioned, and it will be found that their dominant characteristics are (a) neurotic unrest, and (b) reckless self-indulgence athirst with vain longing to possess the phantom Pleasure. And these characteristics are often intimately blended.

The noisy rush, strain, and stress now everywhere prevailing, the ceaseless round of excitement, sexual and otherwise, by day and night, in the great cities, the recourse which is had to stimulants and drugs by the unhappy owners of jaded organisms in order to urge them on to further effort:—all these things combine to produce a common result, namely, the increase of insanity and crime and of every kind of nervous disease. With these unhealthy signs are closely connected others which, everywhere obtrusive, infect the whole texture of daily life. For instance: widespread extravagance and luxury with all their attendant ugliness; garrulous chatter about every conceivable subject; endless outpourings of empty words which lead nowhere, and do nothing to bring about a happier world; the newspapers chiefly composed of sensational trash, of unsavoury and sordid episodes, and of a curious compound of truth and falsehood, the latter delectable ingredient varying as the subsidy received for advocating the claims of this or that party or society; the massing together of individuals like droves of cattle, each herd labelled with some emblem or with alphabetic symbols, and proclaiming with clamorous vociferation, "In hoc signo vinces;" the loss of all sense of the beautiful in artistic expression; the repellent nature of feminine apparel, fashions and whims, allowed and complacently

approved by masculine imbecility; a hoggish disregard for all that is seemly and courteous in human intercourse, the features of both sexes wearing the ugly impress of the narrow little transient self that reigns within; a fierce scrambling up the steep slope of life, the weaker individuals soon pushed down to the bottom, amid harsh shouts of "Every man for himself."



From a painting by E. H. Brewster.

MALWATTE MONASTERY, KANDY.

about, and passing, gaze at the world of all answering intelligence.

And this remedy is at once easy and difficult. It is easy, because it has but one commandment, expressed indeed, as it has been, in many different ways; and it is difficult, because it strikes at the heart of human egoism, and for this reason, though universally known, it is by tacit consent universally shunned and ignored, like some nauseating dish only fit for the table of ascetic fanatics. It is the remedy which in the

Unlike intermittent fever, this world-malady is always subacute, and at certain periods of stress and change, such as the present, it assumes the acute form with strongly marked neurasthenic characteristics presaging a long period of decadence and decay. At last the violence of the symptoms wears itself out, the subacute stage returns, and another so-called civilisation is slowly and painfully built up on the ruins of the old. This wearisome process of disease, which pursues its course in endless cycles, is all the more deplorable, in as much as it might have been eliminated long ago, were it not for the blindness, perversity and, above all, the egoism of mankind. For there is a specific remedy, and one only, which has existed for many ages, even as a solitary light shining in the dark night of ignorance, where nocturnal things prowl

course of tens of centuries a few higher natures,* endowed with what is called genius, intuitively perceived, and which is now confirmed and explained by modern science. It is the remedy which, apart from all dogma and all mythology—those remnants of man's infantile stage—is enshrined in the precepts of right thinking and right acting which these men left as a precious heirloom to their fellows, and of which the latter were and are wholly unworthy. The pearls of their wisdom fell among herds of self-conceited, narrow-minded beings, who straightway trampled them in the mire of their own ignorance and superstition, and hurried away the princely givers to deaths of nameless cruelty.

If this remedy be not adopted and carried out with earnest, single-hearted endeavour, it is idle to hope that the world will ever lose any of the artificiality and hypocrisy, the crass vulgarity, the bloated egoism and ridiculous vanity with which it is saturated, and reach saner ways of thinking and acting. Furthermore, given the growing achievements of the Intellect which are always placed at the service of the Will, it seems not unlikely that the present order of things is destined to be submerged and disappear beneath an insane

flood of fratricidal destruction.

It has been said that, from the moral point of view, the world is a nest of sharpers, from the aesthetic, a cabinet of curiosities, and from the intellectual, a madhouse. This is obviously a judgment which leaves out of account the few who have kept a pure intellectual conscience, who have adored the eternal types of beauty in the poetry of words, of sound, and of form, who have remained honest and truthful even at the cost of personal loss: yet an unprejudiced and objective scrutiny of human society, viewed in its entirety, in all its sordid cunning, in its grotesque ugliness, in its neurotic verbosity, compels us to admit the justice of the verdict.

Nor can it be doubted that as long as this strange little globe is capable of supporting life, while it spins round on its wearisome path of endless revolutions, so long will it be ravaged with hatred, hypocrisy, crime and bloodshed, unless and until the Intellect, illumined by the teaching of the great Seers and freed from the dross of superstition and mythology, gains the ascendancy over the Will.

BUDDHISM IN ENGLAND.

[LETTER FROM THE BUDDHIST LODGE, LONDON]



WHEN, in 1924, the Buddhist Lodge set out to revive the study of the Dhamma in the British Isles, it was foredoomed to uphill work. For the English mind is not given to wholesale conversion, or to those emotional outbursts that sometimes sweep over our more temperamental brothers of the Celtic race; its thought can only be changed by the gradual dissemination of an inherently reasonable and commonsense idea. Hence to work for immediate reward was not only contrary to Buddhist teaching but clearly foolishness. Nevertheless we had inherited a legacy of useful spade work done by a previous generation, for which we were duly grateful. The Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland had had its day, but its offshoot, The Buddhist League, was very much alive. The Pali Text Society had provided the wherewithal to study, and *The Buddhist Review* had had a wholesome circulation in its time. Of the old personnel the figure of Mr. Francis Payne stood out as the personification of untiring work well done, and round him and his lectures the Buddhist League was gathered in 1924. By that time a nucleus had formed within the Theosophical Society of persons who desired to study Buddhism in the light of that Ancient Wisdom Religion that we call Theosophy. With this object the Buddhist Lodge was founded, and immediately put into execution a

cherished dream of the previous generation—a Buddhist shrine room of our own. A previous attempt had failed, but we determined to try again, this time nearer the heart of London. For fifteen months has it now been open twelve hours a day to all who care to use it, and by the time these words appear in print it will have been moved to the new home of the Anagarika Dharmapala, so that all our activities may be housed under one roof.

Our second effort was to re-produce a Magazine to replace the Buddhist Review on a humbler scale. We began with two typed sheets a month with a circulation of twenty. In five months it has grown to twenty seven sheets with a circulation of hundred, and in May we shall blossom forth into print. Our articles have been reproduced in other Magazines, subscriptions are coming in from all over the world, while our Exchange list is steadily growing. Henceforth the name of the magazine will be changed from *The Buddhist Lodge Monthly Bulletin* to *Buddhism in England*.

We have contacted and helped to enlarge groups of Buddhists in South Wales and various towns on the South coast of England, as well as got in touch with prominent Buddhists all over Europe; our members are lecturing widely in all parts of the country as well as in London; and

* Chief amidst this little band appears the gentle Sakya Prince, who most of all the sons of men was filled with the purest and tenderest compassion for every living thing, who with surpassing power of vision saw through, and beyond, the veil of illusion, which is the phenomenal world, and pointed out, as no one else has done, the way of deliverance from its eternal change and suffering.

we have received letters of encouragement from Mr. Suzuki of Japan, Mr. Ernest Hunt of Hawaii, and from various periodicals, Buddhist and Theosophical, throughout the world.

In July we welcomed Miss Gray of Chicago on a world tour on behalf of The Karma and Reincarnation Legion, founded in America by Dr. Weller van Hook.

Visitors to the Lodge have included Mr. Pru, now General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in Burma, Mr. E. E. Power, now working in Colombo, and Dr. and Mrs. De Silva, whose niece Miss Pearl Fernando was, until she left England last August, a Member of the Lodge.

Finally, on September 28th last, we had the honour of receiving the Anagarika Dharmapala at a full meeting of the Lodge held the night after his arrival in England, an event which was fully reported in the press in England and

America. The Anagarika has now taken up residence in London for two years, and will shortly settle down to a series of lectures, articles, interviews, and all the varied activities of Buddhist propaganda, not least of which in importance is the power of his personal example. Round him the Lodge has rallied, and under his leadership we hope in the months to come to succeed in our work as never heretofore.

Such, then, is our work, and in it we invite the co-operation of all Buddhists throughout the world, for whatever be the differences of viewpoint between the various schools of thought within our ranks, one thing we have in common, far greater than our outward differences—the Master that we serve.

CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS,
President, BUDDHIST LODGE.

BUDDHISM IN JAPAN.

[BY BEATRICE LANE SUZUKI]

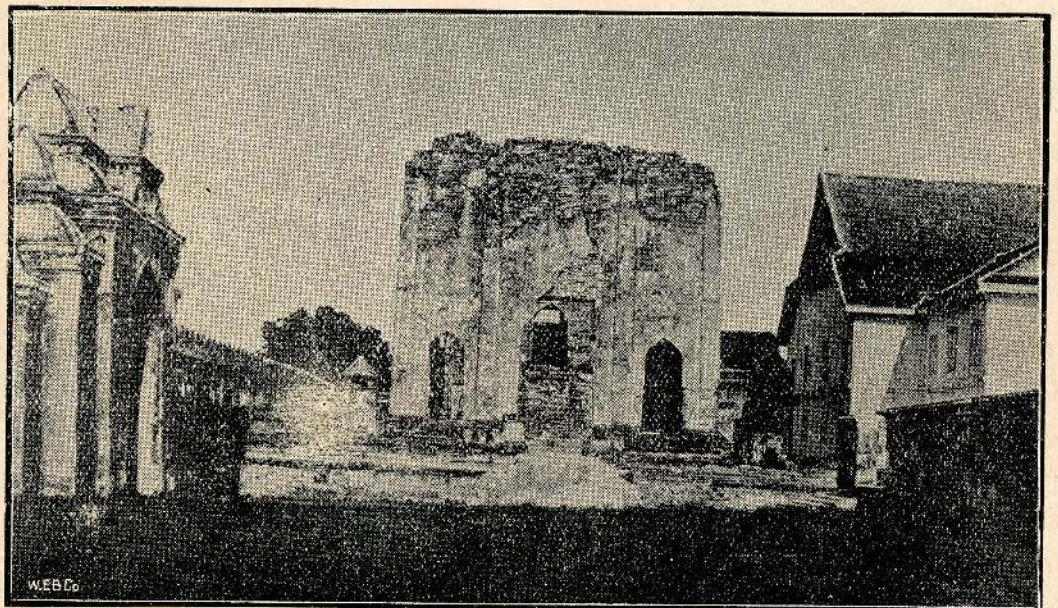


THE *Mahayana* or Northern Buddhism is prevalent in Japan. Some Japanese prefer to call it Eastern Buddhism to distinguish it from the Northern Buddhism as taught in Tibet.

The Japanese divide the *Mahayana* in Japan into twelve sects when they study it, but some of these are not existent now; practically there are ten, four of which are quite small, leaving six leading sects. These are:—the Tendai, Shingon, Sen, Jodo, Shin and Nichiren. According to the *Mahayana* again, the sects are divided according to whether they teach *jiriki* (salvation or enlightenment through one's own efforts) and *tariki* (salvation through another), and according to this classification the sects belonging to *jiriki* are Tendai, Shingon, Zen and Nichiren. These teach that salvation or enlightenment comes through one's own efforts, such as meritorious deeds, moral discipline, ascetic practices, and meditation.

Tendai was founded by Chigi of China in the sixth century. It has a profound philosophy which is based upon the doctrine propounded in the *Saddharma-pundarika Sutra* and is studied by all the other sects. Chigi was one of the greatest minds China has ever produced, but Japanese Tendai differs from Chinese Tendai in this respect, that it is greatly mixed with Shingon ritualism.

Shingon was brought to Japan by the great Kōbō Daishi who learned it in China whither it had been brought from India. Shingon lays great stress upon mystic words and gestures, worship of the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, and meditation. It teaches that it is possible to attain Buddhahood or Nirvana in this very body and that we human beings are manifestations of, and therefore partakers of, the qualities of Mahavairochana the Absolute Buddha.



TEMPLE AT LOPBURI IN SIAM.

Zen is the *dhyana* or meditation sect and teaches that enlightenment is to be attained through one's own mind and that sutras and teachings, prayers and even deeds, are of little avail. Knowledge must come through the self and to that end meditation is recommended. The Zen sect is

noted for its meditation halls and its practical monkish life. In the Zen sect the strength of Buddhism in Japan is most clearly to be seen. In some sense we can say that Zen inherits the original spirit of the Buddha, which remains not quite expressed in his verbal teaching.

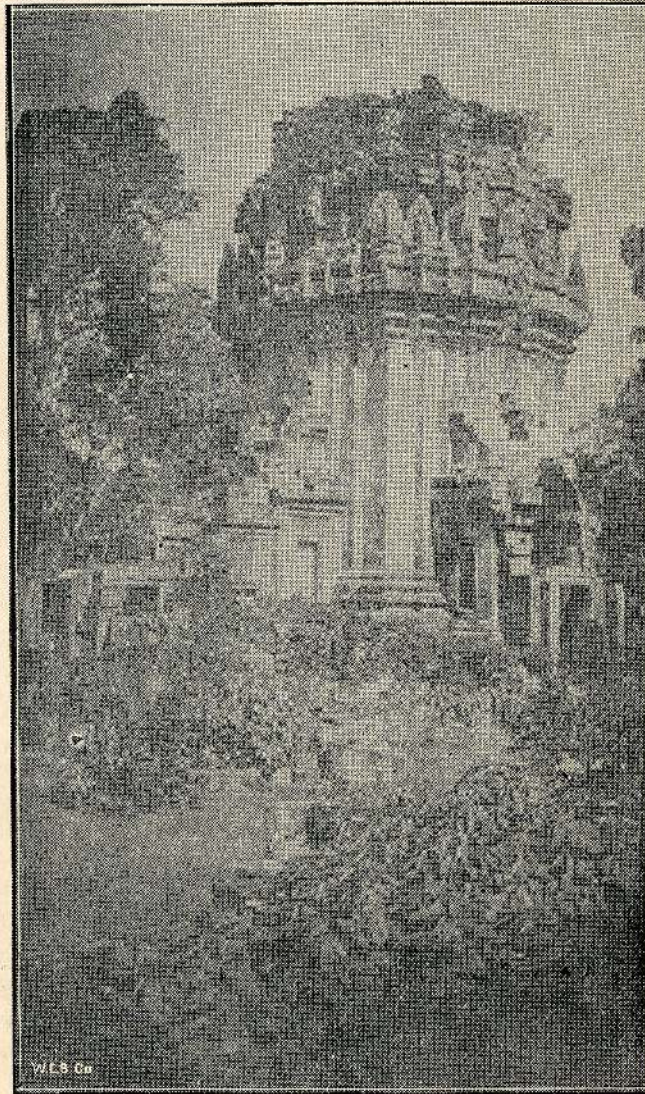
Nichiren differs from all the other sects. It is purely Japanese in its origin, and its founder was Saint Nichiren who resented the worship of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas and wished to have Shakamuni alone revered. However the Shakamuni of Nichiren is not so much the historical Gotama as an idealization of him. According to Nichiren, all Buddhist truth is to be found in the *Saddharma-pundarika*, the lotus sutra. Therefore the sutra itself is revered like a Buddha and worship is offered to it.

Of the Tariki sects the leading ones are Jodo and Shin, and these are pure Japanese. Jodo was founded by Honen Shonin in the twelfth century and Shin by Shinran Shonin in the thirteenth century. They both teach salvation through the grace of Amida Buddha, and the attainment of the Pure Land after death. They declare that nothing is needed except faith in Amida and his will to save. They advocate the repetition of the holy phrase, "Namu Amida Butsu."

The chief difference between the two is that in Jodo, the Pure Land is to be attained after death, but according to Shin the Pure Land can be attained by one act of faith in this life. In Shin nothing but faith is needed, but Jodo still accepts practice, especially the repetition of the sacred name, although its main emphasis is on faith. Shin casts everything away except this faith and welcomes sinners as well as the meritorious. Believe once with a pure whole-hearted faith in Amida and you shall be saved and be born in the Pure Land. Another difference is that the Jodo priests do not marry, but Shinran Shonin refused to consider himself a monk and insisted that Buddhism was for laymen and set the example to his followers by marrying and eating fish and meat and living the life of an ordinary family man. Shin lays great stress upon this and claims that it has been the means of reviving Buddhism.

Another *tariki* sect is the Yudzu-Nembutsu which historically precedes both the Jodo and the Shin and is the first Japanese Buddhist sect that taught the invocation of the name of the Amida as the means leading to salvation. Its philosophy is greatly tinged with that of the Kegon (Avatamsaka) and is not so individualistic as the other Amida schools, for it upholds the Kegon doctrine of mutuality and interpenetration. When one man invokes the name of Amida, its merit goes over universally to all the rest of existence—this is the chief teaching of the Yudzu-Nembutsu.

There is another Nembutsu school which comes on the stage, last of all the Buddhist sects in Japan: this is the Ji sect. Ji means time and its teaching is: now is the time to say your Nembutsu; don't wait until your end draws near, but let us this very moment run towards Amida and be taken up to his Infinite Light. The peculiar feature of this sect is that its abbot spends all his life wandering all over the country, persuading everybody to invoke the name of Amida.



TEMPLE AT PIMAI IN SIAM.

The Southern Buddhist will no doubt feel that the Japanese Buddhist sects have gone very far afield and have departed very much from the primitive Buddhism of the Pali texts. The chief differences seem to be that in the Mahayana the Buddha is not regarded as an ordinary human being but as a manifestation of the Dharmakaya, the Absolute. The Southern school does not believe in any Absolute, but in the Mahayana there is a spiritual reality underlying the universe, the Dharmakaya Buddha, which is a being of thought and action, of will and intelligence, and the universe is an expression of this Dharmakaya. Again the two schools differ in the doctrine of the Arhat and the Bodhisattva, for the Mahayana holds out as the goal to be reached, not that of

Arhatship for oneself but that of Bodhisattvaship when one gives up individual enlightenment until all other beings have also obtained it, and in the meantime renounces Nirvana in order to help others. While there are differences between the two schools in their interpretation of Buddhism there are plenty of similarities. Both of them teach the impermanency of all things, karma, rebirth, the law of cause and effect, the middle path, the prevalence of sorrow and ignorance.

the possibility of attainment, and the reality when obtained, of Nirvana.

The Buddhists are very active in Japan to-day. They support schools and colleges, they send out missionaries to foreign countries, they maintain many preaching halls and Sunday schools, give many lectures, and write and publish many books and magazines. In their temples and monasteries many earnest men are found. Some people, especially Christian writers, say that Buddhism here is deteriorating and Buddhist priests degenerating. There may be some instances of the latter, but those who really know the Buddhists well will find earnest and devoted priests and enthusiastic worshippers in all the sects here. If anyone doubts this, he has only to witness one of the great celebrations in Kyoto when thousands upon thousands of devotees from all over the country congregate at the temples to reverence the Buddha and listen to the sacred sutras. Only the other day, I read in a Christian magazine that Buddhism is dead in its former

stronghold of Japan. This statement is absolutely untrue. Buddhism is very much alive and of late there has been a reaction from the former attitude of agnosticism on the part of many and a return to Buddhism.

In the temples there are many fine priests working for the good of Buddhism and in the colleges and universities there are many earnest scholars striving to extend Buddhist knowledge.

The Eastern Buddhist is trying in a small way to foster the study of Buddhism and present to the Western world the Buddhist teachings. There is so much ignorance in the West in regard to Buddhism that it certainly needs enlightenment in this respect. We hope that the good work undertaken by *The Buddhist Annual of Ceylon* will long continue that it may aid in teaching the world the Dharma of the Buddha.

DHANANJANI.

(Freely rendered and abridged from the Pali of the 95th Sutta of the Majjhima Nikaya.)

[BY J. F. Mc KECHNIE]



At one time while the Blessed One was sojourning at the Squirrel's Feeding-place in the Bamboo Grove at Rajagaha, the venerable Sariputta, wandering about with a large following of bhikkhus, tarried at the South Mountain.

And a certain bhikkhu who had passed the rainy season at Rajagaha came to the South Mountain to the venerable Sariputta, and after exchange of courteous greetings sat down at one side. And the venerable Sariputta spake thus with him:

"Well, friend, is the Blessed One hale and well?"

"Hale and well, friend, is the Blessed One."

"And is the company of bhikkhus hale and well?"

"Hale and well, friend, is the company of bhikkhus."

"Here at Tandulapaladvara, friend, there lives a brahmin called Dhananjani. Is the brahmin Dhananjani hale and well?"

"Hale and well, friend, is the brahmin Dhananjani."

"Is brahmin Dhananjani strenuous, friend?"

"How is brahmin Dhananjani not strenuous! Brahmin Dhananjani, friend, to the king speaks evil of the brahmin householders; and to the brahmin householders speaks evil of the king. His good pious wife that he brought home out of a good pious family has died, and he has taken another wife, not good and pious out of a bad impious family."

"An ill hearing indeed, friend, is this that we hear! An ill hearing indeed, to hear that brahmin Dhananjani has

become lax! If only some time or other we might meet brahmin Dhananjani! If only somehow or other we might have speech with him!"

Then the venerable Sariputta having stayed at the South Mountain as long as he wished, departed thence for Rajagaha, and wandering on from place to place, in due time arrived thither, and took up his abode at the Squirrel's Feeding-place in the Bamboo Grove there. And in the morning, duly provided with bowl and robe, the venerable Sariputta went into Rajagaha for alms of food.

Now at that time brahmin Dhananjani, was having his cows milked at his cow-shed just outside the city. And the venerable Sariputta, having returned from his begging-round and partaken of his meal, went where was the brahmin Dhananjani. And Dhananjani saw the venerable Sariputta coming while he was yet some way off, and went to meet him and said:

"Hither, sir! A drink of milk! It will be time for your meal."

"Enough, brahmin! My eating for to-day is done. I shall stay at the foot of this tree here for the remainder of the day. Hither you may come."

"Very good, sir," said brahmin Dhananjani to the venerable Sariputta.

Then, after he had had his meal, Dhananjani went where was the venerable Sariputta, and when he had exchanged

the usual greetings of civility, sat down at one side. Thereupon to Dhananjani the brahmin the venerable Sariputta spake thus:

“Well, Dhananjani, are you strenuous?”

“How, honoured Sariputta, are we not strenuous that have mother and father, wife and child to support, slaves and servantry to feed, friends and acquaintances, relatives and kinsfolk and guests, the gods and ancestors and the king, towards whom to perform the appropriate duties of hospitality and service, and have also this body to nourish and sustain!”

“What do you think, Dhananjani? Suppose that a certain person for the sake of mother and father, or wife and child, or slaves and servantry, or friends and acquaintances, or relatives and kinsfolk, or guests or ancestors or the gods or the king, or for the sake of nourishing and sustaining his own body, is evil and unrighteous, and that on account of his ill-doing and unrighteousness the warders of the hell-world hale him off to the hell-world, would it be fitting for him to say:

“‘It was on account of parents, family, servants, friends, relations, guests, the ancestors, the gods, the king, and the support of this body that I was evil and unrighteous. Do not hale me off to the hell-world, O warders!’?”

“Or would it be allowable for these others to say:

“‘It was for our sakes that this man was evil and unrighteous. Do not hale him off to the hell-world, O warders!’?”

“Not so, indeed, honoured Sariputta. However he wept and wailed, the warders of the hell-world would hale him off to the hell-world.”

“What do you think, Dhananjani? Which of these two courses is the better,—for the sake of doing one’s duty by parents, family and friends, by ancestors, the gods and the king, and one’s own body’s support, to be evil and unrighteous, or in the performance of such duties to be good and righteous?”

“To be good and righteous in the discharge of these duties is certainly the better part, honoured Sariputta. Righteous conduct is better than unrighteous conduct.”

“But, Dhananjani, there are proper, righteous occupations by which one may earn the means to look after parents and family and servants, and do what service is due to friends, relatives, guests, ancestors, gods and the king, and support one’s own body, without doing evil, but following the good path.”

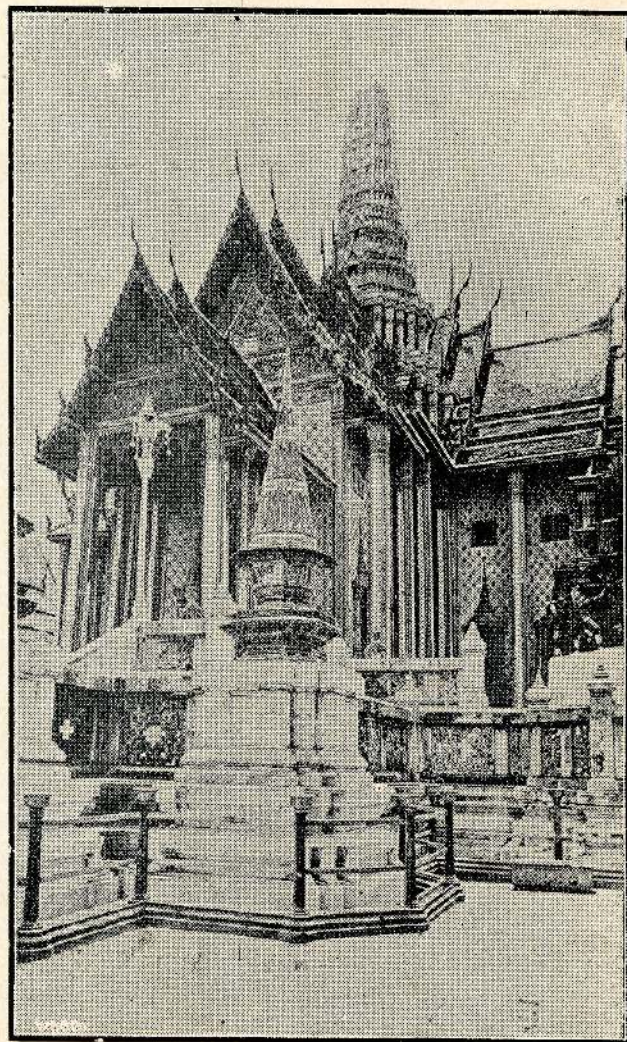
Then brahmin Dhananjani, pleased, and approving of the words of the venerable Sariputta, rose and took his departure.

And some time after, brahmin Dhananjani became unwell, suffering from a serious illness. And he gave command to one of his men, saying:

“Go, good man, to the Blessed One, and saluting his feet from me, convey this message: ‘Brahmin Dhananjani, Lord, is very unwell, and salutes the Blessed One’s feet.’ And go to the venerable Sariputta, and saluting his feet from me, convey these words to him:

‘Brahmin Dhananjani, Lord, is very ill, and salutes the venerable Sariputta’s feet.’ And say also: ‘Good were it, Lord, if the venerable Sariputta, of his kindness, would come to the house of brahmin Dhananjani.’”

“Very good, sir,” replied the man, and went where was the Blessed One and did all as he was bid. Then he



WAT PRO KEO IN SIAM.

went to the venerable Sariputta, and there again did as he was told, requesting the venerable Sariputta to come to his master’s house. And the venerable Sariputta by silence gave assent; and attiring himself suitably, went to Dhananjani’s house, and taking the seat awaiting him, enquired of Dhananjani:

“Are you feeling easier? Are you feeling better? Are your pains decreasing and not increasing? Is their decrease to be noticed, not their increase?”

“I am not easy, I am not well, honoured Sariputta

Great pains in me are on the increase, not on the decrease. As if, honoured Sariputta, a strong man with the sharp point of a weapon were stabbing at my head, so do the airs beat violently in my head. As if one were lashing me on the head with hard leathern thongs, so do I feel the great pains in my head. As if some butcher with his sharp butchering knife were ripping up my stomach, so do the violent airs rip up my stomach. As if two strong men, taking a weaker man by the arms, flung him in burning torment into a pit of red-hot coals, so is the great heat in my body. I am not easier, honoured Sariputta, not better. My great pains increase, do not decrease. Increase of pain is to be seen, not decrease."

"What do you think, Dhananjani? Which is the better,—the hell-world or the animal realm?"

"Than the hell-world, honoured Sariputta, the animal realm is better."

"And of the animal realm or the realm of shades,—which is the better?"

"The realm of shades."

"And of the realm of shades or the world of men?"

"The world of men."

"And of the world of men or the heaven of the four Maharajahs?"

"The heaven of the four Maharajahs."

"And of the heavens of the four Maharajahs, of the Three-and-thirty gods, of the Yama gods, of the happy gods, of the pleasuring gods, or the Brahma-world,—of these different heavenly abodes, which, think you, Dhananjani, is the best of all?"

"The Brahma-world, say I, honoured Sariputta. The Brahma-world, say I, honoured Sariputta."

Then the venerable Sariputta, thinking to himself: "These brahmins are all bent upon the Brahma-world. How if I should show brahmin Dhananjani the way to Brahmā!" said:

"Listen, Dhananjani, and give good heed, and I shall show you the way that leads to Brahmā. The bhikkhu with mind fulfilled of Loving Kindness, and of Compassion, and of Sympathetic Gladness, and of Equanimity, penetrates

first one quarter of space, then the second, then the third, then the fourth, and above and below and all around. All places everywhere, the wide world over, does he penetrate with thoughts of Loving Kindness, Compassion, Sympathetic Gladness and Equanimity, ample, expanded, measureless, free from enmity, free from ill-will. Even this, Dhananjani, is the way that leads to Brahmā."

"Very good, honoured Sariputta. Pray convey my salutations to the feet of the Blessed One, and bear him this message: 'Brahmin Dhananjani, Lord, is not well, is suffering from a serious illness, and sends his salutations to the feet of the Blessed One.'"

Then the venerable Sariputta, notwithstanding that there was more to be done, having set brahmin Dhananjani on the way to the Brahma-world, the inferior, rose from his seat and took his departure.

And not long after the departure of the venerable Sariputta, the brahmin Dhananjani died, and made his appearance in the Brahma-world.

Then the Blessed One, addressing the bhikkhus, said:

"Sariputta, O bhikkhus, though there was more to do, has set Dhananjani the brahmin on the way to the Brahma-world, the inferior, and come away."

And the venerable Sariputta came where was the Blessed One, and after reverential salutation, sat down at one side and said to the Blessed One:

"Brahmin Dhananjani, Lord, is not well, is seriously ill, suffering much. He sends his salutations to the feet of the Blessed One."

"But why, Sariputta, when yet more was to do, did you set brahmin Dhananjani on the way to the Brahmā-world, the inferior, and then rise and come away?"

"This, Lord, was my thought: 'These brahmins are all bent upon the Brahma-world. How if I show Dhananjani the brahmin the way to the Brahmā-world!'"

"Dhananjani the brahmin has died, Sariputta, and has arisen in the Brahmā-world."



WAT CHENG IN SIAM.

CONSCIOUSNESS.

[BY LOUISE GRIEVE]

THE dictionary definition of consciousness is, "the waking state of the mind; the knowledge which the mind has of its own acts and feelings; thought." To the Buddhist, this definition is not only inadequate, but inaccurate, as the Buddhist idea of consciousness covers a vastly larger field. The definition of consciousness *per se* cannot be written, but in relation to objective phenomena, we can see the necessity for its all-pervading presence, if we admit the laws of nature to be definite. The mere existence of apparitional beings is proof of, we might say, all-pervading consciousness. *Not-being* awakens no reflection, no image; there is no objective reaction. The mere proposition *being* without causation, that is, consciousness, is untenable.

Consciousness is omnipresent, but it becomes differentiated and limited in material or phenomenal existence and it can be cognised by our limited minds only when it reaches organised or specialised life forms. Consciousness, as it will be dealt with in this essay, is the urge co-existent with the organising urge, the driving power, which is sometimes called unconscious potentiality, but which, in reality, is the first vague arising of phenomenal consciousness. In time, this vague awareness shapes crude forms, not visible to the human eye, and very loosely formed, so that the form is constantly changing. Consciousness of a sort exists in these lowly forms of life and no study is more interesting than the following up of this consciousness, from the lowliest state up to the vast Super-consciousness of the Arahan.

Consciousness is first manifested as a stirring in *Avidya*, then as activity in *Sankhara* and gradually reaches self-conscious, rational, re-action in the self-defining being. The arising of consciousness in *Avidya* is due to the inherent, ever-present, impulse which exists throughout time and space—the impulse to manifest; and as it evolves to higher stages it becomes more and more differentiated and individualised.

Avidya, usually rendered *ignorance*, does not necessarily mean a lack of knowledge, but rather, erroneous appre-

hension or misconception. In Buddhism, *ignorance* is the assertion of *self*. The idea of *self* is ignorance because it is blind to the truth that all phenomena have only a relative existence, while, in its most abstract sense, *Avidya* has the same meaning as *Karma*.

The first awakening of consciousness is the awareness of contact, the sense of touch. *Mind* is the controlling faculty which discerns and exercises government over the associated states by the characteristic of measuring, balancing and judging, mind-knowledge, or the perceptive faculty, called *mano-vijnana*, the introspective faculty being called *klista-mano-vijnana*, and the ultimate mind-substance, *alaya-vijnana*.



BUDDHA AT WAT BUJAMI COPHIT IN SIAM.

Consciousness, in the lower order of beings, is not self-consciousness, nor reasoning, nor thought; it is merely awareness, but in the human, consciousness gives rise to thought, and the processes, according to Buddhist psychology, are most interesting. The attributes of consciousness in the material worlds are, roughly, three-fold; subnormal or below the ego-defining state, and pertaining only to the world of desire; this shades, by gradual degrees, into the normal or sense-definitive fields of consciousness, including ghosts, animals, humans and *devas*, in which individual experiences, past and present, mundane and extra-mundane, are stored within the nervous complex of the organism, ready to reach the threshold of conscious self-analysis whenever the necessary stimuli are created or brought to bear; and the super-normal, which has reached the sublime state, but still functions in the material world, as intuition. Transcendental or *Arupa*-consciousness is outside the three worlds of materiality and beyond the egotistical realms of consciousness.

In reality, consciousness exists at the very origin of life, though it appears to be evolved only after form arises. The consciousness of the formless and of very simple forms is, of course, very far from self-consciousness and it lies almost dormant in the mineral kingdom, slightly more awake in the

lower forms of vegetable life, slowly evolving in animal life and more rapidly manifesting itself in animals which possess nervous systems, while in the advanced stages of humanity the intensity of awareness corresponds to the complexity of the brain structure. The more simple the construction, the more feeble the manifestation of consciousness. The universe is, in reality, a huge conglomeration of various aggregates of consciousness.

To us who function only in the realm of normal consciousness, the consciousness of a Buddha or even of an Arahan seems astounding, but hardly less astounding is that consciousness, known as instinct, which is so wondrously manifested in animals, birds and insects. The amoeba is the lowest form of life ordinarily dealt with by scientists, but the amoeba belongs to the *fauna* or animal realm of existence, and it is well known that a comparatively high state of consciousness exists in certain forms of *flora*. However, the amoeba is the lowest form of life with which it is advisable to deal in an essay such as this.

The amoeba is simply a mass of animal matter, a unit without stable form, constantly flowing and changing in its search for sustenance. It will wrap itself around a grain of sand as readily as a particle of animal or vegetable matter, but its dim consciousness tells it the grain of sand is useless as food, so it unwraps itself and lets the sand go and continues its search for suitable nutriment, finding which, it again wraps its jelly-like shape around the particle and remains so until the nutriment is absorbed. Thus, this low form of life which is simply a mass of jelly-like substance, possesses irritability, which is awareness, which is consciousness.

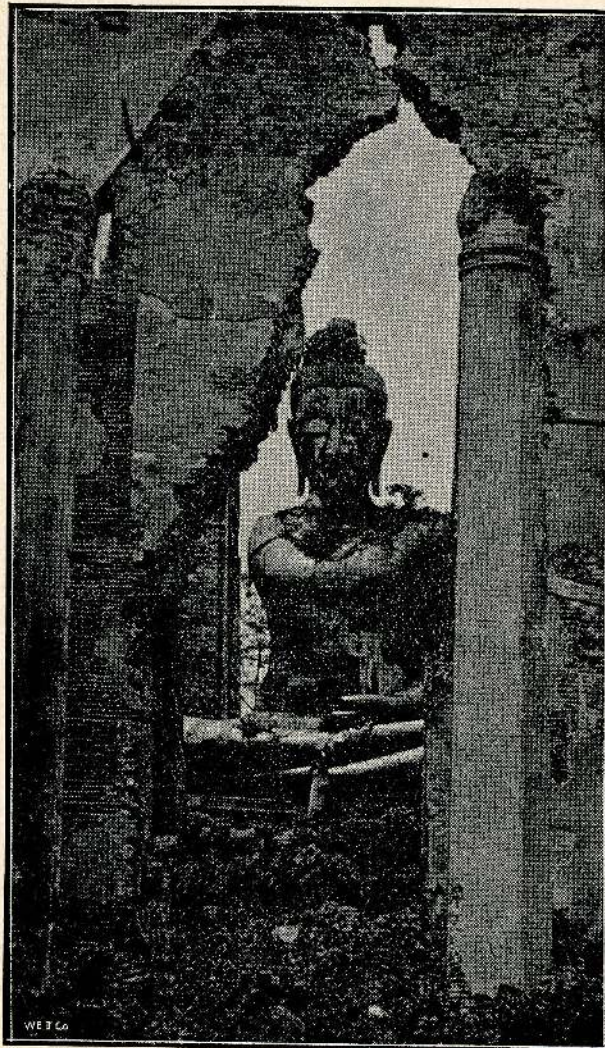
This consciousness in the lower forms of life, which manifests itself as instinct, is hardly less marvellous than the high consciousness known as intuition. The difference between instinct and intelligence is rather of degree than of kind. In the lower forms of life, where instinct has full play, the amazing certainty with which it works is beyond ordinary intelligence, though far below it in the stage of evolution. Instinct is reflected in outward movements instead of being reflected inwardly, as in intelligence, and is evolved without self-consciousness, through long ages of failures and successes.

while intelligence is evolved through conscious reasoning. The exact dividing line between instinct and intelligence is almost impossible to distinguish, one leading gradually to the other, the lowest form of intelligence being, apparently, lower than the highest form of instinct.

An astonishing case of instinct is shown in the case of certain varieties of the wasp, which has what is called the *paralyzing instinct*. These wasps lay their eggs in the bodies of spiders, beetles, or caterpillars, first performing what seems to be a wonderful surgical operation, by stinging the different nerve centres in such a manner as not to kill, but only to paralyze the victim, so that it will live long enough to furnish nourishment for the larvæ. One form of wasp chooses the rosebeetle, which needs to be stung at one point only, the point at which the motor ganglia are situated, but the *sphex*, which chooses a cricket, seems to know that the cricket has three nerve centres, one for each of its three pairs of legs, so it stings its victim first under the neck, then behind the prothorax, then where the thorax joins the abdomen. More amazing still is the *ammophila hirsuta*, which gives nine successive strokes of its sting upon nine nerve centres of a caterpillar, then squeezes the head sufficiently to cause paralysis, but not death. Innumerable instances of this wonderful power of instinct could be adduced, but the foregoing is sufficient to show the wonders of instinct, where there is, as yet, no intelligence or power of reasoning.

It is ordinarily supposed that consciousness exists in the form-world only, but there is, in any defined universe, the operative law, which is all-pervading, not operating as consciousness *per se*, but from which there arise the various states and conditions of consciousness.

The *class-defining* consciousness manifests itself in the group prior to that dawning of the ego-consciousness. The motive cell, through the sense of heat and light, progresses upward, as do all forms in the life stream; but they could not do so, lacking that vital urge which, in the ultimate, is consciousness. The arising of the perception of *self* as separate from other forms comes much later and is dependent upon the cellular growth in the brain and blood stream, deprivation of either of these shutting off self-consciousness.



WAT AT AJUTHEIA IN SIAM.

different theories of dreams corresponding to the four classes. The first of these is clearly the physiological theory, which recognizes a source of dreams in the pathological condition of the body. Native physicians have long known that organic disturbances in the regions of the stomach, etc., give rise to dreams, so that they have not failed to diagnose some diseases also from the nature of dreams attending them. The theory of the induction of dreams by peripheral nerve-stimulation, due either to the action of external objects on sense-organs, or to disturbances in the peripheral regions of the nerves, is but a branch of the physiological theory. It recognizes the induction of dreams by central stimulation due to the automatic activities of the mind. The third will, no doubt, be stigmatized in the West as the superstitious theory. But as the deva's, or mythical beings as they would be termed in the West, are, according to Buddhism, but different grades of sentient beings in the thirty-one stages of existence described in Part V of the Manual, the theory in question merely recognizes the suggestive action of mind on mind, and may therefore be aptly called the telepathic, or telepsychic theory. The last may be called the clairvoyant theory.

"The third question relates to the correspondence of dreams with external events. The first two classes of dreams are never true in the sense of correspondence with present or future events. Coincident dreams correspond with present events, and prophetic dreams correspond with the future. The latter are always true.

The third class is sometimes true, and sometimes not, according as the telepathic agent sends a true or a false message.

"The fourth question concerns itself with the classes of beings who dream. Now Buddhism distinguishes altogether twelve classes of intelligent beings, namely, four of the average ordinary class, and eight of the noble or elect class. As it is of some importance to know this classification for the purpose of understanding the process of higher consciousness, it is just as well that we should consider them here.

"Ordinary beings are living in a woeful life without (good) conditions—*i. e.*, in purgatory, or as Peta, Asura or animal—none of the three good motives (disinterestedness, love, reason) attending their consciousness-at-rebirth; (2) a happy life without (good) conditions—*i. e.*, in the happier realms of Kamaloka, but, as in (1), without the attendant good motives (those born blind and deformed belonging to this class); (3) attended by two (good) conditions—*viz.*, disinterestedness and love—or (4) attended by the three (good)

conditions. Those of the fourth class may be dwellers in the Rupa and Arupa loka's as well as in that of Kama, and all of these four classes may be dreamers.

"Of the eight classes of elect beings—*viz.* those in the 'stations' of the Four Paths and the Four Fruits—the former cannot dream, because they occupy—*i. e.*, attain to—the consciousness of each Path only for a single thought-moment before they invariably pass on to the corresponding fruitional stations. And of the last four, the first three classes still dream, but the Arahant who is in the final stage is not accredited with dreaming, as he is no longer subject to hallucination."

The reader will pardon me for this long quotation as it gives, in better words than my own, some very interesting data with regard to the various degrees of consciousness in the different grades of being.

"SOME SAYINGS OF THE BUDDHA"

Here, in the compass of these printed pages
Thou hast, O Man, the greatest of thy Sages.
So simple-seeming, yet so real-profound,
Stretch as thou wilt, thou canst not fetch this bound;
Climb towards His high, thou shalt not top this summit;
Dive in His deep, not ever shalt thou plumb it,
Till, lost to all, or bound, or depth, or height,
Thy sight as blindness, blindness turned to sight,
Thou art—yet art not!—in Nibbana's Light.

J. F. Mc Kechnie.

Hallucination, delirium, etc., are distorted reflections on the mirror of a mind either permanently or temporarily disorganised, and if the distortion is too great the result will be insanity or release of the aggregate called *self*, in dissolution of the physical organism.

It must be remembered that the waking consciousness of the ordinary man is but dream-consciousness as compared with the super-consciousness of the Arahant or the Awakened One, a hazy phantasmagoria, without accuracy of conception.

The step from animal to human consciousness is dependent upon the glandular secretions which enable the brain to grow to a point whereat the self-observing faculties arise; the glimmering question, 'Why do I think this thing?' It would seem that there is no sudden process in nature, yet the changes are relatively sudden in their effects, as when the chrysalis breaks free from the cocoon, or when the first fledgling made its flight on leathern wings. As scientists now well know, there are, in reality, no missing links. A type, improved through ages of time, comes to a point where there is apparently a wavering, an uncertainty, and suddenly a new species appears. So with self-consciousness; the development depends upon the apparatus, as does astronomy upon the lenses used, coupled with the learning that has been accumulated; one being useless without the other. The human reaches conscious knowledge when the organism is properly attuned.

Cosmic consciousness is the consciousness outside the

necessity of forms Consciousness IS. That is, it cannot be said to be an attribute of form, but form is an attribute of consciousness, and with self-consciousness springs individuality. Cosmic consciousness cannot manifest itself as individual consciousness in the phenomenal world without a vehicle of matter, though that matter may not necessarily be visible to our eyes, and so long as our existence is in the phenomenal world we cannot cognise any existence which does not come within the field of the senses, and the only things which appear as real to us are the things which come within our consciousness through the six senses, but as we rise in the scale of development, we find that we have mistaken shadows for realities, and as we progress upward, through a series of awakenings, each advance brings with it the idea that at last we have found reality, but it is only when we have passed beyond the field of individual consciousness into Nirvana that we shall be free from illusion.

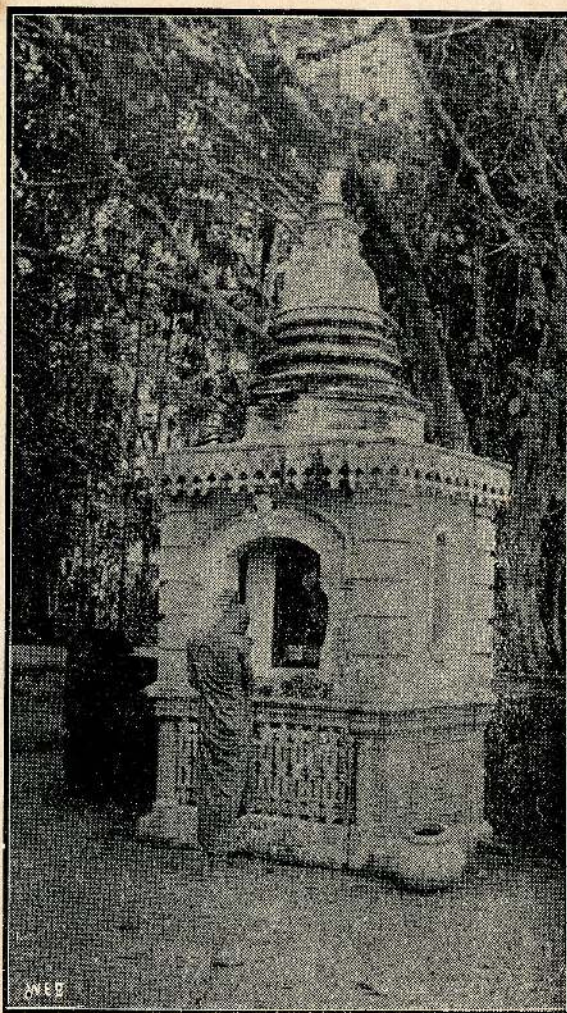
The Arahan is beyond individuality, so, in a measure, he has attained to cosmic consciousness, which is the ultimate of all nature. The entire past of every individual is indicated by the present degree of consciousness and intensity of perception. The character, as it now exists, is simply a presentation of the memory of past experiences; that is, the present man is his own memory of the past. His memory brings the past into the present and a single characteristic is the result of, possibly, countless stored-up memories of the past. Each man is but a picture of things past; each cell responding to the throbbing pulsations of the experiences that caused it to be. It is, as one might say, *This soul breathed, and a flower sprang into being; that one exhaled, and a thorn burst forth; this people sings, and roses fill the garden of life with fragrance; that nation wails, and the foul jungle weeds flourish.* Art, music, painting, architecture, sculpture—all express to the observant the consciousness and development of races, nations and individuals; all responding in some degree to each, because experience is universal, all-embracing; the dance, touching the cell-growths of bear, of savage, sybarite and philosopher alike, but in varying degree, as governed by his growth; all have trod the same path. Consciousness rings through the universe in one vast harmony, the individual catching a little of its grandeur in varying degree as the soul of his people allots, subject to the growth of that group. The

Arahan stands, at last removed, so that the music of the flowers, the poetry of jungle and desert, the magic of birth and decay, sound truly, each as but a note in the symphony of the orchestra of the manifested.

The brain is but the instrument which re-acts to impressions of the sensations and psychical influences of the surrounding vital stream which permeates all manifestations in greater or less degree. It is not the brain which originates thought, but it re-acts to the surrounding stimuli carried into activity by the vital functions. The field of consciousness is as a lake from which drops are assimilated by the thirsty organism, in a sense revivifying the organism through karmic continuity, which, in the process of time, written in the form of the organism, closes some of the avenues of instinctive perception, but simultaneously enables the organism to arrest some of the psychical impulses, and in holding these impulses, reason arises, and from reason arises the creative faculty.

Our experiences are not merely memories, tucked away in some corner of the brain. All past experiences are preserved in the present character and no two experiences can possibly be the same, for the reason that every moment brings new experiences and states of consciousness modified by each one, so that an experience apparently repeated is, in reality, a new experience, the character having changed to such an extent that the consciousness is affected differently. Almost the whole of the past is constantly being pressed back and out of the present-moment-consciousness, but each experience leaves its indelible mark upon the character, and in this way character is a consciousness and a memory of all the past.

The character is the condensation of the whole past history of the individual, and this history can be known, to a certain extent, by the impulses and tendencies of the present existence. Even if all the past could be entirely wiped from the brain memory it would still remain in the character. Each moment of life is a kind of creation, which modifies the character, for better or for worse. The self is being constantly re-created by the self, and this re-creation is the more complete, and the consciousness the more expanded, as the individual reasons on his thoughts, words and actions. The present character is the stored-up memory of ages upon ages



Ist Prize Photo by A. Mamujee, Colombo.
AT THE SHRINE.

of experience, and the present range of consciousness in any given individual is in due ratio to the knowledge he has acquired through those experiences.

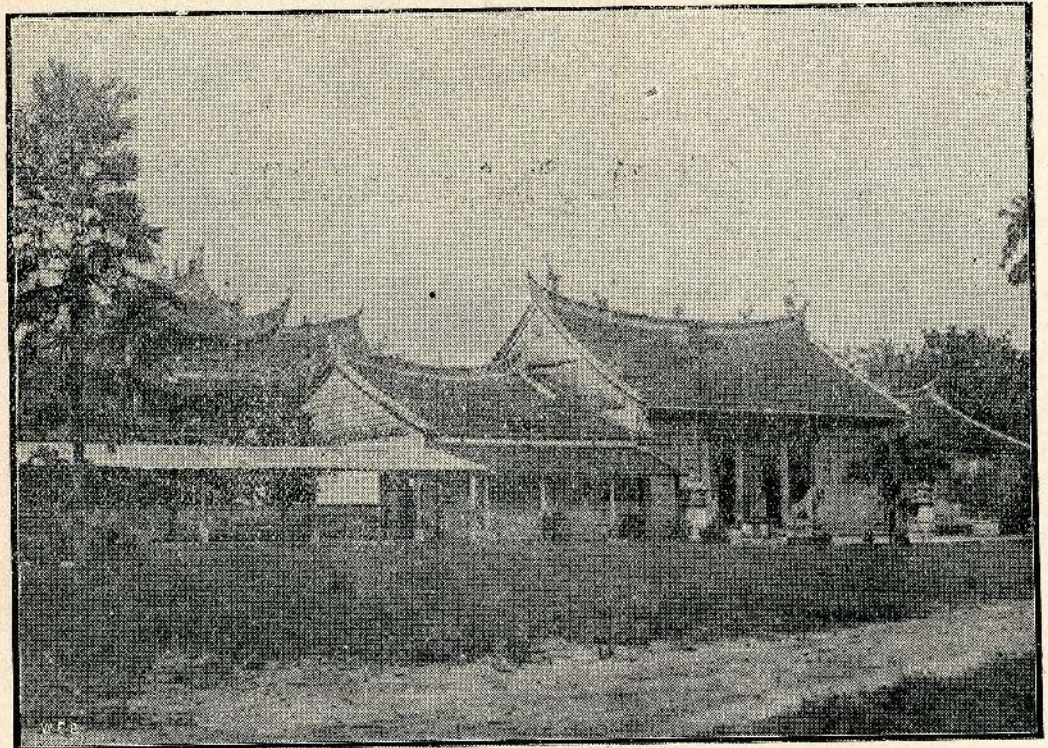
Knowledge, which is an expansion of consciousness, comes about through the eternal push and urge which drives ever to higher and higher states. The tendency of phenomena is always to evolve to something higher, and the life-clutching sense, the desire for existence, overcomes obstacles which would seem to be almost insurmountable, but each separate organism is goaded on by this will to live and, as obstacle after obstacle is overcome, the consciousness expands through the inherent memory of experiences and reflection on these experiences. The character is modified by every changing state of consciousness. In subliminal consciousness the changes are very slight as the emotions are not yet strong enough to create much karma, but in man, and especially in the intensely emotional man, every act and sensation is indelibly imprinted on his character, while, in the Araham, the changes are imperceptible because he has risen above causal consciousness. The volition of an Araham or a Buddha does not modify his character because he is no longer subject to desire, thirst, greed, ill-will, etc.

Nothing in the phenomenal world can be really unconscious, as all is ultimately of, and thus an aspect on the phenomenal plane, of Absolute Consciousness. Nirvana is the field of Absolute Consciousness, not individual, but the essence or ultimate of consciousness which is not related to conditioned consciousness, and, as we cannot picture it in our thought, subject and object being one, it is to us Absolute Negation.

We can only think in terms of duality, subject and object, but subject, consciousness, and object, materiality, are in reality one. Absolute Consciousness is behind all phenomena, and all that exists in the phenomenal world will, in time, return to the Absolute Consciousness or Nirvana, but only an Araham is able to even faintly realise this Absolute Consciousness, we being only able to think of consciousness as individualised. Normal consciousness is resolvable into states of varying duration, intensity and complexity, but Absolute Consciousness or Nirvana is entirely without sensation and transcends the ideas of time and space. Nirvana is beyond personality or conditioned existence and is unconscious in the sense of ego-consciousness. Ego-consciousness is conditioned consciousness; Nirvana-consciousness is unconditioned consciousness.

To the Araham the circle of cause and effect stands forth revealed, not in sharply defined states, but as a gradual series of changes, having in common that factor *ignorance*, without which their manifestation would not be possible. In other words, the arising of the *opposites* is an essential factor in the sweeping circle of *being; being*, which, through the countless cycles of time, gradually descends to the conditioned limits of a universe and thence to the threshold of life as it comes within our comprehension; life, as yet unawakened to self-consciousness, yet obeying unquestioningly those forces which caused it to emerge as a separate entity. In these the Araham perceives clearly and comprehends what the lower organisms automatically react to, even in those early stages when *instinct* can scarcely be admitted as having begun to function.

It is thus that the Awakened Ones are in entire harmony with the life and being of *all* living things, and indeed, from the larger view, with all manifestations, and yet, the grandeur



A CHINESE BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

of that tide sweeping through the headlands of evolution is, in a sense, the same *Consciousness*, vaster far than the Cosmos which it forms, as is the realm of consciousness, revealed to the Awakened Ones. That is, the realm of consciousness precedent to the arising of instinct, and superseding it, and without which there would be no life stream, is identical with that realm of consciousness into which the Araham enters, and it is for this reason that the attainment of Nirvana is possible while one is still in the body.

It is suggested then, that we view consciousness as three-fold: First, the active, but unrealised operation of world-forming consciousness; second, the entire gamut of perceptive consciousness, and third, the entering into the realm of the Super-conscious, in which the Araham, as it were, returns to familiar ground, but as a traveller strengthened with experience, discernment and knowledge, able fully to perceive cause and effect and the true nature of conditioned existence.

BUDDHISM IN HAWAII.

[LETTER FROM REV. ERNEST HUNT]

I am told that you are interested in, and would like for your *Annual* an account of, the work done by the English Department of the Hongwanji Buddhist Mission among the Hawaiian-born children of Japanese parentage on this island of Hawaii.

It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for two reasons. I think that it is good for Buddhists the world over to become acquainted with each other, and we would like the readers of your *Buddhist Annual* to know that in the general awakening of Buddhism that is now taking place, Hawaii has its part.

To thoroughly understand the necessity for this work, we shall have to go back a few years. About 57 yeags ago, to be exact in 1868, the Hawaiian sugar planters, through the Hawaiian Government of that time, brought into these islands the first labourers from Japan to work on the sugar plantations. For some years these labourers had no intention of settling down here either definitely, or for any length of time; they were restless, coming and going, a state unsatisfactory to this country and to themselves. At last, after nearly thirty years, in 1897, the Honpa Hongwanji Buddhist Mission of Japan brought the first message of Buddhism to these islands.

Now with this spiritual support, with their own temples to go to, and their own priests to minister to them, the Japanese labourers found something permanent amidst the changing, and gradually they settled down, still with the idea of one day returning to Japan, but that day in the far dim distance. Most of the children of these people had been born in Japan. Now however with a more settled condition children began to be born here. As the years passed the idea of the return to Japan became more and more indefinite, until now it is realized to be only a dream.

In 1898 the islands were annexed to the United States of America, and almost immediately there came into force the "Gentlemen's Agreement" which practically put an end to the flow of Japanese labour to Hawaiian sugar plantations.

With the American annexation came the American Public School and gradually, but surely, the English language has

become the mother tongue of the Hawaiian-born children of Japanese parentage; also their birth here entitles them to American citizenship. Few of the Japanese Buddhist priests from Japan could speak more than a dozen words in the English language, hence an entirely new situation arose. To meet this new condition, Mrs. Hunt and I, being Buddhists, were asked in 1921 to take charge of the English Department on this island of Hawaii. I might explain here that eight of the Hawaii Islands are inhabited, and there are Buddhist Missions on five of the eight. The Island of Hawaii is not only the largest island in the group, but it is as large as all the other islands put together. The Capital of the group, however, is Honolulu, on the island of Oahu.



A CHINESE BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

In 1921 a beginning was made in the city of Hilo by Mrs. Hunt. Some months afterwards, we took up the work together. One of the first things we did, was to get out a card on which were printed the words of a ceremony, or service, consisting of the THREE REFUGES, SALUTATION, sentences from the DHARMAPADA and ADORATION. Mrs. Hunt composed some hymns expressive of the teaching of the Lord Buddha, and these together with the service we set to music. We were thus able to give the young people a regular form of service in English.

The next thing, in large centres where there was a temple, was to divide the pupils into grades, in most places two grades, in some three. In the lower grades the teaching given is in the form of story and picture and a certain amount of

catechising. To the higher grades a more definite teaching of the fundamentals of Buddhism is given.

Rapidly the attendance at the English services and Sunday schools increased, in some cases so fast that the temples were not big enough to hold them all at one time, and we were obliged to take them in two sittings. Requests now began to come in from many other places for English teaching; no requests were ever refused and soon all the large centres were well looked after.

After a while, we began to realize that if Buddhism was to be kept alive on these islands, we must do more than work in the large centres, we must go out into the sugar plantation camps and teach the hundreds of Buddhist-born children who are the future inhabitants, the source of supply for the big centres. In these camps were young people who had hardly heard the name of Buddha, and yet his teaching was their birthright. Starting then in the camps around Hilo, the work was gradually extended to all the plantation camps on the sugar side of the island of Hawaii. At the date of this writing, we conduct Buddhist services and Sunday schools in 29 camps and nine temples at least once a month, in some twice, in one three times. In order to do this we have to go out five nights a week as well as all day Sunday. In addition,

one large temple on the other side of this island is visited for a few days once a year, and two other temples at a distance of 80 miles twice a year. The total number of pupils (young men, young women and children) attending our English services and Sunday schools in thirty eight localities at least once a month, is four thousand two hundred and twenty five. In every locality the attendance has doubled, in some trebled since the teaching has been given in the English language.

Question boxes have been placed in every temple and preaching hall, and in most cases the questions asked are intelligent and shew a strong desire for knowledge.

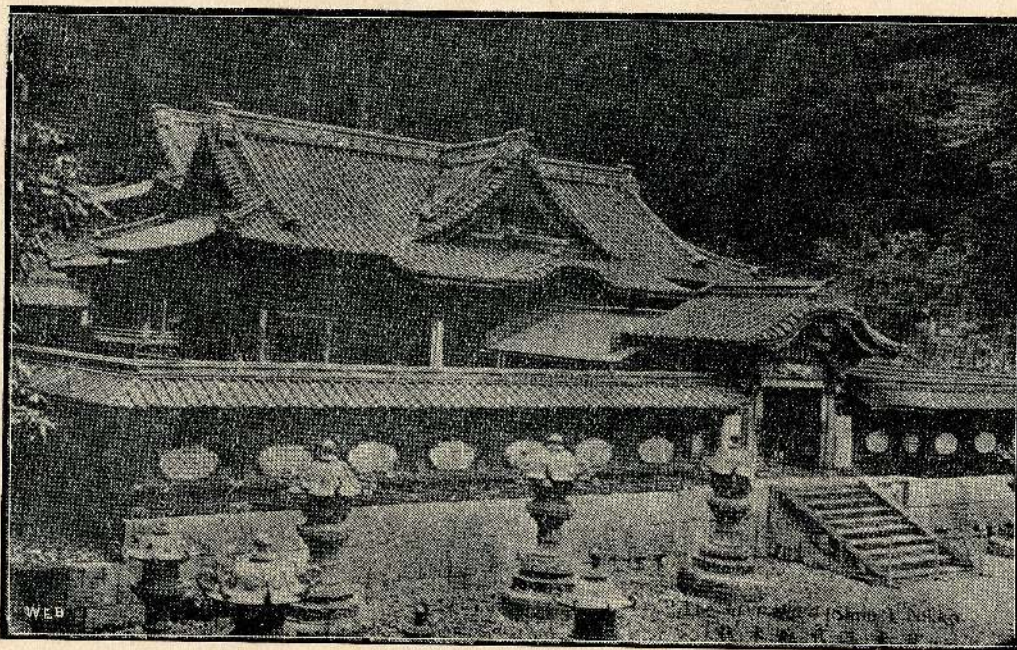
Lately Mrs. Hunt and I compiled a book which we named "The Buddhist's Vade Mecum". To this book Mr. Zorn of Los Angeles, California, kindly contributed in no small measure.

The volume contains a ceremony for public service suitable for grown-ups, also one for children, a marriage service, a funeral ceremony, a method for private meditation and one hundred hymns. Many of the young learn more through singing than any other way. We feel therefore that perhaps the hymnal side of the book is the most important. This desire to sing is a natural one and must be catered for. At the end of the book there is a junior catechism and a catechism for seniors.

In the city of Hilo we conduct a Kindergarten along Buddhist lines. It is called The Kilanea Buddhist Kindergarten and is registered as such with the U. S. Educational Department. In this little school we are privileged to sow a little seed, which, though we may never see it, we hope will bear fruit in the future.

In May 1924 the first issue of "The Buddhist World" (Bukkyo no Seikai) made its appearance, one page in English, three pages in Japanese. The English section is in our hands.

Two years ago we organized the "SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING BUDDHIST KNOWLEDGE" (S. P. B.K.). To ensure its being an English speaking society, an article in the constitution prevents any but Hawaiian-born holding office. The aims



THE SANDAIBYO SHRINE, NIKKO.

and objects of this society are as follows:—

- (A) To enable all those born on these islands of Buddhist parents to obtain a right knowledge of their religion in the English language.
- (B) To spread the Dharma of the Lord Buddha throughout the land.
- (C) To make impossible in the future the prevailing ignorance concerning Buddhism among those in authority.
- (D) To show that the teaching of the Lord Buddha is the best foundation for intelligent citizenship in this republic.
- (E) To work in harmony with all other Buddhist organizations and associations in this or any other country.

The members of the society take charge of visiting the sick in hospital or home, and the giving of socials and parties in the plantation camps every New Year. It maintains a free library of Buddhist books in the English language. The motto of the S. P. B. K. is "Sabbadanam Dhammadanam Jinati"; the slogan is "*Kindness first.*"

All has not been plain sailing during the past four years. We have had many difficulties, not only from without, but also from within. Many of the Japanese parents were suspicious of us because we were Westerners, many of them thought that because we taught in another tongue, one that they could not understand, we might be Christians in disguise. Because we must have the co-operation of the parents if we are to be successful, we occasionally address them through an interpreter on this subject. The result is that the prejudice is dying out and they are beginning to understand that Buddhism is not the exclusive right of one nation, and though in the West its clothes may be different, the body of the LAW is the same, and that this teaching of the Blessed One, *being the Truth*, can adapt itself to all nations, all climes and all ages.

Our work then you will see, is entirely among the Japanese young people on this island. Sometimes a European or an American may stroll into one of our temples; when this

happens, he is received courteously, and questions he asks are answered. If such a one should come, as occasionally one does, to a service, he hears the lesson or instruction that has been prepared for the Japanese youth. We believe in putting our own house in order first before attempting to look after the other man. If a Westerner shows more than curiosity, and we realize that he is out after knowledge, we invite him to our house where we talk matters over, often to our mutual advantage.


In 1926 the work of the English Department is to be considerably extended, and we are required to go to the other islands of Maui, Lanai, Kauai and Oahu to organize the English work along the same lines as obtains on this island of Hawaii.

The whole territory of Hawaii (all islands) has a total population of approximately 250,000; out of this number about 120,000 are Japanese, out of whom 60,000 are Hawaiian-born Japanese. In the whole territory there are 48,700 children attending school. Twenty four thousand of these school children are Japanese born on the islands; so there is plenty of work for us to do. We have but scratched the surface. If all those who read this will revive an old Buddhist custom and send out thought waves of Love and Success to our work and to those among whom we labour, Buddhism will never die out in these islands.

Cremation: its History, Methods, and Ideas.

[BY EDWARD GREENLY, D. SC., F. G. S.]

[The following article was originally contributed to a journal published in a British City. But as it is of general application, it may be of interest to the readers of this "Annual," most of whom, I suppose, have long been cremationists.]

F all the problems with which the modern city, especially the large industrial city, has to deal, none is more serious than the disposal of its dead. For sanitary reasons, old churchyards within the urban area are closed. But the new cemetery must not be far away, so a large tract of land just outside the town is purchased, at an immense cost, imposing a heavy burden on the rate-payers for many years. Then the city grows, until the new cemetery becomes in its turn surrounded by houses, so that the sanitary problem reappears in a worse form than ever. For if the city be populous, the area devoted to the purpose has of course to be extensive.

In fact, given the usual method of dealing with the matter, it is not too much to say that a thoroughly satisfactory solution of the problem is impossible.

Yet, all the while there is a method, ready to our hands whenever we like, which would solve the problem at a single stroke. That method is cremation.

It would solve the problem of space, for a crematorium would only occupy a few square yards. It would also solve

the sanitary problem. The sanitary superiority of cremation over earth-burial is, indeed, so obvious as hardly to need even pointing out, let alone argument. We may, however, note in passing that, whereas the modern town expends with the one hand large sums upon drainage, water supply, and other departments of sanitation, with the other hand it pollutes, in the worst way possible, several acres of land in its immediate vicinity. Convention blinds us to the enormity of such a proceeding.

HISTORICAL.

In spite of the obvious advantages of cremation, the movement in its favour still encounters a dead weight of prejudice, heavier than that which usually obstructs progressive movements. It seems to be regarded as a "newfangled" innovation, or as the "fad" of a small number of persons, belonging to a restricted circle. Both ideas are illusions. Modern cremation, far from being an innovation, is really a revival of a practice which is of immense, indeed of unknown, antiquity, and of world-wide extent.

Even written records take us very far back. In ancient Greece it was in use at the time of the compilation of the Homeric poems. Turning to early Rome, we find it mentioned in the code of the "Twelve Tables," which is ascribed to the fifth century B. C. In Aryan India, documents which

describe events of the same century, and must, themselves, be older than the time of King Asoka (third century B. C.), mention the cremation of kings and other distinguished persons as an established custom. Whether the practice is alluded to in the (still older) Vedas I have not ascertained. But when we come to unwritten records, we find that the dead were cremated as far back, at any rate, as what is known as the "Bronze Age."

In ancient Greece and Rome, earth-burial and cremation were in contemporaneous use for centuries after the early records which we have quoted. But cremation appears to have been regarded as a privilege, for, curiously enough, we find that in Greece it was denied to children so young that they had not cut their teeth, to suicides, and to persons who had been struck by lightning. In Republican Rome, from the time of the Twelve Tables onwards, cremation seems to have steadily grown in favour. For instance, the celebrated Sulla, who died in B. C. 78, was cremated, and it is mentioned that he was the first of the Cornelian gens whose funeral was conducted in that manner. Under the Empire, cremation became general, and so continued for several centuries. The funeral of a distinguished Roman was a great and solemn pageant. At the cremation of an emperor, the soldiers of the legion or of the Praetorian guard marched three times round the pyre. The ashes were placed in an urn, sprinkled with perfumes and the urn deposited in a family tomb, or in a building called a columbarium, an inscription being usually cut above the niche. Many of such buildings still remain in Rome and in Pompeii.

On the continent of Asia the practice of cremation was never interrupted, and is in use in large and populous countries to the present day. In the ideas of Buddhism there is nothing whatever to conflict with it. In fact, it is in full harmony with the *Anicca* and *Anatta* principles. In Europe, on the contrary, there has been an interruption of some 14 centuries. With the spread of Christianity (Minucius Felix, cited by Smith, *Dict. G. and R. Antiq.*, "Funus") the custom gradually declined, and with the triumph of that system it became extinct. According to Macrobius (cit. Smith), it had fallen into disuse by the end of the fourth century.

At length, after this age-long interruption, it began to be discussed again in 1797 and a definite movement for its re-introduction set in about the middle of the 19th century. By the public spirit of the distinguished surgeon Sir Henry

Thompson and a group of eminent men, the Cremation Society was founded in 1874. For some years the Home Office threatened prosecution, but as the result of a test case brought before Mr. Justice Stephen, the practice obtained legal sanction in 1884, and its position was defined by Act of Parliament a few years later. In Great Britain there were 13 crematoria (several of which were municipal) in 1907, at which 6158 cremations had been carried out. In Paris, up to the year 1906, there had been 86,962 cremations, and the movement had made much progress in the United States of America. In Japan, the city of Tokyo alone contained recently no less than 22 crematoria. Since these statistics were compiled, the practice has gained still more ground.

ANCIENT AND MODERN METHODS.

In ancient times, cremations were conducted in the open air. A Roman was borne to the pyre upon a couch, that of Caesar being carried thither on the shoulders of the magistrates. In ancient Aryan India the body (at any rate of a king) was



BELL-TOWER AT THE BUDDHIST SHRINE AT NARA.

laid upon the pyre in what is called "a vessel of iron." A modern European cremation is carried out in a closed furnace at a temperature of some 2000 degrees F. At such a temperature the more perishable parts of the body are dissipated in four or five minutes into innocuous and inodorous gases, mainly carbon-dioxide and water, which, of course, are among the ordinary components of the atmosphere, and in about half-an-hour nothing remains but some three per cent of clean, white mineral ash, which can be disposed of as may be desired.

One of the considerations which at the present time usually determine a choice of earth-burial is probably convenience. The mere machinery for earth-burial is always at hand, whereas in most places (as at Bangor) the nearest crematorium is many miles away. Also, few people have

made themselves acquainted with the mode of procedure for cremation (which is very simple and easy) till the moment comes, and then there is no time. The remedies are, of course, more crematoria, and dissemination of knowledge concerning the procedure. The necessary information can be obtained at any time from the Cremation Society in London, or from the secretaries of the Crematoria in Liverpool and Manchester.

THE DEMANDS OF SENTIMENT.

In so far as sentiment is mere adherence to convention, reasoning will be of no avail, and we can but work towards a loosening of the grip of that convention. Where, however, the sentiment is a natural emotion in regard either to one's own body or that of one whom we have loved, the question can, with no misgiving, be put: Which method is better able to satisfy the demands of that emotion?

In the first place, it must be remembered that preservation of the body—the *body as we have known it*—is impossible. Even the skilled embalming of Egypt hopelessly failed in that respect, as anyone may see in the British Museum. In earth-burial the body is, after a period which varies according to circumstances, dissipated into mineral matter and into a few simple gases of the atmosphere, just as completely as it is in cremation. In ultimate results, then, the two methods are the same. The question, therefore, for love and for self-respect is: How about the respective processes whereby that result is brought about? Why is that question rarely asked?

Because only a small number of persons have ever witnessed either process. For those who have seen both, not a moment's hesitation is possible. But here we suffer from another disability, for in earth-burial the slow process of destruction at ordinary temperatures involves stages which are so repellent to our feelings that no one can venture to describe them, so that by the great majority of persons they are never realised. Now, these dreadful and indescribable stages are *intermediate* stages, and their products are intermediate products of decomposition. The essential difference between earth-burial and cremation is that at a temperature of some 2000 degrees F., these noxious intermediate products have no opportunity to form at all. The final term of the process is reached at once. And with that, the last memories are purified and relieved in a way that cannot be expressed in words.

Finally, there is a higher aspect of the matter. So long as the body of a loved one is pictured in the mind in continuity, pictured as still remaining the identical body which we knew, no mental effort will dissociate the idea of *feeling* from it. It is prisoned; it is cold; it is deserted. With the fire, on the contrary, the mind expands at once to a sense of the great transformation:—

*Thy voice is on the rolling air ;
 I hear thee where the waters run ;
 Thou standest in the rising sun,
 And in the setting thou art fair.*

BUDDHISM AND RELATIVITY.

[BY ERNST L. HOFFMANN]

THE relativity of the Buddhist Teaching finds its most powerful expression in the Anatta idea. The negative formulation of this idea is neither a simple denial of the brahmanical principle, nor yet a higher potentialising of the same in the sense of a final refinement thereof. Just as, in Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* there lies neither a denial nor an affirmation of God, in precisely the same way the Anatta idea is to be understood neither as a denial nor as an affirmation of the transcendental. It lies beyond all individual views.

If the Buddha had taught: "The Holy One is (continues on) after death," he thereby would have supported the theory of the existence of an Ego-substratum (atman). If he had said: "The Holy One no longer is after death," thereby he would have declared Nibbana to be complete annihilation. "He is undefinable, indeterminable, immeasurable as the great Ocean. It were false to say 'He is'; it were equally false to say: 'He is not'..." (Majjhima Nikaya 72). "For him who is extinguished there is no standard of measure. That whereby one distinguishes him is no longer present. Where all appearance is done away, there all possibility of naming is also done away." (Sutta Nipata, 1076.)

If any one asserts: "There is nothing but what lies within the field of my experience," there lurks within him an undemonstrable belief, view, just as much as in him who maintains that there are transcendental things which exist "in themselves." Buddhism, however, which again and again insists that it is not a religion of revelation but a doctrine of knowledge, of cognition, which does not say to men, "Believe this, believe that," but, "Come and see!" confines itself to the sphere of knowledge accessible to experience, without setting up conjectures, or any kind of beliefs or views.

The Buddha laid it down that we can perceive and apprehend things, as also ourselves, only by means of our organs of sense, among whose functions is also to be ranked thinking; and hence, that neither the question as to whether an "in itself," a transcendental, exists or not, is to be answered, nor yet, supposing it to exist, how such a thing is fashioned. What the Buddha sets forth, simply and solely, are the relations of things, that is to say, the connections, governed by law, that exist between phenomena, including also those that exist between them and us. Consequently the Doctrine of Anatta imports neither the denial nor the affirm-

ation of a transcendental subject, but simply and solely the fact that for *our* powers of comprehension such a thing does not exist; that is to say, that of *everything*, whatever it may be, we have to think: "That am I not; that does not belong to me; that is not my self." In a relative sense, of course, we can speak of "I," as in fact the Buddha also did. But it goes without saying that that is not what we are dealing with here.

Yet in spite of all, there are many who believe they can arrive by the path of logic at a positive result with regard to the Anatta-doctrine. In doing so, however, they forget that the laws of logic cease at the domain of the world of the senses; and that with these laws the domain of metaphysics is no longer at all to be got at. Logic is only applicable in the domain of the knowable, of what can be represented in thought, or experienced.

In the domain of the supra-sensible, of the transcendental, of metaphysics, logic fails us and becomes fruitless speculation. If this were not so, man must long since have arrived at some positive results. But how could we look for the like in such domains from a logic which already in the empirical world leads to the most contradictory results. On the path of logic we can prove and deny one and the same thing without violating any of its laws, and without one of our two results requiring to be false: each of them can be relatively true. Thus do optimism and pessimism, theism and atheism stand opposed to each other, whilst actuality lies beyond these contradictories, *on the other side of Yea and Nay*,— or perhaps, also in the middle, between them. Just as circle and parabola are only the limiting accidents of the ellipse, so are Yea and Nay merely the limiting accidents of actuality. To be sure logic can be applied to actuality: but, if we apply actuality to logic, which appears to us only too self-evident (logical!), then we make the exception the rule.

Nothing better exhibits the limitations of logic than mathematics. So long as we find ourselves within the domain of concrete numbers, and quantities that can be represented

temporally and spatially, we arrive at simple definite results. At a higher stage we already get two results, each an equally valid solution of one and the same problem. And the higher we rise into the domain of irrational quantities, all the greater is the number of results possible, until the highest mathematics dissolves into a system of relations removed from all possibility of representation, and loses itself in the cosmic.

Even if logic were to lead to unambiguous results in the domain of the transcendental, we should have no use for them, for we should not be able to represent to ourselves anything about them. They pass beyond the powers of comprehension of our mundane understanding. Not without reason have the great seers kept to themselves their deepest cognitions. They have known that there is no form in which to give expression to the final, the highest vision. And if they were to seek it out, it would become paradox, that is to say, it would seem to contradict all logic. Time, space, and causality are the forms of our powers of thought. Logic, however, is nothing else but causally ordered thinking, and therefore applicable only in the domain of mundane concepts.

On these grounds the Buddha formulated his teaching, not as a stiff body of dogma but as a relativity system, which on one side is conscious of the limits of the utterable and their relative value with regard to actuality, and on the other hand is conscious of actuality itself which has for its essential substance only relations, but not polar opposition.

(Translated from the German
by J. F. Mc Kechnie.)



Photo by W. W. Bastian.

"Nata Deviyo," the Future Buddha, as carved
in stone at the Isipathanaramaya,
Bambalapitiya, Ceylon.

Whoso deprives creatures of life; whoso uses lying speech; whoso takes to himself what is not his own; whoso leads astray his neighbour's wife; whoso is addicted to intoxicating liquor, and gives himself over to gluttony; by such actions already in this life he undermines his own well-being.

Dhammapada

The Status and Influence of Buddhism in Ceylon.

Address by Dr. W. A. de Silva, Colombo, Ceylon at the Conference on
 "Some Living Religions within the Empire."

THE term Buddhism is now used as a substitute for the Law or Dhamma as taught by the Buddha. (The new term however creates a limitation of the true significance of the teaching). The religious ideals of a people are formed from actual experience. The tendency to interpret the religious experience of others by an investigation of the terms in which such experience is recorded, in many instances has led to a misunderstanding of the view-point held by those who actually profess the religion itself.

We have, as far as Ceylon is concerned, sufficient material to understand the significance of the fundamental ideas of Buddhism as they appeal to Sinhalese Buddhists. The writings in the Pitaka (texts) and Atthakatha (commentaries) are supplemented by a series of interpretations in Sinhalese written from time to time. These are still preserved in Ceylon. They are not translations of the Pali, but are expositions and explanations.

A modern critic who tries to interpret a fundamental idea expressed in a Buddhist text, often confines himself to the significance of the words as they appear to him from his line of thought. He naturally comes to the conclusion that if the words are to convey any other point of view, they should have been expressly explained in the original text or its commentary, or should have been repeated with some emphasis.

The present status and influence of Buddhism in Ceylon is due to the fact that among the people of the country, the fundamental ideas of Buddhism which came to them originally were accepted, and a strong tradition was created that stabilised the teaching in a practical manner incorporating it in the lives of the people. The significance of the religion came to them unimpaired, and their environment favoured its stabilisation.

Before proceeding further, it will be useful to consider the scope of the religious ideas that found a permanent place in the social economy of the Sinhalese. The practical application of Buddhist teachings can be divided into two main categories. The first of these is the realisation of the truth of certain laws of Nature. The second is the application of these truths to the advancement of society. There was here no question of an ethical reform movement. To a Buddhist, Nature (Loka) expresses the idea of what is existent or is in being, whether animate, non-animate, material, non-material, and what is conceivable. There is Nature (Loka), and beyond-Nature (Lokauttara), being and non-being, conceivable and non-conceivable, limitation and non-limitation.



LOUISE GRIEVE OF LOS ANGELES, U. S. A.

We are concerned with Nature (Loka) and its limitations and the characteristics that keep us bound to it. There are three characteristics of Nature, viz., ANICCA, DUKKHA, and ANATMA. ANICCA—changing, DUKKHA—disharmony, ANATMA—non-independence or non-absolute-ness. These pervade both "matter" and "mind." Everything conceivable in Nature is characterised by a continuous state of mobility and change; there is not a moment's stability anywhere. If we speak of a stage or an element, it is merely an expression, is incorrect, and is used in order to illustrate some explanation. The same law pervades the largest as well as the most minute group or aggregate. The most minute component imaginable is pregnant with the same phenomena to infinity.

DUKKHA—disharmony is a continuous vibration; the degree may be less or more; it increases and decreases in response to activities,—*Kusala*, that which lessens vibration; *Akusala*, that which does not lessen vibration.

ANATMA—is the state of non-independence. No group or material is absolute or independent of others; the very fact of continuous mobility makes an absolute state impossible in Nature.

TANHA—the desire to possess (acquisitiveness, attraction) is the energy that keeps the state of disharmony in being. When Tanha is reduced, disharmony is reduced and with its complete elimination, harmony results.

From these fundamental ideas the whole of the teachings of Buddhism starts. The elimination of Tanha or acquisitiveness, is the ideal. The process and means through which this can be effected becomes a part of the social life of a Buddhist. The application of the process or the training, has to start in consonance with the character possessed at a given time in an aggregate or being. "Everything is not suitable in every place." The avoidance of extremes in our life—extreme asceticism and extreme self-indulgence—the following of a noble path included in the Noble Eightfold Path and the training for eliminating conditions that feed Tanha (acquisitiveness) such as an attachment to passionate desire, jealousy producing ill-will and hatred, lethargy of mind and body, unsettled state of mind and worry, state of perplexity and inability of discrimination. The method and process of training form the essential part of Buddhist literature, in texts, commentaries, and explanatory works which are known to us.

A community which has accepted these teachings constructs its social code accordingly and therefore charity and tolerance, virtue that protects the neighbours, meditation, reflection, and concentration that trains the mind, service to the community, recognition of merit in others, rejoicing at other's good deeds, kindness and love, form the ideals of a Buddhist community.

It now remains for consideration whether a community can live up to these ideals and practise and incorporate them in their lives. It is also interesting to consider whether the acceptance of such ideals can permanently affect their lives, or whether it will merely form an incident of a temporary character likely to be dropped when the novelty of the experience disappears. These questions can be answered from experience and the history of countries where Buddhist teachings influenced the lives of the people. Independent observers have noted the "attractive gentleness and kindness of disposition, dignified and courteous hospitality and a cheerfulness and friendliness which bear witness that the influence of an outstanding character and personality (Buddha) lives and works for good and is unaffected by the flight of time," even among some of the most backward races that have embraced Buddhism, and "The silent and perhaps scarcely recognized influence which the teaching of Gautama (The Buddha) has exercised upon the conduct of mankind."*

Buddhist teachings, wherever adopted, in spite of adverse influences such as aggressive propaganda of creeds and the

contact with civilizations that use exalted wealth, power and dominion as instruments of superiority, have remained firm for thousands of years.

I shall now confine myself to the particular country I have selected for consideration in this address.

The Island of Lanka (Ceylon) was a prosperous colony at the time of the Buddhist King Asoka of India. The land had been colonized about two hundred years before this period by the warrior tribes of Vanga (Bengal) who invaded the island under the leadership of Vijaya. These pioneers were followed by adventurous chiefs and princes of the Sakya race. Within a hundred years of their arrival they formed a stable government, conciliated the aboriginal inhabitants, constructed cities and tanks, and opened up large areas under cultivation. On account of its situation and its trade connections from the West and the East, and the mainland of

India, Ceylon became noted for its wealth and influence. The King of Ceylon at this period—Devanampiyatissa—desired an alliance of friendship with the powerful Emperor Asoka of India, and sent him an embassy with numerous presents from Ceylon. Emperor Asoka extended his friendship to the King of Ceylon and sent him return presents. The Sinhalese King celebrated his coronation under the auspices of the Emperor's influence. King Asoka was full of enthusiasm for the establishment of the Law of Piety which the Buddha had taught, and accordingly sent a message to the King of Ceylon. "I have taken refuge in the Buddha, Dhamma (Law) and the Order of Disciples (Sangha). I have avowed myself a devotee in the religion of the descendant of Sakya. Ruler of men, imbuing thy mind with the conviction of the truth of these supreme blessings, with unfeigned faith do thou also take refuge in this salvation."

Then followed the arrival of the Buddhist Elders led by Mahinda Thera, a son of King

Asoka. On his exposition of the Law or Dhamma, the King and nobles and the inhabitants accepted the teachings with enthusiasm. The daughter of King Asoka, Princess Sanghamitta, a member of the Order of Nuns, arrived subsequently and enabled the women of the island to join the Order. She brought as a token of good-will from King Asoka, a branch of the Bodhi-tree under which the Buddha sat when he attained to wisdom. The venerable tree still thrives in the ancient city of Anuradhapura, and is treasured with veneration and respect to-day by millions of inhabitants in Ceylon as a tangible mark of the great gift they secured over two thousand years ago. A period of prosperity and culture followed. Cities and irrigation works, houses and palaces, religious monuments and works of art rapidly rose up; hospitals for men and animals, convalescent homes and meeting houses were established all over the country. Education became universal;



2nd Prize Photo by R. Hewavitarane.
JAPANESE BUDDHIST STATUE
AT CALCUTTA VIHARE.

* "Lands of the Thunderbolt," Earl of Ronaldshay, pp. 108 & 248.

arts and sciences were cultivated; literature was produced which has taken a permanent place in the literature of the world. The Pitaka Buddhist Texts were revised and committed to writing in Ceylon. Important commentaries in the Sinhalese language on the Buddhist teachings were produced. Scholars from the neighbouring continent and from distant places such as China, came to the Island in search of knowledge. Buddhagosha the great Buddhist Commentator came from India and produced the Pali Buddhist commentaries; other scholars produced various works on Buddhism. A large number of the population both male and female joined the Order. They left the householder's life and devoted themselves to the service of the community. They became the custodians not only of religious knowledge but also of secular knowledge.

There had been various foreign invasions and changes in the political status of the country. Dynasties disappeared; wars, pillage and robbery by invaders and the destruction of material prosperity were seen from time to time. Religious institutions were destroyed; books were burnt; colleges were dispersed; but the civilisation and the ideals of Buddhism had gained such a permanent hold on the people that these devastations did not materially affect their ideals. Hindu practices were introduced at different periods under the influence of invaders, but were all absorbed into the system of life that prevailed in the country.

Next came a period when the West came in violent contact with the East. The Portuguese occupied the maritime provinces of the Island in the sixteenth century. They kept the Sinhalese of the unoccupied country busy defending themselves. In the occupied territory they forced Christianity on the people; they tried to change the habits and customs of the people; they changed their names. The Dutch followed the Portuguese and continued the plan of coercion through which they believed they could destroy Buddhism. Churches were opened throughout the country and children were compelled to learn the Christian Catechism. Adults were compelled to attend church services. Civil rights were denied to those who refused to profess the new religion. After the British occupation of the Island these disabilities were gradually relaxed. Various Christian Mission Societies from England established their agencies and their efforts for converting Buddhists to Christianity were pursued with vigour. Civil restrictions against Buddhists were completely removed only so late as 1850 with the provision for the registration of the marriages of non-Christians.

With the removal of disabilities "Government Christians" disappeared. The people who had hitherto professed their religion with some amount of secrecy found that such secrecy was no longer necessary. Buddhist ideals which had been hardly affected during this long period of trouble were again practised openly and with renewed vigour. Ninety per cent. of the Sinhalese population are Buddhists to-day. The sustained efforts of missionary movements for the conversion of Buddhists have resulted in a marked failure. The Census returns of Ceylon show the following figures which more than confirm the above view. In 1901, 60.1 per cent. of the total population of the Island were Buddhists; in 1911, 60.25 per cent. were Buddhists; in 1921, 61.6 per cent. were Buddhists. And Hindus were 23.2, 22.85, and 21.8 respectively. For the same periods the percentage of Christians were 9.8, 10 and 9.9. The efforts of missionaries it will be seen have not added a single person to their faith during these decades. On the other hand,



DAIBUTSUDEN OF TODAIJI, NARA IN JAPAN.

there are at the present time about 7,000 Buddhist Bhikkhus (monks) in the Island and nearly 400 educational establishments for them where they receive higher instruction in Pali and Buddhist literature. Practically 99 per cent. of the Bhikkhus possess a knowledge of Pali and the higher literature of Buddhism.

What then is the secret of the great vitality that Buddhism has displayed in Ceylon under such adverse conditions of persecution, neglect and continuous and sustained attempts at converting the people to other faiths? The answer to my mind is a simple one. Buddhism is based on certain fundamental, clear and well defined universal laws. There is Nature and Beyond Nature. We are concerned with Nature and in order to attain to Beyond Nature, we have to realize the laws of Nature, continuous change, disharmony and non-independence or non-absoluteness of all what we can conceive, and that such conditions are due to the energy of Tanha,

(acquisitiveness). Tanha is eliminated by training. When it is eliminated, Nature is overcome and beyond Nature, Nirvana is reached. A Buddhist applies these laws to all ideas placed before him, to all creeds and theories and systems that may be brought up. It is not necessary for him to say whether a creed or statement is false or true; his touchstone is whether

such ideas can be examined in connection with the laws of Nature he has realized. Where they agree he has nothing to say; where they disagree they have no place for him. He has realized this through the teachings of the Buddha the Teacher, the Law (Dhamma) and the Order of Disciples that keep the Teaching in being.

BUDDHISM: THE WISDOM OF LIFE.

[BY THE BHIKKHU MAHINDA]

AT a time like the present, when the foundations of morality have been profoundly shaken throughout the whole civilised world by the events of the last twelve years, and when the cancer of materialism is plainly manifest in all grades of society, if any form of religion or ethical teaching is to survive, it is essential that its fundamental doctrines be in agreement with the facts of life and, accordingly, be capable of proof by personal experience.

Now, of all the great teachers of humanity, none has ever invited men to make such a ruthless investigation into the truth of his message as the Buddha Gotama. On one occasion the Kalamas of Kesaputta, a small town in the kingdom of Kosala, addressed Him as follows:

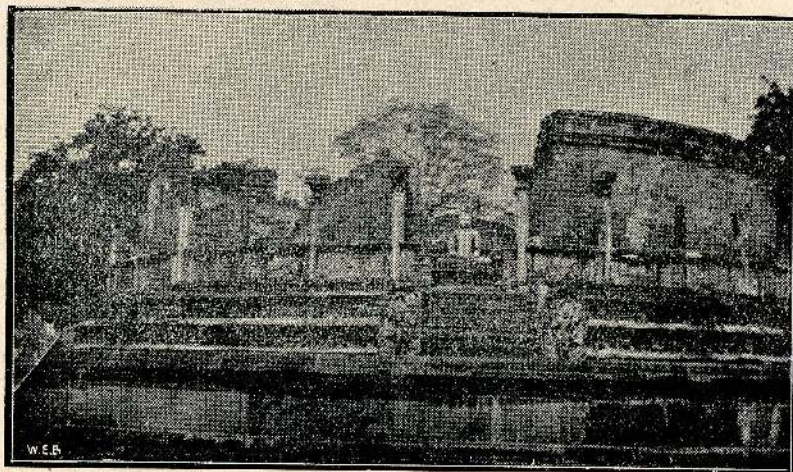
"Lord, there are certain Samanas and Brahmans who come to Kesaputta. They expound and exalt their own belief, but revile, despise, treat with contempt, and discredit the belief of others. And, Lord, other Samanas and Brahmans come to Kesaputta. They also expound and exalt their particular belief, and revile, despise, treat with contempt, and discredit the belief of others. Of these venerable Samanas, Lord, we are doubtful and uncertain who speaks the truth and who speaks falsehood." To which the Buddha replied: "It is right of you to doubt, Kalamas, it is right to hesitate. Doubt has arisen in you concerning a matter that is to be doubted.

"Come, Kalamas, do not go by what is reported, nor by tradition, nor by hearsay, nor by what is given in the Scriptures, nor by logic, nor by inference, nor by consideration of appearances, nor by what is in accord with your opinion, nor by what appears likely, nor (believe) out of respect for the teacher. When, Kalamas, of yourselves you know—these

doctrines are harmful, these doctrines are reprehensible, these doctrines are despised by the wise, these doctrines being fulfilled and observed are conducive to harm and sorrow—then abandon them."

Similarly: "When, Kalamas, of yourselves you know—these doctrines are salutary, these doctrines are blameless, these doctrines are esteemed by the wise, these doctrines being fulfilled and observed are conducive to well-being and happiness—then follow and abide by them."

Clearly, one who speaks so does not desire his teaching to be taken on trust. Let us, then, enquire if the Buddha Dhamma is really based on incontrovertible facts accessible to all.



WATA DAGOBA, POLONNARUWA, CEYLON.

Photo by W. W. Bastian.

comprehension of fundamental principles.

If, in this spirit of ruthless but unbiassed analysis of first principles, we consider the nature of life, what are the fundamental facts it presents?

We perceive the exuberant joy and enthusiasm of youth. How that early joy and enthusiasm becomes more and more tempered and subdued by the adversities and disappointments of the passing years, though hope still lures with thoughts of better times to come! By middle age, disillusionment has

proceeded so far that men cease to expect anything better for themselves in this life, but now their hope is that their children will fare better. Should it be their lot to see their children make no greater success of life than they themselves have made, then in old age they are left utterly disillusioned as to life's value, and frequently, bitter and cynical.

This, the reader may think, constitutes an unduly black indictment of life. But let us consider, for a moment, the conclusions concerning life of that great and imperious sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, towards the close of her long and glorious reign. Speaking to the French Ambassador, she said: "I am tired of living with nothing to give content or anything to give pleasure." To her godson Harrington, who tried to divert her by reading some of his comical writings, she said: "When thou dost feel creeping time at thy gate these fooleries will please thee less. I am past any relish for such matters." And, at the end, when the Archbishop of Canterbury recalled to her mind her great accomplishments as a monarch, she said in her very last words: "My lord, the crown which I have borne so long has given enough of vanity in my time. I beseech you not to augment it in this hour when I am so near my death." Clearly, whatever may have been the delights of regal pomp and power that she had tasted, life had thoroughly disillusioned her ere its close.

Thus, generation after generation, the world presents the spectacle of youth, with its joy, enthusiasm, and eternal urge, laughing at age, with its soberness and disillusion. For, as the proverb aptly puts it: "Young people think that old people are fools; but old people know that young people are fools." The bliss of ignorance affords a vivid contrast to the quietness born of experience. What, then, produces this remarkable and sorrowful transformation of youthful hope and enthusiasm into the grey outlook of later years? Is it not the ceaseless succession of human experiences and what they reveal to men of life's true nature—its vicissitudes, disappointments, and emptiness? Consider, again, how in old age man invariably looks backward, recalling, with regret, "The good old times"; whilst the eyes of youth are ever on the future, and it cheerily affirms, "There's a good time coming, boys!"

But there is another reason why the Buddha insists on a personal testing and verification of His statements. Between the vital experiences of life and the mere memorising of facts (particularly intellectual cramming of the type which usually passes for knowledge in educational institutions) there is a profound difference. Several modern philosophers have pointed

out and emphasized that "the difference between paper knowledge and personal experience is fundamental"—particularly the late Professor William James, whose profound investigation of "The Positive Content of Religious Experience" conclusively proves that books can never replace the living knowledge acquired only by action, i.e., the intuitive knowledge derived, and inseparable, from life's manifold activities and experiences.

How books may impart facts that are totally false and fictitious is exemplified by the histories of all nations. No country ever honestly chronicles its defeats or the moral wrongs it has perpetrated, but invariably minimises or totally omits its reverses, and correspondingly exaggerates its victories on the grounds that glowing records of continual victory and supremacy are necessary to inspire the youth of a country with an adequate sense of national pride and prestige. Similarly, in all countries the children are brought up in the belief that their particular nation, customs and institutions are alone worthy of respect, whilst all others are to be regarded with more or less contempt, and even hatred. But the experience of life refutes this national bias, and ultimately reveals the fact that human nature differs very little, if at all, in all countries and at all times. It is merely the prejudices, antipathies and jealousies that differ, and these are inculcated and emphasized in childhood by means of ideas, principles and sentiments that are false. This naturally applies with equal force to religious instruction, concerning which, and the unquestioning blind acceptance of dogmas and doctrines by the vast majority of men, Mr. Bernard Shaw declares:



Photo by W. W. Bastian.

UDAWATTE KELLE TEMPLE, KANDY, CEYLON.

"Every fool believes what his teachers tell him, and calls his credulity science or morality as confidently as his father called it divine revelation."

Thus we see that youth's enthusiasm for life which, of necessity, is combined with almost complete ignorance of its nature, is further moulded by false instruction, both national and religious, into beliefs, prejudices, hatreds and jealousies inimical to youth itself and to others. Slowly and painfully these wrong ideas have to be discarded in later years, as their falsity is gradually revealed by life's stern but true teaching.

Under such circumstances, none but the earnest and dauntless seeker after truth will find it possible to escape from the intellectual miasma of error and falsehood imparted in childhood; for the child-mind is of such a plastic nature that it is almost impossible to eradicate subsequently, whatever has been impressed upon it up to the seventh or eighth year.

Moreover, men naturally strive to forget what is unpleasant and disagreeable as quickly as possible; so that, despite life's repeated disappointments, deceptions and misfortunes, these distressing occurrences—so characteristic of life—are seldom borne in mind. Nevertheless, we saw that even the haughty pride and arrogant personality of the great Queen Elizabeth had been sadly chastened by life as the years rolled by. Similarly, the poet Swinburne summed up his disillusion and disgust with life's false shows thus:

*We have done with the kisses that sting,
With the thief's mouth red from the feast,
With the blood on the hands of the king,
And the lie on the lips of the priest.*

Such is the nature of life—transient, sorrowful, empty—be it monarch, poet, or beggar who seeks to know the truth.

And to what does the Buddha liken this fleeting, deceptive show so deeply dyed with sorrow? To a bare bone smeared with blood, with which a starving dog endeavours to appease its hunger. To a small piece of flesh seized by a bird, at which other fierce birds are snatching, endeavouring to tear it away. To a flaming torch of dry grass carried against the wind, which, in consequence, severely burns the bearer. To a glowing pit of white-hot embers, into which two strong men are about to hurl a struggling victim. To a dream in which appears a lovely park, grove, landscape, or lotus pond, but of which, when the sleeper awakens, he perceives—nothing! To borrowed goods, proudly displayed by the borrower as his own property, but which must be instantly returned when he encounters the real owner. To a fruit-tree into which a man has climbed to gather fruit, whilst another man—who has approached in the meantime—proceeds to fell the tree at the root. Such are the similes employed by the Blessed One in the Potaliya Suttanta (Majjhima, No. 54), to illustrate the true nature of life.

This profound view of life is fundamental, for without it there will be no real inward urge to spiritual progress. It marks the awakening of the mind from the night of ignorance, to the dawn of Right Understanding (*Sammaditthi*)—that is to say, the right understanding of life's impermanency (*anicca*), of life's profound sadness (*dukkha*), of life's utter emptiness (*anatta*). For whilst *Sammaditthi* is the last to be perfected of the eight divisions of the Noble Eightfold Path, yet no true progress can be made without some degree of Right Under-

standing, which is, accordingly, "the Alpha and the Omega of the entire teaching of the Buddha."

It was the sight of a decrepit old man, of one afflicted with foul disease, and of a corpse being borne by sorrowing relatives to the funeral pyre, that first arrested and gripped the attention of the young prince Siddhattha, who, reflecting on the swift transformation of life's superficial beauty and charm into old age, corruption and death, renounced the glitter and glamour of his princely rank for the ascetic's sombre garb and, in quest of sorrow's cause and cure, went forth from home to homelessness.

Similarly, to-day, whoever—being profoundly impressed by life's deceptive show, emptiness, and sorrow—would seek the glorious consolation and freedom of Truth must go alone, relying solely on his own efforts. There is no royal road to Truth; only a path. Hence, each genuine seeker is, of necessity, a pioneer—his search is individual, personal, isolated and alone. And why? Because it is his *own* ignorance from which he seeks release.

This the Buddhist knows, and realises in accordance with truth that no external assistance or vicarious sacrifice can take the place of his own individual effort; for no man can live the moral life on the truth and virtue of another man, just as he cannot live the physical life on the meals eaten by another. Every man must practise and realise his own truths, even as he must obtain and eat his own meals. Consequently, being convinced of the inherent sorrow of life as a result of his own personal experience, and conscious of the necessity to seek release from that sorrow, the Buddhist turns neither to fossilised dog-

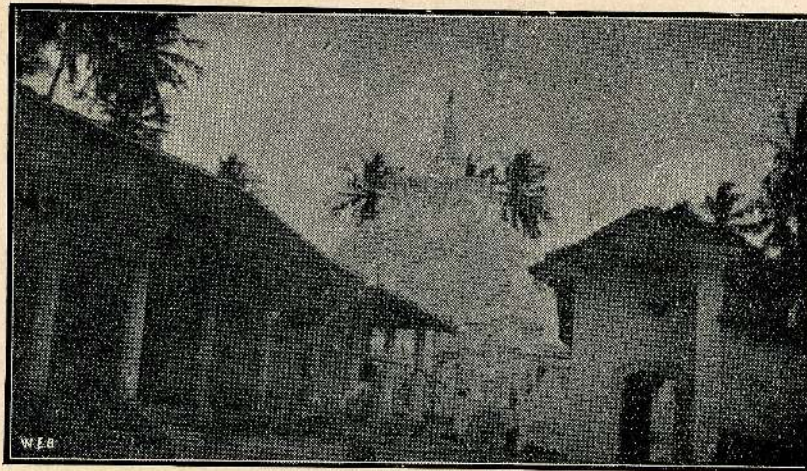


Photo by W. W. Bastian.

MUTTIYANGANA TEMPLE, BADULLA, CEYLON.

mas nor to mouldering creeds, but to the Noble Eightfold Path—that living, vital system of conduct, embracing morality (*sila*), mental training and concentration of mind (*samadhi*), and wisdom (*panna*).

We now see why the Buddha was so emphatic, when exhorting the Kalamas of Kesaputta, not to believe what they heard, until, of themselves, they were convinced of its truth—for personal experience alone can yield such conviction. And, because the Noble Eightfold Path is pre-eminently a mode of life to be put into practice and not an abstract theory to be mechanically memorised, it follows inevitably that Freedom from Sorrow cannot be learnt; it can only be lived.

If, then, we are genuinely convinced that the teaching of the Buddha rests on an unshakable basis of fact confirmed by life's experiences, let us take the Buddha as our guide and fearlessly follow in the footsteps of the Blessed One: knowing that only he who has the courage to practise what he professes can shatter the shackles of Sansara's sorrow, and attain to that supreme realisation of which the Buddha has said: "But this, Brothers, is the highest, this is the holiest wisdom, namely, to know that all suffering has vanished away. He has found the *True Deliverance* that lies beyond the reach of any change."

Religious Instruction in Buddhist Schools.

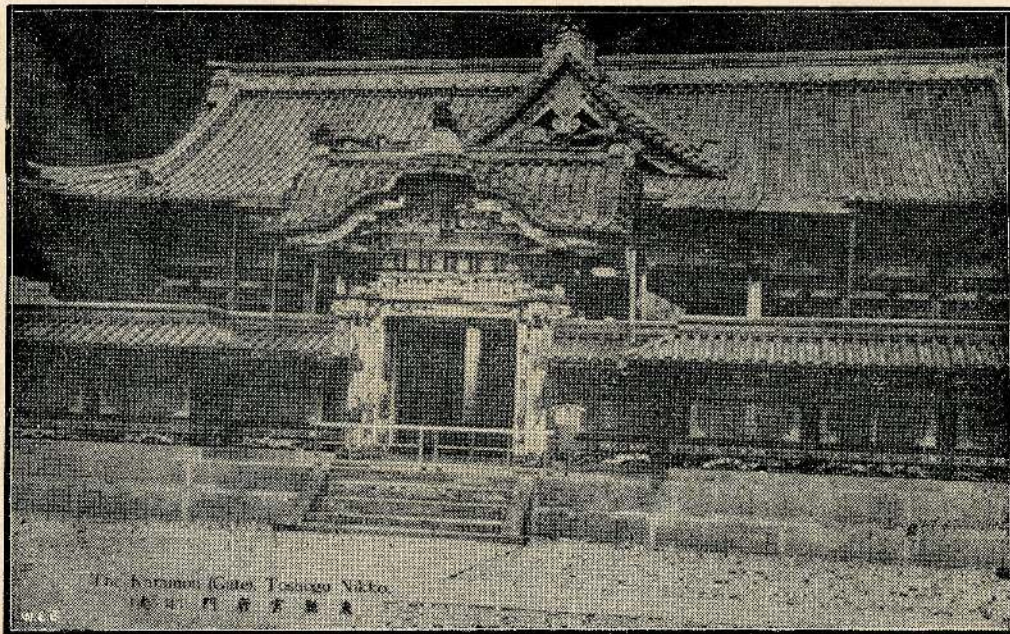
[FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN CEYLON FROM BHIKKHU SILACARA]

THIS is one of the questions that is bothering all educationists to-day of every creed,—how to impress the young with the truths of religion. And in what I have to say, I fear I can only touch it in a general way for I know nothing of Sinhalese customs or manners, or of the atmosphere of the country religiously.

Speaking generally, then, what one notices about children is that they are most impressed by what is brought before them *frequently*, and by the *example* of those whom they love or admire or respect. They are not amenable to mere intellectual representations of truth. It is of no use basing religion for them upon the answer it gives to the question: "What is life all about?" For they have never asked themselves such a question. They have not indeed yet come to a clear consciousness that they are alive, properly; at least, they do not yet realise all that involves. So it is no use making reason the ground of an appeal to them. They will be impressed by what is *repeated* again and again; and next, *by what they see their elders do*, especially those of their elders whom they love or admire or respect. Now the elder whom children most love is their mother—or it ought to be so. Hence the most impressive way of getting at children is through her. But to-day mothers are losing a good deal of the influence they used to have over their children because, in a worldly way, these children know more than she does; they are educated, and very often she is not. So, although they listen to anything of a religious nature she may say to them, it is with an unuttered feeling in their innermost: 'O, that's all very well; but mother doesn't know much about things.' So the best way to save the rising generation from complete irreligiousness is, I feel sure, to see to it that the mothers retain their influence over them, by making these latter, at least in some degree, as well educated as their children. In short: Educate the girls well, and at least the next generation of Sinhalese will be provided with good influences of a pretty strong character. However I have wandered from the subject, I see. What you want to know is what can be done *now* in Kandy with College boys.

Well, here I think we must fall back on the power of repetition, iteration, frequency of appeal. You must give a religious turn to a boy's thoughts much oftener than twice a

week, to produce any real impression on his mind. Children are pretty good natural logicians. If you tell them about religion one hour or so in 25 hours of other instruction, they draw the conclusion—they don't know they are doing it, still, they do it—that religion is just about only one twenty-fifth as important as secular business. Which is an altogether wrong conclusion, but quite justified by the premisses they have before their eyes,—24 hours to secular knowledge, and one to religious instruction. So then, there must be more frequency of religious impression. I would suggest that every day, before lessons begin and again when lessons close, all the children should gather, or perhaps, if this is not feasible, each group in its own room should assemble, and along with the teachers (this is important, from the stand-point of the power of example upon children) should go through some simple cere-



THE KARAMON (GATE) TOSHOGU, NIKKO IN JAPAN.

mony of showing homage to the Ti-ratana. It might be done by having a Buddharupa installed in each room, on a fairly high shelf or niche, so that no disrespect would be shown it during the day, behind curtains; and at the hour of worship (beginning and close of day) the curtains should be reverently drawn aside and all present, teachers and pupils together, do homage to it, and, all together intone the Three Refuges, the Five Precepts, and may be the "Mirror of Truth" sentences (Iti pi so Bhagava Arahan Sammasambuddhassa, etc.) This would impress the young mind with the idea of something worthy of reverence higher than himself. To this, next, for the youngest might be added some simple lessons on the life of the Buddha and of the Bodhisattva in the Jataka stories. These should be simple and appeal to the side of a child's nature that is strongest, his emotional nature. The Buddha's kindness, compassion and heroic determination to

help and save men should be shown. And in the Jataka stories selected, the qualities displayed of constancy, truthfulness, and so forth, clearly brought out. All this should be done in Sinhalese, of course. I am not sure if it would not be better, in all classes, little ones and big ones, to use their mother language in giving religious instruction. Things said to one in one's own mother tongue get closer to one's heart than what is said in an alien language. And as it is difficult enough to impress religious truth on people, it should not be made more difficult by putting it in a foreign tongue.

For the older boys, (still in Sinhalese, I think,) they should read and receive lessons in the Sigalovada Sutta. (Here, of course, the difficulty is to have teachers who can give such lessons, and make them impressive to their pupils). And these readings and lessons should certainly be more frequent than twice a week to make any impression on the pupils: they ought to be given every day, before other lessons begin. To the Sigalovada Sutta might be added the Byagghapajja Sutta (in Sinhalese) and some appropriate Jatakas. Lists of questions bearing on every point in the text should be drawn up, and the children expected to answer them, either orally, or in written examinations held from time to time.

For the oldest boys, some selected Suttas from the Majjhima Nikaya, and the other Nikayas, might be read and studied in Sinhalese versions. I don't know the other Nikayas so well as I know the Majjhima; but in this last alone, quite a number of very good Suttas might be turned into Sinhalese—good, impressive language, as befits the dignity of the subject matter, something like my English version, if I may say so,—and made the subject for a number of questions that might bring out practically the whole Teaching of the Buddha, without going into abstruse questions. (The Christian's 'Bible Lessons' might well be imitated here, I think; at least to some extent, as far as adaptable to Buddhist Sinhalese ways.) Here if you think it would be of use, I am quite agreeable that you translate into Sinhalese anything I have written in whole or in part. But I really think, that it is the job of a Sinhalese who knows the mind of his own people, to draw up courses of religious instruction for his youthful co-religionists. Sinhalese and Burmese must know their own people's mind much better than any foreigner like me ever can know it, and so be able to say what is best for them, much better than I can.

My advice, then, for the little it is worth, is that children should be impressed first with the greatness of the Buddha, the first figure in the Ti-ratana, by a twice-a-day showing of reverence to Him represented by an image (or better, may be, by a respected Bhikkhu, if such can be got to come twice a day to a school) and then the Dhamma impressed on them by lessons and readings on it, in their own mother tongue.

As for the third member of the Ti-ratana, the Sangha, I am grievously aware that in many of its representatives there is little to command respect, and that this is no small reason for the decay of respect for the Religion that is current. So, in the older boys' classes at least, who may be able to comprehend this idea, I think it should be taught them that there are really two Sanghas. There is the ordinary Yellow-robed person who may be a *Putthujana* just as much as they are, notwithstanding that he wears that Robe which once the Master wore. But that there is the real *Dakkhineyya* Sangha, the Sangha that for ever is worthy of all honour and reverence, since it is composed of those who have really begun to be masters of Life and its delusions and weaknesses and sins, namely, of those who

are really on the Higher Eightfold Path; and that when they show reverence to the Yellow Robe they are showing reverence to this true Sangha that is always worthy of reverence, whatever may be the weaknesses and failings of the particular member of the visible Sangha who is before their eyes at the time. They should be taught that this invisible Sangha is the body or company of those who are the helpers and saviours of the world from going completely rotten, and that their unseen influence is on the side of all that is best in the world, and holding in check all that may be not of the best. It is, in fact, the Company of the Arahans, past and present, wherever they may be. This, I think, should be taught the older boys; but of course, the problem is: Where are the teachers to teach this, and make it impressive for the pupils so that they will see this and believe it? The whole problem of education today, secular as well as religious, is to get the right men for teachers. And this again, is a question of paying them a decent living salary, and providing for their old age with a pension, so that they may make teaching the one business of their life, and not a mere stop-gap till they see a chance of getting something better-paid.

So finally, then, well-educated mothers, and sound principled teachers are the root requirement for making lasting impressions of a religious nature on the young. Get these, and you have got everything. The rest is a matter of detail, which those on the spot can work out better than anyone else. Still, I hope I have said something here that may be at least a little help to you in that direction.

O, by the way, I have had lying beside me for a year or two, a duplicate copy of a life of the Buddha which I wrote at the request of a prominent Burman, which he intended to have translated into Burmese for the benefit of the new-style young Burman who is growing up almost entirely ignorant of his religion, being so busy in acquiring an English education. He told me that he wanted the miraculous, wonder-working element in the story of the Buddha passed over as lightly as possible, because the N. Y. B. aforesaid is getting precocious, and will not accept wondrous stories as true. So I did this. But when finished and submitted by him to some trustworthy compatriots for their opinion on it before sending it out for translation, they did not approve of it at all, on the ground that it did away too much with the wonders. So I have heard no more of the scheme of translating, and do not even know what has become of the original MS. So now I send you the duplicate copy, for you to make use of it in any way you like in drawing up a scheme of youthful instruction in Ceylon, with additions, alterations, emendations, or only extracts from it—anything you please. It is couched in very simple English, and yet good English; and would, I think, make a good reading book in English, for seventh standard classes; but you can see for yourself what is good about it, and what defective, and make use of it in any way you think best,—that is, if you can make use of it at all. At any rate it is of no use to anybody lying here idle and unseen on my bookshelf; but may be of some chance of use in your hands. I do not myself like the part where I expound the Eightfold Path; but I was trying to be simple enough to be comprehended by the minds I supposed myself addressing, not answering questions for a doctorate in Abhidhamma. Accordingly this part is somewhat faulty, and can be corrected into something more orthodox if you should decide to print it.

[This book, printed and published at our request by Messrs W. E. Bastian & Co., is now widely used in Buddhist schools and is greatly appreciated by both teachers and pupils. The second edition, with illustrations, is now in the press.—Ed. B. A. C.]

PRIZE STORY.

THE MAGIC SPELL.

A STORY

[BY GEORGE KEYT]

FOR long had Mrnalini ceased to associate with her village friends—the sight of people brought her no pleasure now—and the dreary months passed by tardily, filling her lonely life with a dull monotony. That time had for ever gone, it seemed, when the fire of hope still blazed within her, when she would sit out every morning by the threshold of her house, watching the village street with eager expectancy.

Her sole care now was her little son, Ajita, the sight of whom was the one thing in all the world that continued to convince her with cruel persistence that the romance which once brightened her life was not a dream of her girlhood days but a thrilling reality. And then, just when her resignation threatened to fill the rest of her days with irretrievable apathy, just when it seemed that her existence henceforth would hopelessly continue to be a mere memory of the now sterile and neglected garden of her soul that was once so much alive with the alluring and fragrant blossoms of love, an event occurred which with great suddenness rekindled in her smouldering heart the pristine blaze of her former passion.

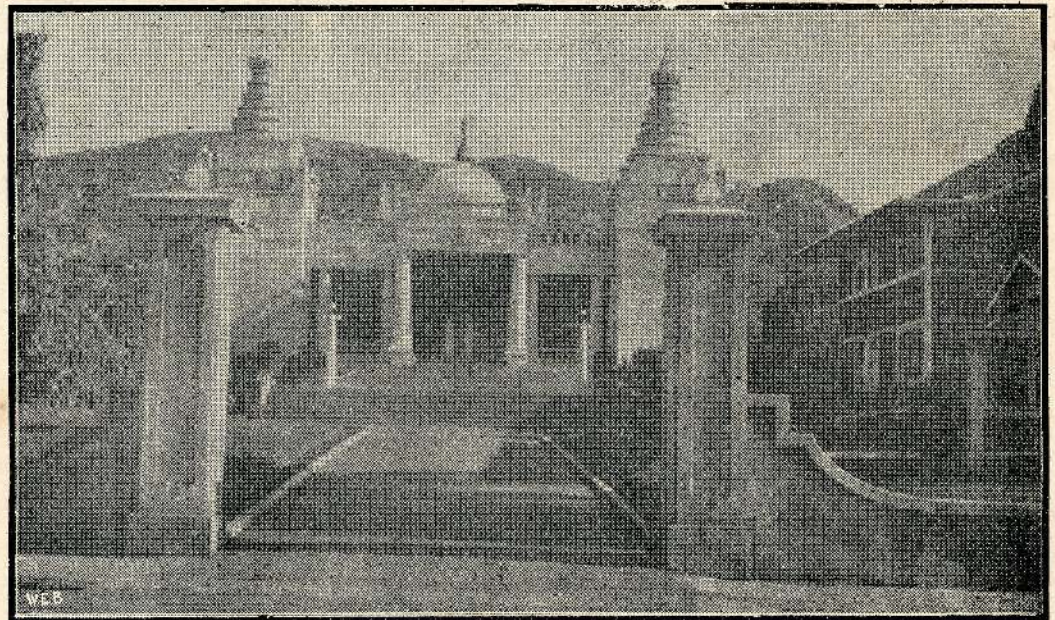
It was late one morning when Mrnalini arose from her bed, and the sun was bright without and the whole village was astir. She was aroused from a heavy slumber by the laughter of her child, whom she discovered seated on her bedroom window-sill, very much amused at something outside. When she clasped him to her bosom and reproached him lovingly, he laughed saying: "O mother, you should have seen the Sramana who came for alms this morning!"

"But what is there so unusual in that, dear Ajita? Have you not seen the ascetics come here frequently?"

"Not Sramanas like this one," said Ajita, "he looked so angry and fierce, and he stooped so, that the children from the Brahman's house began to jeer at him and Rama mimicked him behind his back. I laughed like mad!"

"And who was this Sramana?" she asked beginning to get interested in spite of herself.

At that moment the cow-herd's daughter, Kuma, passing by Mrnalini's window and over-hearing their talk, cried out: "O Mrnalini, it was Godhika."



BUDDHIST CATHEDRAL AT LOS ANGELES, CAL., U. S. A.

Had a thunder-cloud suddenly discharged its fury by the window that moment, Mrnalini could not have experienced a more violent shock than that produced upon her by Kuma's words. It seemed as if a mighty gale had unexpectedly been loosed upon the ocean of her mind, so stilled and leaden for many years, and the fierce animation that followed was for some time intolerable to her, unaccustomed as she had grown to any mental disturbances. Pushing aside the child who

was now by her she arranged her hair with trembling hands.

"Godhika!" she exclaimed, and with the mentioning of his name she was surrounded by a clamouring host of wonderful memories which, like the sweet magic of music, brought tears of ecstasy to her eyes.

"Alive! And come back!" She found it difficult to believe anything so joyous. "And he must have looked for me. O fool that I was to be asleep!"

As she paced the room, endeavouring in vain to suppress her great agitation, she was aware of her child staring up at her with bewildered eyes and a face of anxious amazement. She ran to him and embraced him saying, "O Ajita, why did you laugh at him?"

The child looked perplexed.

"That Scamana is your father," she whispered, kissing him. But the child displayed no emotion beyond looking astonished.

"And which way did he go?" she asked.

"He turned to the right near that clump of pipal trees," said Ajita, pointing out the place from the window. "He walked so slowly, and with such a limp!"

"O Ajita, hasten after him and see which path he takes from the village road!"

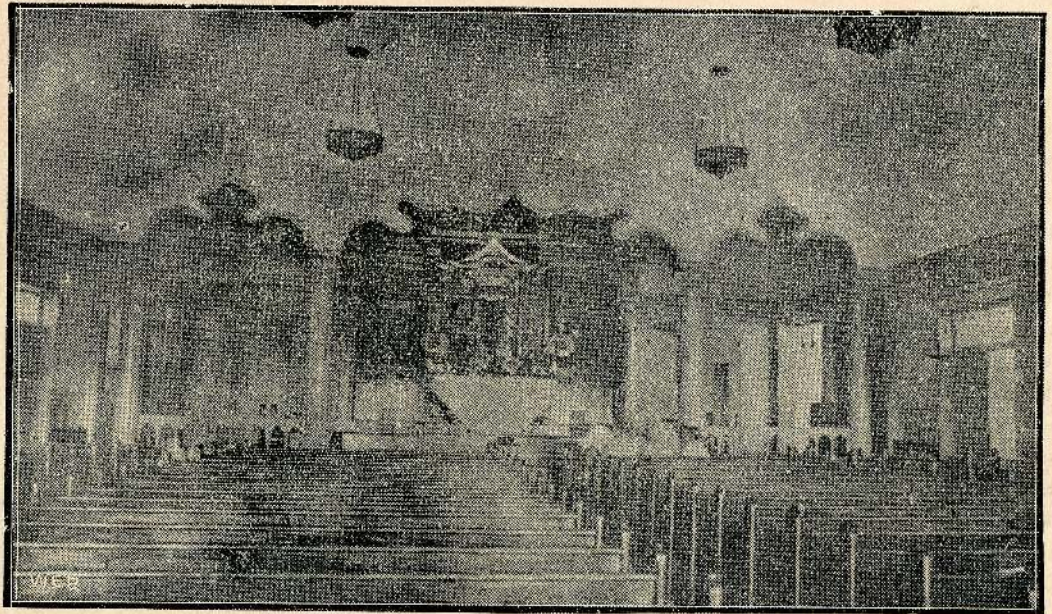
The little boy, who loved to be out of the house, was only too willing to go, and in a moment he was wildly running down the narrow village path. Mrnalini stood out and watched him eagerly as he reached the clump of pipal trees and was swiftly lost to view among the distant cottages and flowering bushes. Breathless with impatient excitement she stood by the threshold of her house awaiting Ajita, and it seemed long before he returned to her, panting and wild-eyed.

"Where?" she cried excitedly.

"He took the forest path that leads to Black Rock, on the slopes of Isigilipassa. I clapped my hands and shouted to him, but he would not look. He mistook me for Rama, perhaps."

Mrnalini shuddered at the mere thought of that fearful place, which was weird and lonely and surrounded by a dense jungle. It was with horror that the villagers ever regarded that range of hills known as Isigilipassa, visited not only by ghastly men who subjected themselves to the severest and most repellent forms of ascetic torture, but also, it was whispered, by the dread asuras, or demons, at night.

Mrnalini, who knew next to nothing about ascetics but had only beheld many members of that unprepossessing class of humanity, failed to regard them with feelings other than those with which she casually regarded all the people who did not intimately come into her own life, and who were, in consequence, not real to her. She found it almost impossible to remember Godhika as anybody other than the elegant, though somewhat temperamental, young man she knew so well; and she therefore marvelled at his courage in staying alone as he did in such a wild and deserted place as Isigilipassa. She rapidly began to lose herself in a labyrinthine wilderness of reflection, and wandering deeper into dense intricacies of exasperating bewilderment, she ultimately found herself beseeching an imaginary Godhika to give her his reasons for having deliberately deserted a blissful Chaitaratha, a veritable Nandana, for such a bleak region of misery as Isigilipassa.



INTERIOR OF THE LOS ANGELES BUDDHIST CATHEDRAL.

What a ghostly, what a fruitless existence was the life of the homeless Wanderer!

"But why has he done this?" she kept asking herself. "Have I not always loved him as no one else could love any man in all the world? What have I done to be thus abandoned?"

Mrnalini was the only daughter of a great Sresthi in the neighbouring city of Rajagriha, and she was to have married into a princely family, when, acting on impulse, as her wont was, she made a sacrifice of the worldly ambitions thrust upon her by her father and responded to the love of Godhika, the young craftsman, whom she discovered one morning in her father's pleasure-park, decorating a summer-house. And now she recalled that time. It was in the magical Vasanta season, when the spirit of life, like a young bride on the flower-bedecked and fragrant couch of the world, laughs softly with the realization of a blissful dream, and is thrilled in the clasp

of the love god. Mrnalini, full of the mysterious and indescribable happiness of vague and lovely longings, was returning with some of her maidens from the secret grotto where the fountain of the marble parasol continually played. She had been disporting herself there, and her wet hair, dripping with gem-like drops of water and with little jasmins strewn on her by one of her maidens, was loosened and lay coiled on her bare shoulders and hung down her back—thick black tresses that brought into luminous relief the clear golden freshness of her young face. As she walked slowly through the sun-dappled avenue of blossoming Na trees, the sunbeams played upon her beautiful hair and her naked arms and her little breasts, and the gentle breezes caressed her diaphanous draperies; she was full of graceful loveliness.

They were passing by the summer-house when Mrnalini's attention was arrested by a young man, who, chisel in hand, had suspended his labours and was intently watching her. He had a faint smile on his betel-red lips, and his narrow eyes seemed to glow as he looked upon her. How well she recalled him! Mrnalini was amazed to see how much he answered to the descriptions she had heard sung of the celestial youths attending on the lord Sakradevendra: his intensely black hair was beautifully interwreathed with a bright yellow silk turban, above his ears were flaring red kinsuka flowers, and his naked limbs were perfectly fashioned. He stood there motionless, spell-bound, unable to take his eyes off the wonderful apparition confronting him. And then it seemed to Mrnalini that the vague and mysterious longings in her strangely enraptured soul that morning at last assumed a definite shape, and her whole heart went out to that young craftsman. An overwhelming passion surged within her, so that she passed on with an effort. But that night sleep vainly sought to overcome her, maddened as she was by an irresistible desire; and she gazed longingly out of her window into the starry darkness, inhaling the fragrant breath of the Vasanta season. And then the youth appeared! She flung aside all restraint in her tempestuous joy, and embraced and kissed him, well-nigh swooning with ecstasy. "Come with me," he whispered excitedly, "Come with me to my village—now!" And through the silent night they fled from the city never to

return. Thereafter they seemed to dwell in the charmed woodlands of Brindaban where the loveliest dreams never fade when slumber departs, and where the movements of life are as music. Wonderful to Mrnalini was Godhika's village, with the wide surrounding fields, and the little river to which the village girls went to fetch water in the morning. That purity and freshness so alien to cities filled not only all the atmosphere and the clean-coloured scenery, but the hearts of the people, the simple and kindly villagers, whom Mrnalini took to loving as she began to understand them. Nor was her life monotonous when the novelty of merely being in a village was over, for Godhika, who would leave the village from time to time, being renowned for his art throughout the kingdoms of

Magadha and Kosala, would frequently have visitors, fellow craftsmen usually, who came from distant countries with store of interesting talk; and there were strolling players and miracle-monsters who delighted Mrnalini with their skill and magic. And then, one day, all unexpectedly, this hitherto uninterrupted dream-world existence began to lose its charm, the common light of day began to supersede the moonbeams that created such a thrilling illusion. At the invitation of some of his friends who had joined a caravan journeying towards Kasi, Godhika set out for the city of Benares, where, by the sacred Ganges, among the wonderfully terraced palaces and the lofty towers and the glittering temples, there was never a dearth of work for skilled craftsmen. A whole year

went by before Godhika returned to the village, and when he came back Mrnalini beheld that a change had come upon him, a change so great that not even the sight of her infant could succeed in reviving his former self. Mrnalini, as much infatuated as ever, lay awake one night, and feigning to be asleep, saw that Godhika stealthily left her side and strode out of the house. A swift suspicion flashed across her troubled mind and set it ablaze with anger. She pressed her hands upon her heaving bosom, so clamorous was her heart. For the first time in her life she felt all the bitterness and anguish of jealousy; she was as unendurably angry as she was profoundly sad. Before the imminent tears could overcome her, she left her bed and noiselessly followed Godhika—but only to discover him seated out

HEART OF THE BUDDHA.

*Heart of the Buddha, Fount of Compassion,
Refuge of mortals in sorrow and woe;
All they who seek Thy divine consolation
Comfort and blessing in fullness shall know.*

*Heart of the Buddha, Love All-embracing,
Ever Thou yearnest mankind to release
From sin and error, from strife and delusion,
On all bestowing Thy freedom and peace.*

*Heart of the Buddha, Thou too hast suffered
Grief and despair, tribulation and pain.
Yet over all Thou hast risen triumphant;
Thy love shall aid us Thy bliss to attain.*

*Heart of the Buddha, Gate of Nirvana,
To all who ask Thou dost entrance assure
Unto existence immortal, transcendent,—
Realm of the Infinite, holy and pure.*

A. R. Zorn.

in the garden. She paused for a moment, utterly shame-faced, and then, shivering in the cold night, she crept closer to Godhika, softly calling out his name. He turned round with a start. "Dear Godhika," she said, "why do you wear such a troubled expression? Have I caused you any sorrow?" Godhika gave a forced laugh. "I could not sleep," he said, "and so I came out here." Mrnalini put her arm round him. "Let us return to bed, dear Godhika," she said. "You might as well keep awake inside. It is not good to shiver outside here." When they went in she observed that while speaking, Godhika would turn his face away from her with a worried look. The next day he set out on a journey to distant Sravasti, and never returned to the village.

The sadness brought upon Mrnalini by the recollection of all this was powerless to diminish the fire of passion rekindled in her heart with

such intensity.

Many times during the day she thought of going to Isigilipassa, but eventually decided to stay till the morrow, in the hope that Godhika would come again for alms to the village. She accordingly rose early the next morning, prepared a sumptuous banquet, and sat waiting for Godhika. But she waited in vain. Interminably the maddening hours seemed to follow one another, and Mrna-

lini waited and waited, even until the whole village was silent and appeared to be deserted. Then she realized that it was high noon, the siesta time, and that it was useless expecting Godhika any longer.

For a moment she was exceedingly vexed, just as if Godhika had not deserted her, and his delay to come home was unusual. Her mind was alternately confused and vacant; and she strove to recollect herself. What was it all about? Why was she not at Rajagriha, happy and secure as of old, in her father's house? Like a dark and immense rain-cloud that gradually begins to spread out upon a clear sky, stealing away the colour and warmth from the sunny landscape beneath, the old feeling of abandonment began to creep over Mrnalini, and she felt wretched. Swift and vivid memories illumined her mind, and

the tears stood in her eyes. She tried hard to suppress that weakness of hers, that tendency to weep, but she could not. "How stupid of me!" she kept on repeating to herself as she broke into a paroxysm of grief and sobbed like a child.

She felt ashamed of herself when she recovered, and little Ajita, returning from his play in the fields, discovered her looking intently at nothing, with her hair dishevelled about her forehead, her eyes red and swollen, and her cheeks wet with tears.

"O my mother," cried the child running to her, "you are not well!"

"Not well?" said Mrnalini as she rose with a forced smile, "What makes you think so?" And she went to her room saying: "Get yourself ready, Ajita; we are to go to Isigilipassa."

Mrnalini never paid such attention to her toilet as she did that afternoon, and when she left her room she was marvellously beautiful to behold. Her eyebrows were pencilled with lamp-black, her lips were slightly painted, her fragrant dark hair was elaborately arranged on her head and interwreathed with little starry jasmins and pearls, and her neck, bosom, and arms were brilliant with costly and ornate jewellery.

She also wore tinkling anklets on her little feet, and smeared the soles with red sandal-paste. Gorgeous Kasi silk draperies with golden borders swathed her fragile and graceful body. She dazzled the eye, and her delicate beauty was alluring.

Thus she dressed herself in all the best things given her by Godhika. A strange elation began to supersede her tearful despondence; feeling assured now, she ceased to hope any longer. Never before was she so much aware of her own beauty. How could Godhika fail to realize her worth any longer? She had never dressed with such care before, never since she met Godhika. He would be amazed at himself for not having prized sufficiently such a treasure of a woman. So she thought, and laughed for sheer joy as she took little Ajita by the hand and set out for Isigilipassa.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

*If you would dream of beauty, then quit the busy throng,
And wander for a little space the river bank along,
And see the wild things at their play, and hear the blackbird's song.*

*If you would banish worry, and rest your weary brain,
Go watch the graceful seagulls that circle o'er the main,
And you will feel the joy of life rise in your heart again.*

*If you would find contentment and peace beyond belief,
Befriend your furred and feathered kin, who know so much of grief,
And in their gratitude and love, your soul shall find relief.*

*And thus, when thoughts and actions are gone beyond recall,
And when you gaze no longer at the writing on the wall,
You'll pass into the greatest, most-longed-for Peace of all.*

Geraldine E. Lyster.



THERE IS A LIGHT.

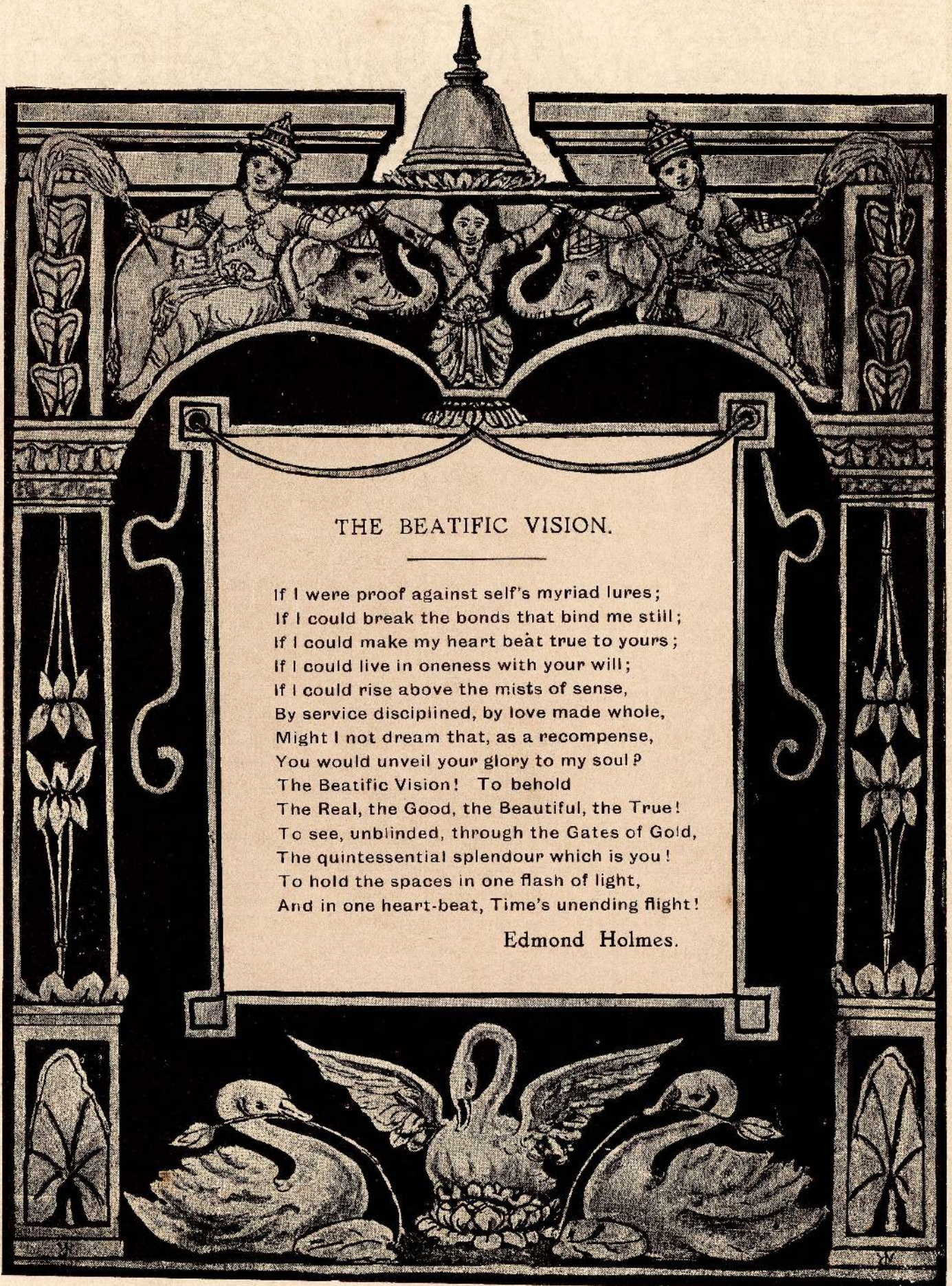
There is a Light, a wondrous Light,
It shines from Buddha's temple bright,
Setting the Path aglow.
There is a psalm, a holy psalm,
That tells of One so wise and calm
In India long ago.

There is a Law, a perfect Law,
Taught by the Lord on Ganges shore,
Who understands is blest.
There is a Way, a Way of peace,
Who follows it will find release
From self, and be at rest.

There is a Love, a perfect Love,
That spans all Life, below, above
Within its arms so wide.
This love shall drive all hate away,
And turn the darkness into day,
And all our footsteps guide.

O Buddha, Lord of Love and Light,
Teach us Thy Law so pure and bright,
And Love that cannot cease.
Through Thy Sangha we'll learn of Thee,
All we should do, all we should be,
How to attain true peace.

Ernest Hunt (Shinkaku).



THE BEATIFIC VISION.

If I were proof against self's myriad lures;
 If I could break the bonds that bind me still;
 If I could make my heart beat true to yours;
 If I could live in oneness with your will;
 If I could rise above the mists of sense,
 By service disciplined, by love made whole,
 Might I not dream that, as a recompense,
 You would unveil your glory to my soul?
 The Beatific Vision! To behold
 The Real, the Good, the Beautiful, the True!
 To see, unblinded, through the Gates of Gold,
 The quintessential splendour which is you!
 To hold the spaces in one flash of light,
 And in one heart-beat, Time's unending flight!

Edmond Holmes.

II

Those who saw Mrnalini thus attired and leaving the village with her child, were not long in arriving at the cause of her strange behaviour. They had seen and recognised Godhika come round for alms. Mrnalini's childish happiness was observed by all who saw her pass through the village, and some of the sympathetic women said to one another: "He is to come back at last." But Kutumbika the cow-herd, strolling back from the grazing grounds of the village, shook his head sadly. "I know better," he said, "Isn't my poor little Kuma with me still, deserted for ever by Arjuna? The ascetics have strange mantrams, full of potent magic." Rupasari, the Brahman's wife, was seated by her window when she saw the radiant Mrnalini, splendid in the bright sunlight, deliberately taking the path that led to the jungle. She wondered for a while, and then remembering about Godhika, she smiled contemptuously. "The foolish woman," thought Rupasari, "she should have consulted my husband before doing anything rash."

But blissfully unconscious of all these remarks, Mrnalini joyously traversed the ascending path that led to the lonely slopes of Isigilipassa, the hill of the Seers, and the little village was soon left far behind her.

Ajita was happy to find himself in the wild jungle where the lofty trees and the intricate creepers, dense and sombre, rustling and swaying in the fitful gusts of wind, seemed to be alive and in a continual struggle for the sunlight. A keen fragrance pervaded the forest air, and there was a never-ceasing medley of strange and wonderful sounds. Bright blossoms flamed through the dark heavy foliage—large exotic flowers, weirdly beautiful. The ground was entirely concealed from view by layer upon layer of dry leaves, and hidden snakes would occasionally rustle out to glide away from the path of the travellers. Strange animals, too, there were that looked at them for a moment and leapt into the jungle. The monkeys chattered and ran along the swaying branches of the trees, amazing Ajita with their careless skill, and vividly plumaged birds shrieked and flew past quite close to them.

So joyous were they, and so pleasant was the walk, that when they came to the lonely sides of the great range of Isigilipassa they did not feel exhausted. Seeking for Black Rock, they came unexpectedly upon a host of filthy ascetics, miserable jaundiced men in various positions of self-inflicted torture, the sight of whom nauseated Mrnalini and terrified Ajita. There was something inhuman about these ascetics, and Mrnalini's disgust changed to horror as she became accustomed to the nakedness and filth around her.

Except for some thorny shrubs and a few isolated trees, the jungle-growth had ceased unexpectedly, even as it had begun, and a sterile, bare place was the encircling range of hills, assailed continually by strong winds. Mrnalini, after much strenuous gazing, was at last able to discover Black Rock standing lonely and little in the dim distance; and it was some time before she could faintly distinguish a yellow-robed

figure seated on a side of the great square rock by what appeared to be a cavern. Her excitement increased with every step she took. Ajita could walk no more, and he had to be carried. (Mrnalini was not aware of what a feat she performed in running up the steep side of the hill with her child on her hip). And then when it seemed that her energy was strained to the utmost, when it seemed that her legs would break down and be lifeless under her, with a last effort she succeeded in reaching Black Rock and, flushed and breathless, she stood confronting the yellow-robed Sramana.

But was this Godhika? For some time she found it difficult to recognise her husband in this cadaverous-looking ascetic, with his shaven head, his knitted brows, his sunken eyes, and his compressed lips. Mrnalini looked with amazement on what was once a healthy body. Those perfectly fashioned limbs of his, the mere sight of which used to give her such happiness, were wasted almost to the bone, and the veins stood out on his emaciated hands. He was scantily clothed in a dusty and tattered robe, and beside him lay his alms bowl, his razor, and his water-strainer. The rock on which he sat was an immense black slab extending a great way to his left; and on his right was the cavern which Mrnalini had perceived, a dark noisome place for ever full of the screeching of the little bats that lived in it. The place, in every respect, was unpleasing, even though the afternoon sun was there; and the presence of this strangely altered man made it all the more terrible. But Mrnalini's all-absorbing passion not only blinded her to the undesirable nature of her surroundings, but very soon dispelled the amazement brought upon her by the sight of Godhika's altered appearance. So great had been her attachment to this man, and so much did she feel that his existence had become a host of stars in the otherwise dead night of her life, that the many years of separation, wherein Godhika had changed, did not seem to have existed at all; and gazing on his face she now became accustomed to his changed expression in a very short time.

When Mrnalini put Ajita down, the child trembled with fear.

"O mother," he said in a terrified whisper, "let us run away!"

"Hush," said Mrnalini, "what frightens you, my child? This is your father."

Godhika, who had been looking down the whole while, raised his eyes, and Mrnalini again felt an overwhelming excitement take possession of her. But she was at a loss for words, and she stared helplessly at Godhika. "But is there any need for words?" she asked herself, as she led her child up to the Sramana. He did not appear to notice them, however, and he continued to sit in a stiff motionless position with a distant look in his cold eyes.

"Dear Godhika," Mrnalini began to say, but she could not proceed any further when she saw what an effect the sound of her voice had on him. His breathing became spasmodic and his face assumed an agonized expression which alarmed her.

He clenched his fists and frowned furiously, biting his lip till the blood trickled down his chin. A great struggle was taking place within him.

"O foul and malodorous body!" he cried suddenly, and his voice was harsh and cracked. "O tool of Mara! O glittering spare!"

Ajita was too terrified to cry; clutching at Mrnalini's cloth, he ran round and hid behind her.

"Mad, mad surely," he continued, "to seek thus to seduce the sons of Bhagava. Doomed to decay and exuding filthy moisture, she nevertheless seeks to tempt me with her vile body! Know this, O amorous woman, that the high heavens and the celestial nymphs therein fail even to lure us; how then should wretched mortals give us delight? O fool, your mind is enveloped in darkness. Hasten to those who revel in the pleasures of the world, such as are bound fast with the chains of Mara! Untouched by lust and ignorance are the sons of the All-Enlightened; you have no attraction for them."

Godhika's harsh voice echoed in the clamorous cavern near him, and his words sounded unreal. As he stopped speaking, he resumed his former statuesque position and forthwith became dead to everything but his own interrupted thoughts. Beyond example was Mrnalini's dumb amazement as she stood there staring at him, stunned by the greatest blow she had experienced in her life. Then, sudden and blinding like a lightning flash, an all-consuming blaze of uncontrollable anger flamed up within her, and her face seemed to be on fire. She strove to speak, but the words would not come to her trembling lips. The sound of her wildly throbbing heart seemed to deafen her. Not in her most miserable moments of despondence did she anticipate such an attitude on the part of Godhika. In her hysterical condition she thought of baring

her bosom and asking Godhika to perform the one and concluding act he had forgotten to perform in his cruel treatment of her—to slay her where she stood; but she dared not utter a word because of the fast approaching tears. And then it was as she foresaw: her eyes began to fill. Covering her face with her hands, she turned and fled.

By that lonely range of hills, while the day was fast declining, and the winds were growing colder and more boisterous, poor Mrnalini, almost blinded by the tears in her eyes and with bruised and bleeding feet, fled as in an evil dream.

The sun was beginning to set when she passed through the jungle, darker now and more fearful. The village path was soon in sight, and as she was about to enter it, her grip on Ajita's arm loosened; a cold perspiration broke out on her face, and an impenetrable blackness danced before her eyes. She felt a strangling sensation and she gasped for breath. The blackness began to overcome her, so that she strove hard to see, but could not. She felt she was falling. She attempted to support herself against a tree, but even as she did so she lost consciousness and fell to the ground.

III

When Mrnalini recovered she saw many anxious faces around her in the dim lamplight, and looking about in a bewildered way, she discovered that she was in her bed-room, and that her body ached when she moved. A young woman, who was kneeling by the bed, leaned over her gently and whispered: "You must not attempt to get up just yet, dear Mrnalini. You will be better tomorrow, perhaps." It was the voice of Kuma, and Mrnalini turned in her direction to ask her why they were all in her room, but Kuma, full of solicitude, asked her not to speak, and helping her to drink some rice-gruel, told her to try and sleep. Then Mrnalini was aware of her condition: her

HYMN TO BUDDHA.

Oh, may the Lord compassionate,
Whose mercy overflows,
Be like unto the tranquil wind
The dawn of morning knows.
His precepts rare within the heart
Shall ne'er forgotten be,
O Buddha Lord; O Pity's Fount,
Thou Refuge dear to me,
Thou solace for life's griefs and pains,
Thou source of ecstasy.

All hail, the Lord Sublime, the One,
Whose love for sinners here
Made Him renounce the earthly pomp
The world doth hold so dear.
As lucent moonlight floateth down
O'er woodland, vale and sea,
So waft thy blessings on the hosts
That trust, dear Lord, in Thee.
On those who shed affliction's tear,
Bestow balm tenderly.

All hail the Lord Adorable!
No jewel in the sky,
Can shed the Light—the Purity,
That His truth doth imply.
Not great Antare's orisons
At altars in the South,
Can breathe the wisdom that did fall
Like rich pearls from His mouth,
The one who banisheth the sigh,
Like dew in desert's drouth.

Praise ye the Lord, the Welcome One!
Though Suns be swept from sight,
Truth's taper shall forever burn,
Regardless of Time's flight.
O Lord of Peace—O Rose of Rest,
Reign on, Hope's bells doth ring.
Like fruitage at life-giving rain,
Thine ancient glories spring.
A golden morn awakes to chant—
"Buddha, our Lord and King".

Irene Taylor.

Sausalito, California, 1925.

head was throbbing with pain and her eyes seemed to scorch her. Collecting her fever-ridden thoughts with difficulty, she remembered everything.

During Mrnalini's illness Kuma was her constant companion, and she not only nursed Mrnalini all the while her fever lasted, but she also attended to little Ajita. The cause of Mrnalini's illness was delicately avoided in Kuma's conversation, and would never have been touched upon at all had not Mrnalini herself spoken about her abandonment. It happened incidentally one evening when, reflecting on the kindness and unselfishness of her companion, Mrnalini asked Kuma why Arjuna had deserted her. Mrnalini was surprised to observe how serene Kuma was when she spoke about the man who had left her in the rosy morning of their wedded life.

"At that time, O Mrnalini," said Kuma with a sad smile, "our little son, whom Arjuna loved as his own life, died of a snake-bite, and whilst Arjuna was lamenting over the child, it was rumoured in the village that the renowned Gautama, who was a Buddha with super-normal powers, had come into the neighbourhood of Rajagriha. Arjuna had vainly sought assistance from the ascetics in Isigilipassa. He was now fired with new hope, and he sought out the Sramana Gautama. But he never returned to me, O Mrnalini. He became a wanderer from that day. I went seeking for him in vain. They say that the ascetic Gautama possesses great powers of magic and that he casts a spell on certain people who come to him, so that they forthwith hate the things they previously loved—the things of the world."

"But why, dear Kuma?"

"To prevent them leaving him."

"Ah!" said Mrnalini rising from her bed. "It is clear to me now. It is quite clear. What else but a magic spell could have wrought such a change upon Godhika? Dear Kuma, you should have seen him! The vicious poison of that spell not only destroyed the love in his heart, and all his memory, but it also shrivelled up the flower of his youth, so that he was not so pleasant to look upon. But from whom did you hear concerning this magic spell?"

"Kasyapa the Brahman told me of it, O Mrnalini. He has seen the Buddha."

And then for the first time since she adorned herself and journeyed to Isigilipassa, Mrnalini smiled; and her eyes brightened as she said:

"O Kuma, Kasyapa shall surely tell me all he knows concerning this Sramana Gautama; and great and potent though his powers of magic may be, I will nevertheless go seeking for him, and when I meet him I will cling to his feet and beseech him to release Godhika from the magic spell."

IV

When the Vasanta season had again transformed the world after the heavy gloom of the rains, and the village landscape was fresh and fragrant, Mrnalini, whose ill-health had departed with the sultriness and the drouth of summer, went one morning to Kasyapa the Brahman. She discovered him seated out with his wife in the garden beneath a flowering mango tree, and he was in a joyous mood, as most people were in the Vasanta season. The old Brahman was glad of Mrnalini's visit; nothing pleased him more than to be asked to talk of celebrated people, great saints and warriors, and his chief pleasure in life was to narrate interminable stories about kings and robbers. So that when Mrnalini desired to know something concerning the Sramana Gautama, Kasyapa settled himself in a comfortable position, and bidding her be seated, he smiled saying, "There is none in Jambudipa like to this lord Gautama, and I, O Mrnalini, have beheld him."

He paused, still smiling, and raised his eyebrows and nodded his head. His wife looked at him approvingly and said, "This foolish woman sought sorrow and ill-health in going to Isigilipassa before coming to you."

"What is that you say, dear Rupasari? She went to Isigilipassa? The Blessed One is not there," he said, turning to Mrnalini. "He is somewhere near the city."

"I did not seek the Sramana Gautama," said Mrnalini. "That is another story, O Kasyapa. But tell me now of the Blessed One."

Rupasari was about to interrupt him again, when the Brahman, who was eager to speak about the Sramana Gautama, turned away from her, and lifting up his eyes to the mango branches above him, began to grow enthusiastic about the Buddha. Mrnalini, full of awe, sat listening like a child.

"It is said, O Mrnalini, that this Sakyan Prince, upon renouncing his great wealth and all the pleasures of his three palaces, encountered Mara the grisly demon who assailed him with the whole of his terrible army, those infernal hosts of darkness; and weaponless and without the slightest exertion of his body did the great Sakyan utterly defeat them. Not even a Universal Monarch in the days gone by could lay claim to such a victory! When I was at Sravasti, O Mrnalini, I beheld how prince Jeta's beautiful grove was offered to lord Gautama. Such splendour and such majesty have I never beheld. That diademed kings, great rulers of men commanding mighty hosts of warriors, should bow down before an empty-handed ascetic, amazed me. Not only the Kosalan king, whom I saw doing obeisance to lord Gautama, but, it is said, the kings of Ujjeni and Magadha, and the Licchavi princes, and renowned captains and chieftans and statesmen together with their retinues, have all prostrated themselves before this Sramana Gautama."

Kasyapa paused for breath.

"It is because of the magic power," said Rupasari.

"That is so," said Kasyapa. "Verily this Buddha is invincible, both in the field of battle and in subtle argument. At one time with a few words he prevented a war being waged between the Sakyans and the Koliyans. His powers of magic are great. As easily as we would walk from house to house in this village of Nalaka, the ascetic Gautama departs from our world and traverses the high heavens where the shining gods abide."

Kasyapa then proceeded to tell Mrnalini how the Buddha even when speaking in an undertone, could cause his voice to be heard throughout the ten thousand world systems, and how, emitting from his body the six rays of light, he could illumine the darkness of space, putting the sun and the moon to shame. When Mrnalini remarked that the very gods in heaven must dwell in terror of this Gautama, Kasyapa told her that Maha Brahma himself admitted the superiority of the Ascetic and that Sakradevendra, surrounded by his celestial retinue, would frequently come down to earth to listen to the word of the Buddha and seek his counsel.

"On one occasion," said Kasyapa, "the King of the Thirty Three Gods brought with him the divine musician, the Gandharva named Pancha, who played upon his soft-toned lyre of yellow vilva wood, delighting the heart of the Buddha."

And thus the Brahman continued to talk, and he seemed to be able to talk on for ever. Overhead among the mango blossoms the bees hummed and the birds twittered, while the sun patches on the ground began to spread and the shadows lessened. When he had nothing more to say about the Gautama Buddha, he began to relate the legends concerning the Buddhas who had preceded Gautama. But as the fleeting hours lured away the morning, Rupasari, beginning to feel bored by this incessant monologue, frowned from behind Kasyapa and signed to Mrnalini to depart, and in order to give her an opportunity to rise, she interrupted the Brahman.

Mrnalini rose reluctantly. The interest Kasyapa had awakened in her caused her to be oblivious of everything else but his enthralling talk. She could have sat there listening to him the whole

day. Utterly unsophisticated, Mrnalini was impressionable. Hers was that attitude of wonder, which, though childish, made it possible for her to feel and comprehend inexpressibly so many things in life which sophisticated people imagined they understood but which they never felt and always ignored. She did not for a moment doubt the truth of what she had

heard concerning the Sramana Gautama, and sitting alone in her room she visualised the Mighty Being, the World Honoured One, being worshipped by gods and men. Her imagination pictured something very much after the style of a temple fresco: a colossal figure with god-like and awe-inspiring features enthroned, and emitting from his brightly draped and elaborately bejewelled body a dazzling halo of many pulsating colours. She saw him surrounded on every side by humiliated kings and nobles and a dense throng of adoring ascetics and lay-followers; and descending from above—in various attitudes of reverence and scattering Mandarava blossoms—the great gods from heaven.

"The might of the Buddha is beyond reckoning," said Mrnalini to herself. "It will not be difficult for him to spare Godhika. Of what use can Godhika be to him whom the very gods are willing to serve? It was, perhaps, unwittingly that Godhika fell a victim to the magic spell."

And then she grew terrified at the idea of meeting this Buddha. Kuma, whom she took into her confidence, dissuaded her from going, especially with such an object. Mrnalini debated with herself a great way into the night, and before retiring to bed she had resolved again to go to the Buddha. "How can I suffer more?" she asked. "And as to dying, it will be a release. There is nothing to fear."

"But, dear Mrnalini," said Kuma, "You do not realise. It is easier to utter words than to undergo torment. How can you think of asking the great Buddha to give you one of his disciples to be your husband?"

"Why not, Kuma?" cried Mrnalini angrily. "You forget that Godhika was my husband, and that he is the father of my child. What right had the Sramana Gautama to take him away from me?"

WESAK-TIDE.

Hail glorious day, when o'er the world
The Sun of Truth in splendour rose,
For mortals lost in error's night
The Path of Freedom to disclose.

Slaves under Karma's rigid law,
Self-bound by unappeased desire,
They found in death but birth anew
To life accursed by bondage dire.

Thus fettered in Delusion's realm,
They sought deliverance, but in vain,
Till Truth's bright radiance pierced the gloom
And bade the prisoners hope again.

And all who rose with purpose firm
To bask in that resplendent beam,
Their bitter woes and servitude
Beheld as figments of a dream.

Before them in that Wesak dawn
They saw the Path of Full Release,
Where all who tread shall find at last
In bliss immortal, endless peace.

Forward they pressed along that Way,
Guided by Truth's eternal light,
Till, persevering, they attained
The blessed goal—Perfection's height.

And life for them no more implied
Confining limits, time and place;
But pure existence, boundless, free,
Duration in itself, and space.

Viewed as release from bondage here
To Karma, ego, sense-desire,
Nirvana's endless calm is called
Their state,—to which we too aspire.

Millions have followed in their train,
And millions more that Light shall guide,
With them in blissful unity
And peace eternal to abide.

Thy quickening ray, Supernal Light,
Likewise on us hath sight bestowed,
And we with fixed intent have set
Our feet upon Thy shining road.

And ye who yet in darkness lie,
In servitude 'neath Karma's sway,
Thrice welcome ye, with us to share
The blessings of this Wesak day.

Lord Buddha, Thee our hearts acclaim,
Thou art the Sun of Righteousness.
In Thee was Truth in fullness shown
Man to enlighten and to bless.

Thy Doctrine is the radiant glow
Which evermore proceeds from Thee
And marks the Way that upward leads
To freedom and felicity.

O may mankind Thy light receive,
Self and its bondage cast aside,
That all, in love and peace, may share
The joy divine of Wesak-tide!

A. R. Zorn.

When her anger subsided she was seized by superstitious fears. A gust of wind blowing into the room that moment extinguished the lamp, and the sudden darkness that followed seemed to be a sign of wrath from the Buddha, so that Mrnalini nearly cried out in terror. But the next morning her resolution was as strong as ever, and despite the discouragement of the whole village, she gave Ajita to Kuma's care and set out on her journey towards the city.

V

Mrnalini well remembered that steep road leading down to the valley wherein shone the vast city of Rajagriha, made beautiful by the good king Sainya Bimbisara. Although the distance from Nalaka to the city was not great, there were little summer-houses built along the road, and there were pleasant groves with fountains, all of which had many saddening memories for Mrnalini. The country from the city to the encircling hills seemed to be a carefully planned out pleasure-park, except where little cottages and rice-fields were seen. It was early morning when Mrnalini began her journey, and the cool breezes and the dewy foliage around filled her with such a feeling of inexhaustible energy that she was surprised a few hours later, when the sun was high in the heavens, to find that she was rapidly becoming hot and fatigued. Arriving at one of the summer-houses, she went in and reclined on the long stone seat that was let into one of the low walls. "How deliciously cool!" she thought as she slipped her silken shawl from her shoulders, and lying down, felt the smooth stone on her bare back and stretched out arms.

Outside was the sunlight, brighter because of the recent rains, and the trees, vividly green and many of them blossom-laden, rustling in the wind. Looking away from the low walls of the summer-house, through the entrance Mrnalini saw in the distance, across the road, a flashing stream, and a little leaf hut, on the threshold of which sat a peasant girl stringing a necklace of wild jasmins. On a hillock close by, a cowherd, careless of his straying cattle, was playing upon a flute and watching her. Mrnalini felt envious of the peasant girl, and turning away her eyes, she fell into a deep reverie.

A lethargic drowsiness gradually took possession of her, and she kept her eyes open with an effort. In her somnolent state she thought she heard footsteps, and imagined she caught

a glimpse of some human figures loitering about near the summer-house; but it was all very vague and dream-like. And then she was roused up of a sudden by a peal of deafening laughter just near her head, and rising in alarm, she saw the face of a little old man peering down at her from over the low wall by which she lay. He climbed up and sat on the wall in a moment. Mrnalini surveyed him with terrified amazement, and imagined she was in a dream, so strange looking was this old man with his wizened appearance, his quaint face, his long nose and his beady twinkling eyes. His grey hair and beard were wispy and looked artificial, and his great solid earrings dragged down the lobes of his ears almost to his bony shoulders. He was very scantily clothed, but so generously adorned with beautiful jewellery that his whole body scintillated. Dangling his reedy legs, he smiled at Mrnalini.



THE Rev. NYANATILOKA.

"You know me?" he asked. "Of course you do! Yes, I am King Ajatasatru's chief minister. Not in state matters though." He became wildly hilarious. "In something very much better," he continued through his laughter, "In amorous matters, my dear!"

There was suppressed laughter behind the wall and much whispering.

"Yes," said the little old man, glancing down behind him, "I did not come here alone. I have my own little retinue; and we are such happy people, my dear! Quite the happiest people in all this flourishing kingdom of Magadha. But you must be anxious to see my retinue. Well, here they are."

He clapped his hands, and a company of young men suddenly leapt over the low walls. They crowded round Mrnalini and began to scrutinise her with eager eyes. Sleek young men they were,

highly perfumed and extravagantly dressed.

"Well," said the old man stepping down from the wall and looking proudly at his companions, "What did I tell you?"

The young men were effusive in their response. "You see," said the old man, beaming on Mrnalini, "the king is very fastidious, my dear."

"He will have a new palace built entirely for her," said one of the company.

"That is so, dear Nanda," said the old man. "This rare treasure has surely fallen into the hands of a great connoisseur."

I would be the last person to go scouring the country for rare treasures were my royal master not a great connoisseur. I have too tender a regard for lovely things."

He sighed and looked at Mrnalini with sentimental eyes.

"What of your dancing girl now?" triumphantly said one of the youths to another, who thereupon shaded his eyes with his hands and cried, "I agree with you, dear Vimala. This goddess of a woman truly dazzles me. I shall go blind if I stay here much longer!"

Mrnalini, quite convinced now that this strange occurrence was no hallucination, realized with increasing alarm the danger of her position. Summoning up as much dignity as she could, she amazed all the company by telling the little old man that he evidently failed to recognise her.

"I am Mrnalini," she said, "the daughter of Gavampathi Sresthi from the city of Rajagriha, and at present I seek the Ascetic Gautama."

The little old man raised his eye-brows and opened his mouth. He then frowned and jerked his head to a side like a bird.

"Oho," he said, "I remember."

His retinue turned on him and laughed in his face. "Well, what of it *now*, dear grandfather?" asked the youth who had discovered the dancing girl.

The old man looked contemptuous.

"A respectable woman!" he said. "Is it not better, dear children, to be free and happy like us? But we cannot force her—not in accordance with our rules."

"And the king's laws," said one of the young men laughing.

"Let's away, my children," said the old man turning his back on Mrnalini. Then looking in the direction of the stream he paused suddenly and cried, "But behold how Kamadev takes compassion on me and—"

"Yes, yes," cried the young men, "we see! It is that beautiful peasant girl."

"A flower of the countryside nowise differing from the chaste blossoms on her lap!" said the old man.

And clamorous with delight they rushed out of the summer-house, leaving Mrnalini as abruptly as they had come upon her.

When that strange company was out of view, having gone down the slope on the other side of the road in order to get at the distant leaf-hut, Mrnalini again imagined that their arrival at the summer-house was a dream. The road was quite deserted and still, and she felt as secure as when she entered the summer-house. "I will not break my journey again," she said, as she partook of some of the refreshment she had

brought; and having drunk from the great earthen water-jar in the summer-house, she was again on her way to Rajagriha.

Evening drew on as she approached the city walls, and she felt sick and weary, having carried out her resolution not to break her journey. Sitting down on a side of the road by a bamboo clump she reflected on her strange mission.

"I am alone," she said to herself, "far from Nalaka and the kindly village folk. I know not where the Blessed One is. And how can I enter the city?"

The cool twilight was fast extinguishing the glorious conflagration in the sky, and the glowing walls of the city were fading into vague dullness. Mrnalini shuddered. The night was coming on! She almost regretted not having abided by Kuma's counsel. Then she happily remembered that it was the fifteenth day, and that the moon would be bright.

"I must wander about until I encounter some Sramanas. They will know where the Blessed One is," she said as she walked along a path that led to a pleasure-park without the city walls, imagining that Sramanas would rather choose to spend the night in such places, away from people.

The park she entered was well known to her, and in the light of the rising moon that caused among the labyrinthine paths and the palms and the acacias a spectral world, she flitted through shadow and moonbeam like one of the forest fairies that were said to haunt the place at night. Aimlessly wandering about the great park, she came upon the beautiful enclosure known as "The Feeding Place of the Squirrels," and finding the wicket left open, she went in.

In a secluded and fragrant corner of the beautiful enclosure, where the lotus pool shimmered in the moonlight, she was aware of a human figure seated beneath a Sal tree, and at times the moonbeams played full upon his face as the winds swayed the branches above him. She looked well and observed that the seated figure resembled that of a Sramana, seated as he was in a meditating position. "Who but a Sramana can be out at this hour?" she said as she cautiously drew near to him. The thought of a Sramana somewhat terrified her. But she could not allow this opportunity to pass. "I must see the Lord Gautama," she said to herself, "and that before it is later. By tomorrow morning I will be faint with hunger, and I dare not show my face in the city streets. This Sramana will tell me where his Master sojourns."

She walked by the margin of the silvery pool, calling to mind the mirror that Godhika had brought her from Kasi. "It is like this pool," she said, "only smaller and with the lotus-jewels encircling the silver disc." But a sudden cloud, obscuring the moon, interrupted her pleasant recollections, and cast a childish fear upon her. The dim light of the clouded moon created a ghostly atmosphere among the trees, more terrifying in its vague suggestiveness than absolute darkness. She realised that the park was lonely, and recalling certain uncanny stories she had heard of supernatural beings

who haunted just such solitary places, her imagination grew agitated until she began to doubt the figure beneath the Sal tree being a human-being. She trembled with fear. She was assailed by chilling thoughts of horror, and was very near swooning. Unable to endure this agony any longer, she was about to turn and flee from the enclosure, when the moonlight showered down through the foliage again with sudden radiance and dissipated her fears in a moment. She experienced the sensation of one who has just narrowly escaped death from a falling tree; the reaction resulting from her abrupt awareness of safety was so great that, still panting, she laughed hysterically saying, "How foolish of me!" and resumed her walk in the direction of the Sal tree.

The features of the Sramana, now clearly distinguishable, did not even remotely resemble those of an ascetic, much less an evil spirit; on the contrary this healthy looking fair-complexioned personage seated beneath the Sal tree appeared more human than any ascetic Mrnalini had ever seen. His forehead was broad and low, his head was unshaved, and he was deep-chested and mighty limbed. Although Mrnalini came upon him unexpectedly, he did not display the slightest astonishment or alarm. Looking at her with his full face glowing in the moonlight and his large eyes very serene, he told her to be seated. His voice, which was deep and musical, was full of kindness. Mrnalini, somehow, felt secure in the presence of this Sramana; it was as if he had intimately known her since childhood, so that for a moment she forgot that she was alone at night with a stranger in a public park.

Seating herself on a side she said, "I am Mrnalini the daughter of Gavampati Sresthi, reverend sir, and I am now in quest of the Blessed One. Where may the Blessed One be at this moment, reverend sir?"

"The Blessed One," said the Sramana, "has long ceased to be a sojourner in any one place. But wherefore do you seek the Blessed One, O Mrnalini?"

She hesitated awhile. Then meeting the compassionate look of the Sramana, she felt that he understood her heart. He was already beginning to exercise a singular fascination over her, a fascination such as not even Godhika possessed, elegant though he was, and beautifully fashioned.

"I seek the Blessed One," said Mrnalini, "in order to have Godhika released from the magic spell. Godhika, reverend sir, is my husband, and I love him."

The Sramana smiled faintly as he said, "In thinking of visiting the Blessed One with such an object, O Mrnalini, it seems to me that you have forgotten one thing."

"What one thing, reverend sir?" she asked anxiously.

"Have you not thought of it even now?" he said looking intently at her. "Where have you seen an unarmed warrior going forth to meet armed men? You should have brought a potent counter-charm, O Mrnalini."

"Alas!" she said, "I never thought of such a thing, reverend sir."

"Suppose the Blessed One were to cast his spell upon you, what will you do then, Mrnalini?"

"Alas! I never thought of that," she said. "What will I do then, reverend sir? Powerless will I be to overcome the might of that spell, so that I will no more see my child but in his stead a repellent monster, and all the things I loved previously will I begin to detest with a fierce hatred. Alas!"

"O Mrnalini," said the Sramana regarding her with such tenderness that she ceased to feel ashamed of the tears in her eyes, "you have been misinformed. The nature of the magic spell of the Blessed One is not known to you. The magic spell of the Blessed One, O Mrnalini, resembles the incident of the Golden Stag that went to Jalini Wood.

"And what is the incident of the Golden Stag that went to Jalini Wood, reverend sir?"

"Listen, Mrnalini, and I will tell you," said the Sramana. "On one occasion, a certain hunter, who alone of all the people in his village knew of the Golden Stag, went out with his son into Jalini Wood thinking, 'The Golden Stag whose heart when eaten prevents sickness and untimely death, has come into Jalini Wood. Good were it to slay this Golden Stag and eat its heart.' Wholly preoccupied thus, the hunter was suddenly leapt upon by a tiger, and before his son could slay the beast, the hunter was so grievously hurt that he was near to death. In great agony and gasping for breath, the hunter said to his son, 'Hasten into the depths of the forest and slay the Golden Stag, dear child, and fail not to bring its heart to me.' The son set out into the depths of the forest, and beholding the Golden Stag, he slew it. But so beautiful was the golden coat of the Stag, shining like a flame in the sun, that, thinking to himself, 'This coat is indeed beautiful, this coat is truly rare, and the heart within can be of no use,' he stripped the Golden Stag of its shining coat and came back to his father with it. The father beholding him cried out, 'The heart! the heart! Give me the heart, dear child!' 'The skin is more beautiful, my father. Of what use can the heart be?' said the son. 'Alas!' wailed the father, whose eyes were fast dimming. 'Hasten back and bring me the heart!' But when the hunter's son went again into the depths of the forest, he saw that the wild beasts there had wholly devoured the carcass of the Golden Stag, so that the hunter died an untimely death. Thus, being captivated by the sight of the golden coat of the Stag and failing to take the heart, did the hunter's son bring much sorrow on himself."

The Sramana paused as a gust of wind rustled the leaves overhead, and some yellow Sal blossoms fell to the ground.

"Similarly," he continued, "there are those who are captured within the alluring outer circle of the magic spell of the Blessed One, and not within the hidden inner circle which is the heart of the spell. In such a case the magic spell has failed to work wholly according to the Blessed One's desire, because unhappiness is then met with, and in speech there may be harshness and in thought there may be selfishness and no sympathy for suffering beings."

"What exactly, reverend sir," asked Mrnalini, "is that hidden inner circle which is the heart of the Magic spell of the Blessed One?"

"It is love," said the Sramana. Mrnalini thought she had heard amiss.

"Love, reverend sir?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, Mrnalini," said the Sramana smiling compassionately.

"It is love, love that, like the moon above us, pervades the whole world with its gentle radiance."

"Love!" murmured Mrnalini looking at the Sramana with brightening eyes. "I ever thought the ascetics disapproved of love?"

She was thrilled. Not for a moment had she taken her eyes off the Sramana while he spoke, for his gracious presence and his beautiful voice had a strange influence over her, a power she did not wish to strive against, so wonderful was it, so unusual. She could not remember having ever met any man like this benignly majestic Sramana. She recalled Godhika to mind, but only to discover that she had to strive to retain loving thoughts of him, escaping as they did like water collected in the palm of the hand. He was trifling in comparison, and was already becoming a half-remembered figure that moved among the misty realms of the memories of her childhood. For a new life was arising within her, a new life, that like a forest fire fanned by mighty winds, had already within the space of a few moments traversed so great a distance that she now seemed to be separated from her former self by the lapse of many years. Gazing in silence upon the Sramana she was aware of a sensation somewhat akin to—and yet immeasurably lovelier than—the sensation she once experienced in her father's pleasure park when she met the young craftsman by the summer-house. But this sensation was now not accompanied by the tempestuous and secret longings, that, because of a mystery, intoxicated her then and made her the helpless plaything of her passions. There was no wild and impatient desire to clasp to her bosom and jealously possess; but she felt drawn to the Sramana as the sea is drawn to the moon. Such was the attraction.

As a weary traveller, lost on the desert, comes upon an oasis unexpectedly, an oasis more welcome to him than his own native land, even so did Mrnalini come into the presence of this Sramana; and as the weary traveller is reluctant to wander over the blazing desert again, so also was Mrnalini

reluctant to leave this Sramana.

Wondering how she could stay always in his company, and then imagining that, as he was not like other ascetics, he would perhaps consent to accept her into his service—even as a slave, she was on the point of offering herself to him, when she heard footsteps approaching on the gravel walk by the lotus pool.

She was soon aware of a young ascetic advancing rapidly in the direction of the Sramana. He seemed to be greatly perturbed, and coming before the Sramana he bared his right shoulder of his robe, and bowed down reverently. The Sramana regarded him with great love as he said, "Wherefore have you come to me at this hour, O Ananda?"

"Lord," said the young ascetic addressed as Ananda,

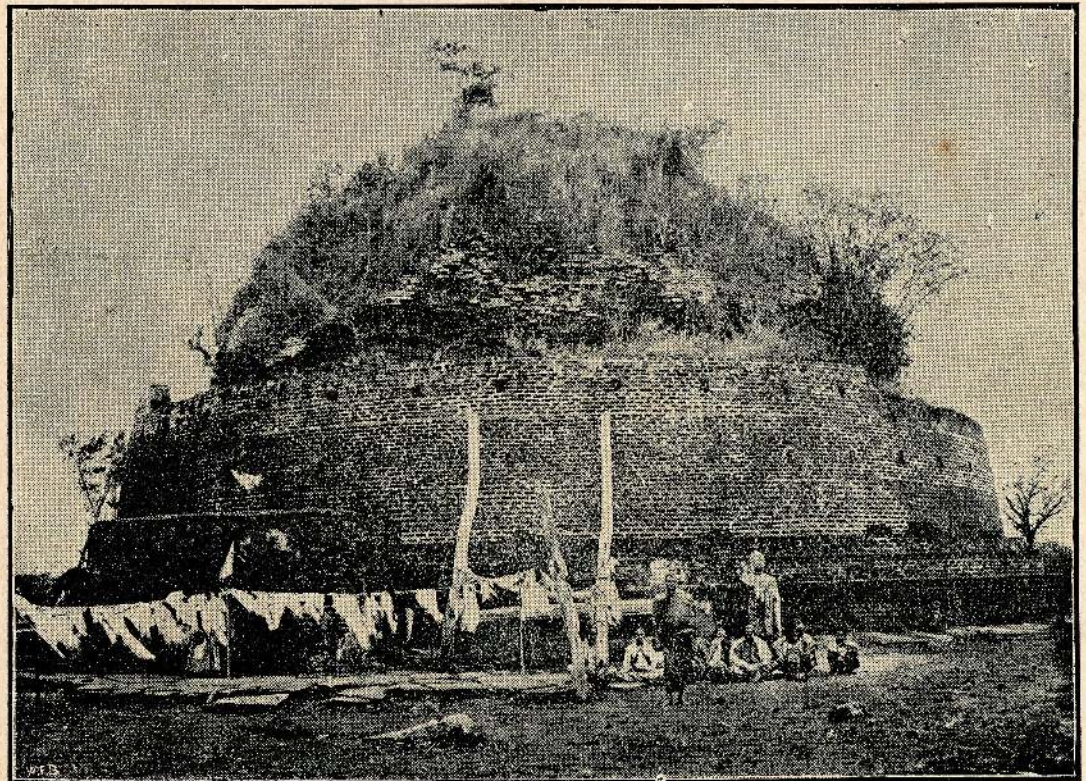


Photo by K. L. Sumathipala, Galle.

KIRI VEHERA AT KATARAGAMA, CEYLON,
BUILT BY KING MAHANAGA c. 104 B. C.

"the venerable Godhika of the craftsmen, who went to meditate at Isigilipassa, has slain himself on Black Rock. Good were it if the Blessed One, together with the Brethren, will kindly deign to visit Black Rock on the slope of Isigilipassa."

"Six times, O Ananda," said the Blessed One, "did the Venerable Godhika of the craftsmen attain to temporary emancipation of the mind, and six times, O Ananda, did he fall away therefrom." And then he arose saying, "Let us go to Black Rock with the Brethren, O Ananda."

Mrnalini arose trembling and was mechanically about to follow the Blessed One when the young ascetic turned round suddenly and surveyed her with surprise.

"Forbid her not, O Ananda," said the Blessed One. "She is desirous of serving me. On our way to Isigilipassa we will entrust her to the care of the Sisters who reside with the Theri Mahaprajapati."

The young ascetic turned away from Mrnalini, whose terrified amazement at having been in the company of the Blessed One Himself was giving place to a feeling of inexpressible delight. Following the Buddha as in a dream, she murmured,

"It is the Magic Spell!"

The Parable of the Floating Wood and the Herdsman Nanda.

(From *Samyutta Nikaya IV. 179*)

[TRANSLATED BY E. H. BREWSTER.]



ONCE the Blessed One resided at Kosambi on the shore of the river Ganges.

At that time the Blessed One, seeing a great quantity of wood floating on the current of the river, thus addressed the bhikkhus:

“Do you not see, bhikkhus, that great log being borne down on the current of the river?”

“Yea, Lord.”

“Now, bhikkhus, if the log comes not to this near shore, nor goes to the further shore, nor sinks in the middle, nor is stranded upon a shoal, if no human or non-human seizure, or seizure by whirlpool, or decay befall it, then indeed, bhikkhus, the log will tend, incline, and lead to the ocean.

“And why? The current of the river tends, inclines, and leads to the ocean. Just, bhikkhus, as if you also come not to the near shore nor go to the farther shore, nor sink in the middle, nor are stranded upon a shoal; if no human nor non-human seizure befall you, nor seizure by whirlpool, nor decay befall you, then, bhikkhus, you will tend toward Nibbana, incline toward Nibbana, and go to Nibbana.

“From what cause? Bhikkhus, right views tend toward Nibbana, incline toward Nibbana, lead to Nibbana.”

Being thus addressed a certain bhikkhu asked the Blessed One:

“Now what then, Lord, is the ‘near shore’? What is ‘sinking in the middle’?”

“What is ‘being stranded upon a shoal’? What is ‘human seizure’?”

“What is ‘non-human seizure’? What is ‘seizure by whirlpool’? What is ‘decay’?”

“The ‘near shore’ now, bhikkhu, is the symbol for the realm of the six senses.”

“The ‘farther shore,’ bhikkhu, is the symbol for the realm of the six outside things.”

“‘Sinking in the middle,’ bhikkhu, is the symbol for pleasure and passion.”

“‘Being stranded on a shoal,’ bhikkhu, is the symbol for self-assertion.”

“And what, bhikkhu, is ‘human seizure’? Here, bhikkhu, a householder lives entangled by pleasure and sorrow: in

pleasure pleased, in sorrow sorrowful, he becomes through rebirths united to those duties that ought to be done in them on his own account. This, bhikkhu, is called, ‘human seizure.’”

“And what, bhikkhu, is ‘non-human seizure’? Here someone aspiring to another world leads the holy life thinking: ‘By this morality, or by these religious observances, or by ardour, or by this holy life, I shall become a deva, or one among the devas.’ This is called, bhikkhu, ‘non-human seizure.’”

“‘The seizure by whirlpool,’ bhikkhu, is the symbol for the fivefold chain of desire.”

“And what, bhikkhu, is ‘being in decay’? This, bhikkhu, being one or the other of these evils:—holding evil doctrines, being impure, unsteady and sly in conduct, not a true ascetic, pretending to be an ascetic, not a true holy one, pretending to be a holy one, decaying and corrupt, of worthless nature, such is called, bhikkhu, ‘being in decay.’”

Then on that occasion, Nanda, the herdsman, was standing not far off, and thus addressed the Blessed One: “I verily, Lord, come to the near shore; I go not to the farther shore; nor shall I sink in the middle; nor shall I be stranded upon a shoal; neither human nor non-human seizure, nor seizure by whirlpool shall detain me; nor shall I become corrupt within; Lord, let me become a recluse under the Blessed One and receive ordination.”

“Then, Nanda, give back the cows into the charge of their owner.”

“Lord, the cows will go, they are longing for their calves.”

“Give back the cows, Nanda, into the charge of their owner.”

So Nanda, the herdsman, returning the cows into the care of their owner, approached the Blessed One and addressed him thus:

“Lord, the cows are returned into the charge of their owner; let me become a recluse under the Blessed One and receive ordination.”

Then Nanda, the herdsman, became a recluse under the Blessed One, and received ordination; and not long after became tranquilized and at peace; he gained cessation, and the venerable Nanda was another Arāhant.

BUDDHIST METHOD AND IDEAL.

[BY SUNYANANDA]



HE number of books on Buddhism written by Western non-Buddhist scholars seems to be continually increasing and it is gratifying to see that a more enlightened and fairer appreciation of the Buddha Dharma is beginning to spread amongst the intellectuals of Europe and America. Still, at the conclusion of most of these erudite and sympathetic modern expositions of Buddhism we meet again and again the same old reproachful objection: Buddhism preaches apathy, it does not urge on its followers worldly activity, the "conquest of the world," as says one author. Buddhism, writes another, is "a cruel mangling of the man" because "it suppresses moral and spiritual disquietude and the craving, the thirst for an ever more and more full life."

What precisely is the meaning of the "conquest of the world" and "an ever more and more full life" as they understand it, these learned authors forget to depict, but anyone who enjoys the use of sight and of intelligent understanding does not need their help to know it. It is the ferocious stupid struggle, the trampling on one another described long ago in the *Majjhima Nikaya*.

"Impelled, attracted, moved by sensuous craving, only out of vain craving kings war with kings, priests with priests, citizens with citizens, the mother quarrels with the son, the son with the mother, the father with the son, the son with the father; brothers, sisters, friends do the same. Thus given to dissension, quarrelling and fighting they fall upon one another and hasten towards death or deathly hurt.

"And further, attracted, moved by sensual craving, only out of vain craving people break contracts, rob others of their possessions, steal, betray, seduce married women."

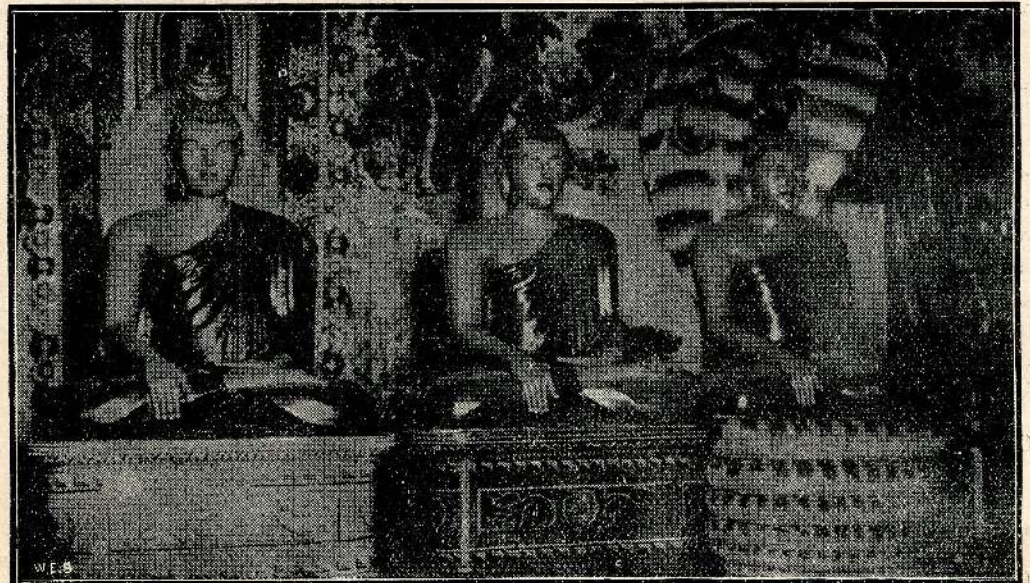
"And further, impelled, attracted by sensuous craving, out of vain craving they walk the evil way in deeds, in words and in thought.

"Verily, there is no end to the suffering of beings buried in blindness and seized by craving."¹

Buddhism is blamed because it points out to its followers the superiority of discrimination, mental sobriety, self-control,

coolness and serenity over uncontrolled fussy external activity prompted by the thirst for sensations. It may appear strange that such an irrational judgement should be passed on it by men otherwise intelligent and erudite, but it does not astonish us for we remember that in a remote past, the Buddha himself, it is said, fully realised that his doctrine would not be easily understood and accepted: ".....incomprehensible also will be to those that are ensnared in pleasurable sensations, the freeing from every form of becoming, annihilation of craving, turning away from desire, cessation and Nirvana."²

We shall not, in any way, try to exonerate the Buddha's doctrine from a peculiarity which though called fault by some who have not given enough attention to the subject, appears to us, as being the very mark of its excellence. A single glance at the history of mankind shows us countless undertakings and endeavours aiming at fostering morality,



THE BUDDHA IMAGES AT ISIPATANARAMA, COLOMBO, CEYLON.

universal welfare and peace. Millions of well-meaning, even saintly people, have devoted their lives to such work without ever meeting with real success. Pauperism, the merciless struggle for power and money, bloody wars, mental sorrow, physical suffering and the like have not however been stopped and destroyed through the exertions of such men. Then, is it that those various evils are unconquerable or must we think that the method which has been used to put an end to them is inadequate? Whatever may be the case, one can smile at the simplicity of those who after such an evident failure, continue to preach up the value of their external activity.

¹ After *Majjhima and Samyutta Nikaya*.

² *Majjhima Nikaya*.

Buddhists could, if they chose it, show to their detractors the large field covered by their compassionate, altruistic work, but they do not allow themselves to be deceived about the reach of such efforts. Just as a physician giving morphia to relieve the excruciating pain of a sick man does not mistake relief for cure, so also, Buddhists know the mediocre value of all good deeds, efforts, and even the most strenuous activity that do not aim at enlightenment, for intellectual and spiritual awakening, and the destruction of ignorance, are the only way to find liberation from sorrow.

In spite of whatsoever may be said in disparagement of it, we will continue to esteem highly the wise advice of the Buddha to his Disciples:

"Here trees invite, there lonely solitude. Devote yourselves to meditation."³

And if woody solitudes are not at hand for us, we will secure a calm retreat in our own mind and there, isolated from the turmoil of feverish external activity, we will direct our energy towards the practice of the seventh branch of the Eightfold Path:—"Right Attentiveness." We will observe, analyse, clear ourselves from *a priori* groundless notions and strive to see the reality underlying *samsara*.

I dare say that this is not a lazy, apathetic, useless and despicable attitude, as some think. More important than what we do is what we are. None believes that the sun is working, that in it the thought arises: I will endeavour to set forth rays

so that men, beasts and plants may be kept warm and enjoy light and that life may exist on the earth. The sun is the sun, that is to say a body warm and shining by essence and because of its very nature it is the great life-giver. So also the efforts made for increasing one's own goodness, knowledge and wisdom are the best way to benefit others. Not only is example the most powerful of all teachings and the behaviour of one who has acquired "Right Understanding" alike to a lamp lighted in the darkness to guide travellers, but the subtle spiritual atmosphere created by a sage—one of those that Mahayanist Buddhists call Bodhisatvas—is wide and far-reaching and constitutes the most wonderful gift to be given to the harassed crowd of beings.

The ideal of Buddhism is truly different from that of our critics; we are fully aware of it and do not think of concealing the fact. Our sympathy goes, certainly, to the well-meaning ones—Buddhists or non-Buddhists—who, led by their kind heart, try to relieve the suffering of the people around them, but we look, with respect, higher up, to the "Silent Thinker"⁴ who has overcome all vain thoughts, for the object of the religious life is the "unshakable deliverance of the mind"⁵ that follows the realisation of the fundamental impermanency of all aggregates, their subjection to suffering, and their voidness (lack of self).

"Here trees invite, there lonely solitude. Devote yourself to meditation, that sloth may not come over you. Hold this as my command!"⁶ So spake the Buddha.

THE FOUR NOBLE TRUTHS.

FROM "PROSE PASTELS."

[BY EDWARD E. GRIEVE]

THUS have I heard, Oh, Bhikkhus. Sorrow—that which is as a man's shadow, with him along the pathway of life. The existence of a man begins with weakness which is sorrow: in childhood the reins of duty bring sorrow: in the prime of manhood the ceaseless strife of achieving a living for self and family brings sorrow: in the declining years are sickness, weakness, dependency, sorrow and death. Such, Oh, Bhikkhus, is the round of existence. The stirring of the passions, the lust of hate and envy, the thirst for power, the pride in self in the harvest of years, all these are barren in the winter of old age—in the chill frost of disillusionment. Hear, Oh, Bhikkhus, the First Noble Truth! That which abides in sorrow. The tides of Time wash the shores of Samsara ceaselessly where being is. I proclaim, therefore, the truth of Sorrow.

See ye these leaves, Oh, Bhikkhus! This hand which now crushes forth their sweet fragrance was powerless to produce, and is equally powerless to recover the delicate stems and fronds to their original state. Hear the truth! As this hand hath crushed these leaves, so shall all things bend to the law of impermanency. All aggregates, all composite things are without permanency, nay, lack a permanent ego. Therefore, insomuch as ye cling to this and to that, seeking to grasp it for its fragrance, ye cling to passing shadow, ye grasp sorrow, for all that ye grasp or cling to is impermanent. As ye sit in the sun, warm though it be, yet is its light obstructed by your bodies, your forms, your materiality. Hear then, Oh, Bhikkhus, the second Noble Truth, Sorrow's Cause.

The sun sets, Oh, Bhikkhus, far beneath us, yet immeasurably beyond the red ball of the sun lies the city by the lake

³ Anguttara Nikaya.

⁴ Majjhima Nikaya.

⁵ Majjhima Nikaya.

⁶ Anguttara Nikaya.

with its myriad lights, its myriad sounds, its myriad odours, its bulk now veiled in shadow while we here above enjoy the lights. Hear, Oh, Bhikkhus, the third Noble Truth—Sorrow's Ceasing. Bright is the Doctrine and clear, nor ceases to shine forth, yet but a little glow touches the city. Here, far removed, the clamour of senses, the lust of wealth, the stench of hypocrisy do not touch us. The light of the Doctrine enwraps us in peace. In the still waters of reflection can ye see mirrored all the myriad deceits of the city. Thus is the Law exemplified; for as the light shineth in the day so shall observance of the Precepts lead ye a little at a time upon the Path. Thus, Oh, Bhikkhus, do I proclaim the third Noble Truth—Sorrow's Ceasing.

In the love of *self* lies suffering. In the clinging to the thought of a permanent ego lies error. In the pursuit of achievement of personal merit lies folly. Cease not, Oh, Bhikkhus, to follow the Precepts, and abide in love of all,—not as ye see them, but as ye know them. In not-clinging, not-grasping, not-aspiring, lies Sorrow's Ceasing. Thus, Oh, Bhikkhus, do I proclaim the Noble Eightfold Path.

In the turgid stream of the senses ye have a city of darkness, intermingled lights and shadows, where the light of the Law is broken into the varied hues of yonder sunset; naught but a gay plaything for the witless ones. Yet, Oh, Bhikkhus, is the Law more abiding than yonder sun, which, in its time, shall pass.

Folly indeed were crowned king, were no release made known. The shouting horde would dance and sing in drunken revelry to shut chill fear without the door. Yet is the night of ignorance now fading. Hear, O Bhikkhus! A great city I show you—the city whereto is but one path, the Noble Eightfold Path, builded in steps of eight stones, whereof, lacking one, ye enter not the City of Truth. Steep is the Path, Oh, Bhikkhus, stern the heights ye must climb.

The dust of the East, the West, the North and the South lies upon our feet, yet walk we all upon the same Path, the Path whose gateway is Right Doctrine. Think ye a man shall enter the foothills of truth who wanders in the ghats of error? The ways of inquiry be many, yet are the signposts sure. Heed ye not that which ye hear. Heed ye not that which ye find written. Heed ye not these words of the Tathagata until ye can of yourselves proclaim such as sure. That which survives the assaults of Mara, of the Dilemmas, is the Doctrine. Many there be immersed in the illusion of a *cause which*

proceeds from One. Such do not see the Way. Many there be who ascribe to the Tathagata a doctrine of escape by observances. Many there be who cling to the error of a permanent ego. To none such shall the Doctrine be clear.

Grasp the sheet of Right Doctrine. Blank it seems at first, for of this and that illusion must naught remain. Regard all things as your own:—the world treasures, the crown of every king, the shield of every warrior, the speech of every teacher. Deign also to claim yonder corpse. 'Tis your own, aye, and a hundred thousand corpses with it,—all yours, with the gardens in which they lie. What, Oh Bhikkhus, is yours if you must claim all? I proclaim to you, Oh, Bhikkhus, the Doctrine of non-self. Ye make merry at your own feasts, mourn at your own graves, fight yourselves, cheer your own victories. Heed, then, the teaching—there is no permanent self. Ye cling to the first illusion in the *self*. With the notself walks the Bhikkhu forth upon the Path.

Consider, Oh, Bhikkhus, that where sweet-smelling flowers bloom, the reek of decay supports them; that the budding beauty of yesterday is perhaps a rotting corpse to-day; that the treasure-house, so prized for half a lifetime, slips from the jewelled fingers of death. So is the City of Life filled with vain show, illusion and sorrow. The domes and minarets mirrored in the placid lake are not more illusory, and the wind of Time as readily erases them from the waters of conditioned existence. Such, then, is this City of jewelled deceits which we call Life.

The City of Illusion beckons to the senses; the fair-seeming calling to the ego of past and present acts, yet is no sorrow laden upon the Bhikkhu as he walks the Path, except he take it. Be sure; be lacking doubt. The Doctrine,

Oh, Bhikkhus, is as a flight of steps whereon the feet of accomplishment shall lead surely upward; the way behind clear, devoid of doubt; the way upward assured, lacking doubt, if the feet be firmly set upon the Way. Thus, Oh, Bhikkhus, do I proclaim to you, Right Doctrine.

As a torch in the night or a landmark in the day is Right Purpose. There be many streets in a city and that one lacking Right Purpose wanders aimlessly about, whereas he whose purpose is sure, setting his feet upon the right path, pursues his way in the confidence of a man who knows the city.

Hear, Oh, Bhikkhus, the truth of Right Purpose! The Doctrine goeth not forward by learning alone. The journey is



THE Rev. M. T. KIRBY
(*Sokaku Shaku Bhikkhu*)
BUDDHIST TEMPLE, HONOLULU, HAWAII.

not yet commenced, even though ye have heard the Way, unless the feet be firmly placed upon the road of progression. He who would survey the hills and valleys must himself the mountain's summit ascend. There be many ways, many paths, but if ye commence in error and change not, how can ye travel rightly? Hearken to the Doctrine and then step forth in Right Purpose of love to all beings, mindful always of the good and the gain of the many; eschewing the heresy of a permanent ego; upholding always the truth of Sorrow, of Sorrow's Cause and of Sorrow's Ceasing. In Right Purpose do ye truly make entrance upon the Eightfold Path.

In meditation, Oh, Bhikkhus, lies an hindrance to error; an hindrance to the non-perception of Sorrow's Cause; an hindrance to the non-perception of the impermanence of the ego. An aid is meditation to the perception of Sorrow's Ceasing; an aid in the observance of the Precepts. Ye do well, therefore, to meditate upon the Cause of Sorrow and the Ceasing thereof.

Lest ye be led into error, Oh, Bhikkhus, take heed as to the nature of Right Purpose. That, having perceived, having become assured of, being no longer in doubt; the Bhikkhu being able to say and affirm, "This do I know"; this shall the Bhikkhu hold as his guide and string it on the thread of Right Purpose. The ultimate object of Right Purpose is to make sure. To attain the mind-grasping certitude, sway not into the pitfalls of doubt, dogma or schism, but hold the Doctrine clear, visible, beyond the assaults of time or place. This, Oh, Bhikkhus, is Right Purpose.

Consider, Oh, Bhikkhus, consciousness; its arising in the mind, in the sentient world. Meditate in the wordless realms of consciousness, free from the hindrances of name and form. Thus, there arises a knowledge of the nature of the sounds of the objective worlds. Arrested in the realm of sounds is speech. Consider the arising of speech. First is *not this, not that*; then arises the perception of the opposites; then arises name and form—objective materiality; then is there the word-seeking, word-grasping urge. Thus arises speech.

There is, in the material world, the mind-freeing speech, the mind-binding speech and the speech which averts the

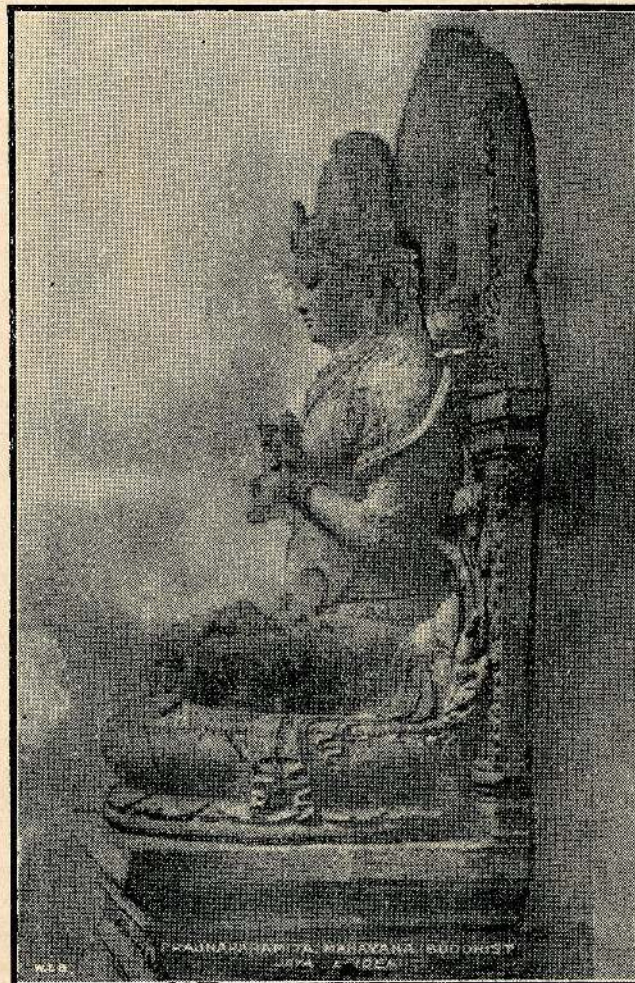
arising of the cause of evil. Consider, Oh, Bhikkhus, that ye speak first in silence, as does a man a strange tongue. Be ye heedful, therefore, to speak not in haste, avoiding doubt-creating words, messengers of the ten evils, but let your speech provoke attention to the Doctrine. The useless word is as a bedless guest, a cause of disturbance.

Take heed that speech is a sandal to the foot whereon ye tread in the path of the profitable or the unprofitable. The silence of the desert places or the clamour of the market-place shall resound and respond alike to the Doctrine. Foul water cometh from a foul well only. If the well be pure, then pure is the water. Right Speech wingeth its way through silence to the four quarters, so that even Devas shall hear. The speech which causes not the arising of the fetters shall sound as a harmony in the heavens. Thus, Oh, Bhikkhus, do I proclaim Right Speech.

Sorrow and the deliverance from sorrow, Oh, Bhikkhus, hath the Blessed One proclaimed. In act, in being, lie the roots of sorrow, of the stirrings of that unformed, scarce-conditioned flux of the ultimate, of the active, the prematerial world, which is subject to cognition. The dawn of a universe proclaims sorrow. The particle, unseen and not visible, in warring circles, gives rise to the dance of birth and re-birth. The music, the harmony of things conditioned, glides on until a fitting cradle or mother awaits the vital shock of thrilling, vibrant life; a world still dead to the seeming, yet harbouring the seeds of beings. Thus is act proclaimed in birth; birth first of the formless. Through long ages

is the spindle slowly weaving the thread of causes into effects; rocks, metals, gases and liquids into the vibrant thing ye name *Earth*.

Slowly rose the form of man, then, unto such and such an one came curiosity, seeking forward, backward; the first dawn of reasoning resounded through the earth, and thus was *man* proclaimed with all that lives, has lived, and shall. Blood brothers be ye to fish, flesh and fowl. Thus is action cradled in the world around you. Kill not, for pity's sake, thy kin, dumbly toiling on their upward way. Right is the act that sheweth



PRAJNAPARAMITA MAHAYANA BUDDHIST
JAVA, LEYDEN.

mercy. Consider, Oh, Bhikkhus, pain. Pain that ye cause to others is pain-causing seed that ye scatter; jealousy is such seed; hatred is such seed; lust is such seed; greed, coldness and a lack of charity. In love, in charity, in benevolence is Right Action. Be ye chaste, kindly in thought, speech and act. Harbour not the illusion of a permanent ego.

Hearken, Oh, Bhikkhus! Thus have I heard: On a day, glorious for all living beings, sat His Bhikkhus around the Blessed One, while He proclaimed the Doctrine of Deliverance. They who heard included, so has it been said, the birds and beasts, both great and small. Consider this as bearing upon your acts, for the Blessed One had compassion for all beings; all that live, gods, devas, men and beasts. As ye follow the Path be ye pure. In purity of thought, word and act is there a robe finer than all figments of mundane grandeur. Ye walk as princes who follow the way of Right Conduct.

Sit humbly at eventide, alone by the river bank and review and meditate upon the River of Life and the great Ocean of Samsara. Meditate upon the Path of Deliverance, whereupon all shall in time tread, and as the thought soars upward as with eagle wings toward the sunlit crag, think how each soars on his own wings, nor love nor force shall make it otherwise. Ye climb the clear blue of the Doctrine's Path by what ye think and do. Right Act maketh ye strong to climb. In love ye can point the way to others. Thus, Oh, Bhikkhus, do I proclaim Right Acts.

Foulness, Oh, Bhikkhus, arises from association. Foulness arises in the body from the association of the elements which constitute that body. So, also, foulness arises in the mind through association; association of the senses; association of the memory; association of the perceptive faculty. The pure element becomes defiled only through association with other elements which in themselves are pure.

The act, Oh, Bhikkhus, arises out of the association of ideas. Thus, from the association of ideas, thoughts, sensations, arises action. Foul ideas produce foul acts. Sweet pure minds, like good seed, produce good growths in good acts.

Right Conduct is not of necessity Right Living. To give alms with a twisted mouth and a niggard heart is of less merit than to abstain from the giving of alms, for charity floweth from the well of true regard for the good of all beings; not from the formal observance of the Precepts. In the thought of nourishing the welfare of all beings lies the root of Right Living. To the householder, perhaps immersed perforce in material foulness, there is deliverance in due time if his mind remain unpolluted. As a man thinketh unto himself there arises the image of his true being when the seeds of the past have blossomed and died.

Shrink not from the beggar's robe for perchance the merit which time brings forth even now tears apart his rags to reveal the prince within. Neither let your eyes be holden to the deceits and roguery of the ignorant, be he beggar, soldier or prince, but serve ye each day the same rules of Right Acts and

none can harm you. The Tathagata, Oh, Bhikkhus, none can harm in any wise, so none can harm ye except in so far as foulness touches you. Thus is Right Living.

Consider not, Oh, Bhikkhus, these matters as a chain, whereof ye take it up link by link, but rather as a rope, in which the strands together form the strength of it, being rightly woven. Thus, Oh, Bhikkhus, comes act to its fruition. Yet what is an act enveloped in heedlessness? In all right act thought precedes it, effort following upon the sustained purpose.

In Right Effort lies first harmony; harmony of the mind; harmony of the senses; harmony of the body; and in harmony lies the way to equilibrium, in which lies the state of acute observation. As a mirror shews the face and form to be such, so, Oh, Bhikkhus, there arises in the mind of the tranquil one a state where all things lie truly mirrored in the mind. The silvered surface of right mindedness of truth is clear and sure. In the mind warped awry by the senses the mirror of the larger vision is also warped. Not only as a man thinketh so is he, but as he is thus are his thoughts. In Right Effort, Oh, Bhikkhus, lies the keystone of the Temple which ye would build.

Around us, in the dust, the palaces of kings lie scattered; the fruits of proud pomp and circumstance, now useless as a shattered drum; wasted efforts of the mighty, yet the speech, the kindly act, the fearless courage of the noble, whether prince or beggar, ring in harmony in ages after these poor ruins are forgotten. Think not, Oh, Bhikkhus, to build palaces for yourselves, even though ye name yourselves Homeless Ones. The efforts of such shall likewise crumble into dust. In Right Effort ye are but stepping-stones, giving sure footing to those who have need of you. The Way is not beside, behind you, nor a little way ahead of you, but in your efforts for the good, the welfare of the many.

Truly, the sun sets in glory, lighting the path of him whose feet have trod the stones of achievement. Glorious is the Doctrine in the beginning, glorious in the middle and glorious in the end. Far has he gone, Oh, Bhikkhus, whose first effort bears fruit, for till the first step be taken there is no progress. The peasant, tilling his fields in clear-eyed honesty, gaineth more than the envious merchant with his money bags.

Wherein, Oh, Bhikkhus, lies Right Effort? Not in undue humbleness, for by such ye proclaim your dependence upon others' acts and thoughts. Not in pride, for by such do ye shut the gates of progress and of learning and of loving kindness. Nor in undue seclusion, for therein ye debar a knowledge of beings; their thoughts and ways. Not in undue freedom of sociability with lay-men or Bhikkhus, but in proper meditation, which giveth inner knowledge, and in study which giveth knowledge, and in contemplation of and association with beings, which giveth wisdom, and in activity which killeth sloth and beareth fruition of effort. In meditation, Oh, Bhikkhus, be ye tranquil, yet strongly set upon the study and analysis into the causes of things. Such maketh Right Effort.

As the shadow of these palms lies clear before the eyes under the bright light of the sun, so, Oh, Bhikkhus, do a man's acts show forth before him in the clear light of the Doctrine. If the sky be cloudy, thus is no shadow cast, and thus it is when the mind is dulled, chaotic, lacking understanding. The Arahant seeth his shadow always, for the noonday light of the emancipated spirit makes thought, act and insight one harmonious whole. The nature of thought, Oh, Bhikkhus, is as the winds across the valley. To him bound in the fetters of error the grove of acts bows down and breaks before the tempests of illusion; pain is his; grief is his; loss is his; and as the leaves fall so fall his thoughts, to be trampled underfoot by the acts of folly. The unlettered, the simple, see only leaves falling, knowing not whence the wind came nor whither it goeth. The follower of the Way sits rejoicing in the gentle breathing of the evening wind and, as such winds often bring rain to wash the leaves and cultivate growth, so understanding expands and is refreshed.

Consider the acts, Oh, Bhikkhus, as the shadow, the thought as the tree, and the sun as the Dharma. Ye sit revealed to your selves only as the light shines forth. Shall the passing away of the trees and its shadow affect the light in any wise? Hear! Oh, Bhikkhus! and comprehend! Discard the robe of the body; discard the senses; hear not; see not; taste not; feel not. In the darkness the mind turns on as ceaselessly as a water-wheel. Arrest that too. Yet is your shadow still upon the sands of time, for the light is still beyond you. The realm of the unheard, unseen, unfathomed, lies not in the shadow-world, but there is, Oh, Bhikkhus, the unseen, unheard, unfathomed, whereof is no shadow. Ye pass hence beyond the loss of any thought-formed state. Whereof comes this world? Who shall say? There lieth to-day no shadow; to-morrow is one cast, again to vanish. So with the thoughts of this moment; flickering shadow-shapes cast on a screen of dust ye name the universe—yourselves.

As smoke from an ever-fed fire curls upward, blinding the eyes and obscuring the outward vision, so, Oh, Bhikkhus, the flames of desire, the smoke of the senses, obscure the mind, hindering thought, preventing clarity of insight. Where smoke rises there also is fire. Where the senses curl within the mind, there, surely, the flames of desire kindle. Thought, like the vision in clear air, wingeth far, not distorted, but straight, with

equanimity. Balance of the mind arises, balance rightly showing the equilibrium between cause and effect; giving knowledge of the true nature of things and beings.

The trance-like state, lacking balance, is as a sleeper who dreams. But in the realm of wakefulness, beyond the sense-world, the great and small are one. Things are seen as dust, clamped together by their material qualities. The forces begotten of thought flow hither and yon as the mind directs. Heed ye well, Oh, Bhikkhus, lest the fires of Mara devour you when the first knowledge of these matters lies within your grasp.

Knowing the state that has arisen, the cause of that state, then is made plain the previous state, and in thus-wise is the true insight gained as to the nature of all beings. So also, may the effects of causes be adjudged. As ever, is there a casting away, as a man laden with many garments layeth one by one aside if he would swim safely to the farther shore. So

shall the Bhikkhu cast aside the garments of Karma, thought-fetters, until he is ready to step into the waters of emancipation. Thus, Oh, Bhikkhus, is Right Thought.

All actions, Oh, Bhikkhus, are moral, unmoral or immoral. It has been said that, to him having insight, there exists in all transient things and in the precedent causes and in the thus-arising sequences that which is

not-moral, that which, in the perception of him having insight, is corrupt. It is not well to say of transient things. 'This is moral; that is not'; for in the cause-sequence of all transient things and matter-clinging thoughts there lies the not-normal, the differentiated; that which arises as a cloud to the inner penetration of him having insight. Even thought, divested of matter-clinging, matter-causing propensities, may yet be corrupted by one of the final fetters.

In the lower fields of mundane existence the unmoral is the ignorant; the moral, the choice of the Teaching; the immoral, the path of stupidity, but to him having insight, the unmoral exists only relatively in inorganic bodies, yet even these have arisen, and are subjected to the moral law, and being aggregate of Karmic forces, being differentiated, have, in a sense, attributes of the immoral.

Lacking sense-bound fetters, there exists not, to him having insight, the immoral in the lower fields, yet to him



THE BUDDHA'S FIRST CONTACT WITH LIFE AS IT IS.

having gained insight into the true nature of things, their causes and effects, may linger, arise, or be born in the attainment, some of the fetters. Be ye mindful, Oh, Bhikkhus, of pride, of ill choice, of ill sureness, of ill doubt, concerning the Doctrine. In him, having at last attained true insight, the moral, the unmoral, the immoral, cease to sway the string of apperception aside. The light is not hindered by any shadow-cause.

Yonder, a falling star strikes through the void. As such is meditation's goal, moving alone, swiftly, towards the appointed end. Yet also, does the right-minded path of meditation resemble the moving star as it sweeps along its path: we see it not, but only the light of its path. As we sit here, some one of us sees the star; the others miss it, their gaze being diverted elsewhere, yet if we but raise our eyes, some of the wonders are, in due time, revealed to us, when the lights around no longer blind our vision.

The star, also, Oh, Bhikkhus, is not to be seen at its origin, yet it is there; not at the end of its path, yet is there an end as surely as we may see it sweep far beyond our comprehension. Seek not to follow that which is beyond Right Comprehension, but rather give thought to the things ye see, the thoughts arising from such; the conduct of your brothers and sisters, and that which ye think and do. Each dawn ye give release to a thousand stars, the brightness of which ye see for a little way, but the stars move on to this and that. The mists of the morning off shut out the dawn, yet the light of the Dharma shines and all may feel its beneficence. Thus do I proclaim Right Meditation.

The eagle's flight were but a crawling thing
Beside the flight of stars, and they but empty dots
In the great immensity.
Far as the inner eye shall fly,
From furthest star to farthest far 'tis all
But atoms bound upon the wheel of change.

The rainbow's jewelled fingers glow upon
The new-born worlds and colour all the lifeless wastes.
The sun that gladdens
All nature's handiwork is but
As gilded dust upon the rug of space;
Real only in the shimm'ring haze of sense.

*Awaken, brothers! sisters! The truth
Still dwells immutable!
The womb of Time bears naught
That's timeless. Enter the Path!*

That which ye do builds palaces or tombs,
Wherein yourselves shall lay in state the heirs of self.
Tomorrow or today
Or yesterday, the things that are
To be, are now, and were; ye made them all
By thoughts and actions done in bygone days.

The dust doth whisper of a universe.
The paths ye choose are all to one great end, but long
The Awakened One
Had leaped to tell the weaker ones,
"The struggle is not vain." Right Thought, Right Speech,
Right Upward Steps the Heights shall gain, whence comes
release.

*The Holy Ones—our Brothers too,
Are as stronger hands
To help us on the way. Enter the path!
And know its sure release.*

In gentle Meditation lies a way.
The treasures past all name; the heights of deeds well done
The gulfs of sordid failure;
Shall all stand out revealed to such
As, in the mirror clear of unsullied
Purity, read truths there-in laid bare.
In holy Meditation's gentle hours
The harshness of the world lies sleeping, as some vast
City in the moonlight bathed.
Sweet innocence hath play and love,
And all the myriad jewels of yesterday's
Fair garden ere its flowers were blown away.

*Enter the Path! Far at the close
Of many days of grief,
And perchance a little joy, the Arahan
Stands alone, yet not*

Alone, for though the self, long since revealed,
Lies shattered at his feet, the knowledge of his brother's need
O'erflows his heart.
To him, when'er a battle's won,
Lie wider oped the gates of bliss for him
In joy at surcease of his brother's woe.

The great enfolding charm of Him, our Lord,
Still hovers in His Law: as He proclaimed, when to
Nirvana He retired,
His mission at that point whereat
He spake that He should live within that Law.
The way would be gladly bestrewn with flowers,

*Whereon the Blessed One might once have set
His foot, ah, brothers, sisters,
If ye but knew one tiny part
Of that unending love.*

His gentle spirit breathes the message forth
To savage hearts. Dimly they hear the Truth and pay
Rude homage to our Lord.
Within the jungle gloom, the Books
Have told, the creatures ceased in
Their endless strife for sustenance and came,
Moved by that blessed Voice that somehow rang
Back through the age-long years—in some strange way,
to reach

Their varied natures.
Love for all beings He proclaimed.
Then let us here pay tribute to His love
For all dumb things and raise no hand to slay.

*Then at the last the depths beneath,
The blue cerulean,
Unsullied by one cloud of doubt, the way
Is ended! Enter the Path!*

At last the die is cast; the race is won.
The sun of 'now' sinks in the sea of time.
Naught stirs the tranquil spirit of the awakened one.
The fires of Karma slowly die.
The embers of strife and stress no longer glow
To waken into flame the Bhikkhu's self-bound faggots of
past desire.

The veil is rent in twain; the light engoldens all.
Nor voice, nor eye, shall tell or see, until that spirit,
Sure in freedom's Realm, shall stand released.
To those who would proclaim a living death, say ye, 'They
err;'

To those who would proclaim eternal night, to such say ye,
'They err.'
More glorious far than finite, hapless wit, of sightless eye,
Is the sure endurance of that Bliss
Which thou shalt not name 'state', nor even name at all,
To such as to the verge of Nirvana have attained
All glows forth, the Doctrine's Truth to blend
Into one Great Whole. OM MANE PADME HUM!
THE SUN ARISETH TO THE ONE GREAT WAY!

(Edited by Louise Grieve).

HAPPINESS.

[BY CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS]



HERE is a popular refrain in London at the moment, the opening words of which are as follows:—

I want to be happy,
But I can't be happy,
'Til I make you happy too.

This may be described as the view of enlightened mediocrity on the subject of happiness. Below it in the moral scale is the cry of the lower self:—

I want to be happy,
And so that I'm happy,
Who cares what happens to you?

But far above it sounds out the cry of the few:—

I cannot be happy
'Til you are all happy,
'Til then I'm unhappy too.

So few are the singers of this song that the rule holds good—the ultimate goal of all human endeavour is happiness. But exceptions there are, and in their ranks will be found every actual and aspiring Occultist or Theosophist, and every earnest follower of the Middle Way—the three are one.

What say the Teachers of the world? Said the Blessed One:—"O ye Bhikkhus and Arhats, be friendly to the race of men, our brothers! Know ye all, that he who sacrifices not his one life to save the life of his fellow-being; and he who hesitates to give up more than life—his fair name and honour—to save the fair name and honour of the many, is unworthy of the sin-destroying, immortal, transcendent Nirvana." Again, "I would not let one cry that I could save." What said the Christ two thousand years ago? "Come unto me, all ye that

travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." What said the Master K. H., himself a Buddhist and one of the two real Founders of the Theosophical Society? "The chief object of the T. S. is not so much to gratify individual aspirations as to serve our fellow men." "It is he alone who has the love of humanity at heart, who is capable of grasping thoroughly the idea of a regenerating practical Brotherhood who is entitled to the possession of our secrets.....A man who places not the good of mankind above his own is not worthy of becoming our chela—he is not worthy of becoming higher in knowledge than his neighbour." "It is Humanity which is the great Orphan.....and it is the duty of every man who is capable of an unselfish impulse to do something, however little, for its welfare."

In brief, if Life be one, how shall any fragment of that universal Life know happiness while any other fragment dwells in pain? The suffering of the part is the suffering of the whole, even as the joy of one is the joy of all. And if a true Buddhist may never know happiness while any living thing knows pain, how much less may he seek for happiness? It is true enough that such a state of consciousness plays its part in the evolution of man, but so does selfishness at an early stage, and as an Occultist is one who has arrived at a stage in evolution when selfishness is a violation of the law by which he lives, that form of selfishness we know as happiness can no longer find a place within his heart. For happiness, as men know happiness, to him who seeks the Ancient Path is but an illusion, a static temporary condition of self-induced maya, a halting by the wayside to pluck the poisoned fruits of self. It is a fool's paradise, a placing of the screen of wilful ignorance around the eyes of the soul. Only when the eyes of compassion are blinded by the mists of sophistry can the Seeker of the Way find happiness. Who claims to be happy cannot in the same breath claim to be a lover of his fellow men. Not

'til the ear has heard the cry of all humanity does it become deaf to calls of self, and where self is not, there can be no happiness until the very youngest of our brothers has "entered the stream" and safely "reached the further shore." Until that far-off day arrives there must be no single cry of human suffering that fails to find an echo in the heart of every Occultist, and how much room will there be left therein for happiness? He is no Pilgrim of the Way who has not joined an all-embracing love to a sympathetic understanding of his fellow men. From such a union comes Compassion, and Compassion, the great Buddha-quality, is a driving force that finds no time for selfish happiness.

Life has been defined as reaction to one's environment, and happiness as *harmonious* reaction to one's environment. As long as our environment, which for a Buddhist embraces all that lives, is filled with suffering, our reaction to it can only be harmonious by a deliberate selection of pleasant environment, and a deliberate exclusion from our consciousness of the existence of human suffering. Is this the act of an Occultist, or Theosophist, or Buddhist? Listen to the Voice of the Silence:—"Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun. Let not the fierce Sun dry one tear of pain before thyself has wiped it from the sufferer's eye. But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed." Again, "hast thou attuned thy heart and mind to the great mind and heart of all mankind? For as the Sacred River's roaring voice whereby all Nature-sounds are echoed back, so must the heart of him who in the stream would enter thrill in response to every sigh and thought of all that lives and breathes."

Suffering, said the Buddha, is one of the three Signs of Being, or Characteristics of Existence. It is foolishness, then, to attempt to escape the very process by which we learn. This earth is but a school. How then will it serve us to run away from school and hide in the nearest sweetshop of happiness?

Do not confuse happiness with Joy. Joy is the Laughter of the Gods, as far removed from happiness as Passion

is from Love. Like Love it is an aspect of Reality, but unlike Love it does not grow but surges through one's being as a flaming fire, and then, returning whence it came, leaves but a deep abiding peace within the heart.

Nor is contentment happiness, unless by this we mean the placid self-complacency of those individuals who, ignoring the suffering of others, have for the moment solved the most pressing of life's economic problems, and consider that the cry of all humanity is not their concern. True content is rather the outcome of a just appreciation of the fitness of things, an unswerving faith, begotten of observation, in the justice of the law of life. Like Joy, this peace of mind is positive, dynamic, while the self-satisfied complacency of the average 'happy man', though possibly appropriate to his stage of evolution, is but of the substance of a dream.



THE NIGHT OF THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.

Happiness, then, is something we should seek for others but never for ourselves. An Occultist seeks one thing only—Truth, and Truth is a quality that rouses in the heart a ceaseless urge, a constant yearning for the 'unattainable' ideal. One glimpse of Reality, and the Pilgrim knows no peace, no halting on the Road until his footsteps pause upon the threshold of Nirwan, only there to renounce what most he sought for, that the teeming millions of humanity might be helped along the self-same Middle Way. To such a man each hour of

static happiness is time that might have been more serviceably spent in actively reducing the sum total of the misery in the world. An Occultist is one who seeks Reality and serves his fellow men. Let him seek on, and leave the foolish dream of happiness to those it is his privilege to serve.

Worldly happiness may be the rightful goal and dharma of the many, but the dharma of the Buddhist is work, ceaseless, thankless work, nor may he rest until the last of his younger brothers has safely reached the threshold of their common Home.

The desiring of many things brings care; the desiring of but little brings peace and quietness. If those ought to desire little whose aim is peace and quietness, how much more so those whose goal is perfect deliverance.

Fo-sho-hing-tsan-ching

THE PRIEST IN RELIGION.

[BY G. K. W. PERERA, B.A., LL.B.]

ONE of the most primitive instincts of life is fear: fear of the unknown and the unseen. The immensity of space, the wonders of terrestrial phenomena, sun and rain, thunder and lightning, tide and eclipse, bred an awe among the ignorant people which they endeavoured to overcome in the human way by the appeasement of wrathful deities; by gifts and prayer, by bribe and supplication. The wild speculation of puerile imaginations gave birth to the belief of the ancients where each inscrutable phenomenon was attributed to the agency of superhuman force. Thus we have the origin of *theism*. Whether they be block and stone or fantastic figures carved out of these, primitive man formed definite ideas as to whom they ascribed the rights of masters of human destiny, and whose favour had to be supplicated by sacrifice and prayer. With the growth of intelligence these shapeless masses began to be discarded for more pleasing figures which came to be regarded as symbols of power, but there was no change in the mental attitude of man towards them.

In this condition of primitive religious superstition there is every reason to believe that the morality existing among the different peoples was of a high standard compared to the state of morality today. The innocent beliefs of ignorant people, however absurd, do little harm as long as their lives are guided by rules and conventions which promote peace and goodwill whether connected with their religion or not. The artificial rules of morality, such as those which relate to marriage obtaining in later society, were absent, but within the tribes themselves there was happiness and prosperity. Even in a state of cannibalism the laws were little different to those of to-day. The most Christian government condemns and kills its own people according to its discretion, and indiscriminately all enemy people. Once they are deprived of life the corpses may well be eaten the same as the flesh of all animals. The special sanctity attaching to the life of the human is a notion introduced by the promulgators of "revealed religion" of a later date.

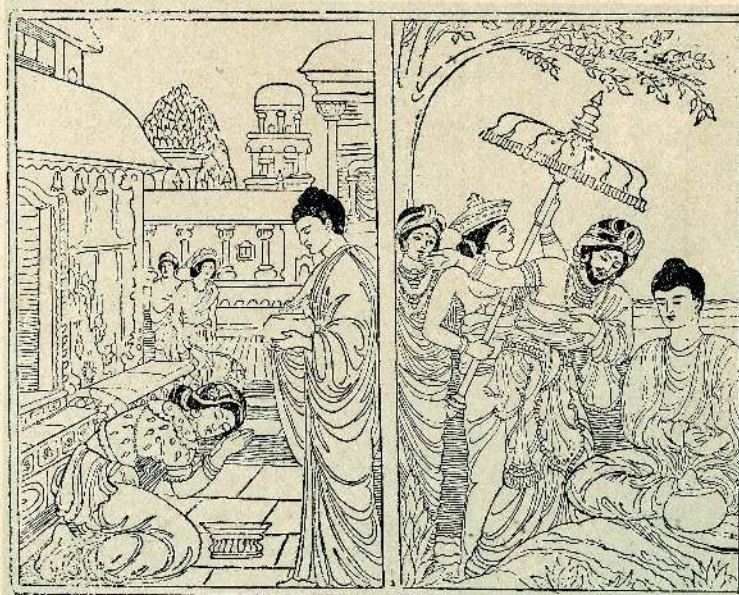
The fault with all theistic forms of belief is that, sooner or later, a section of people arise who arrogate to themselves the

power to move the deities according to their will and pleasure, and who set themselves up as special dispensers of providence. Their power increases with their ability to impose upon the credulity of the ignorant and of those who are too lazy to think for themselves. In this respect the world of today is not very different from that of ages past as the priests are of much the same texture as older functionaries of a similar office. Intermediaries with the deity and exorcisers of the devil appeal to the ignorant in the same way. The influence of the priestly autocrat is far greater and more jealously guarded than that of the most despotic ruler. The despot has but one argument, that of the force of arms; whereas the priest when he is lacking in the actual means of warfare is able to summon the powers of the unseen and engage the flaming sword of an almighty. Men have attempted to prop up their tottering thrones by borrowing the weapon of the priest, i.e. by claiming a divine right of kings.

The story of world religions is really the story of the priesthood. From the magic-worker of the primitive tribes to the priests of India and Rome religion had always been regarded by them as their peculiar monopoly. In sacrifice, devil-dancing and other hocus-pocus the priests introduce customs and observances which create the exaltation of their order. The ascendancy thus gained strengthened by generations of discipline produces a mental slavery and depravity which

none but a great man could successfully resist.

To a priest-ridden people Buddha preached a religion which required neither an intermediary with heaven nor a saviour from the devil. By the irresistible logic of his doctrine and the force of his own exemplary life, Buddha broke down the power of the priest and spread his light among all the nations of Asia. The essence of his religion was that no man, not even Buddha himself, can save another; he can only teach others how to save themselves. The Buddha ordained the Sangha who whilst themselves observing the rules of conduct laid down by the Buddha were to preach the religion far and wide. The Sangha nowhere claimed to be a priesthood with power to administer the religion of the Buddha the same as other religions are administered. The work for the Sangha was that of teacher and missionary, and if they did bind them-



THE BUDDHA'S HOME-COMING AFTER THE ENLIGHTENMENT.

selves more strictly than the ordinary layman to conform to the requirements of the Buddhist Law it is for their own good alone. Except by precept and by the example of a good and virtuous life they are unable to be of any use to their fellow beings.

Buddha lived and died, but the Hindu priest began to live again. To reassert himself the priest had to explain away the Buddha. He knew that a denial of the teaching of the Buddha would be rejected by the country as false; so he adopted the Buddha as one of the avatars of his deity. Without the guidance of the Buddha the Sangha degenerated. Unconsciously, may be, they began to adopt some of the practices of the Hindu priests, practices which survive to this day in one form or another.

Five hundred years after the Buddha, Christ commenced to preach a religion which has been completely lost in the priestcraft which soon took it over. Christ came as a reformer to remove the abuses of his time, and his Sermon on the Mount contains rules of life which are beautiful in their simplicity. Whether Christ reached enlightenment by inspiration, revelation, meditation or more simply through the teaching of the wise men of the East, his directions to his followers were essentially those of the Buddha. Whereas Buddha preaching to the intellect of an advanced civilisation worked out the Eight-fold Path from first principles, Christ setting out to reform the Jewish abuses addressed himself to the masses, and in doing so probably adopted for convenience the existing superstitions of the Jews to gain his end, which was the moral upliftment of the people. Whilst condemning the belief in a multiplicity of gods in whose name the priests claimed to guide the destiny of man, Christ preached of one God who could be placated by charity and goodwill and a selfless existence, a life in which he set a noble example. It is unfortunate for the world that the power of his enemies prevailed to cut his life so short, for with the death of Christ the religion which he preached degenerated into priestcraft and idolatry. Deprived of the living personality of Christ, the religion not being founded on basic truths or appealing to the reason in any other way, its degeneration was rapid; and in spite of the attempts of his Apostles to supplement the doctrine of their teacher, Christianity was soon ready to receive the services of another reformer.

At the coming of Mahomed we learn that Christians were separated from all Christian virtues, and the religion one of

pure idolatry dispensed by a powerful and dominant priesthood. Mahomed claimed to teach the pure doctrine preached before him by Christ, when he commenced a successful campaign of driving priests and destroying idols. Christianity was driven Westwards where Romish power prevailed until checked by the founders of reformed religion. The religion of Mahomed is a noble one and bears a close resemblance to the religion of Christ, justifying Mahomed's claim that his was no new religion. The militant character of the propaganda adopted by Mahomed and his followers, however necessary it may have been to oppose the power of the Christian priest of the time, gave the religion of Mahomed the appearance of aggressiveness not in keeping with its real spirit of love and charity. The purity in which the religion of Mahomed has been preserved

compared to the religion of Christ is remarkable. The two religions are built upon faith alike and in all essentials their doctrines are identical. The Mahomedan never had nor has any symbol or image of his God; his mosque is the assembly room, and the priest his leader in joint prayer. He observes the ethics of his religion strictly, at least so far as they affect his co-religionists. Religion to him is a bond faster than all other obligations. The Christian's religion is in violent contrast. Where he has grown out of Romish superstition and idol worship he adopts agents and symbols such as priests and crosses. In Christian countries is immorality and a complete absence of religion outside the church doors. Religion is exploited for a living, and hospitality and neighbourliness are unknown. To a Mahomedan religion is one with patriotism and his religion boldly advocates war in the cause of his faith. The

Christian condemns the slaughter of war but the ministers prostitute the religion for the sake of gain as regimental chaplains and professional missionaries.

If the founders of other religions did not authorise superstition, idolatry and supermen as intermediaries between man and god, Buddha was actively opposed to them. His religion does not admit the possibility of intervention by man or god in working out man's destiny. The existence of a priesthood as such, of images and sacred places of worship, of incantations and prayer, therefore, is quite foreign to Buddhism. There is no doubt that Buddhism has borrowed all this and more from Hinduism, though learned people expend much energy in trying to reconcile these with the Dharma. The Sangha today is degenerate and encourage the worship of relics true and false, the erection of useless



SUJATA'S OFFERING TO THE BUDDHA.

structures as places and objects of worship, all with an eye to their own comfort and temporal gain. The Sangha are or should be men plodding their way towards Nirvana, and Buddha recognised only one duty of the order towards the layman; the Sangha should spread the light by teaching the ethics of Buddhism; by making the law of causation clear to the ignorant; by pointing out the eightfold path to Nirvana. The obligation of the layman towards the Sangha is to aid the Sangha on their journey by finding them shelter in pansalas, and ministering to their creature comforts to allow them freedom for meditation. The Buddhist needs no temples or relics to worship for he has the whole world to practise his religion upon. The differences which exist between the different orders of the Sangha need not worry the layman for they are on points of discipline and ritual which relate to themselves, and there is no obligation on or necessity for the layman to have definite views on these matters. The Sangha of today are unfit to be teachers of religion for they themselves are not good Buddhists. Their leaning is towards the estab-

lishment of a priestly autoeracy in imitation of the Christian clergy. The sooner the Sangha is deprived of the temporalities which they incessantly quarrel over the better for their chances of attaining Nirvana. The income of temple properties should be expended in giving religious instruction to the people after maintaining the Sangha in freedom for meditation. The time is ripe for a Buddhist reformer to appear to restore the religion of the Buddhist into its ancient form; to drive all un-Buddhistic observance out; to reorganise and weed out the Sangha; and above all to instil the spirit of the Dharma into the hearts of all nominal Buddhists.

Ceylon has a reputation to maintain as having preserved the teachings of Buddha in their greatest purity; but where have we preserved them? Not in the Sangha, for they are full of greed, jealousy and pride; not in the people, for the masses are ignorant idol-worshippers who believe in incantations to frighten devils and to appease a thousand and one gods; our pure Buddhism must then be in our libraries alone.

New Buddhist Cathedral at Los Angeles, U. S. A.

[A friend from America sends us the following excerpt from "The Los Angeles Sunday Times" of November 15, 1925.—Edd. B. A. C.]

JAPANESE HONOR DEAD.

Memorial Services Conducted at New Temple by Buddhist Priest, Emperor's Kin.



A three-day celebration occasioned by the visit here of Count Lord Abbot Sonyu Otani, the highest Buddhist priest in Japan and brother-in-law of the Emperor, and by the dedication of the new \$250,000 Hongwanji Buddhist Temple, East First Street and Central Avenue, was brought to a close yesterday with memorial services in honor of the Japanese dead in this country.

Count Otani participated in the short but impressive memorial service, his last official church act in this city, with a sermon. The welcome address was made by Rev. Tetsuo Ohzu, following which twelve Buddhist priests conducted the memorial rites.

Thousands of Japanese from many different sections in and near Los Angeles flocked to the Temple to pay their respects to and to hear for the last time a sermon by the high visiting priest. The temple was packed to overflowing and it was estimated by the priests that more than 5000 Japanese were visitors during the day.

During the morning Kikiyoshiki or Okamisori services were conducted. This service is equivalent to the baptism services of the Christian churches. Nine hundred Japanese men and women and one hundred Japanese children were baptised by Count Otani with his sacred golden razor.

Four Americans also were baptised or blessed by the golden razor, two of them being Mrs. Louise Grieve, a Buddhist priestess, and her husband.

Count Otani touched the golden razor upon the heads of the Japanese, as if to shave the hair from their heads, to

purify them and to make their heads round, the latter being a symbol of peace in Japanese.

According to Rev. C. Ike, one of the local priests, this is the first time Kikiyoshiki or Okamisori services have been conducted in Los Angeles, as Count Otani is the only possessor of the sacred razor. He said it will be many, many years before another such service will be conducted here.

Following the memorial services Count Otani was taken on an automobile tour through Pasadena, a number of oil fields and other points of interest in the county. He then was taken back to the Temple, where he was entertained quietly by the priests prior to his departure from Los Angeles.

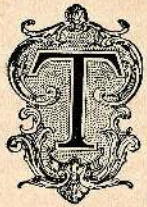
Count Otani and his party, which consists of two priests and his secretary from his head-church in Kyoto, Japan, the seat of Mahayana Buddhism, which has the largest Buddhist following in the world, planned to leave Los Angeles late last night from Central Station for Brawley, where the high priest is scheduled to spend two days.

He goes from Brawley to Fresno, thence to Sacramento, Salt Lake City, Denver, New York and Boston. Before departing for his home in Japan he will visit President Coolidge to deliver a message of friendship to the United States from the Buddhists of Japan.

The Shin sect, which teaches Mahayana Buddhism, is the largest of fifty-six Buddhist schools, having 6,000,000 members and 10,000 different churches. There are thirty-six churches along the Pacific Coast, the local temple being the largest and most costly in the United States. It has more than two thousand regular members.

BUDDHISM AND THE WORLD-PROBLEM.

[BY A. D. JAYASUNDERE]



THE Pali word for 'world' is *loko*. *Loko* has two meanings—the world of living beings, *satta-loko*, and the outer world, *sankhara-loko*. Strange to say the Greek word for 'world', *cosmos* has the same two meanings—*micro-cosmos*, the little world or the world of living beings, and *macro-cosmos*, the large world or the world of space.

The final goal or destiny of a living being is therefore the solution of the world-problem. The problem of the inorganic world is the peculiar province of physical science and therefore lies outside the scope of our enquiry. An investigation into the latter question therefore falls within the category of profitless discussion banned in Buddhism.

Given one thing the world—in other words the pain-filled world of sorrow (*satta-loko*)—the salient feature of all sentient life is its accompaniment of sorrow. This is the First Ariyan Truth. It is important to determine at the outset the true import of sorrow in Buddha-thought. The *satta-loko* according to that teaching is divided into thirty spheres or, more accurately, phases. The sphere of sense-desires (*kama-vacara*) consists of the six *deva-lokas* (heavens), the world of human beings, the animal kingdom, the Asuras (Titans), the Petas (manes) and the so-called hells, the fifteen *rupa-brahma-lokas* (with corporeal bodies) and the four *arupa-brahma-lokas* (without such bodies). The duration of life in all those phases of existence differs according to the different states of existence.

If we compare the sum of sorrow in all these spheres with the amount of happiness, it remains an open question as to whether after all the happiness does not counter-balance the sorrow. For, we must remember that the incalculable cycles of unalloyed bliss which the *devas* and *brahmas* enjoy may be even greater than the tortures the beings in hells undergo. Therefore even from the Buddhist viewpoint,

when we lay side by side the sorrow and the happiness in the world, are our critics justified in characterising Buddhism as pessimism? If then the happiness is no less than the sorrow, why does the Tathagata lay down as the First Ariyan Truth Sorrow?

The full and complete answer to this important question is to be found in the right comprehension of that refrain, which we find so often recurring in the canon. The Master addresses the disciples thus:—

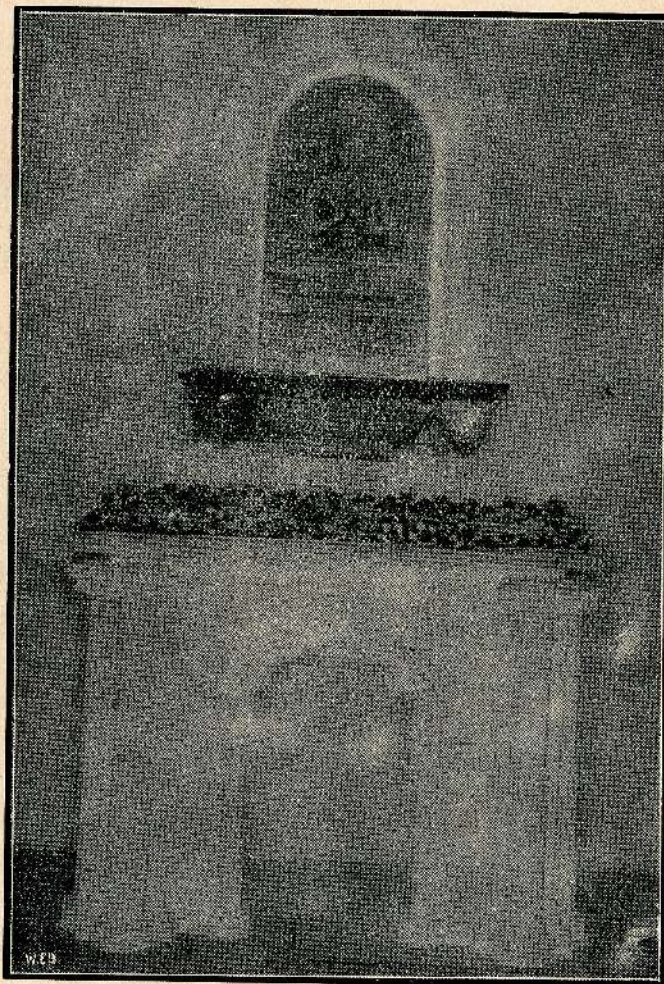
“Bhikkhus, is body, is mind, permanent or impermanent? Impermanent, Lord. That which is impermanent, is it liable to suffering or not? It is liable, Lord. Of that which is liable to suffering, is it then right to say: This is mine, I am this, this is the soul of me? No, Lord.”

It is therefore clear that according to the Master, it is the certainty of impermanence or transiency that makes life sorrowful. We read in a *sutta* of the *Anguttara Nikaya*, that just as when the lion, king of beasts, at eventide issues forth from its lair, surveys the four directions and roars thrice, all animals tremble with fear and alarm and flee on all sides, even so when the Tathagata roars the lion's-roar, *Sabbe Sankhara Anicca*, the *devas* in long possession of splendid mansions begin to quiver and tremble and exclaim: Alas, so long have we fancied ourselves secure in our blissful abodes, now they are no longer permanent and but passing shadows.

The Maha-brahma the so-called creator of the world who with the radiance of his small

finger can light up a thousand world-systems may at any moment be reduced to the condition of a fire-fly. The great Sakra, king of gods, in all his glory and majesty may indeed at once be reborn as a *sukara* (pig).

And man himself, the so-called lord of creation, who has wrung so many secrets out of nature's bosom, ever and anon.



BUDDHIST SHRINE AT ADYAR
The Image of dark granite, 1300 years old,
found at Saranath.

falls a ready victim to the tiniest bacillus that fells him to the ground. When one looks around the whole wide world one sees how life feeds upon life and lives upon death. The bigger preys upon the smaller animal: this is the usual rule of all life, from the biggest mammalia down to the minutest bacilli. One contemplating the idea is simply dumbfounded at the ghastly spectacle. In a word the universe is a veritable shambles. The picture blackens still more, when one sees the smaller animal in its turn waging war upon the bigger one. A curious illustration culled from natural history is well worth repetition: The 'killer-whale' is the smallest and the 'sperm-whale' one of the largest of the whale family. But nature has so ordained, that the killer is more than a match in actual combat with the sperm-whale. Whenever the killer meets the sperm-whale it lays hold of the lower jaw of the latter and lashes it with its tail again and again with such violence that it eventually succeeds, may be after a several days' incessant struggle, in dislocating the lower jaw of the sperm-whale, so that it can no more close its mouth. Then comes the opportunity of the killer, who enters the mouth of the sperm-whale and actually eats out its tongue and leaves the huge monster to die in agony and sheer starvation. The world is full of such horrible cruelty that our hearts simply revolt at the very thought. Life is thus so arrayed against itself that it is an incessant warfare to live. "Struggle for existence" is the final watch-word of science. What a hideous fallacy then to hold an all-merciful god responsible for such monstrous cruelty?

We must thus conclude, that it is the transitory nature of all life and its liability to suffer at any moment, which establishes the truth of *Dukka-sacca*.

What then is meant by *realising* the First Ariyan Truth? If to realise sorrow is to endure sorrow, then indeed he who has suffered most should have best realised sorrow. The denizens of the hells, who undergo nameless tortures for countless ages must have utterly comprehended *Dukka-sacca*. But this is absurd. We are thus driven to the conclusion, that to suffer or endure sorrow is not necessarily to *realise* sorrow.

Let us now take a glance into the early life of the Bodhisatta in his royal palace. Brought up as he was in the lap of princely luxury, and cribbed and confined with jealous care by his kingly sire, it was after witnessing the omens of a sick man, an old man, a corpse and a recluse that Prince Siddhattha received the motive-impulse to his great renunciation. The young prince suffered no unhappiness whatever in his own person. But it was his seeing the sufferings and afflictions of others that brought home to his kindly heart that ennui and world-weariness, that urged him to flee from the life of the home, as though from a pit of live coals, to the homeless state. It was therefore not sorrow felt or endured in his own person, but pain and suffering, which he witnessed in others, that made him *realise* the truth of the great intuition. All life is sorrow-fraught. Strictly speaking Prince Siddhattha comprehended the First Ariyan Truth of Sorrow, at any rate had

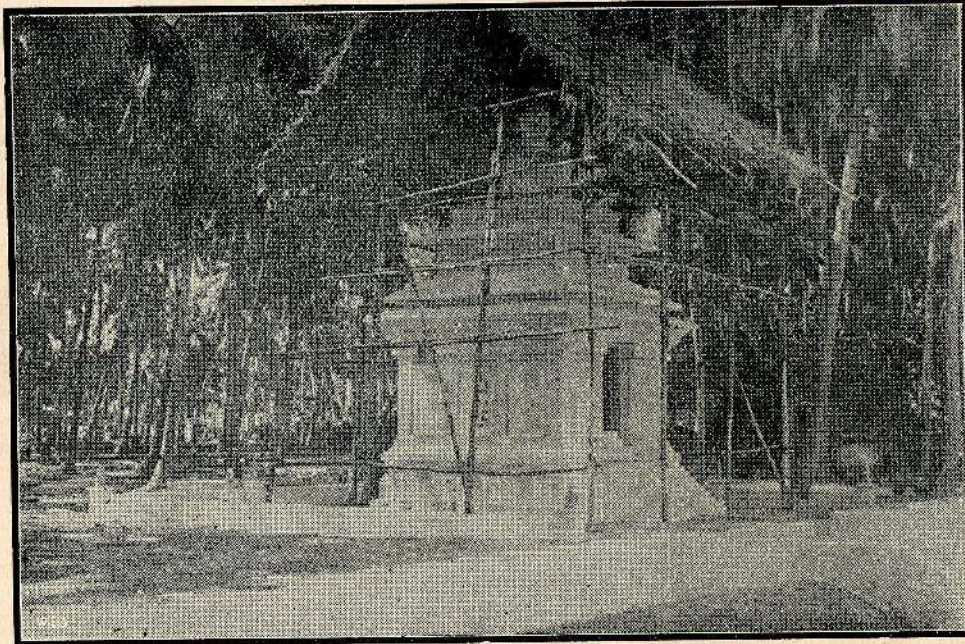
the first glimpse of it, whilst still in the family life, though he discovered the other three Ariyan Truths at the foot of the Bodhi-tree.

We must thus bear in mind that, when the Master lays emphasis on the realisation (*avabodha*) of the First Truth, what is meant is: Sorrow understood and not sorrow felt. In other words, it is not an emotional feeling that is implied

but experience through knowledge or insight. This is the all-sufficient reason why Buddhism is called the religion of enlightenment through knowledge (*panna*). Thus to sum up: *Satta-loko* is only a synonym for the world of sorrow (*sansaravatta*).

All religious teachers other than the Tathagata ascribed to an external agency the source of pain and suffering. Even in the Christian Bible we read, that "God brings peace and creates evil." It follows as a logical necessity that man must look for escape from "this vale of tears" as the Christian scriptures put it, to an external power. Prayers, supplications, offerings, sacrifices are naturally the only means prescribed to attain salvation from sorrow.

The Buddha alone of all religious teachers with a master-stroke of genius discovered the cause of sorrow to be craving (*tanha*) inherent in the mind of every living being. "Verily,"



BUDDHIST SHRINE AT ADYAR.

He says, "In this fathom-long be-minded body with its perceptions, I declare to be the world, the world's arising, the world's ceasing and the Path to the world's ceasing." The Master laid hold of life by the root and addressed the majestic query: What right has life itself to exist? The answer to this question He found by a flash of glorious intuition, that eventful night so full of profound significance to all living beings, as he sat under the Tree of Knowledge, which was justly so-called. Rendered with strictest accuracy the Causal Chain runs thus: Ignorance must be present in order that volitional activities may come to pass, and so forth up to craving and finally to births thus bringing about the entire mass of Ill.

When the Buddha places ignorance at the head of the system it must not be taken, as so often erroneously done by some scholars, as a sort of primordial first cause. What is the cause of a living being? Volitional activities (*sankhara*) is the answer. When ignorance is stated to be the condition of volitional activities, it should be taken as an abstract answer to the same question, which is answered in the Kamma-teaching in a real fashion. It is the same thing, whether we say a being is born by reason of his *Kamma* (*sankhara*) or ignorance. We say light is present or shadow is present but they are aspects of the same thing—the one positive, the other negative. Therefore ignorance of itself means nothing but that willing is present. Ignorance is willing but only in abstract form.

All the religious teachers the world has ever seen, always affirmed eternal life in heaven as the final and supreme salvation. They failed to solve the world-problem, in so far as they placed only plus signs or willing in an infinite series, when they posited eternal life. The Lord Buddha alone of all religious teachers placed a minus sign, that is non-willing, and the sum of life was resolved without that ever-recurring remainder, which in other systems of religion is called god or soul—a factor which has rendered the world-problem altogether insoluble.

In the Fire-Sermon (*Aditta-pariyaya*), the Sermon on the Mount of Buddhism, the Master says:

"All things, O Bhikkhus, is a burning. The eye is a burning. Visual consciousness is a burning. Visual contact is a burning. The resultant sensation is a burning," and so forth. Likewise with regard to the other senses and their respective sense-objects.

The other religions say: Everything is in a static condition, that is where the creator placed it. Whereas the Buddha says: "Everything is afire," that is a becoming or a process. This is where the great Teacher breaks away from all conventional forms of thought in a most surprising manner and establishes His unquestioned pre-eminence and roars the lion's-roar of victory.

He presents the same idea in a different form, in another place:

"What, O Bhikkhus, is the arising of the world? Because of the eye and of forms arises visual consciousness. The coming together of these is contact. Because of contact arises sensation," and so forth in terms of the Formula of Causal Genesis up to birth and the resultant mass of all Sorrow.

This is in sooth the highest form of Kantian idealism applied to the ends of religion. Just as a flame is a mere succession of flickering moments and never the same for even two successive seconds, even so is the I-process, which ever and anon renews itself; and the only constancy about it is its incessant change.

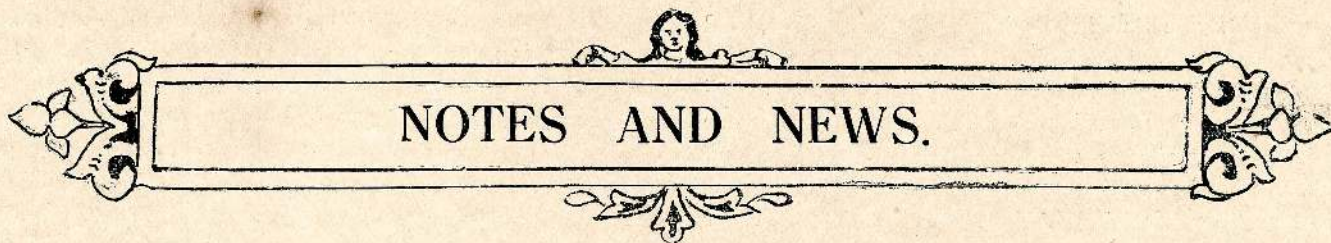
Kamma so to say throws up a bridge between this life and the next and welds together the manifold phases or flashes of the empirical personality, so as to present an apparent "I". But since all life is but sorrow, it is Kamma that keeps the I-process agoing. We are thus faced with the all-important question: How is deliverance to be found from this endless process of becoming, or in other words escape from sorrow?

The empirical ego is only an apparent *I*—it has no reality, because it is merely an aggregation of the *Khandhas*. It is Kamma that causes their coming together. Remove Kamma and the *Khandhas* fall asunder. Even thus is brought about the complete abrogation of personality. When there is the arising, there is also the passing away of life. This is change or transiency (*anicca*). Because of transiency there is Sorrow (*dukkha*).

And thus to conclude: The world is conditioned by the action of the senses. Upon the senses therefore depends the world. The world in the last analysis is the sum-total of the sense-impressions. The activities of the senses constitute the generative cause of the world. Therefore the senses are the real creators of the world in all its vast totality.

This is the highest, the deepest and the sublimest thought, that ever was conceived by the mind of man, in all time and in all space. And it is crystal-clear that the human mind reached its natural perfection 2500 years ago, when once the human tree blossomed and put forth its sweetest Flower, which radiated its exquisite fragrance to all quarters of the boundless universe.

Thus was solved the world-problem, without the recurrent remainder. But let us remember it is a problem, *Quod erat faciendum*, and not a theorem, *Quod erat demonstrandum*. "We ourselves must walk the Path, the Buddhas only show the Way."



NOTES AND NEWS.

Sabba Danam Dhamma Danam Jinati.

“The Gift of Truth Excels All Other Gifts.”

The year under review has been a significant one in that it has witnessed the inauguration of many movements all directed towards a common end,—the regeneration of the Religion and its wider dissemination. We had long been looking forward to an awakening of interest in the “Old World” of the Buddhist Faith, and had slowly been preparing the ground for such a revival. We had always turned our wiseful eyes in the direction of the land of the Rising Sun and had often scanned the far-eastern horizon for some auspicious sign heralding the dawn of a new day in the spiritual life of Asia. It is, therefore, with great expectations that we welcome the Buddhist activities in the Island Empire. All over Japan have arisen associations and institutions for the training of the youth of the land in the Bodhi-satta ideal. There are Buddhist universities which train students to qualify themselves for Buddhist mission work in Japan and in the Pacific Islands of America. Hundreds of Sunday Schools have sprung up all over the islands, which cater for the rising generation. Turning to Buddhist literature, we find remarkable activity. Japanese scholars have spared no pains to make the wealth of Buddhist literature accessible to the average reader. The Press is doing its share in this religious renaissance. Not to mention the vernacular publications, on the English side there is *The Eastern Buddhist*, edited by Professor and Mrs. Suzuki, which has now for many years been giving a scholarly interpretation of the Mahayana. Young Japan is represented by *The Young East*, which attempts to co-ordinate all the many movements of a Japan which has risen from the ashes and ruins of the devastating earthquakes and fires of September 1923. One of the promising features of this new awakening was the holding of the Far Eastern Conference which met in November last and continued for three days. It was a remarkable gathering, for Japanese and Chinese and Koreans all met together in concord to devise ways and means for the wider propagation of their common faith. At this meeting the following resolution was laid before the house and enthusiastically accepted: “That Buddhists of Eastern Asia shall co-operate for worldwide propaganda, so that all the nations of the Earth may eventually bask in the boundless mercy of the Buddha. To attain these objects it is planned to publish Buddhist books and magazines in several Occidental languages, to send missions abroad and to establish a mission school either in Tokio or Peking by co-operation of Japanese and Chinese Buddhists.”

China is in the birth-throes of a new life. Her young men and women are in a state of restless discontent being shackled by foreign domination. We have little doubt that once she is untrammelled she will soar to heights yet undreamt of, and be able to contribute her share to the spiritual upliftment of the people of Asia in particular, and of the world in general.

In Siam, a new king has ascended the throne, and we look to him for co-operation in raising the status of the Sangha by eradicating the abuses that have crept into the noble Order as a result of the later Brahmanistic influence. The kings and princes of Siam have distinguished themselves by publishing the Tipitaka and the Commentaries and by presenting whole sets of them to the Universities and Libraries the world over.

In Burma, as in Ceylon, the people are gradually coming to their own. Lured by the mirage of materialism, she had almost wandered away from the Path of the Good Law until yesterday when her patriots and her men of vision cried a halt, having realised that not in materialism lies the path either to national glory or to spiritual betterment.

India, like China, is in the melting pot. It is a wilderness of faiths,—a museum of gods and goddesses, and literally each one worships his own “god.” But, that after the political unrest, strife and storm, there may follow a much desired calm when once again the people will have the necessary freedom and peace of mind to re-discover the ancient wisdom and the Noble Path, is the hope of the rest of Asia. Such in brief outline is the revival that is taking place in countries other than our own. In Ceylon, associations and institutions are growing and education is spreading. But sooth to say the rich temples do not contribute in men or material towards this development, which makes the Buddhists of to-day regret the enthusiasm of ancient kings and nobles who gave all they had to the temples.

We Ceylon Buddhists have now for many years been keeping too close to the shore. We are insular in our outlook. We pride ourselves over the possession of “pure” Buddhism. We denounce our less evolved brothers for no fault of their own. But what attempt have we, whether the monks or the laity, made to share our “pure” Theravada with them? A tree surely is judged by its fruits. So let “pure” Buddhism be judged by the lives its professors lead.

May not Ceylon Buddhism take its bearings to-day, and thus steer her course so that all the currents and cross currents may not hinder her progress but unite in carrying her unimpeded on her way? Let us get rid of our insularity; let our mental horizon expand as we ascend higher and higher, and let us share with our brothers the great heritage of the past instead of merely admiring it as a fast moving traveller admires a beautiful landscape.

And with Mrs. Beatrice Lane Suzuki, joint-editor of *The Eastern Buddhist*, "we say that within the Buddhist banner stand to-gether all who profess the Religion, whether they profess the Eastern or the Western Branch, the Mahayana or the Hinayana of the Buddhadhamma." Let this be our slogan for the New Year.

A New World Religion.

An attempt is being made by a number of Theosophists to found a new world religion with J. Krishnamurti, President of the Order of the Star in the East, as its promulgator. While we have nothing to urge against this latest development of the T. S. we should like to invite our readers' attention to the fact that in our own Dhamma preached by our Lord over two thousand five hundred years ago are concentrated all that the mind of man can fathom, or the heart of man can desire for his spiritual enlightenment and well-being. It is the oldest and the greatest world religion. It is a religion that is adapted to the people of all races, of all times. "Just as all living creatures that go upon feet find passage way in the footsteps of the elephant, even so all things whatsoever that are contained and comprehended in the foremost excellent Truth, namely in these: The most excellent Truth of suffering. The most excellent Truth of the arising of suffering. The most excellent Truth of the ceasing of suffering and the most excellent Truth of the Path that leads to the ceasing of suffering." May we respectfully remind our brothers of the T. S. and the Order of the Star in the East, most of whom, we take it, are sincere seekers after the Truth, to pay a little more attention to the Dhamma, as in the early days of Theosophy when its leaders looked to Buddhism for all they wanted in order to amplify their teachings.

The committee appointed by the All-India National Congress has published the results of their labours in a very able, comprehensive and enlightening document. While it supports *in toto* the Buddhist claim to the Temple, it at the same time recommends that the control of the Temple be placed in the hands of a joint committee of Buddhists and Hindus presided over by the Hindu Minister of the Province. Thus the recommendation as to the management seems to be quite illogical in view of the finding regarding the ownership itself. But we would suggest to our co-religionists to accept the joint committee as a working scheme for a limited period, of, say, five years. We say so, because we ought to make a beginning somewhere rather than be wrangling over it for another century. Already half a century has sped on its way since the matter was first mooted and but for this Prasad report, we are where we were so many years ago.

All Ceylon Sunday School Examination.

One of the principal departments of activity of the Colombo Y. M. B. A. is the work which is being carried on now for many years in regard to the instruction of boys and girls in the Dhamma. Every year an All-Ceylon Examination is held and certificates and prizes are awarded to the successful candidates. That this examination is yearly growing in popularity is seen from the increasing number of candidates. The Sunday School movement is pregnant with far-reaching results, for it was to the lack of such institutions in the past that Christian missionaries owed much of their success, and the lukewarmness of most Buddhists is due to that lack of early training. We would wish to see a Sunday School associated with every Buddhist Temple and every Bhikkhu a teacher of the little ones in their religion as in the days of old Lanka and in Burma and Siam even to-day.

The Reform of the Sangha.

Elsewhere we publish an interesting article touching on this important subject, which will repay perusal. No one who has read the early history of Buddhism can have failed to be impressed by the lofty ideals that animated the Sangha of those times. Those Bhikkhus were like unto reservoirs of religious faith and fervour which replenished the streams of a matter-of-fact, materialistic and priest-ridden world. The article referred to is a relentless analysis and a scathing indictment of all priestly and pseudo-priestly institutions. That later Buddhism is daily becoming embarrassed and encumbered by a growing class of priestly monks and by customs and institutions foreign to the spirit of Buddhism, no one can gainsay. However, the writer ends on a note of hope looking forward to the appearance of a reformer who shall speak with the voice of a leader of men and to whom all shall listen. We shall welcome such an one.

Religious Instruction.

We invite our readers' attention to a letter published elsewhere on the above subject, which we hope may in some measure assist the principals and teachers of Buddhist Institutions to draw up a suitable curriculum of religious instruction for our schools. The writer has placed before us many suggestions which we think will be very useful and at the same time quite practicable. The main thing is to create a religious atmosphere in our schools. May we suggest to the heads of our schools to meet in conference and evolve a scheme of instruction and also make it imperative that the students should take up the All-Ceylon Sunday School Examination held annually under the auspices of the Central Y. M. B. A.

Translations of the Scriptures.

The Christian's Bible is translated into most, if not all, of the languages of the world. And the fact that Christianity is not making such progress as is proportionate to the wealth and energy lavished on its propagation among the different peoples of the world is not due to the lack of enthusiasm or interest on the part of its

protagonists, but due to the more developed consciousness of the modern world.

On the other hand what shall we say of Buddhist propaganda? In these days when the written word has become the best medium of publishing anything broadcast, the Word of the Buddha has not yet been translated except into only a very few languages, and that too, only in parts. Even the translations into English and Sinhalese are not complete. And in this connection we have to be thankful mainly to English, European and American scholars, but for whose labours we should to-day be in a sorry plight. It was they who as pioneers in the field of Pali literature laid bare to the world the rich deposits of ancient lore found in undiminishing abundance in the temple manuscripts of the East, and made them accessible to the world.

But there are those who hold that translations into alien tongues can never be satisfactory. Mr. Charles Dias writing on this subject observes:—"To write in Sinhalese is easy, but when the language is English, it is most difficult to say anything correctly about religion so that the reader might not understand what is said in a way that it should not be understood. There are no words in English to express correctly most of the terms used both in the ethical and philosophical teachings of Buddhism. Either they convey less or more or—very often—quite the contrary of what those terms and words mean to us. For example, what English words can we employ to translate such common terms as *Lobha*, *Karuna*, *Alobha*, *Hiri*, *Hetu*, *Sankhara* and numerous other words, which must be, and have to be, used if one write anything at all about our religion. How pregnant with meaning are our words *Nama*, *Rupa*? How lifeless, dead and—worse—misleading are "Name" and "Form"—the words usually employed by the translators? The mischief is committed by them not wilfully but because they understand the Pali language only but not Buddhism. Word-matching is not translation; indeed, in the case of Buddhism, translation is well-nigh impossible. What one may do is paraphrasing, i.e. explaining every term and word as translation proceeds. But this again is a very unsatisfactory procedure; for such a composite product will be hardly readable."

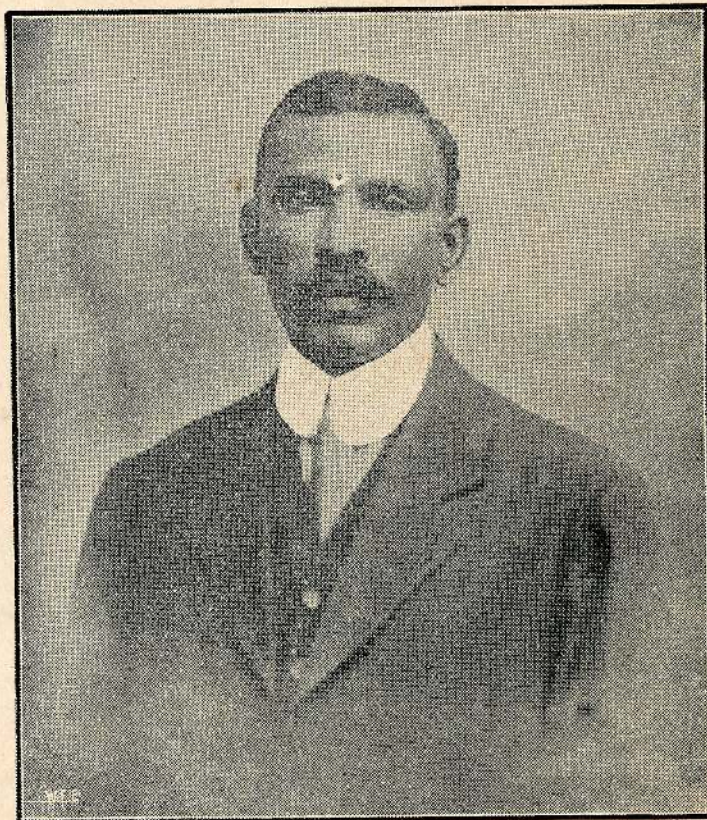
We do not quite agree with Mr. Dias's views, for according to him "translation is well-nigh impossible." The very fact that so many different races in Asia itself who differ from one another in language are Buddhist seems to refute Mr. Dias's argument.

Lanka Dharma Dhuta Sabha. One of the very few institutions that have been recently founded with the object of propagating the Dhamma is the above Missionary Society, which, we are glad to say, is doing very useful and solid work. On the one hand, it has undertaken to carry the torch of the Dhamma to the benighted villages of our island, and on the other hand, it has sent a missionary to Calicut to give an impetus to the newly started Buddhist organisations in that land. We also note with pleasure that the Society has decided to found a training school for Buddhist missionaries.

All Ceylon Congress of Buddhist Associations. The annual sessions of this Congress were held in December last at Nuwera Eliya where the delegates were the guests of the Y. M. B. A. Some useful work was transacted. But it is more

as a social gathering than as a religious institution that the sessions of the Congress have come to be looked upon by most of the delegates who attend it.

The German Buddhist Monks. As a result of the late war Rev. Nyanatiloka and his band of Bhikkhus abandoned their island retreat in the lagoon at Dodanduwa and left the island. But through all the terrible times that followed, most of them have remained in the robe true to the life in the



THE LATE Mr. F. R. SENANAYAKE.

Order. We now welcome them back and hope that they may be able to continue their studies and carry out the translation of the Scriptures into European languages which they began when last here. The Rev. Nyanatiloka is already responsible for several translations into the German, and his volume *The Word of the Buddha*, now available in English also, is a valuable *vade mecum* to students of the Dhamma.

Obituary.
F. R. Senanayake.

It is with profound sorrow that we record the untimely death of Mr. Senanayake. In him we have lost a patriot who loved his land with passionate intensity, and a co-religionist whose life was like unto a thank-offering to the Master. In fact he looked forward to a time not far off, when, freed from the turmoil of politics into which he had plunged headlong,

he could don the Yellow Robe and live the strenuous life of a member of the noble Order. As a keen student of World history, while the glorious past of his land inspired him, he looked forward even to a more glorious future for Lanka, for his ideal government on earth was a commonwealth of nations, great and small. Truly the gods loved him too well. We shall all miss him. May he come back to lead his countrymen once again along the path he had marked out for them!

We much regret to announce the death of our friend and colleague, Mrs. Taylor of the U. S. A., who since the inception of this journal was a regular contributor to its columns and did her bit to make the *Annual* known to persons interested in eastern lore. Just a day before her death she had composed two poems and handed them to her daughter to be mailed to us. Thus even to the last her thoughts had turned towards the Dhamma, the healer of all earthly pains. We publish elsewhere the two poems.

Muhandiram F. A. Wickremasinghe

Mudaliyar D. S. S. Wickramaratne

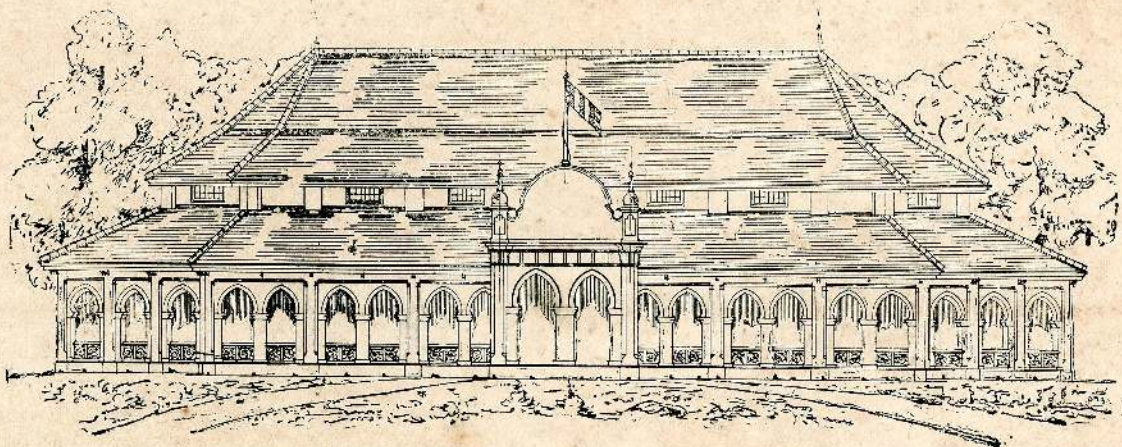
Anicca vata sankhara.

sands, undergo much inconvenience and discomfort owing to the dearth of a sufficient number of pilgrims' rest-houses. Thanks to the munificence of a few there are one or two such institutions already. But they cannot accommodate more than a few hundreds at most. Thus we are happy to be able to announce that Mr. W. E. Bastian proposes to erect a very large and properly equipped pilgrims' rest-house in Anuradhapura with the help of the general public. The foundation stone will be laid on the 23rd June 1926 and building operations will be begun. But in order to realise the plan in its entirety—which includes a Buddhist English School and a Free Hospital—more funds are needed. We do not hesitate to appeal to our readers whether at home or abroad to contribute, each in his measure, towards this commendable enterprise.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS, PERIODICALS, &c.

The Life and Work of Buddhaghosa. By Bimala Charan Law, M. A., B. L. Calcutta and Simla. Thacker, Spink & Co. 1923.

This volume is No. 9. E. 3 of the Calcutta Oriental Series and is by the author of "Ksatriya Clans in Buddhist India" and of "Historical Gleanings," etc. The well-known Pali

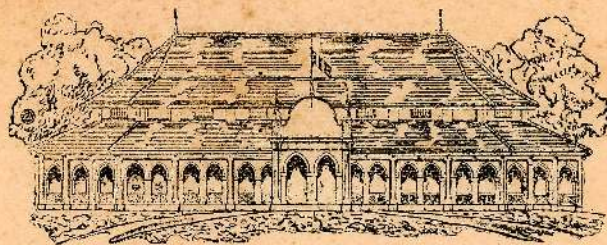


THE PROPOSED PILGRIMS' REST-HOUSE AT
ANURADHAPURA.—THE CENTRE BLOCK.

A Pilgrims' Rest- house for Anuradhapura.

Anuradhapura has for centuries been the Mecca of countless thousands from all parts of the world—Buddhists as well as non-Buddhists. As many have been attracted by the superb architectural remnants of a lost civilisation that are to be found there as by the fact that during perhaps the most glorious days of Ceylon's history Anuradhapura was the metropolis and the seat of a long and distinguished line of Buddhist kings. It is this latter reason that prompts the Sinhalese villager to make his annual pilgrimage to "Suddha Nuwara" (The Holy City) so that he may worship at the numerous sacred shrines either on Wesak (May) or Posen (June) Full Moon Day. Anyone who has visited Anuradhapura on one or other of these days cannot have failed to notice that the pilgrims—especially the poorer classes—who pour in, in thousands and tens of thou-

scholar Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids contributes a "Foreword" in which she welcomes Mr. Law's book but says that it is not likely to be the last word on the subject; as a "compendium of what we yet know of Buddhaghosa, both from his own works and from other documents" Mr. Law's treatise is useful, says Mrs. Rhys Davids, especially because some scholars, like M. Louis Finot, propound the theory that Buddhaghosa was not a historical figure, but a mythical one, on whom the writings of "the person who was the contemporary of Buddhadatta" have been foisted. One is reminded of Professor Wolff's theory that Homer was no historical person, but that the poems ascribed to him were composed by various writers at various times and collected together under the name of "Homer." The mass of material through which Mr. Law has waded is overwhelming, and we must say that he has been eminently successful in attempting to build up a connected



THE PROPOSED PILGRIMS' REST-HOUSE AT ANURADHAPURA.—THE CENTRE BLOCK.

AN APPEAL.

I have started with the help of the General Public to erect in Anuradhapura a large and well-equipped Pilgrims' Rest-House for the convenience of the thousands of pilgrims that flock in on Full Moon Days in general and on the Wesak and Poson Full Moon Days in particular. As funds are badly needed I take this opportunity to appeal to those who wish to associate themselves with me in this work to send me their own contributions and persuade their friends too to help.

W. E. BASTIAN,

P. O. Box No. 10,

COLOMBO, (Ceylon.)

DONATION FORM.

Mr. W. E. Bastian,

P. O. BOX 10,

COLOMBO,

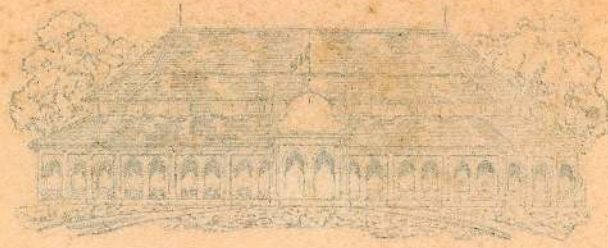
CEYLON.

I enclose a $\frac{\text{Cheque}}{\text{Money Order}}$ for $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{£}..... \\ \text{\$}..... \\ \text{Rs}..... \end{array} \right\}$ being my contribution towards the erection of a Pilgrims' Rest-House at Anuradhapura. Kindly acknowledge receipt of same.

Yours faithfully,

Name

Address



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.....
Address

account from so many different sources. Perhaps the most important parts of the book are the two chapters "The Origin and Development of Buddhist Commentaries" and "The Philosophy of Buddhaghosa."

S. A. W.

L' Oeuvre de E. H. Brewster et Achsah Barlow Brewster. 32 reproductions en phototypie precedees d'essais autobiographiques. Par Les Soins de "Valori Plastici"—Rome.

The album under review presents in a handy volume, 32 reproductions in phototype from the work of the American artists Mr. and Mrs. Brewster. Both of the artists give short autobiographical sketches giving exposition to their artistic conception, which may aid in understanding their work.

Mr. Brewster does not require any introduction to the readers of *The Buddhist Annual of Ceylon* as his Buddhist paintings have been published in previous issues of this magazine.

Mr. Brewster was born in Ohio in 1878. When he was 20 years old, he began to study art seriously at the School of Fine Arts in Cleveland. He went to Europe, visited the museums and imbibed the elements of impressionism. His pictures were accepted in the important exhibitions in America and were taken in the collections of Wm. Chase and of the Hillyer Gallery. He says of his own work that it is disengaged from the servitude of form and all the objective elements, like the Oriental carpet, in which he found more interest than in a museum itself.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewster visited Ceylon and stayed here for some time during 1921—1922. They admired the grand statue of Buddha at Anuradhapura done by an unknown hand. They were inclined towards Oriental philosophy while staying here. Mrs. Brewster's remark is worthy of note: "We have realised that our origin has not been only Greek but Aryan. The Hindoo tradition and thought are the subsoil, which has nourished Greece."

She also quotes Schopenhauer to show the affinity between the Orient and the Occident in the aesthetic conception.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewster belong to the impressionist school. They have been greatly influenced by the French impressionist artists, e. g. Maurice Denis, Gauguin, Puvis de Chavanne, (who brought new elements of improvement in European decorative art), and by the early Italian masters.

Their work has the flat quality of the early artists, and is most significant in the distribution of space and in the decorative *motif* of the composition, which often shows the parallelism of Chavanne. Though we do not see the colour of the original pictures from the prints, yet the disposition of black and white gives the complete colour value of the pictures.

Our artists should study the modern development of European art, which is exemplified in the work of Mr. and Mrs. Brewster and they will realise how far they are from a real estimation of it. The champions of Occidental art in our

country, who prefer it to Oriental art on the ground that Occidental art is true to nature will know that modern European artists also ignore the optical laws in order to give full expression to their artistic conception as we Easterners do. Mr. Brewster says that art should be creative, imaginative and synthetic.

It should also be noted that modern European art has a sort of protestant nature in it, which always tries to free itself from the shackles of realism and there is an element of re-action in it. Hence a thought-out, deliberate intellectualism often predominates in modern European art. The cubist, the futurist and other modern schools of Europe, often try to give some particular effect, at which they arrive by a process which is similar to the solving of a mathematical problem. But such philosophical fads are passing away to give birth to a higher art, which is yet to come. So modern art is more significant as ushering in a new era than for its actual achievements.

I think it will not be out of place to mention that Oriental art which became soulless by being imitative is reviving under Mr. Taikwan in Japan and under Tagore and Bose in India.

MANINDRA BHUSAN GUPTA.

Die Brockensammlung (The Scrap Collection).

"Die Brockensammlung (The Scrap-collection), a Magazine of applied Buddhism for 1925" has reached us, and gives us a good idea of what Dr. Dahlke is aiming at, and what he has achieved, in the establishment of his "Buddhist House" near Berlin. As a frontispiece it has a good photograph of the entrance to the grounds, of which we gave a reproduction in our last number. Upon this follows a brief translated passage from the Anguttara Nikaya with a somewhat more extended comment thereupon. Then come the rules for the governance of the "Buddhist House," which, as they may be of interest to our readers, we herewith translate.

1. No living creature shall be deprived of life. The disadvantages which may follow for the individual from the observance of this prescription he must himself think out, and make up his mind firmly to put up with these disadvantages.

2. Nothing may be taken that has not been given. This does not apply to recognised common property, such as the gathering of wild berries, medical and edible herbs in the woods, fields, etc.

3. No unchaste act shall be committed, in deed, or word or in thought. We have all come more or less out of the swamp of lusts and passions, from which we all have often wished to flee, and to which, none the less, we have ever and again returned. With this House we all wish to establish an assured condition of outward as of inward purity. Let each in the measure of his strength strive after the same!

As unchastity we also account married life, whether in the worldly or in the ecclesiastical sense of the term. Married people may live in the House, but they may not carry on married life in this sense; also, they may not occupy the same apartments.

4. No conscious untruth may be spoken. Every one who makes a statement has thoroughly to inform himself beforehand as to the facts; and if he is unable to do this, then he has to refrain from making any statement at all.

5. No intoxicating liquors shall be drunk, with the exception of such as are ordered as medicine. Beer and Wine in a well-prepared decoction do not count as intoxicating liquor.

[As Dr. Dahlke is a homœopathic physician by profession, the latter sentence probably refers to a homœopathic preparation of the said liquors.]

6. Rude, violent language, abuse, hostile and calumnious speech, shall be avoided. Each shall exert himself towards forbearance and mutual agreement in goodwill.

7. Enjoyments (parties, feasts, musical or dramatic performances) are forbidden. Of the inmates it is also expected that they will avoid such things outside the House.

8. Things that contribute to luxury (perfumes, musical instruments, cushioned seats, large mirrors, and so forth) are forbidden.

9. Smoking, card-playing and other games, singing and whistling, newspapers and idle entertainment-reading are forbidden.

10. Idle talk between the inmates about politics, novelties of the day, and so forth, visits to one another's rooms only for the sake of entertaining talk, are forbidden.

11. The inmates of the House shall occupy themselves with a suitable employment that shall serve health and mental well-being but not the desire for enjoyment, and which involves no breach of the first and fifth injunctions. Generally speaking, each inmate may choose his food according to his own needs. Cooking may only be done in the common rooms appointed for the purpose.

12. The inmates of the House must dress in seemly fashion. A fixed uniform is not prescribed.

13. The inmates of the House must observe necessary bodily cleanliness, and also keep their room clean and well aired. Each individual is responsible for seeing that upon his acceptance into the House, he himself, as well as all his articles of clothing and personal use, are free from animal life (vermin).

14. The inmates of the House may practice a profession, provided it is of a worthy kind.

15. Domestic animals (dogs, cats, fowls, rabbits, singing-birds, etc.) may not be kept. If the House decides to keep

a cow or goats, these animals may not be sold, exchanged or given away, neither to the butcher nor any private party.

16. The land belonging to the House may be made use of, in so far as thereby the other prescriptions are not broken.

17. The inmates must diligently practise mindfulness, and every day, alone or in company, for a certain time occupy themselves with the Teaching, and in a dignified way observe the Uposatha Day. In particular, every inmate is pledged daily to apply himself for a certain time to the practices of meditation.

18. The making of appeals to worldly Courts of Law, the entering into Actions-at-law are forbidden, except where it is a question of the position, the permission and recognition of the Teaching itself.

19. Each inmate may enter another's room only after making his wish known (by knocking or in some similar fashion).

20. Conventional usages such as congratulations upon birthdays and the like are to be deprecated among the inmates of the House.

21. Of guests it is expected that they will contribute towards the upkeep of the House according to their means.

22. Adherents of the Teaching who wish at their own expense to erect additional buildings upon the ground belonging to the House, be it an annex to an existing building or a self-contained house, have at their disposal to this end, free of all charge, whatever land is required.

23. Changes in these rules may only be made in agreement with the inmates of the House.

The motto of the House, as printed here, is an excellent one, and in the true spirit of the Teacher who had no closed fist keeping something back. It runs: What we do, every one may see. What we say, every one may hear. What we think, every one may know.

On a later page there is a report of the first Uposatha Day meeting, at which Dr. Dahlke gave some autobiographical details of how he came to the idea of founding this House, and expressly disclaimed any intention of making it a place for bhikkhus, notwithstanding its rather strict rules, demanding considerable changes of life from the ordinary life of lay-folk. For bhikkhus in Europe, he said, the time is not yet ripe; nor will it be ripe until those who give for their support, feel thoroughly convinced that in doing so, it is they themselves who are the beneficiaries, rather than the bhikkhu to whom they give food or clothing or shelter. In any other case the bhikkhu is lowered to the position of a common beggar living on charity. The House is meant only as a place of retreat, either temporary or permanent, for such lay people as feel the need of withdrawing from the unrest, the haste, the brutality

of ordinary worldly life, and of living with those of similar aims even if they are not similar-minded, so that they may collect their forces, and apply themselves to solving the problem of life which means the problem of themselves. All such are welcome to the House so far as its at present limited accommodation extends, whether they call themselves Buddhists or not, provided only they are willing to abide by the rules of the House.

At subsequent Uposatha meetings, after the reading of selections from the Scriptures and explanations of the same, discussions followed among those present, and questions were asked bearing on the position of Buddhism towards other religions, in which Dr. Dahlke stoutly maintained that Buddhism is not tolerant in the sense of saying that religions of All-Love, All-Compassion, All-Forbearance are on the same level as itself; and quoted in his support the Buddha's own words, His "Lion-roar": "Here only is the genuine ascetic! Empty are the speeches of the others, without genuine ascetics!"

The remainder of the magazine is made up of two articles on Count Keyserling and his philosophy, one on the relation of the State to the Buddhist, and a translation of a difficult Sutta with an attempt at its explanation, and several questions and answers on Buddhist subjects, ending with some thirty pages of book reviews, the whole being written by Dr. Dahlke himself.

It is very evident that Dr. Dahlke has set himself to a great work, no less than the actual introduction into the life of the West and not merely into its literature, of the Buddha-experience, what he calls, the Experience of Actuality. As he himself here says, great difficulties lie in the way; but what matter? Though all the world stand on one side, and only one lonely thinker on the other; if that thinker has his feet firm-based on actuality, he can never be moved, never be overthrown. Something like his countryman of former days, Luther, does Dr. Dahlke stand to-day, and modestly but firmly declare to the world about him: "Here I stand. Knowing what I know, having experienced what I have experienced, I can no otherwise. Believe what I say, or do not believe what I say; none the less, this is sooth, this is sooth."

We are confident that the heartiest good wishes of most of the readers of this magazine will go out to him in his brave and lonely battle in the West on behalf of the Buddha-vacanam, and would only ask them to help him with all the strength of all their kindest thoughts; and if they can help him with some worldly means also, that will be a good thing too, not only for him, but also for themselves!

J. F. McK.

Seeking Wisdom: A Little Book of Buddhist Teaching.
 By Geraldine E. Lyster. Willmer Bros. & Co. Ltd. Birkenhead. 1925.

A slender little volume of some 49 pages, quite unassuming in appearance, this collection of verses should more properly have been entitled "Seeking Wisdom: the Song Offerings of a Buddhist." The author Miss Lyster is not unknown to readers of this *Annual*, for she has been a regular contributor to the last two or three issues, in which, as she herself acknowledges in a Foreword, have appeared several of the thirteen poems contained in the volume under review.

The opening poem "Wesak" is in three sections entitled "The Great Renunciation", "The Night of Glory", and "The Passing to the Great Peace", the idea underlying being, of course, as every Buddhist knows, that the three supreme events in the Buddha's life—his renunciation of worldly life, his Enlightenment, and his death or passing into Nirvana all occurred on the Full Moon day of the month of Wesak (May). Miss Lyster in these poems generally commands tender and simple language as to wit

*The silver moon rose high, the hills and vales,
 The lakes, the palaces, all seemed most fair;
 Behind that lovely veil Siddartha saw
 The world's despair.*

But she can summon vigorous descriptive language too at will, e.g.,

*The earth shook, and the mighty forest trees
 Trembled like slender reeds; the thunder pealed
 And monstrous forms of evil, pain and sin
 Lightning revealed.*

Here the sensitive ear will not fail to note how the author has made good use of her r's and s's for the rumbling and rustling effects and her d's for weight, especially in the second line.

The second poem is named "Five Precepts of the Enlightened One" but has little to do with the five precepts of Buddhist teaching as one generally understands them—namely the exhortations to abstain from killing, stealing, carnal sins, lying, and drinking intoxicants. True it is that nearly every recorded word of the Buddha urges the necessity of compassion embracing all living things, but it is at best confusing to have five stanzas expatiating on the subject of loving-kindness termed "Five Precepts of the Enlightened One." This, however, is by the way. The couplet

*The wise man loves all creatures, he behaves
 As if they were his comrades, not his slaves.*

shows that Miss Lyster understands one of the basic truths of Buddhism, that all sentient creatures are on the self-same pilgrimage towards perfection, though they may be at different stages on the path of evolution and that therefore it is nothing short of crime to consider that the lower animals have been created by God to be the means of man's own glorification.

Of the poems "Dukkha, Anicca, Anatta", "Life's Consummation", and "The Good Law" we shall not say anything as they have appeared in *The Buddhist Annual of Ceylon*. "The Lord of Compassion" is a beautiful psalm breathing all the sincerity and personal affection for the Master that characterise (if one may use Christian terminology) the patristic literature of Buddhism. It ends

*With earthly longings all cast aside,
May we die as the Lord of Compassion died!*

Miss Lyster as a lover of animals is eloquent in the poem called "Kinship", in which she says of horses

*They share our toil: when the day's work is done,
Let them share leisure, too.*

And again

*Oh, Soul of All Things, we who love them know
They share our Future, too.*

"The Great Secret" is a beautiful and picturesque illustration of the Law of Rebirth. Miss Lyster is a creator of beautiful single lines, e.g.,

*Fair were their lives beneath Italian skies
In halcyon days when glory yet was Rome's*

Again

*Under Italian skies your lips I kissed.
In other worlds I loved you, long ago,
Throughout the ages our two hearts keep tryst.
When darkness falls, our souls go forth in quest
Of one another, whom we loved and lost.*

The poem "At Sunset" deals cursorily with the Four Noble Truths and the Noble Eightfold Path. Its chief recommendation, however, is four lines in the fifth stanza

*The darkness falls, the stars shine out,
And the quiet river flows
Mingling its voice with the monks' low tones;
While each listener with rapture glows.....*

lines that somehow recall Tennyson's "Sir Galahad" and Bret Harte's "Dickens in Camp".

"The Unseen Helpers" deals with the Devas who, unseen and unheard by men, are ever going about their errands of mercy among man and beast. "Today and Tomorrow" is about the best in the series and is intensely lyrical. We reproduce it elsewhere in this issue for the benefit of our readers. Coming just after it "Fate and Freewill" strikes us as a rather poor composition, despite the greatness of its theme, which is Karma. The last poem entitled "Hope Eternal" we give below:

*Nothing will last, nor pain, nor joy, nor sorrow,
Grief follows bliss, but neither will endure;
Ever and always there is a to-morrow
Tho' life's fierce fever burns, there is a cure.*

*"There is no state will warrant lamentations,"
In the dim past men heard Lord Buddha say.
For, though all life is fraught with tribulations,
There is escape, and He has shown the Way.*

Explanatory notes at the end of the book give all necessary help to the non-Buddhist reader. There are a few blemishes due probably to an oversight on the part of the author or to want of care on the part of the printer. On p. 15 "Evil doer's" should I think read "Evil doers". On p. 16 "And Devas glorious" should read "And Devas' glorious". On p. 26 "has rang" should read "has rung". On p. 28 "Lifes troublous" should read "Life's troublous"; and "Lifes goal" should read "Life's goal". On p. 32 "who we loved and lost" should read "whom we loved and lost". On p. 33 "and he the dead" should read "and him the dead"; and "Life Circles" should read "Life's circle". On p. 35 "Sorrows Cause" should read "Sorrow's Cause"; and "Sorrows Cure" should read "Sorrow's Cure". On the same page "When the Bhikkhu's discourse" should read "When the Bhikkhus discourse". On p. 36 "Its the guides" should read "It's the guides"; and "tropic forests stillness" should read "tropic forest's stillness"; and "suffring's caused" should read "suffring's caused." On p. 39 "Its no good" should read "It's no good".

There are more serious blemishes. I am not sure that a sensitive ear will allow the following rhyme combinations; "more" and "Law" (p. 16); "Law" and "evermore" (p. 18); "Law" and "sore" (p. 23); "more" and "saw" (p. 26); "bird" with "served" (p. 27); and "store" with "Law" (p. 34). The punctuation too leaves room for improvement. If a new edition is contemplated we hope that these faults will as far as possible be rectified.

We do not hesitate to recommend Miss Lyster's book to all lovers of Buddhistic literature and wish the author a career of usefulness in the cause of Buddhism.

S. A. W.

The Unswerving Law: A Drama of Reincarnation in One Act. By Youth Lodge London of the Theosophical Society in England. The Theosophical Publishing House Limited, 38 Great Ormond Street, London W.C.I. 1s. net.

This is one of a projected series of seven plays written and published by Youth Lodge under the editorship of their President Mr. Christmas Humphreys, M.A., LL.B. (Cantab.) The purpose of these plays is explained in the Editorial Foreword: "..... each presenting in dramatic form one or more of the fundamental principles of the Ancient Wisdom-Religion or Theosophy." A Note to "The Unswerving Law" says: "This play is an attempt to teach the doctrine of reincarnation through drama, by following through the centuries the working out of a violation of one of the basic Laws of the Universe." What is the Unswerving Law? In the words of the Prologue uttered by Isis, "Love is the Law..... Who hurts another hurts himself..... Such is the Law, the one and only Law, that as ye sow ye reap, 'til in the round of time ye one and all become that Law, for love is the fulfilling of the

Law, and ye and Love are one." Despite the assurance of the Note I think that the play teaches not so much "the doctrine of reincarnation" as that, in the words of the Priestess of Isis in the play, "hatred dies before the face of love, for hatred ceaseth not by hatred, hatred ceaseth but by love." The play takes it for granted that the audience believes in the doctrine of reincarnation. In these days when most people itch to write, whether they have anything worth while publishing or not, it is gratifying to find Youth Lodge undertaking to write plays with a purpose such as "The Unswerving Law."

S. A. W.

Buddhism in England. Just as we go to Press we receive the first number of this new monthly edited by Messrs. A. C. March and Christmas Humphreys and published by the Buddhist Lodge London of the Theosophical Society. The cover design is chaste, and the get-up quite pleasing. The present number is replete with a number of interesting articles. There is a section in Esperanto. The subscription per annum is 7s. 6d.

Buddhist World, The. Is a new weekly published in Colombo. It contains interesting articles and serials.

Bulletin of the Buddhist Lodge T. S., The. This monthly typewritten magazine is issued by the Buddhist Theosophists of England and Wales. It contains interesting articles. In Wesak this magazine will come out in printed form under a new title "Buddhism in England."

Ceylon Theosophical News, The. Published in Colombo. Has as usual many articles, not the least interesting of which is a discussion on "Art" by James H. Cousins the well-known Irish Theosophist poet and art critic.

Eastern Buddhist, The. Edited by Dr. and Mrs. Suzuki of the University of Kyoto. Is a valuable mine of information regarding Mahayana Buddhism. Students of Buddhism will do well to procure this scholarly publication.

Esperanto Journal (Kyoto).

Extreme Asie, Avril 1926. An illustrated monthly review of intellectual activity and social evolution in the Far East. Published at 206, Rue Mac-Mahon, Saigon. Though this is a French magazine, room has been found for "Chansons Populaires Annamites" (Popular Songs of Annam), the first of which, entitled "Amour Paternel et Filial" (Paternal and Filial Love) appears in the April number. The original is

published accompanied by a French version and a paraphrase. "Confucius et Descartes" is the heading of a study of the famous Chinese religious teacher and the French philosopher, by M. and J. Pandolfi. Rene Schwob contributes an article entitled "Passage a niveau" being notes on Angkor, the Buddhist shrine. The article is illustrated by four photographs one showing a general view of the temple, another the Buddha images in one of the galleries within, a third showing square pinnacles with faces carved on each of the four sides, and a last showing the Gate of Victory, the path to which is bordered on either side by a line of exquisitely carved statues.

New Orient, The. Edited by Seyyed Hussain. Is a journal of surpassing interest. Though published in America it has a truly Oriental atmosphere.

Quarterly Journal of the Mythic Society, The

Theosophical Path, The edited by Mrs. Catherine Tingley, is published by the Theosophical Society of Point Loma, California. It is one of the best Theosophical Journals we have come across. It is beautifully illustrated.

Theosophy in Australia, is edited by Mrs. Josephine Rankine. To judge from this magazine the teachings of Theosophy are spreading all over the country. Here it is that Mr. (now Bishop) Leadbeater has founded the Liberal Catholic Church.

Visva Bharati Quarterly, edited by Surendranath Tagore, is a magazine of international repute, published by the University of Shantiniketan.

Young Buddhist, The. Edited by E. Y. Numata, and published in Berkeley, California, gives the reader a glimpse of the many-sided activities of the Japanese Buddhists in the U. S. A. It is profusely illustrated. We would recommend the young editorial board to be more vigilant over the English of their journal.

Young East, The. Published by the Young East Publishing Society of Tokio, is a monthly publication, which has a great future before it. It is the organ of the New Japan which has arisen from the wars and earthquakes of 1923, and which seeks to justify the saying that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

Yoga Mimamsa, The

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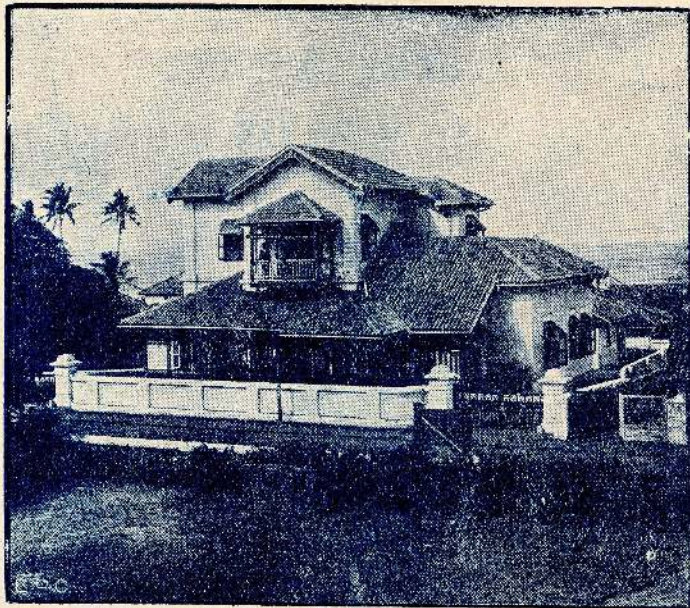
Awarded to **A. MAMUJEE, ESQ., Colombo.**

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* We regret that on account of the poor quality of the few other entries sent in to the Story and Cover Design Competitions we have been compelled to award the prizes to the same gentlemen who won last year. We hope that there will be many more entries next year and that they will reach a higher standard of excellence.—Edd. B. A. C.

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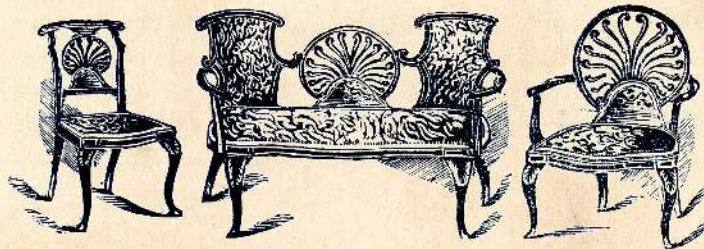
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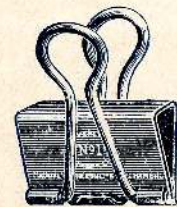
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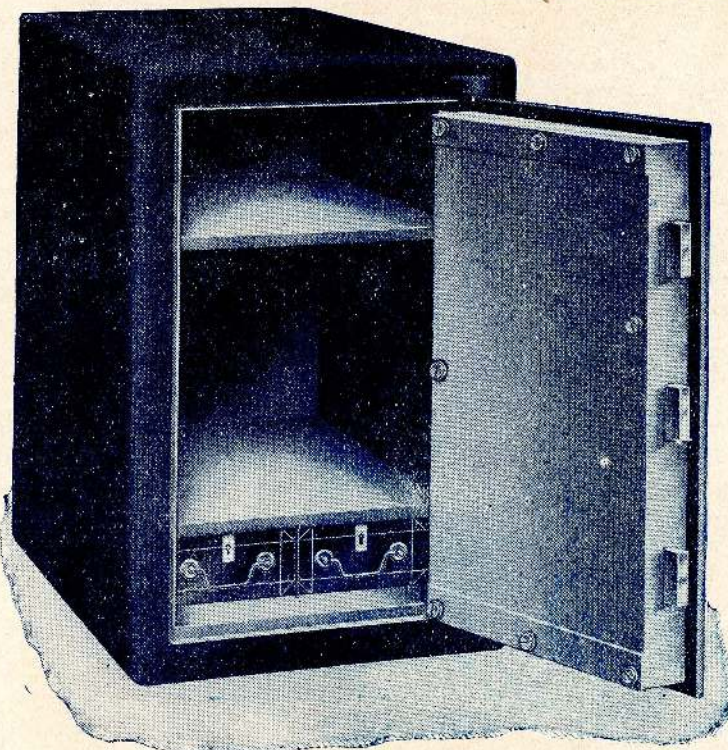
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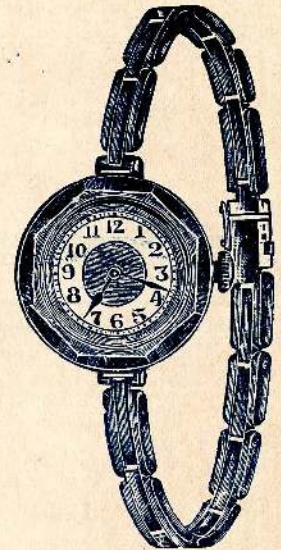
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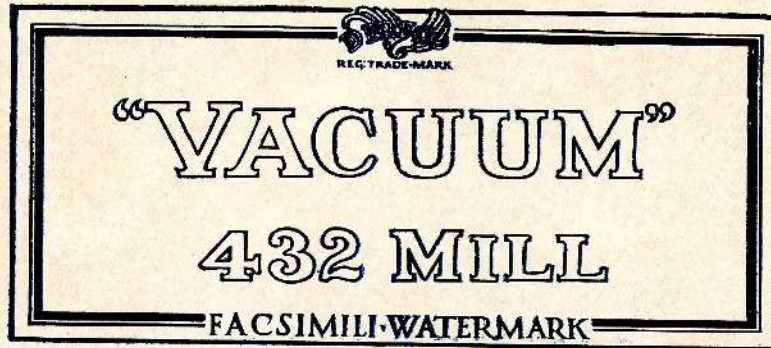
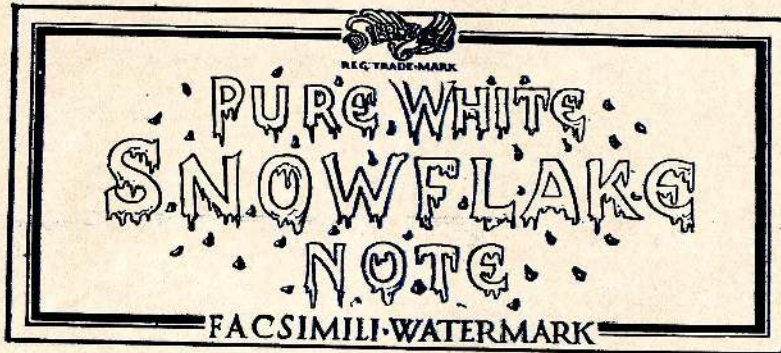
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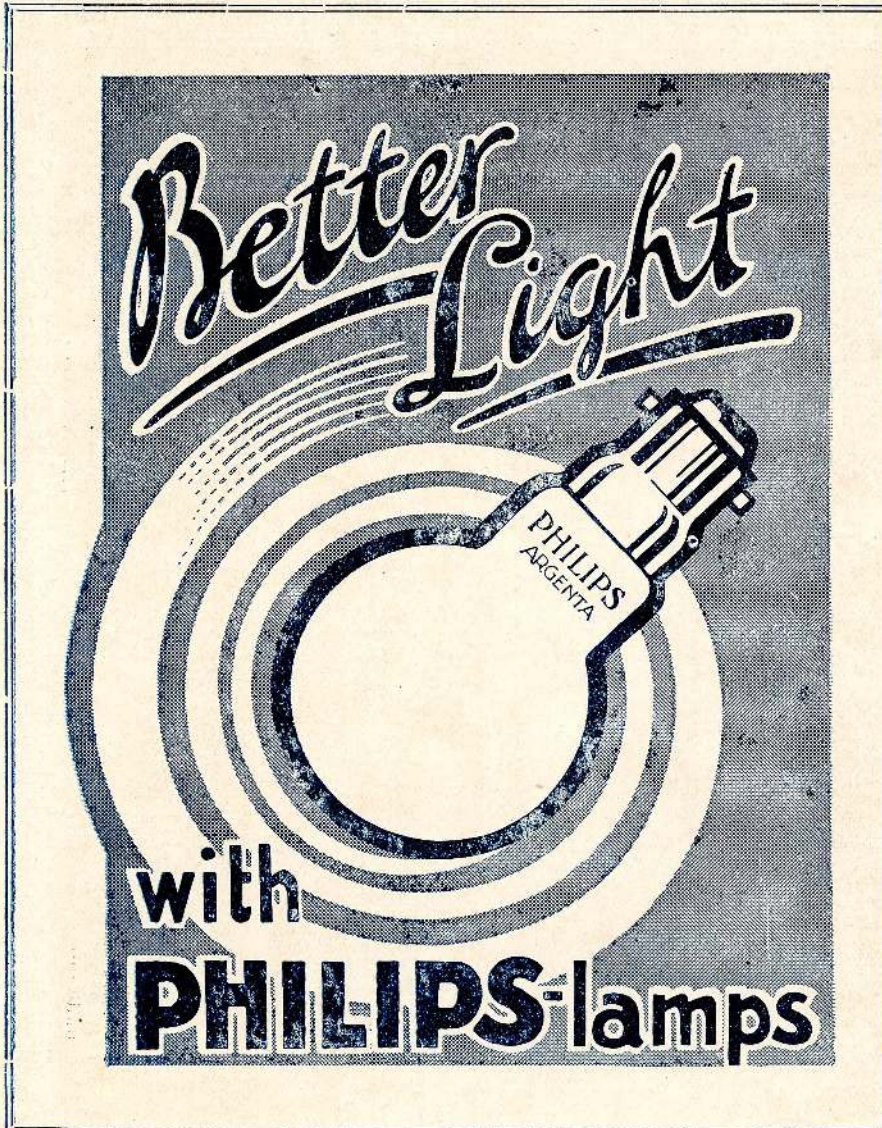
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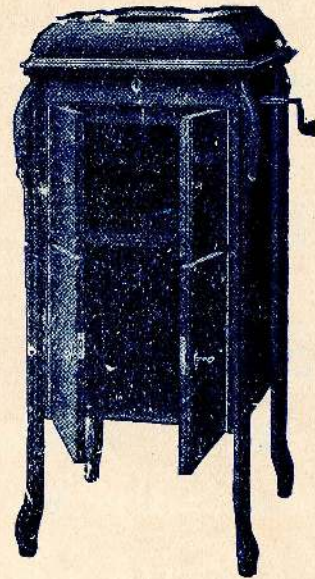
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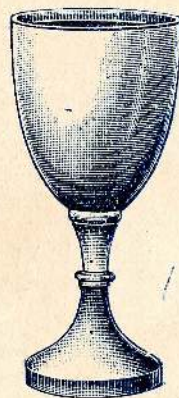
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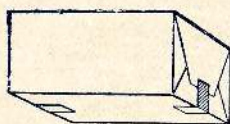
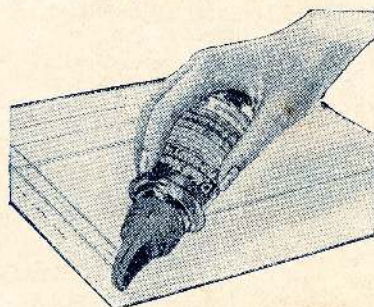
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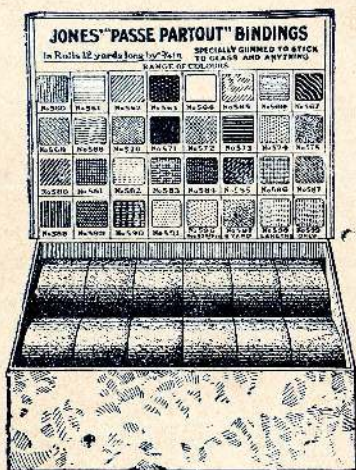
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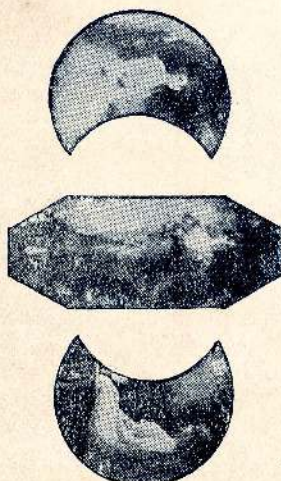
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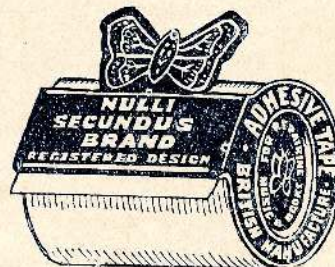
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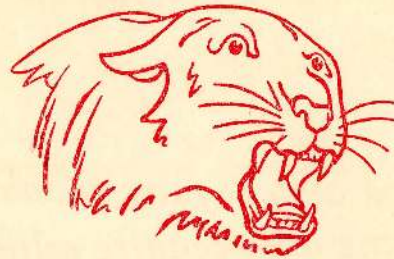
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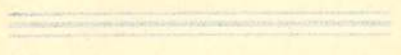
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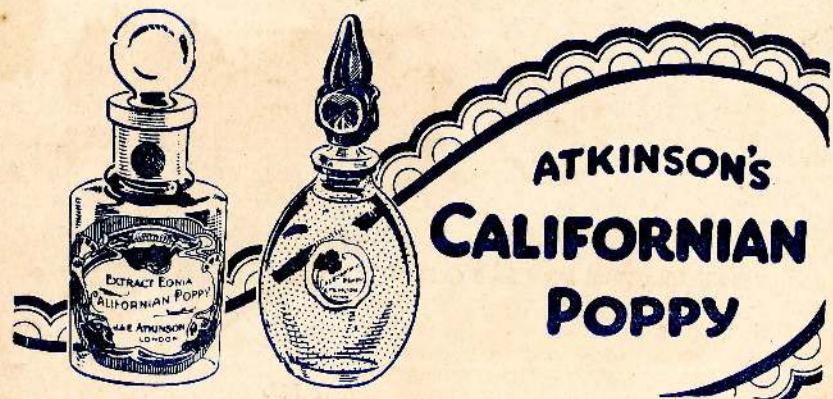
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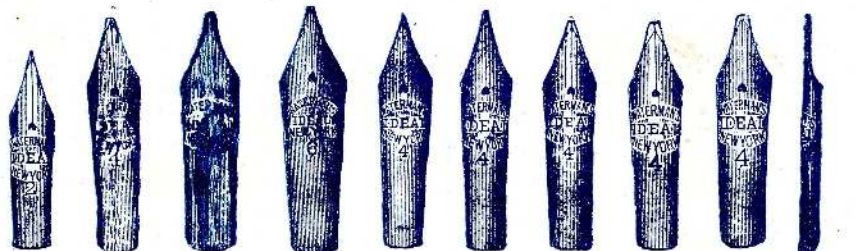
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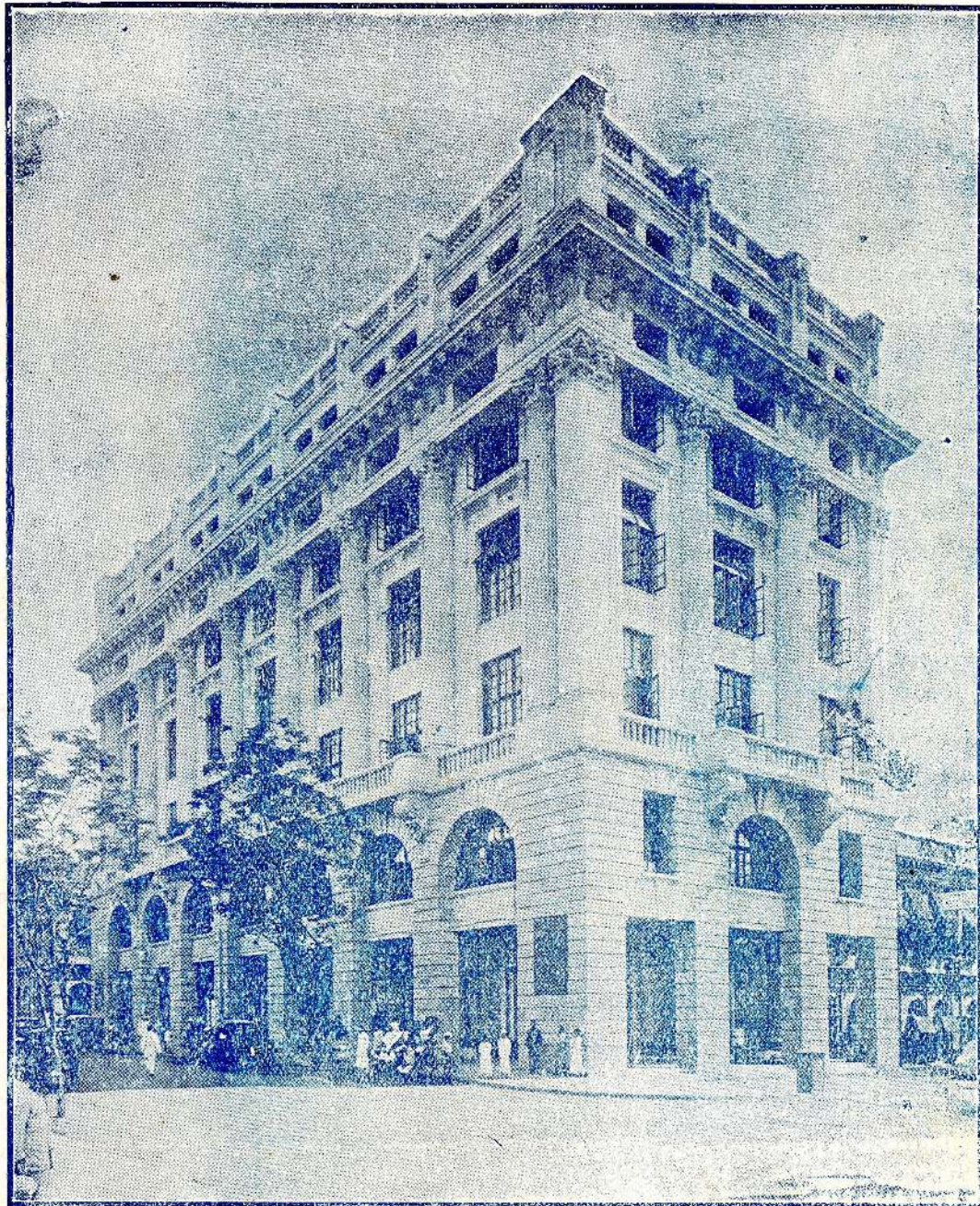
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